

REVISED FINAL SCREENPLAY

CAPE FEAR

March 27, 1961

85

#1913 - Name Changes 4/6/61

NOTE

Captain Dutton is changed to CHIEF DUTTON

Mariner Inn is changed to BOARS HEAD

CAPE FEAR

iii

Revised Final Screenplay

by

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CAPE FEAR

Titles superimposed OVER:

1 EXT. SQUARE IN SOUTHERN TOWN - DAY

An old picturesque square. Many trees cast shadows over the low buildings. Traffic slowly threads its way along the street.

It's summer, and the majority of people are in light dresses or shirt sleeves.

Gradually we become aware of a MAN walking towards us. He is large, immensely powerful, wears a gaudy sport shirt, and chews the stub of a cigar. This is MAX CADY.

He comes into CLOSE SHOT and CAMERA PANS with him. Now, in the not too far distance, we SEE the COURTHOUSE. It is an imposing and majestic building and Cady is walking deliberately towards it

1-A LOW ANGLE SHOT - SHOOTING UP AT CADY

as he walks resolutely forward.

1-B CAMERA AGAIN PANS WITH CADY

as he now walks through another, smaller, tree-lined SQUARE and past a statue.

The STATUE remains in foreground as Cady walks away from CAMERA and towards the COURTHOUSE.

1-C CADY

steps off the pavement and walks across the street towards the steps of the COURTHOUSE.

A low, streamlined car has to brake to allow Cady to pass.

CREDIT TITLES

END.

2' EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS - PAN SHOT

Cady walks forward. Like many inwardly volatile people, his expression is impassive, almost stolid, but he stares with frank interest as TWO GIRLS in tight pedal-pushers walk past the

CONTINUED



2 CONTINUED

Courthouse. Cady goes INTO the Courthouse.

3 INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY - MED. SHOT SHOOTING SLIGHTLY UP AT CADY as he COMES IN, briefly studies a wall directory, and then glances upwards. CAMERA follows his gaze and tilts upward. We now SEE the fine old circular stairwell of the Courthouse, and the domed ceiling.

3-A MED. CLOSE SHOT - CADY

PAN with him as he walks forward, and starts up the staircase. A middle-aged LIBRARIAN, carrying an armful of law books, is walking down the stairs. The top book falls to the floor just as Cady reaches her. The woman rather obviously expects him to pick up the book - a grateful smile is already on her lips - but he ignores her and continues past. She stands helplessly, not knowing whether to try to bend down and pick up the book, whether to put all the books down and start over again, or what.

4 SHOOTING DOWN STAIRCASE

as Cady walks up towards CAMERA and into BIG CLOSE UP. PAN with him as he reaches the first floor landing.

4-A SHOOTING DOWN FROM TOP LANDING

The circular stairwell and landing are below us. In LONG SHOT we SEE the lone figure of Cady (on the first floor landing), as he wanders around - looking for something.

5 INT. COURTHOUSE - FIRST FLOOR LANDING

This floor has a quaint dignity. There are doors to offices and courtrooms. The courtrooms are lettered, and bear the names of presiding judges. In the BACKGROUND of our SHOT we SEE Cady looking around, chewing his cigar. In the foreground a NEGRO JANITOR is slowly shuffling by. Cady spies him, and calls across the circular stairwell to him.

CADY

Hey, know where a lawyer named Sam
Bowden hangs out?

6 REVERSE ANGLE

Cady in foreground; the Negro Janitor across the stairwell in background.

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED

NEGRO JANITOR

(nodding to door
near him)In there, sir. Court's about over
I think.

He wacks OFF, and Cady walks away from us towards the Courtroom indicated by the Janitor. There is something distinctly menacing and unpleasantly arrogant in his bearing. He stops at the courtroom door, takes his cigar from his mouth, drops it on the floor, and crunches it underfoot. Then he starts to go INTO the courtroom.

7 INT. COURTROOM - AFTERNOON

Cady ENTERS a half-filled courtroom, finds a seat near the rear. SAM BOWDEN, attorney for the plaintiff, is addressing the judge. GEORGE GARNER, Sam's assistant, is seated with the plaintiff, a gaunt, middle-aged man, sitting somewhat awkwardly, his hands crossed upon a cane. Nearby is DR. PEARSALL, an old man but with an alert, competent look. Counsel for the Defense is WALTER VERNON. Beside him is a representative of the Gibraltar Insurance Company.

SAM

(to Judge)

If your Honor please, may I ask on behalf of the plaintiff that the defense's motion for an indefinite adjournment be denied?

JUDGE

Do you question that an important witness is actually ill in hospital as stated by the defense?

SAM

No, your Honor, but this would make the third adjournment of this case -- always due to the illness of some defense witness. Granted that this witness is ill, the defense still has eleven important witnesses able to testify, while the plaintiff has but one. I submit that eleven against one should be enough, no matter how sickly and decrepit those eleven happen to be.

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED

There is a scattering of LAUGHTER in the room. The judge ponders a moment.

JUDGE

Opposing counsel will please come closer to the bench so that we can discuss this more privately.

Sam and Vernon move up to the bench.

8 GROUP SHOT - AT BENCH

The Judge speaks informally in a low voice.

JUDGE

Sam, this is going to be a long, dull case, loaded with medical testimony, and summer's coming on.

SAM

And bone-fishing's coming on?

JUDGE

Now, Sam, you know this courtroom gets like an oven - you want a hostile jury on your hands? Let's put it over until fall and everybody'll be happy.

SAM

Everybody but my client. He has money due him and he's badly in need of it. More important, my chief witness is a very old man. He might not be alive next fall.

VERNON

I shouldn't have to remind Counsel that he can take a deposition from his witness. Words on a piece of paper never die.

SAM

And I shouldn't have to remind Counsel that juries are people and they listen to people. I want Dr. Pearsall on the stand, not a piece of paper.

9 ANGLE FEATURING CADY

He is staring at Sam Bowden as a snake might watch a bird.

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED

JUDGE

Motion for adjournment is denied.
(glancing at clock)

As it is now after four o'clock,
this trial will resume Monday
morning.

Sam rejoins George Garner and the Plaintiff, who rises, with the assistance of his cane to smile and shake Sam's hand while Garner gathers up papers. People begin to mill around. Max Cady quietly walks OUT with other spectators, not having been noticed by Sam.

DISSOLVE TO

10 EXT. COURTHOUSE SQUARE - AFTERNOON

Sam walks rapidly toward his car, a Chrysler station wagon, exchanging greetings with a couple of PASSERSBY.

11 INT. CAR - MED. SHOT

Sam tosses his brief case on the seat, starts the engine, abstractedly reaches for a cigarette and then the lighter. At that moment a brawny arm reaches through the window on the driver's side, switches off the ignition, pulls out the key. Sam, caught with the lighter in his hand and taken completely by surprise, finds himself staring into Max Cady's smiling face.

CADY

Hello, Counsellor. Remember me?

Still startled, it takes Sam a long moment to bring his thoughts into focus.

CADY

Baltimore. Eight years, four months,
thirteen days ago. Is it coming in
clearer, Counsellor?

12 CLOSE UP - SAM

Memories are rushing back and they are far from pleasant.

SAM

Cady... Max Cady.

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED

CADY'S VOICE

Good. I wouldn't want to think
you'd forgotten.

ANGLE WIDENS as Sam stares at the keys clutched in Cady's big fist.

SAM

What do you want?

CADY

Didn't remember me right off, did you? Guess I've changed quite a bit. Where I've been, if you don't change, they're real disappointed. But you haven't changed, Counsellor. Know something? That's the way I wanted it. I wanted you to be just the way I last saw you.

SAM

All right, you've seen me. What's the rest?

CADY

Just want to give you the word, that's all, want to make sure you see the picture. Simple as that, Counsellor.

Though Sam can sense the threat, the words themselves are puzzling. But he keeps his voice firm.

SAM

Give me my keys.

CADY

(handing them
over)

Why not?

SAM

Now let me get this straight.
You're not still blaming me for
what you did?

CADY

See? You still don't get the
picture. I can see it's gonna take
time. Lots of time.

A pretty GIRL in slacks, carrying packages, heads for a nearby car. Cady watches her appreciatively.

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED - 2

CADY

See that wiggle? Just look at it. Maybe she thinks we don't know it's on purpose, but we've seen a thing or two -- haven't we, Counsellor?

His anger growing, Sam starts the engine.

CADY

Now what's your hurry? Can't you even enjoy the view?

(watches pretty girl drive away)

How old would you say she is? Twenty? Eighteen? Maybe only sixteen? It's hard to tell. They mature early in this climate, don't they?

13 CLOSE SHOT - SAM

Face set, he puts the car in gear, starts backing out.

CADY'S VOICE

You must be an expert on such matters. I hear you grabbed off a real good-looking wife and now you've got a daughter gonna be just like her.

With the car backed a few feet, Cady is now VISIBLE in front of it.

14 FULL SHOT

Sam swings the car past Cady.

CADY

Give my regards to the family, Counsellor. Be seein' you.

15 CLOSE SHOT - CADY

Pleased with himself, he lights a cigar as he watches Sam drive away.

16 INT. CAR - CLOSE SHOT - SAM - PROCESS

Torn by anger and a vague sense of uneasiness, he instinctively glances in the rear-view mirror as he drives out of the square.

DISSOLVE TO

17 EXT. THE BOWDEN HOUSE AND DRIVEWAY - AFTERNOON

The place is on the outskirts, almost in the country. It is a remodeled farmhouse, neat and unpretentious, sitting well back from the street with no other house within a hundred yards. As Sam drives in his daughter, NANCY, 12, is sitting waiting on the porch steps, dressed in slacks; and there are three bowling ball bags beside her. Shoes are tied to the bags by their strings. She rises from the steps with an accusing look at Sam as he gets out of the car. Marilyn, the Irish setter, rushes from the steps and gives him a wildly affectionate greeting as ANGLE WIDENS.

NANCY
 (carrying bags
 toward station wagon)
 Dad, you're ten minutes late!

SAM
 (grins)
 It's a mistake to teach women how
 to tell time. They always use it
against you.

He turns as his wife, PEGGY, COMES from the house. She, too, is dressed in slacks -- and very attractively. She is always a sight to light up Sam's eyes. He moves halfway up the porch steps to meet her.

SAM
 Where's your stop watch?

PEGGY
 (grins)
 Mine starts ticking the minute you
 leave the house.

He smiles, takes her in his arms and gives her a good, solid kiss, then holds her for a minute.

SAM
 What is there about you I can't
 resist?

NANCY
 Come on, Dad, you can do that on
 your own time. I asked Betty to
 bowl with us.

SAM
 Betty...? Isn't that the "utterly
 rancid little thing" you detest
 with every fiber of your being?

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED

PEGGY

That was last week. This week they're inseparable.

NANCY

(climbing into the car)

Oh, do hurry -- please, Daddy.

PEGGY

(starts down steps)

Come on. You know you'd rather bowl than mope around the house with a long, cool gin and tonic.

SAM

Wouldn't any red-blooded American?

He helps her into the station wagon.

18
and
19 OMITTED

20 EXT. HIGHWAY - LONG SHOT

As the station wagon comes out of the driveway, a battered Chevrolet sedan parked some distance back starts to follow it.

20-A INT. CHEVROLET - SHOOTING THROUGH WINDSHIELD

CAMERA TAKES IN the station wagon ahead and Max Cady's big hands on the wheel.

DISSOLVE TO

21 INT. BOWLING CENTER - LATE AFTERNOON

This is a large, modern, crowded place, loud with the RUMBLE of balls, the CLATTER of falling pins, and the LAUGHTER and SQUEALS of teen-agers. The Bowdens and BETTY, about Nancy's age, are getting ready to play.

SAM

Okay, Nancy and Betty against the champs... Tee off, Betty. You're the guest of honor.

Sam sits down, gets the score pad ready. Betty gets up to bowl and promptly rolls a strike. Betty and Nancy exult.

22 ANGLE FEATURING SAM AND PEGGY

Sam WHISTLES and leans forward to mark score. Peggy applauds.

SAM

I think I'll just sit here and keep score.

Peggy laughs and CAMERA PANS with her as she steps up to take her turn.

23 INT. REFRESHMENT AREA

This area, which serves beer, cokes, etc., is to the rear of the alleys, and from some of the small tables the alleys can be seen. Max Cady sits down at a table where he can watch the Bowden family. He now has a sack of peanuts.

CADY

(to WAITRESS)

Beer.

She nods and hurries AWAY. His eyes linger on her trim figure, then return to the alleys. Slowly he crushes another peanut shell, crunches the two nuts between his teeth. The Waitress RETURNS with open beer bottle and glass on a tray.

CADY

Fast on your feet, aren't you?

WAITRESS

You have to be around here.

He takes her left hand as she sets down the tray, examines the wedding ring.

CADY

That ring mean anything?

The waitress has tensed, but easily pulls her hand away.

WAITRESS

Plenty.

Cady puts a twenty-dollar bill on the table.

CADY

That mean anything?

She starts to turn away. He puts down another twenty. For an instant she hesitates. He smiles, picks up both bills, having proved to his own satisfaction that all women can be had. She hurries AWAY, faster this time, but Cady no longer looks after her. He takes a swallow of beer, eyes on the Bowden family, then gets up, glass in hand.

24 SAM

He is bowling for a spare; then, as he waits for his ball, he turns to chalk his hands and is just starting to pick up the ball when he sees Cady move to the rail in b.g. Sam stands for a moment, in shocked surprise, then turns and makes his delivery. The ball goes wide of the single pin.

NANCY

Dad, you're slipping.

He makes a slight deprecatory gesture but no reply as he resumes his seat. Nancy steps into position, tries to find her ball.

25 PEGGY AND SAM

He marks down his score.

PEGGY

You are slipping. Usually you would have said the pin moved.

SAM

(forces a smile)

It did.

Max Cady, beer in hand, APPEARS in the b.g., walking behind the rail. His eyes are on Nancy getting ready to bowl o.s.

26 REVERSE ANGLE

Cady is now nearly back to CAMERA and Nancy is in ANGLE as she makes her delivery. Cady leans over and taps Sam on the shoulder. Surprised, Sam turns into CAMERA, his back to Nancy as her ball scatters the pins - the last one teeters and finally falls. Nancy leaps for joy. But Sam Bowden is aware of none of this. He rises to his feet.

27 MED. SHOT - THE TWO

Cady smiles.

CADY

Nice shot. Don't mind me, Counsellor - I just wanted a gander at the rest of the family. Yes sir, you're a lucky man.

Just then Nancy runs up to Sam, grabs his hand, half-turning him.

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED

NANCY

Did you see my strike? Did you?

As Sam turns again toward Cady, Cady's broad back is already being blotted out by a hurrying group of teenagers. Sam knows that this second meeting can't be coincidence; he is now beginning to see "the picture" and an ugly picture it is. Slowly he turns back to face his daughter.

DISSOLVE TO

28 INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT SWITCHBOARD

SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR

Police Department...Captain Dutton?
He's probably left, but I'll try him.

29 INT. DETECTIVE CAPTAIN DUTTON'S OFFICE

This is a small, excessively bare room in the basement. MARK DUTTON, about forty, wearing a small shoulder holster, is just putting on his coat when the phone RINGS. With an expression of resigned annoyance, he picks up the receiver.

DUTTON

Captain Dutton...Oh, hello, Sam...
Just on my way out...Yeah, homeward
bound - I hope.

30 INT. BOWLING CENTER PHONE BOOTH

Through the glass Nancy can be seen hurrying toward the booth.

SAM

(into phone)

Mind if I drop over for a minute
this evening?

DUTTON'S VOICE

Sure. You know the house?

She raps on the door and motions to him to hurry.

SAM

Yes, I know it. Thanks, Mark.

Nancy grabs his hand as he puts down the receiver and steps out of the booth.

CONTINUED

30 CONTINUED

NANCY

Hurry up, Dad - It's your turn -

SAM

We'll have to wind this up before long. I have to see somebody after dinner.

NANCY

You're always having to see somebody -

They hurry away.

DISSOLVE TO

31 INT. GARAGE WORKSHOP - NIGHT

One half the garage has been made into a workshop. A compact car stands in the other side. There is a long work bench, some power tools, a couple of folding chairs. Dutton picks up an opener, deftly punches two cans of beer, hands one to Sam.

DUTTON

Shoot.

SAM

Thanks. There's an ex-convict in town named Max Cady. I think he's started a war of nerves with me. I hope it's only that.

DUTTON

Has he threatened you?

SAM

Nothing that would hold in court. You have to know him to feel that threat. He spoke to me after court and later on at a bowling alley. He followed me.

DUTTON

(sips his beer)

Why?

32 CLOSE SHOT - SAM

The question turns Sam's mind back eight years. It is an unpleasant experience to recall, but he tries to keep his voice matter-of-fact.

CONTINUED

32

CONTINUED

SAM

I was up in Baltimore on a case about eight years ago. One night I was walking back to my hotel, quite late, when I heard a kind of commotion in a parking lot. It was a man attacking a girl. I ran over and tried to pull him away, but it was like pulling at a gorilla. His strength was incredible. He hardly knew I was there. Then suddenly the girl got her breath back and started screaming. He hit her and broke her jaw, and I must have hit him at the same instant - just right. He was just dazed enough for me to keep an armlock on him until help arrived. Then he went berserk again. It was Max Cady.

(sips beer)

Later I had to go back to appear against him as a witness. The defense naturally tried to plead insanity, but they couldn't make it stick.

33

MED. SHOT

Dutton writes down Cady's name on the back of some sandpaper.

DUTTON

Do you know for sure that Cady blames you personally?

SAM

That was pretty clear at the trial. I thought it was strange when he showed up here today, but I wasn't really worried until I saw him at the Bowling Center - it was the way he looked at my family.

There is an extension phone on the work bench. Dutton reaches for it, starts dialing.

DUTTON

He was convicted of a sex crime, so he has to register on arrival in a new town -

(into phone)

Sergeant, Captain Dutton. Has an ex-con named Max Cady registered in the last few days?

CONTINUED

33

CONTINUED

DUTTON (Cont'd)

(during wait)

Chances are he hasn't done it. We
can run him out of town on that.

(into phone)

Thanks, Sergeant. Hold on.

(to Sam)

He's smart. Registered yesterday.

(into phone)

What address did he give?

(writes on back

of sandpaper)

Okay. Switch me to Lieutenant Gervasi.

(to Sam)

It's an address right off the dock
area. Sounds like he's short on
dough. We'll get him for vagrancy.

(into phone)

Pete, make a pickup on Max Cady.

Registration has his description...

Yeah, call me.

Dutton puts down the phone. Sam glances at his watch.

SAM

Thanks, Mark, I'd better be getting
home. My family is there alone.

DUTTON

Have you got a dog?

SAM

(nods)

She couldn't bite through a doughnut,
but she's a good barker.

DUTTON

That's usually enough. Okay, you
start on home. When they pick him
up, I'll let you know.

SAM

I hope I'm not putting you to a lot
of trouble for nothing.

DUTTON

(smiles)

I just hope it is for nothing.

Sam starts OUT.

DISSOLVE TO

34 EXT. STREET - DOCK AREA - NIGHT

A few people are in sight, lazing along on this warm evening. Dance MUSIC blares from several cafes. A police car pulls up to a stop in front of the MARINER INN.

35 INT. MARINER INN - CLOSE - DIANE TAYLOR

A young, attractive, rather exotic type, with intermittent, pretensions to elegance and breeding, is at the piano bar, flanked by two local BLADES, operating independently. The LEFT ONE is coolly working to get her drunk. Diane is swaying, drumming, bouncing in rhythm with the old-time song hits being PLAYED by an attractive young woman PIANIST.

35-A CLOSE - CADY

at the bar, fascinated by this girl, staring at her openly, lustfully. Every so often, she catches his eye. She offers no overt encouragement, but it is plain that Cady is the audience she is really playing to. Cady is about to stand up and go over to Diane's table when two HANDS come in from either side, grasping his upper arms. The ANGLE WIDENS. It is two POLICE OFFICERS. The other customers pointedly take no notice. Cady is completely relaxed, like a man who has been expecting this.

OFFICER MARCONI

Your name Max Cady?

CADY

Could be. What's your problem?

MARCONI

(hard)

We'll talk to you outside.

Now Max Cady makes what seems little more than shrugging movement, but his strength is so tremendous that the two officers are tossed aside. Cady grins and Diane stares at him in surprised admiration. Even the bystanders can't pretend not to notice this performance. Instinctively the two officers reach for their blackjacks. But the force of Cady's personality is enough to make them hesitate.

CADY

Try usin' those and you'd better send for the riot squad. I got no objection to a talk - I just don't like being pawed.

35-B CLOSE - DIANE

looks on, thrilled. Cady tosses a ten-dollar bill on the bar.

CADY
(to the bartender)
I'll be back for the change.

Cady starts off. All eyes are now on him. He stops by Diane. Their eyes meet. He looks with contempt at her two companions.

CADY
(to Diane)
Give you an hour to get rid of the townies.

Diane, shiny-eyed, with mock hauteur.

DIANE
Are you trying to pick me up?

Cady grins. He knows she will be waiting.

CADY
Yeah...

A pause. They take each other in. Diane is a little frightened, but drawn to him. She takes the challenge.

DIANE
(smiles)
Why not?

Cady nods, walks OUT with the two officers, dominating the scene and enjoying it.

DISSOLVE TO

36 INT. INTERROGATION OFFICE - DETECTIVE BUREAU - NIGHT

This is another small basement office, at the end of the main hall. Max Cady is seated at a table, with Mark Dutton, Marconi, and LIEUTENANT PETE GERVASI. There is an intoximeter on the table; Cady indicates it contemptuously.

CADY
You know I ain't drunk.
(pulls out wallet)
But I'm a cooperative guy.
(takes out card,
tosses it on table)
See the name on that card? John W. Moss, M.D. Now if you want me to take an intoxication test, just get him over here. I didn't spend eight

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED

CADY (Cont'd)
years in the can reading law books
for nothing. I have the legal right
to be examined by my own physician...
or didn't you boys know that?

The door is open and we hear FOOTSTEPS coming down the hall.

DUTTON
Never mind. You'll be sober by the
time you leave here anyway.

Dutton walks OUT, closing door behind him.

37 INT. HALLWAY

Dutton meets Sam in the hall.

DUTTON
Hi. He's a hot number, all right.
You know if he had any record prior
to the last conviction?

SAM
Several arrests, no convictions.

DUTTON
All for the same offense?

SAM
Two of them, as I remember - the girls
were afraid to testify against him.
There was one suspicion of car theft
and a couple of assault and batteries.
(thinking back)
He had a good war record, though he
was suspected of shooting a couple
of POW's unnecessarily. The investi-
gation cleared him.

DUTTON
Sounds cuter - and meaner - all the
time. But we'll get him. Come on in.

38 INT. INTERROGATION OFFICE

Cady watches Sam COME IN with Dutton, showing no surprise.

CADY
Well, well, we seem to be seeing a
lot of each other today.

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED

Sam sits down on a chair to one side.

DUTTON

Okay, Cady, strip to your shorts.

CADY

Why sure. You expect me to object to a search, but I told you I was a co-operative guy.

He takes off the gaudy sport shirt, proudly revealing his muscular torso, tosses the shirt to Gervasi.

CADY

Better look it over. I've got a couple jolts of horse hid in the collar.

DUTTON

(curtly)

Let's make with the pants, Cady.

(as Cady starts to remove them)

What brought you to our town?

CADY

I heard it had a nice climate, plenty of boating on the river - and fine, standup citizens like the Counsellor there. Just the place for me.

DUTTON

How much money have you?

Cady steps out of the slacks, tosses them to Dutton.

CADY

Look in the wallet.

Dutton opens the wallet, takes out a five-dollar bill and a couple of singles.

DUTTON

Seven bucks. Not enough. I'm charging you with vagrancy, Cady - unless you want to be a hundred miles away by morning.

CADY

Better look a little harder, Captain, sir.

Dutton begins taking cards, scraps of paper, temporary driver's license, etc., out of the wallet.

CONTINUED

CADY

See that bank deposit book there?
What's it say?

DUTTON

(examining it)
Fifty-four hundred dollars. Where'd
you get it?

CADY

You notice it's a bank right here
and the deposit was made today. You
notice that, don't you, Captain, sir?

DUTTON

I asked where you got it?

CADY

Well, that could be my business,
couldn't it?
(looks at Sam)
Would you advise me to answer that
question, Counsellor?

SAM

(grimly)
You'd be very wise to answer it.

CADY

Now that's just the advice I wanted,
because, like I say, I'm a co-
operative guy.

(to Dutton)

I'd suggest you check with the escrow
officer of the First National Bank -
Baltimore. He'll tell you just where
that money came from, Captain.

Dutton picks up the wallet and the contents, starts out.

DUTTON

Come on, Sam.

CADY

"Sam" is it? Real friendly, you two,
ain'tcha? A nice, tight little
corporation. "Mark, ol' boy, I don't
like this fellow's face. Throw him
out of town." "Why sure, Sam, any-
thing you say."

(voice hardening)

Well, Sam, you'll be old and gray
before I ever leave this town.

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED - 3

SAM

(voice equally hard)

I'm warning you in the presence of these witnesses to stay off my property, day or night.

He starts OUT after Dutton. Cady smiles as he reaches for his shirt.

CADY

He's a dilly, ain't he? So feisty and always leapin' to conclusion. I wouldn't go on his property if he asked me in for a drink. Afraid he's shoot me in some nice legal way I never heard of.

Sam, having paused in doorway, now leaves.

GERVASI

Get your pants on, Cady - and think about finding yourself a new town.

39 INT. DUTTON'S OFFICE

As he and Sam COME IN, Dutton closes the door behind them.

DUTTON

That must've been quite a brawl in that parking lot. I don't know as I'd like to tangle with him.

SAM

He broke three of my ribs and gave one of the officers a concussion. The girl was hospitalized for over a month.

DUTTON

(sitting down)

What an ego. He knew I had no right to order a strip search. He agreed just to show off his muscles. Well, anyway, you've got nothing to worry about tonight.

SAM

Can you hold him?

DUTTON

Until I check with the Baltimore bank in the morning.

CONTINUED

39 CONTINUED

SAM

Tomorrow's Saturday - the bank'll be closed.

DUTTON

I can't hold him the whole week end. I'll get that escrow officer somehow, but I'll bet the money's clean.

Nervously Sam walks about the plain little room.

SAM

You may think I've gone overboard about this.

DUTTON

I see a lot of tough cookies, but there's something about this guy that freezes you... I don't know... He's gone out of his way to put you on the lookout, and now he knows he'd be our prime suspect if anything happened! I'd say he's trying to scare hell out of you, that's all.

SAM

That's a comfort.

Dutton toys with a paper clip for a long moment.

DUTTON

Look, let me phone you tomorrow after I talk to that banker.

Sam nods and grasps the knob of the door.

DUTTON

You're disappointed, aren't you? You think there ought to be a way I can throw him right out of the county.

SAM

No, a man's innocent until proven guilty -- I read that someplace. Good night.

Dutton nods as Sam starts OUT.

DISSOLVE TO

39-A EXT. BOWDEN HOUSE - MORNING

No one is visible, but we HEAR intermittent barking from Marilyn.

39-B EXT. BOWDEN HOUSE - ANOTHER ANGLE - MORNING

Dog still BARKING.

39-C EXT. BOWDEN HOUSE - STILL ANOTHER ANGLE - MORNING

BARKING continuing at intervals. Now we HEAR a phone begin to ring inside the house.

40 INT. SAM'S STUDY - CLOSE SHOT

Sam picks up the phone.

41 INT. DUTTON'S OFFICE

DUTTON

(into phone)

Sorry I couldn't phone you sooner -- been out on a case. Anyway, I got the escrow officer at his home, early. Cady sold the old family farm for \$5900 net. He's in the clear, Sam.

42 INT. SAM'S STUDY - CLOSE SHOT

Sam doesn't like the news, but had expected it.

SAM

When will you release him?

43 INT. DUTTON'S OFFICE

DUTTON

(into phone)

I've already done it. Couple hours ago.

44 INT. SAM'S STUDY - CLOSE SHOT

Sam frowns at this. The BARKING takes on a possible significance. ANGLE WIDENS as, phone in hand, he turns toward Nancy at the window.

SAM

What's going on with Marilyn?

CONTINUED

44 CONTINUED

NANCY
I don't know. I can't see her in
the bushes.

SAM
Where's your mother?

NANCY
In the kitchen, I think.

45 INT. DUTTON'S OFFICE

DUTTON
(into phone)
You still there, Sam? Just remember
there are ways, legal ways, we can
convince Mr. Cady that this is a
pretty poor place to live. We'll
do all we can -- and I don't have to
tell you to keep your eyes open.

46 INT. SAM'S STUDY

SAM
(into phone)
You can bank on that. Thanks, Mark.

He puts down the phone, rises as the BARKING STOPS.

NANCY
She's stopped barking. Maybe
she caught a rabbit.

Still vaguely worried about Peggy, Sam starts OUT of the room,
followed by Nancy.

SAM
You know Marilyn never caught a
rabbit in her life.

47 INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

They come OUT of the study and start toward the kitchen.

NANCY
If she did, do you s'pose she'd
really kill it and eat it?

CONTINUED

47 CONTINUED

SAM

She doesn't know that rabbits
are to eat. She thinks all dog
food comes in a can.

(X)

PEGGY'S VOICE

Sam! Sam!

48 EXT. REAR GARDEN - PAN SHOT - MORNING

Peggy is running wildly from the back of the garden. Beyond
the fence is a wooded hill.

PEGGY

(almost screaming)

Sam! Come quick!

ANGLE NOW TAKES IN Sam and Nancy as they COME OUT the back door.

PEGGY

It's Marilyn! She's having a fit!

All three start running toward the dog house.

49 ANGLE NEAR DOG HOUSE

The red setter is partially concealed by the dog house. We can
SEE the dog's writhing rear legs, twitching tail, and HEAR the
agonizing sounds she is making. Sam arrives a step or two
ahead of the others.

SAM

(takes one look)

Get the car started!

(pushing her)

Hurry! Get it started!

Dazedly Peggy hurries AWAY. Sam dives behind the dog house
comes up with the dog in his arms, one hand holding her jaws
together; she writhes so hard he can hardly hold her. Nancy is
near tears as she follows Sam toward the driveway.

NANCY

Marilyn - Marilyn - Daddy what's the
matter with her?

50 EXT. DRIVEWAY

Peggy has the station wagon started as the two APPEAR.

SAM

Open the door - I'll get in back --

CONTINUED

50 CONTINUED

Nancy reaches for the door, getting in Sam's way. Finally he manages to squirm inside.

SAM
(to Nancy)
No, not in here - get up front --

PEGGY
She'd better not go --

SAM
I'm not going to leave her here --

Nancy jumps in and the wagon starts off with a jerk.

DISSOLVE TO

51 INT. VETERINARY WAITING ROOM - DAY

Peggy and Nancy are waiting tensely. A teen-age BOY is holding a frisky little terrior.

52 INT. VETERINARY OPERATING ROOM - DAY

Sam is standing with DOCTOR LOWNEY, a big man with white hair. The setter's body is barely visible on the operating table. Lowney turns, stares into Sam's tense face.

DR. LOWNEY
Ten to one it was strychnine, Sam.
You couldn't have saved her if you'd
been twice as quick.

SAM
(slowly)
When she stopped barking... that
must have been when he threw her
the meat.

DR. LOWNEY
To me, it's the same as murdering a
human -- It's a shame Nancy had to
see it.

SAM
(grimly)
Maybe she was meant to see it...

As he turns to leave.

SAM
Thank you doctor.

CONTINUED

52 CONTINUED

He opens the door, REVEALING the waiting room beyond. Nancy slowly rises from her chair in b.g.

DISSOLVE TO

53 EXT. WOODED AREA BEHIND BOWDEN HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

OFFICER BROWN is searching for footprints. He has a German Shephard on a chain, but the dog is not sniffing the ground. Through the fence we can see the Bowden family in a corner of the garden. Sam is shoveling dirt into a hole.

54 CLOSER SHOT - BOWDEN FAMILY

Nancy is fighting tears as Sam packs down the last spadeful of earth. She takes a last lingering look at the grave, then walks silently away with her mother. CAMERA PANS Sam to the fence.

55 MED. SHOT

The well-trained dog stands like a graven image as Sam APPROACHES

OFFICER BROWN

No footprints, Mr. Bowden. The ground's hard and there's enough grass to walk on if you're careful. He was careful, all right.

Sam glances at the dog and Brown answers his unspoken question.

OFFICER BROWN

Even a bloodhound would have to know the man's scent before he could pick it up. Still, this guy was taking no chances. You smell anything?

SAM

Oil of wintergreen, isn't it?

OFFICER BROWN

That's right. It'll mask a scent pretty well. The guy used it on his shoes. I called that in, and they're checking this Max Cady now.

SAM

You can bet those shoes are at the bottom of the river.

CONTINUED

55 CONTINUED

OFFICER BROWN

(nods)

Anyhow, we've got orders to keep a close watch on this place, Mr. Bowden. That fellow'd have to be plumb crazy to try anything again.

In Sam's mind, this doesn't necessarily rule it out, but he nods and turns away from the fence.

56 EXT. BACK PORCH STEPS

Peggy has her arms around Nancy. Marilyn's dish is still in it's customary place on the steps.

PEGGY

Don't let Daddy see you like this.

NANCY

(brokenly)

But this is when I always feed her...

They HEAR Sam coming. Nancy steps away from her mother. Sam ENTERS SHOT.

SAM

Will you come into the living room for a minute? I want to speak to both of you.

They FOLLOW Sam.

57 INT. LIVING ROOM

They COME IN together.

SAM

(to Nancy)

I'm not telling you this to frighten you. There may be nothing to be frightened about. But I do want you to be very careful and I think you're old enough to be told why. A long time ago I was a witness against a man. He was sent to prison.

NANCY

What for? What did he do?

CONTINUED

57. CONTINUED

SAM

That's not important. The important thing is that he's out now, and he blames me for his conviction.

Peggy has remained standing. She senses that Sam is playing the matter down, and fear strikes her more sharply than it does her daughter. Her eyes are drawn irresistibly toward Nancy.

NANCY

He poisoned Marilyn.

SAM

There's no proof of that.

NANCY

But you know he did.

SAM

Thinking isn't knowing. Just be careful. This man is big -- with dark hair. He wears a cheap Panama hat. I'll get you a police photograph of him. Until we have this thing under control I want you never to leave this house or the schoolgrounds except in the car. There's nothing to worry about if you're careful. The police have promised to keep a watch on the house, and he's probably only trying to scare us, anyway.

Sam starts toward the portable bar, but Nancy isn't yet satisfied

NANCY

He wasn't trying to just scare Marilyn. He killed her. I don't see what good it is to be a lawyer if you can't put him in jail.

PEGGY

(quickly)

Darling, you know Daddy doesn't make the laws. Now run along and get cleaned up for dinner.

Sam starts getting ice out of the bucket. Peggy follows him in, trying to hide her nervousness. She finds the whisky bottle and glasses.

PEGGY

(watching him pour)

You needn't make mine so light tonight.

CONTINUED

57 CONTINUED - 2

SAM

Okay, we'll become alcoholics together.

PEGGY

That was that horrible thing in Baltimore, wasn't it?

Sam nods as he hands her the drink. She takes a long swallow, her hand trembling slightly.

PEGGY

You went over to Mark Dutton's house last night. Wasn't he able to do something? After all, Sam, you're a pillar of the community. Whom is the law supposed to protect -- people like you, or people like Cady?

SAM

Both. Impartially.

PEGGY

You can't tell me there isn't some way the law can be used to...

SAM

"Used?" That beautiful lady standing up there with the scales? You don't just use her --

PEGGY

Oh, please now... I thought Mark was a friend of yours.

SAM

(cuts in)

He's already gone just as far as the law allows -- and maybe even a little further.

PEGGY

He let that man out of jail without ever trying to find some other charge. Don't tell me those things aren't being done every day of the week. A man like that doesn't deserve civil rights.

SAM

Darling, in this country you can't jail a man for what he might do, thank heaven...

CONTINUED

57 CONTINUED - 3

SAM (Cont'd)

Oh, I may do a lot of griping and kidding about the law. Sure, it's full of loopholes and contradictions and inequities. But it's still an instrument grounded on the inviolability of the freedom of every citizen.

PEGGY

Sam, I've heard you give that speech... and with a lot more conviction, I might add.

She has him there, and Sam grins ruefully as Peggy gets up to mix herself another drink.

PEGGY

(quietly)

Think we ought to go away for a while? Take Nancy out of school? We could drive up to see your family.

SAM

(shakes his head)

That would be the logical thing, but Cady can afford to go any place we can go. He's got five thousand dollars -- he can go any place in the world on that. Here at least we can depend on the personal interest of the police.

PEGGY

(eyes moving over the room)

What a delightful home we have! It's been more than just a house... it's... it's been sort of like the frame around the lives of three people. It's been even more than that... it's been the vote of confidence we gave ourselves... proof that we believed in our marriage, our future... everything that we thought we had a right to live for...

(takes another swallow)

And right now I'd feel safer if we were all living in a jungle.

DISSOLVE TO

58 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CLOSE SHOT - PEGGY - DAWN

The room is nearly dark. Peggy is in a fitful sleep. Suddenly, as worried people do, she awakens -- without knowing why. Instinctively she turns to where Sam would be, but his half of the king-size bed is empty, the sheet thrown back.

PEGGY

Sam!

Still not fully awake, she switches on the bed lamp, gets out of bed, runs toward the dark hall.

PEGGY

Sam!

59 INT. UPPER HALLWAY

She runs to look into Nancy's room.

59-A INT. NANCY'S ROOM - SHOOTING THROUGH DOOR

Nancy is still asleep.

59-B INT. UPPER HALLWAY

Looking down the stairs, Peggy sees that the light is on in the entrance hall. She hurries down the steps.

60 EXT. FRONT DRIVE - NIGHT

Sam, in dressing gown and slippers, is standing beside a police car, talking to Officer Brown, who has his dog on the back seat. The car's lights are off. Routine police calls are coming OVER the RADIO.

CONTINUED

60 CONTINUED

OFFICER BROWN

No smell of wintergreen anywhere in his room or his car.

SAM

But these other poisonings - there was that same smell at both places?

OFFICER BROWN

Only around the Morgan house. The other has an alley behind. Probably he just drove along the alley and tossed the meat out.

Sam HEARS the front door open, turns to see Peggy on the porch.

SAM

I'd better get back. Thanks.

OFFICER BROWN

Sure thing. Good night.

He starts the engine. As Sam starts toward the front door, the police car pulls away.

61 AT FRONT DOOR

Peggy hasn't gotten over her fright as Sam comes up to her, though now the fright is tinged with anger.

PEGGY

(softly)

Sam, don't you ever do that to me again.

Sam contritely puts his arm around her.

SAM

I'm sorry. I was awake and heard the car drive in...

PEGGY

Well? Did they arrest him?

SAM

(shakes his head)

He checked out clean, one hundred per cent.

CONTINUED

61 CONTINUED

PEGGY

Well, naturally, they didn't expect him to go around smelling of wintergreen, did they?... What do we do now -- take turns around the clock, standing guard?

SAM

The police will keep an eye on the house.

PEGGY

It'll take more than "an eye" to make me feel safe after this.

SAM

We're not the only taxpayers, you know. They can't stay here all the time, but they'll come and go at irregular intervals to break up the pattern.

PEGGY

(bitterly)

"Break up the pattern." That sounds like an interior decorator.

They start inside.

62 INT. FRONT HALL AND STAIRWAY

They COME IN, lock the door, and walk up the stairs, speaking in whispers to avoid waking Nancy.

SAM

Anyway, it's perfectly possible we've given Cady too much credit. There were three dogs in this general neighborhood poisoned today.

PEGGY

(stopping short)

Three?

SAM

(reassuringly)

Every so often a crank comes along who hates dogs.

63 INT. UPPER HALL

Peggy is still staring at him as they top the stairs. He switches off the downstairs light; now there is only the glow from the bedroom door.

CONTINUED

63 CONTINUED

PEGGY

Sam... do you really believe that?

SAM

Why shouldn't I?

64 INT. MASTER BEDROOM

PEGGY

Because he might have done it that way just to fool the police.

Sam sits on the edge of the bed as Peggy climbs in.

SAM

Maybe.

(reaches for a
cigarette on night
table)

But there aren't many criminals who think that far ahead. Let's not build Cady into some kind of a superman.

PEGGY

He's not just an ordinary criminal... You said so yourself.

SAM

Darling, please go to sleep.

PEGGY

Sam, I'm not a child. What are we going to do about this man?

Sam looks at her a long moment.

SAM

I don't know yet...

(lights his
cigarette)

But if we let him frighten us, we're playing his game.

DISSOLVE TO

65 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

(NOTE: Dialogue is indistinguishable until middle of Page 37 when Sam moves toward Garner.)

65 CONTINUED

The room is hot; there is only a scattering of onlookers; a corpulent juror mops his forehead. Sam is questioning his expert witness, Dr. Pearsall.

SAM

What were your physical findings, Dr. Pearsall?

A Bailiff comes into the courtroom, heads for George Garner, Sam's partner.

DR. PEARSALL

Physical findings revealed a one-inch shortening of the left leg and marked restriction of range of motion.

The Bailiff whispers to George Garner, who then glances anxiously at Sam, tries to catch his eye.

SAM

And the X-ray?

DR. PEARSALL

X-ray revealed that the fracture had healed, but there was marked evidence of degenerative joint disease.

SAM

By degenerative joint disease you mean arthritis?

DR. PEARSALL

Yes.

Now Sam catches Garner's efforts to attract his attention, but he has to find a graceful way to interrupt the questioning.

SAM

What was your diagnosis, Dr. Pearsall?

DR. PEARSALL

Diagnosis was a hip fracture with destruction of the joint surfaces which caused the pain and limitation of motion.

SAM

Did you then perform surgery upon the plaintiff?

CONTINUED

65 CONTINUED - 2

DR. PEARSALL

Yes.

SAM

This surgery was an arthrotomy of the hip-joint with cup arthroplasty?

DR. PEARSALL

Yes.

SAM

(to jury)

I have a model which may make this operation easier to understand.

He uses this as an excuse to walk over toward Garner.

66 ANOTHER ANGLE

Sam picks up a plaster model of a hip-joint, plus a small metal cup, while whispering to Garner.

SAM

What is it?

GARNER

Captain Dutton wants you to come to his office.

SAM

(anxiously)

Right now?

GARNER

Right now.

SAM

(to Judge)

Your Honor, may I be excused for a few minutes? My partner, Mr. Garner, will continue the questioning.

JUDGE

Permission granted.

Sam puts the model into Garner's dismayed hands, whispers:

SAM

Keep him on as long as you can.
The Jury likes him.

CONTINUED

66 CONTINUED

GARNER

(sourly)

Thanks.

Sam hurries AWAY. Reluctantly Garner starts toward the witness stand, handling the model like a hot potato.

DISSOLVE TO

67 INT. DUTTON'S OFFICE - DAY

The door is open. Dutton is on the phone.

DUTTON

Okay, then tell the County it's their case... Come on back in.

Sam has WALKED IN during this; Dutton puts down the phone, moves toward doorway. He looks a little worried. His voice is low:

DUTTON

Hi, Sam. Sorry to pull you out like this, but... this may be serious. For both of us. Your friend Cady has turned up with Dave Grafton.

SAM

He got himself the right man.

DUTTON

Not for you.

68 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

They walk toward interrogation room.

DUTTON

You know what he's like. One of those ardent guys. Slap a cigarette out of some hoodlum's mouth, and five minutes later Grafton's in the Mayor's office hollering "police brutality," and rallying the Bleeding Heart Squad.

69 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Max Cady, smoking a cigar, is seated there with DAVE GRAFTON, a plump, shrewd man wearing thick-lensed glasses. Grafton rises as Dutton and Sam ENTER. Cady deliberately keeps his seat, glancing at Sam with a bland, faintly mocking smile. Sam ignores him, shakes hands with Grafton.

CONTINUED

69 CONTINUED

SAM

Hello, Dave.

GRAFTON

Good morning, Sam. I hope you're not here to dispute me on technicalities.

SAM

I'm here as a citizen, not as a lawyer. Don't worry about the technicalities.

They sit down across the small table.

GRAFTON

First, let me say that my client doesn't wish to make trouble. He merely wants an end to this persecution.

DUTTON

What persecution is that?

GRAFTON

(consults a sheet of paper)

I believe your records will show the following: Detention in jail last Friday night --

(as Dutton starts to speak)

I agree that you were technically within your rights. I mention it only as the beginning of a pattern.

DUTTON

(a touch of sarcasm)

What pattern?

GRAFTON

I intend to establish the pattern. On Saturday Mr. Cady's room was searched -- his car was searched --

SAM

Did he protest the search?

GRAFTON

(to Sam)

You're kidding, of course.

CONTINUED

69 CONTINUED - 2

DUTTON

There was no protest.

GRAFTON

(going right on)

During this, my client was made to feel that he was suspected of poisoning a dog, a truly despicable act -- causing serious damage to his reputation.

DUTTON

Now just hold on right there. I'll guarantee that none of my officers mentioned that to anyone but Cady himself.

GRAFTON

Perhaps. But people do become curious when a citizen's room is searched by the police. Now, on Monday, my client was picked up and interrogated on suspicion of armed robbery --

70 OMITTED

71 ANGLE FEATURING SAM

Sam is very aware that Cady's eyes are on him ninety per cent of the time -- with the ever-present mocking gleam.

GRAFTON

On Tuesday my client was forced to stand in the line-up on suspicion of purse-snatching. This constant attention from the police caused his landlady to ask him to vacate the premises. He was forced to find other and more expensive lodgings.

Sam is listening to this recital with some surprise; he hadn't realized that the police had gone so far.

SAM

All right, what are you getting at? Don't the police have a right to interrogate a suspect any more?

GRAFTON

(looks up sadly)

You know, Sam. A week ago, if anyone had told me you'd be capable of a remark like that...

CONTINUED

71 CONTINUED

GRAFTON (Cont'd)

(shakes his head;
consults his paper)

Let me continue with the pattern. On Wednesday he was picked up twice. First on suspicion of burglary, second on suspicion of grand theft auto. His new landlord became aware of this -- in some fashion -- and again Mr. Cady was asked to move. His present lodgings are squalid and uncomfortable.

DUTTON

(interrupts)

Today is Thursday, so you must be about finished.

GRAFTON

I am, for the moment.

DUTTON

Then what's this "pattern" you were talking about?

GRAFTON

(glances at Sam)

I'm sure Mr. Bowden is still enough of a lawyer to see it. My client is an ex-convict. He has been constantly harassed by the police, subjected to mental cruelty and public degradation - even denied an adequate place to live. To be blunt, he has been thoroughly rousted...Don't pretend the pattern isn't clear, Captain Dutton.

DUTTON

You intending to take legal action against the Department?

GRAFTON

I could -- with a fair chance of success. But maybe it would be enough just to remind you that you're a public servant, appointed by a mayor who has hopes of getting reelected.

CONTINUED

71 CONTINUED - 2

DUTTON

Grafton, I've had people trying to blackmail me ever since I took this job. It's never worked yet. Because I'm doing as good a job as can be done with the inadequate manpower I have, and everyone knows it.

GRAFTON

Are you?

(with courtroom
gentleness)

Isn't it a fact that with manpower as short as you say, officers are assigned, day and night, to guarding the house of one individual who happens to be a friend of yours? This with no evidence of danger?

SAM

(before Dutton
can make an
angry answer)

Are you referring to my house?

GRAFTON

Yes.

SAM

Then I ask who furnished you with this information?

GRAFTON

(avoiding the
trap)

You'll find it's a matter of common knowledge within the Department.

DUTTON

(heatedly)

Now you listen to this - I owe Sam Bowden no special favors and have given him none. Less than two man-hours in each twenty-four has been devoted to guarding his house. I'm prepared to defend that. Now are you finished?

GRAFTON

(picking up
his hat)

That depends upon the treatment my client receives from now on. Come, Mr. Cady.

CONTINUED

71 CONTINUED - 3

Cady rises, grins at Sam.

CADY

See you around, Counsellor.

Neither Sam nor Dutton speaks as the two men LEAVE. Dutton is quick to close the door behind them.

DUTTON

Well, now you know why I wanted you to hear this. I can't do anything more without an overt act.

SAM

(flatly)

Like a rape or a murder?

Dutton looks hot and harassed; his anger is not directed at Sam, but it almost seems so.

DUTTON

Show me a law that prevents crime. All we can ever do is act after the fact. Remember the Hoffman murder? Before she was killed Mrs. Hoffman was in here week after week telling us her husband was going to do it - and I believed her - but we couldn't arrest a man for what might be in his mind. That's dictatorship. You're a citizen - would you have it any other way?

SAM

Then what am I supposed to do? Pull up the drawbridge, sit home with a loaded gun, have the groceries dropped by Air Lift? Kind of an artificial way to live, wouldn't you say?

DUTTON

(thinks for a moment)

I'm going to make a rather humiliating suggestion...humiliating for me. Hire a private detective. It's all you can do. Get Charlie Sievers. If anybody can dig up something we can act on, he can.

CONTINUED

71 CONTINUED - 4

Like Dutton, Sam's bitterness is directed at the situation, though it seems directed at the Detective.

SAM

I don't want to pull the "I pay my taxes" routine on you, Mark, but is that the best you can do? You're telling me to go hire protection!

DUTTON

(following him out)

A hell of a note, isn't it. Either we've got too many laws or not enough - I'm damned if I know which.

The door closes behind them.

DISSOLVE TO

72
thru OMITTED
73

74 INT. MARINER INN - NIGHT

Cady and Diane are preparing to leave. He is absorbed in the story he has been telling her.

CADY

Then this gal says, "Bet you couldn't do that with one hand." Man, I mean, she got me sore....

Diane cuts in with an airy laugh.

DIANE

Oh, sweetie, you really do try so hard, don't you? I mean, to impress a girl with that tired old He-Man routine.

She has had too much to drink, and overplays it.

DIANE

Darling, are you really that far out of touch, or am I talking over your head.

74-A EXT. MARINER INN - NIGHT - IN LONG SHOT - SHOOTING THROUGH CAR WINDOW (PONTIAC)

Cady comes out, followed by Diane. Cady crosses to his car and gets in. Diane for a moment remains standing on the other side, expecting him to open the door for her. He starts the ignition. After another moment, Diane angrily opens the door for herself and gets in. As car begins to drive out of shot, PAN AROUND to show CHARLIE SIEVERS, a middle-aged, cold, efficient man; the detective Sam has hired. Sievers consults his watch and starts to follow them.

DISSOLVE TO

74-B INT. CHEVROLET - PROCESS - CADY AND DIANE - NIGHT

Cady is tensed over the wheel, one eye on the rearview mirror. Diane lies languidly sprawled beside him. Her voice has the dream-like eloquence drunkenness sometimes induces. She is totally unaware of stretching Cady's limited reservoir of patience to its uttermost.

DIANE

You are at liberty to consult the files of the "St. Louis Post Dispatch," for October 1953, in the Year of Our Lord, when I was chosen Queen of the Veiled Prophet Ball, chosen by unanimous acclaim over the most desperate and unconscionable opposition a girl ever had to face....

(a contented sigh)

My dear father, he was proud enough to pop his buttons... Only his wife failed to appreciate the prestige and honor that accrued to her... by contagion, as it were....

75 EXT. AN OUTLYING STREET - NIGHT

The Chevrolet turns off onto a side street.

76 INT. CHEVROLET - PROCESS

Diane suddenly sits up, looks out the window.

DIANE

(frightened)

Why are you going this way?

CADY

Better scenery.

CONTINUED

76 CONTINUED

DIANE

What would you know about scenery,
or beauty, or any of the things
that really make life worth living?

(a mixture of
loathing and
affection)

You're just an animal. A coarse,
lustful, barbaric....

CADY

(unsmiling)

Keep talkin', honey. I like it when
you run me down like that....

DIANE

(with tipsy
dignity)

Max Cady, what I value about you is...
you're rock-bottom. I wouldn't expect
you to understand this, but it's a
great comfort for a girl to know she
could not possibly sink any lower....

CADY

(eyes on rear-
view mirror)

Just keep it up, honey. Tell me some
more about how you were the Queen of
the Veiled Prophet Ball

There is a murderous undertone, both to his voice and his ex-
pression. He sharply cuts the wheel. She gives him a sudden
frightened look.

77 LONG SHOT

The Chevrolet turns onto another street, DISAPPEARS out of
ANGLE. CAMERA HOLDS until Sievers' Pontiac APPEARS, turns the
corner after it, after slowing to keep a discreet distance.

78 LONG SHOT

Coming to the next corner, the Chevrolet turns again.

79 INT. PONTIAC - PROCESS

Sievers sees Cady make this third turn, compresses his lips
in annoyance, suspecting now that Cady knows he is being tailed.
Sievers makes a decision.

80 LONG SHOT - PONTIAC

Sievers doesn't follow Cady but keeps straight on.

DISSOLVE TO

81 EXT. ROOMING HOUSE STREET - NIGHT

This is a street of old two-story houses, with an occasional small shop, dark at this late hour. Cars are parked along the curbs. Sievers parks his Pontiac near the corner, walks along until he finds Cady's Chevrolet. Hooding a pencil flash with his hand, he checks the license number to make sure, then glance up at a single lighted window on the upper floor of a nearby rooming house. As he watches, the light goes out. Sievers walks back to a phone booth on the corner.

82 INT. PHONE BOOTH

Sievers drops in a dime, dials, keeping his eye on the rooming house.

POLICE VOICE

Police Department --

SIEVERS

(into phone)

Give me Sergeant Elkins if he's there.

ELKINS' VOICE

(after a pause)

Elkins speaking.

SIEVERS

Mike -- Charlie Sievers. I'm at the corner of Sherman and San Juan. If you want something on Max Cady, he's up in a room with a girl who blew into town a few days ago. Diane Taylor. Over eighteen, but you can still get him for lewd vagrancy.

CUT TO

83 INT. ROOMING HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is in almost total darkness. A thin shaft of light from a rear window streaks across the bed. Cady is silhouetted against the lighter rectangle of the uncurtained window. CAMERA PANS with him as he comes over to the bed, and as ANGLE WIDENS we see Diane, in a slip, lying curled up on the bed, her eyes

CONTINUED

83 CONTINUED

half-closed. She stirs as she feels the iron bed jiggle, and her eyes open wider. CAMERA has now moved off Cady and CREEPS into a CLOSE SHOT of Diane, who is slowly sitting up - staring at Cady. And as sudden fear grips her, she tries to get off the bed. CAMERA SUDDENLY TILTS UPWARDS past a lattice screen - which throws a grotesque pattern of shadows across the ceiling.

We HEAR a small stifled SCREAM of fear and pain from Diane, and as the CAMERA SLOWLY BEGINS TO REVOLVE round the ceiling, THE FOCUS BLURS.

CUT TO

84 EXT. CORNER - NIGHT

A two-man prowler car comes to a stop around the corner, where Sievers is waiting for them. Marconi and another OFFICER get out, leaving the car guarded by a Doberman Pinscher in the back seat.

SIEVERS

I'll point out the room to you.

They nod and all three walk OUT around the corner.

85 EXT. ROOMING HOUSE STREET - NIGHT

They walk quietly toward the rooming house. When they reach Cady's Chevrolet, Sievers points to the house.

SIEVERS

(low voice)

Second floor. Right front.

The two officers walk to the front door, find it unlocked and DISAPPEAR INSIDE.

86 INT. ROOMING HOUSE - UPPER HALLWAY - NIGHT

Marconi RAPS on Diane's door.

MARCONI

Open up!

(no answer)

Open up!

The two men throw their shoulders against the door; it bursts open.

87 INT. DIANE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Diane lies on the bed, clad in a wrapper. She is in shadow - has an oddly crumpled look about her. The men look past her to a curtain blowing in the improvised kitchenette beyond. One of the officers walks into the kitchen.

MARCONI

(from kitchen)

There's a back door open here --
and an outside stairway --

(returning)

How long ago did he leave?

Diane stares at the ceiling fixedly. She is still in shadow so that we may not be able to see her features, but there is something strange in the way the officers look at her.

DISSOLVE TO

88 OMITTED

89 INT. ROOMING HOUSE HALL AND STAIRWAY - NIGHT

There is a dim night light burning in the hallway. AS SHOT opens Sievers is lighting a cigar. He turns as he hears the door of Diane's room open, and Marconi comes out followed by his colleague. CAMERA MOVES in with Sievers as he goes to meet Marconi.

MARCONI

Something kind of weird's happened
to her. We can't get her to spill
a thing -- maybe you can.

Sievers looks towards Diane's room; knocks briefly on the door, and simultaneously opens it and goes in.

90 INT. DIANE'S ROOM

Sievers comes in, and looks across at Diane. She does not acknowledge his presence even when he closes the door behind him. Sievers comes up to her.

SIEVERS

Miss Taylor?...

No answer.

SIEVERS

You may be hurt worse than you
realize. Would you like me to get
a doctor?

CONTINUED

90 CONTINUED

No answer. Sievers moves around the bed, tries to get her to look at him at least.

SIEVERS

My name is Charlie Sievers. I'm a private detective and I can help you.

(no response
from Diane)

Why take a beating like this lying down? A man like that hasn't the right to walk around free. You've got the law on your side. Why not use it?

Still Diane does not answer. Now Sievers begins to talk to her more harshly, feeling this is the only way he will be able to get through to her.

SIEVERS

No one blames you for being afraid of Max Cady. This one's different and you know it. He beat you up to-night, he'll probably do it again tomorrow night. He may even kill you.

Sievers draws up a chair and sits on it. Looking intently at her, he continues to try and break through to her.

SIEVERS

Let me take you down to the Homicide Bureau, Miss Taylor, and show you some photographs of girls who got mixed up with men like Cady. They'll make you sick, but you'll realize how lucky you are to be alive. Why not protect yourself?

Diane locks up at him slowly. Now she slides off the bed and moves slowly toward the phone. She glances at an ad on the cover of the phone book, then begins to dial. Sievers watches her. Diane has her number now.

DIANE

Hello. Could you send a taxi cab over promptly to the corner of Sherman and San Juan. I want to go to the bus station ... right quick...?

(timidly)

Please?

CONTINUED

90 CONTINUED - 2

She waits a moment, then hangs up. She moves away, drags her battered little suitcase from underneath the bed and begins to throw her few possessions into it. Throughout the rest of the scene she is packing and dressing to leave.

DIANE

(as she moves away
from the telephone)

Protect myself! Nobody can protect themselves against that guy! He isn't human. Sure I'm scared of him! I'm scared to death of him! And you can't help me!

SIEVERS

But I can. File an assault charge and Cady'll get six months in jail.

DIANE

Six months! And after that?

She suddenly thrusts her bruised face at him.

DIANE

Before he walked out of this room, he said ... he said to consider this only a sample ... And according to my limited knowledge of human nature ... Max Cady is not a man who makes idle threats.

Sievers watches her pack for a moment.

SIEVERS

Leave town if you want to and no one will blame you. But before you go - help us to put this man away.

She senses an urgency in him which is personal. She stops and looks at him.

DIANE

What's your angle?

SIEVERS

I have a client. A mr. Bowden. Cady has threatened his wife and daughter. Never mind the reasons. Mr. Bowden is worried, and I don't blame him. You know Cady.

CONTINUED

90 CONTINUED - 3

DIANE

(stops for a moment)

Do you believe that I could ever,
ever in my whole life step up and
repeat to another living soul what
that man...what he did...

Distractedly she goes back to her packing. Her
movements are fluttery, uncoordinated. (X)

DIANE

What about my family? I'm someone's
daughter too... What about the news-
papers in my home town? Do you think
I could bear to have them read about
this? I feel so... so... low... I'll
never feel the same again. I'll never
belong to myself again...

She is overcome and sinks down on the bed, sobbing. And as (X)
CAMERA MOVES INTO A CLOSE SHOT of this huddled, pathetic figure.

DISSOLVE TO

90-A EXT. ROOMING HOUSE STREET - NIGHT

A taxi is waiting outside the house as Sam Bowden drives up. He
gets out hurriedly, looking to be sure of the address. He has (X)
dressed hastily and wears no tie. He walks quickly into the house.

91 INT. UPPER HALL ROOMING HOUSE - NIGHT

SHOOTING DOWN the staircase as Sam hurries in and up the stairs.
CAMERA PANS AND TRACKS with him to include Sievers and the two
policemen, who are waiting outside Diane's room.

SIEVERS

I'm afraid I got you down here for
nothing. She won't talk and she's
leaving town on the next bus.

Now the door of Diane's room opens and Diane comes slowly out,
carrying her suitcase. She stands looking at Sievers and Sam.

SIEVERS

This is Mr. Bowden. Before it's
too late - will you reconsider? (X)

91-A SHOOTING DOWN

at Diane as she stares up at Sam.

91-B CLOSE SHOT - SAM

as he looks down at her.

91-C CLOSE SHOT

of Diane as - with tears in her eyes - she hesitates. Confused and in turmoil she turns away from him and CAMERA PANS AND TRACKS with her as she hurries down the stairs. At the front door she pauses again, then suddenly turns around and looks back up the stairs at Sam. In a half choked little voice:

DIANE

I'm sorry... really I'm sorry.

She quickly opens the door and goes OUT. The door SLAMS behind her.

92 INT. ROOMING HOUSE HALL AND STAIRS - NIGHT

Sievers, Sam and the two policemen are looking down at the empty hall. Then Sievers makes room for the officers to pass.

SIEVERS

So long, Roy.

MARCONI

Better luck next time.

Sam nods, waits until the policemen are gone.

SAM

Seems Cady has you spotted. Should you put another man on him?

SIEVERS

He'd spot the next one just as quickly or quicker.

They start down the stairway.

SAM

What next?

SIEVERS

Drop it. You're wasting your money. He expected to be covered. Anytime he wants to shake loose he'll figure a way.

CONTINUED

92 CONTINUED

Sam stops, seeing his last hope fading.

SAM

Then what do you suggest, Mr. Sievers?

Sievers hesitates, then speaks in a low voice.

SIEVERS

Change his mind. Get in touch with a guy named Alex Jepson. He's got some rough friends along the waterfront. For the right price...

Sam, after a pause, starts down the stairs again.

SAM

Are you kidding? I can't consider that.

Sievers follows. They reach the door.

SIEVERS

Okay, so you're a lawyer and you believe in due process. Well, it's your family, not mine. But a type like that is an animal. So you fight him like an animal. That's my advice.

(shakes hands)

Good luck.

SAM

Thanks. Good night.

He slowly follows Sievers OUT.

DISSOLVE TO

93 EXT. FORBES' YACHT BASIN - DAY

This is a commercial affair, not a club. The Bowden boat is in its slip, a small cabin cruiser with twin outboards. A fair number of other slips are empty. The entire Bowden family is at work, busily sanding the trim and polishing the brightwork, except for Sam, who is varnishing. A big, sleek Chriscraft backs out of a nearby slip, starts out of the basin. The family aboard waves mockingly at the laboring Bowdens. Nancy looks after it wistfully.

NANCY

Oh, misery! Wonder when we can have one like that?

CONTINUED

93 CONTINUED

SAM

It's on our fiscal program for 1980.

NANCY

What's fiscal?

SAM

What we haven't got.

PEGGY

(wipes her brow)

I've been looking for an excuse to quit this and I've finally found it. I just remembered I forgot to buy any paper plates and cups.

She rises, rubbing her aching knees.

NANCY

Mother! You did that on purpose!

PEGGY

You can't convict me on mere suspicion.

SAM

(rises, stretches)

If one rat leaves the ship, why not two?

(to Nancy)

Want to take over this brush for a minute?

NANCY

Now where are you going?

SAM

Just to get a little thinner from Tony. The varnish is thickening up.

NANCY

If we're a family of rats, I think I should be leaving, too.

SAM

No, you represent a giant stride in evolution. Just don't drip varnish on the deck.

Sam has been working near the stern. With a wry look, Nancy moves to take his place as Sam assists Peggy to the catwalk.

94 MED. SHOT - NANCY

She bends down, facing toward the stern, making sure that her brush doesn't dribble on the deck. But then an outboard speedboat, moving slowly out of the basin COMES INTO VIEW. Aboard are TWO YOUTHS.

YOUTH

Hey, Nancy! Ahoy!

She looks up, having just re-dipped her brush. Unnoticed, it drips all over.

YOUTH

Ahoy!

CAMERA PANS AROUND to REVEAL Max Cady standing on the wharf, smoking a cigar and holding an open beer bottle in his hand, watching Nancy o.s., with impassive interest.

YOUTH'S VOICE

Coming to the picnic?

NANCY'S VOICE

Yes, if we ever get started!

95 ANGLE FEATURING CADY

The speedboat is beginning to pull out of view.

YOUTH

Okay, we'll do some water skiing.
Okay?

NANCY

(smiles and waves).

Okay.

The speedboat DISAPPEARS. Now Nancy glances down, notices the varnish drips. In wild haste, she grabs a rag, begins scrubbing furiously, her position pulling her white shorts tight and revealingly over her hips and thighs. Max Cady is very aware of this, but then he HEARS the SOFT THUD of rubber-soled shoes on the planking. He half turns, showing neither alarm nor surprise as CAMERA PULLS BACK, bringing Sam INTO ANGLE. Sam has a can of varnish thinner in his hand. He stares at Cady with barely suppressed anger.

SAM

(low, tight voice)

What are you doing here?

CADY

Why, I'm having a beer, Counsellor,
and I'm smoking this here cigar.

CONTINUED

95 CONTINUED

SAM

Do it some place else.

CADY

(mockingly)

So the man sells me a beer and I'm thinking about maybe renting a boat. Just how many laws you got against that, Counsellor?

SAM

Look, maybe you can get away with poisoning my dog, and beating up a little drifter like Diane Taylor, but don't push your luck with me. You're heading right back to jail and this time it'll be for good.

Nancy has now heard them. She stands up, facing them.

CADY

She's gettin' to be almost as juicy as your wife.

96 CLOSEUP - SAM

As he realizes clearly for the first time that Cady represents a sexual threat to Nancy.

SAM

Why you filthy minded ...

He instinctively throws a punch, ANGLE WIDENING. The blow lands on Cady's cheek with a sharp CRACK. Cady's eyes blink and then he grins. Sam, expecting him to retaliate, swings again. Obviously a trained boxer, Cady takes the blow with his head moving away, but still it lands hard. Now Nancy is running toward them. Several people appear from farther down the line. Venting the wrath and tension of weeks, Sam hits Cady with a left and then another right. Still Cady keeps his feet, maintaining his grin, partially side-slipping the blows but striking none himself. Sam hesitates as he begins to realize Cady won't fight back.

CADY

You're not going to force me into a sucker play. Just have your innings, mine are coming.

The people who have hurried along the dock now hesitate, then stand - watching. Sam turns toward Nancy who, shocked by something she can't understand, is staring at him with tear-filled eyes.

CONTINUED

96 CONTINUED

CADY

(to newcomers)

Guess you folks saw this, huh? You notice I never laid a hand on him. I'm standin' here mindin' my business and this guy attacks me.

He rubs his cheek and starts away, with the puzzled people torn between him and Sam.

NANCY

That's him, isn't it?

Sam nods and puts his arm around Nancy, comforting her.

DISSOLVE TO

97 EXT. RIVER - DAY

The outboard cruiser is moving at half-speed past a line of moth-balled Navy ships. Nancy is at the wheel. Sam and Peggy are sitting in the stern.

98 MED. SHOT - SAM AND PEGGY

Peggy is sitting close to Sam, massaging his swollen hand.

PEGGY

... Then he's insane. He has to be. Can't he be put away?

SAM

Legally, he's sane. He knew exactly what he was doing just now. Look how he maneuvered me into making a public display of myself.

PEGGY

I wish you'd hit him with something heavy, like an anchor. You've defended all kinds of people. You've always said nobody's all bad - I almost believed it till now.

SAM

How's Nancy? She hasn't said much.

PEGGY

(looks toward Nancy)

You remember years ago when we took her to the circus and that gorilla went wild? It's the same thing now -

CONTINUED

98 CONTINUED

PEGGY (Cont'd)
 a feeling of something so savage
 that it doesn't have the right to
 be in the same world with her.

SAM
 The gorilla was in a nice, air-
 conditioned cage, but how in the
 name of God, do you cage a man like
 Max Cady?

DISSOLVE TO

99 OMITTED

100 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

School is over for the day. The last pupils are flocking across the crosswalk as Nancy comes OUT of the school, carrying her books. Peggy's car is almost opposite the school gates. Nancy hurries towards it.

101 EXT. PEGGY'S CAR

Nancy finds it empty, and wonders where her mother is.

101-A NANCY

gets into the car and lays her books on the seat beside her. With her imagination over-stimulated by thoughts of Max Cady, who can be anywhere at any time, she becomes increasingly anxious. Rather nervously she switches on the radio. The MUSIC begins, and just as Nancy is trying to relax, she sees something ahead.

102 MED. LONG SHOT - NANCY'S ANGLE - (SHOOTING THROUGH WINDSHIELD)

Walking toward her, forty or fifty feet away, is Max Cady. For a moment he is nearly obscured by a passing truck, then reappears, closer.

102-A REVERSE ANGLE - CLOSE SHOT - (SHOOTING THROUGH WINDSHIELD) - NANCY

She is like a bird paralyzed by terror.

102-B CLOSER SHOT - MAX CADY

CAMERA PULLS BACK with him as he moves forward across the street toward the car, staring all the time at Nancy. He stops for a passing Girl on a bicycle, then continues.

102-C INT. CAR - CLOSE SHOT - NANCY

Terror is growing on her face. She looks around. The MUSIC from the car radio is still playing. She moves over to the car door, and starts to open it.

102-D TRACKING SHOT - (SHOOTING FROM BEHIND CADY)

with Cady in f.g., as he continues diagonally across the street. In front of him -- still quite a long way away -- we see the little figure of Nancy get quickly out of the car, start back along the pavement.

102-E CLOSER SHOT - NANCY

now very afraid. She looks around for help. At this moment, though, the street is deserted; she is alone; and -- with a sudden impulse -- she turns and runs into the schoolgrounds.

102-F EXT. SCHOOLGROUNDS - LONG SHOT

This, too, is now deserted. Nancy runs toward the main school building and up the steps to the double doors.

102-G CLOSER SHOT - NANCY

She tries the double doors; they are locked. She turns in terror and sees:

103 FLASH SHOT - NANCY'S ANGLE

through the iron railings surrounding the school playground. Cady is coming along the pavement -- approaching the gateway into the school.

103-A EXT. SCHOOLGROUNDS - NANCY

Now she runs around the side of the school building. In the distance, and beyond the railings, a Boy is getting onto his bicycle. She runs towards him, but now he is already peddling away. He turns a corner, and again she is quite alone.

103-B EXT. SCHOOLGROUNDS - REVERSE ANGLE

as Nancy runs towards us. CAMERA PANS with her as she passes a small door -- suddenly realizes this might be her means of escape -- and doubles back to the door. She tries to open it. It sticks. She rattles it and it bursts open, and she runs inside.

103-C INT. SCHOOL

Nancy bursts the door open and runs into a small deserted classroom, (with desks, chairs and blackboard). In fear she runs forward pushing aside some chairs. CAMERA TRACKS BACK swiftly with her as she runs down a very short corridor, turns a corner and dives into a small boiler room.

103-D MED. SHOT

The classroom door that Nancy burst open is slowly swinging back. It shuts with a CLICK.

103-E CLOSE SHOT - NANCY

She is cringing against the wall in the boiler room, and is now certain the door has closed behind Cady and that he is in the school with her. Her lips are quivering -- tears of fear are in her eyes. Suddenly, in great panic, she darts forward and CAMERA again PULLS BACK VERY SWIFTLY with her as she runs OUT of the boiler room and rushes down another corridor, turning a corner.

103-F INT. SCHOOL BASEMENT - LONG SHOT

Nancy runs quickly down some basement steps, sheer terror on her face. She rushes towards us and CAMERA PULLS BACK to REVEAL that she is in a locker room. In desperation she tries to conceal herself between two cabinets. She thinks she can hear Cady's footsteps coming along the corridor towards the basement. Suddenly she sees something o.s., and rushes forward. CAMERA PANS swiftly with her as she runs towards an old wash basin, clambers hastily up onto it, forces the window half open starts to crawl through it.

103-G EXT. SCHOOLGROUNDS - LONG SHOT - NANCY

She struggles up from the window and runs wildly toward camera. As she comes into a VERY BIG CLOSEUP, CAMERA PANS with her. She runs out onto the pavement and almost bumps into Cady (who has walked around the side of the school). She emits a strangled SCREAM of terror and runs into the street. There is a SCREECHING of brakes. A car fender brushes her and she is thrown to the pavement.

103-H ANOTHER ANGLE

A CROWD quickly gathers.

104 OMITTED

104-A EXT. PEGGY'S CAR

Peggy COMES up to her car (some distance away from "accident"). Something disturbs her. The car door is open -- the radio is PLAYING -- Nancy's books are on the seat. Now she becomes aware of the COMMOTION just around the corner. CAMERA starts PULLING BACK with her as she runs toward the gathering Crowd.

104-B ANOTHER ANGLE - CROWD

collecting around Nancy.

AD LIBS

Is she hurt?
Is she okay?
She ran right in front of me.

Cady is missing: he has successfully vanished. Peggy thrusts her way through the Crowd and gathers up Nancy in her arms.

104-C CLOSER SHOT

Peggy holds Nancy close.

AD LIBS

I saw it, Miss - she's not badly hurt.
Didn't look where she was going --

Nancy is CRYING and trembling as she clings to Peggy.

NANCY

I saw him -- I saw him --! I saw
that man -- he followed me...

As Peggy helps Nancy to her feet and she begins to limp AWAY,

DISSOLVE TO

105
thru
108
OMITTED

109 INT. BOWDEN HOME - LATE AFTERNOON

SHOOTING FROM TOP OF LANDING DOWN STAIRCASE as the front door is thrown open and Sam hurries in. He mounts the stairs two at a time and as he comes in to CLOSE SHOT CAMERA PANS with him. He hastens towards Nancy's bedroom, throws open the door and hurries in. We see Peggy sitting in a chair beside Nancy's bed.

JRW

109-A INT. NANCY'S BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON - ALTERED ANGLE

as Sam hurries up to the bed.

SAM
(as he ENTERS)
How is she?

He is looking down at Nancy, who is asleep in the bed. She looks pale, and even in sleep, her face seems troubled.

PEGGY
She's only bruised -- but the doctor gave her a sedative and she's sleeping --

Sam's face sets like stone. He turns, starts quietly out of the room. At first she's too surprised to speak, then she starts after him.

PEGGY
I'm sorry, Sam. I'm sorry...

110 INT. BOWDEN UPPER HALL - LATE AFTERNOON

Sam starts down the stairs. Peggy COMES OUT of the bedroom.

PEGGY
I thought the drugstore would only take a second.

He doesn't answer or turn, but heads straight for the study.

PEGGY
Sam -- where are you going?

Worried now, she starts down the stairs.

111 INT. SAM'S STUDY - LATE AFTERNOON

He COMES IN, unlocks a desk drawer, lifts a revolver from its hiding place. He sticks the gun in his waistband, buttons his coat over it, starts toward the door, as Peggy hurries IN.

PEGGY
Sam!

She blocks his way, takes hold of his arms and in doing so, feels the gun under his coat. She catches her breath - a moment of shocked surprise, then Sam brushes her aside and starts out of the room.

PEGGY
(she is after him)
Oh no! You can't-- You can't do a thing like this --!

CONTINUED

111 CONTINUED

She has a grip on his arm and half swings him around, trying her best to hold him back.

PEGGY

Sam -- are you out of your mind?

Sam shakes her off, moves past her.

112 INT. LIVING ROOM

Sam crosses toward the front door, with Peggy trying to stop him.

PEGGY

Will you please listen! He didn't hurt her! He didn't touch her. She panicked when she saw him in the street. He didn't do anything, Sam!

SAM

(cold)

Fine. Then I'll just wait until he does.

He shoves her aside once more and makes for the front door. Peggy runs after him.

PEGGY

(loud)

Sam, listen to me! It would be murder! You know that! Do you want to ruin all of us? Isn't that exactly what he wants?

Now they are at the door.

PEGGY

In the name of heaven, pay him off, buy him off. Give him some money and he'll go away, but don't do this to us!

Sam goes OUT the door.

112-A EXT. FRONT PORCH - MED. SHOT - SAM AND PEGGY - NIGHT

Sam is striding toward his car, as Peggy APPEARS on the porch. Her voice this time matches his own purposeful mood.

CONTINUED

112-A CONTINUED

PEGGY

Sam, I won't let you! If you get into that car, I'll call the police. You won't get six blocks before they pick you up.

CLOSE IN on Peggy as, white-faced, she turns sharply and goes back INSIDE.

112-B INT. LIVING ROOM - PEGGY

Determined and completely in control now, she runs across the room toward the study.

113 INT. STUDY - PEGGY

She grabs the telephone, dials "0". CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE.

PEGGY

Give me the police department -- please -- quick -- Hello. I want Captain Dutton -- yes, it's urgent ... tell him it's Mrs. Bowden -- yes, Bowden...

(waits impatiently)

Capt. Dutton, my husband --

She breaks off, looks toward door. ANGLE WIDENS as Sam stands in the doorway, then comes slowly in. He takes the phone.

SAM

(into phone)

Sorry -- false alarm, Mark. Everything's all right... I'll talk to you later.

He puts the phone down, sits thoughtfully on the edge of the desk. Peggy takes him by the hand, leans her face against his arm, relieved. Sam still boiling mad, is figuring out his next move as we,

DISSOLVE TO

114 INT. THE MARINER - NIGHT

Sam is seated in a booth. He has evidently been waiting a long while; the ashtray contains several cigarette butts and he is glancing at his watch for the umpteenth time. He has an untouched drink in front of him. Then he tenses, torn between relief and anger, as he sees Max Cady APPROACHING at a leisurely pace. Cady glances at the ashtray.

CONTINUED

114 CONTINUED

CADY

Sweatin' a little, huh, Counsellor?
Well, just remember, I waited eight
years.

(as Waiter
approaches)

You gonna buy me a drink?

SAM

(beckons)

Waiter.

Cady sits down, turns to the Waiter.

CADY

Make mine a double. The twelve year
old stuff.

(indicating Sam)

My rich cousin here says the best is
none too good for me.

The Waiter LEAVES. Sam is masking his feelings as best he can, while Cady is as lordly as Hitler receiving the French surrender. He lights a cigar, deliberately offering no opening, sadistically determined to force Sam into making the first move.

SAM

How much do you want, Cady?

CADY

(affecting
surprise)

How's that again?

SAM

I said, how much do you want?

CADY

I'm always a little slow on the
uptake until after the first drink.
Are we discussing dough, is that it?

SAM

That's it.

CADY

Now that's heart-warming, ain't it?
A poor ex-con comes to a new town to
make a fresh start, and a leading
citizen steps right up and offers him
financial help. It renews your faith
in human nature, sure does.

The Waiter brings the drink. Sam waits until he LEAVES, but then Cady calls him back.

CONTINUED

114 CONTINUED - 2

CADY

Hey, Buster, you got any peanuts,
salted in the shell?

WAITER

Not in the shell.

CADY

Forget it.

(as Waiter LEAVES)

I can see I got to educate this town.

SAM

Let's have the answer.

CADY

Well, now, that would take some
figuring, wouldn't it? What would
you consider eight lost years worth,
Counsellor? Think a court could put
a value on those?

SAM

Stick to the point. How much?

CADY

Too simple. I like to put values on
things. The value of eight years --
the value of a family. Interesting
calculations, Counsellor.

He drains his glass, notices Sam's untouched drink.

CADY

That's right, go easy on the stuff.
They say it's bad for you.

(SNAPS fingers
for Waiter)

Hey, Buster, my cousin wants to buy
me another.

Sam waits until the Waiter takes away the glass, realizing now
that Cady will allow him no opening, no clue to the price -- he
must make his offer in the dark.

SAM

Ten thousand dollars now - and
another ten thousand over the next
two years, providing you stay out
of this state.

CADY

What if I came back after the money
ran out?

CONTINUED

114 CONTINUED - 3

SAM

I'll give you a simple answer to that one. I'll kill you.

CADY

(smiles; then seems to consider)

Twenty grand, that's less than three thousand per for my eight years. Don't seem like you've heard about the Minimum Wage Law, Counsellor. But just for the fun of it, let's get back to the value of a family. Now maybe you didn't know I had a family.

His second drink arrives. Cady takes a long swallow, eases back into the old mocking manner.

CADY

One wife, one kid -- that's what I had when you sent me up. Mary dumped me pronto. She never even visited. I signed the papers for the divorce --

SAM

Understandable.

CADY

That wasn't it. It was the prison rap that got her. She called it a disgrace.

(voice hardens)

And that was your doing, not mine, Counsellor. Anyway, she marries a lousy plumber. Has a litter of kids. My kid never even heard of me -- Well, when I got out, I looked Mary up. The kids were in school and the plumber was out plumbing. She ran and got a poker and tried to hit me over the head with it. I took it away from her and calmed her down. She crawled in the car and I drove her to a little spot about fifty miles away.

SAM

Why tell me all this?

CADY

I got my reasons. That night I made her phone the plumber. I had her say she was taking a little vacation from

CONTINUED

114 CONTINUED - 4

CADY (Cont'd)

him and the kids. Then I made her write me a love note and dete it, asking me to take her away for a second honeymoon. I made her write it full of dirty words. Then I kept her pretty busy for three days. You getting the picture, Counsellor?

SAM

I'm getting it.

CADY

Good. I told her if she ever tried to yell cop I'd mail a photostat of the note to the plumber. She was impressed. Then I poured a fifth of liquor in her, threw her shoes and dress away, and give her a good chance to work her way home.

With every fibre of his being, Sam wants to say, "You son of a bitch, you need killing." He glares at Cady, but finally controls himself. (X)

SAM

It's a charming story. What is it supposed to prove?

Cady drains his glass.

CADY

Counsellor, for a smart man you're sure slow in getting the picture. Don't you see? I'd been burning for eight years, but now I got what you call complete peace of mind about Mary.

Only now does his full meaning come into focus in Sam's mind. He nods grimly, prepares to get up.

SAM

So it's no deal.

CADY

You're getting warm, Counsellor. When I was in stir all I could think about was bustin' out to kill a guy - maybe you know who - I was gonna kill him with my bare hands, slow, so he

CONTINUED

114 CONTINUED - 5

CADY (Cont'd)

could taste it. I killed him every night for seven years, but the eighth year I realized I was lettin' him off too easy, too fast. You know, in China or some place, they cut off a toe, the little one, and then pretty soon they cut off the next, and so on. That's better.

Sam can't restrain himself from leaning forward slightly, for the moment filled more with cold anger than fear.

SAM

And for little toe, I'm to understand child, is that it?

CADY

(grins)

That's your train of thought, not mine.

115 CLOSEUP - SAM

He stands up slowly, drops some bills on the table.

SAM

(calmly)

My train of thought!... You shocking degenerate. I've seen the worst, the dregs... but you... you are the lowest ...it's sickening to breathe the same air.

He turns and walks OUT, ANGLE WIDENING. Max Cady smiles lazily and gives the Waiter the high sign.

CADY

Hey, Buster. I think my cousin left enough for another.

DISSOLVE TO

115-A EXT. CAFE - DOCK AREA - NIGHT

Sam Bowden comes OUT and walks around the corner.

115-B INT. POOL HALL - NIGHT

Two pool tables. The usual sleazy inhabitants. Sam ENTERS and looks around. Some of the pool players and hangers-on pause to take a look at him. He is definitely out of place. The PROPRIETOR behind the counter looks up at Sam.

CONTINUED

115-B CONTINUED

SAM

Can you tell me where I can find
Alex Jepson?

The proprietor indicates a back door at the rear of the
establishment.

PROPRIETOR

Go on through that back door -- I'll
get him for you.

Sam walks through the pool hall toward the rear as the inmates
continue to stare at him.

115-C EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

This is a small, irregular court shaped like a funnel, the
spout opening into the street. The court is full of garbage
cans and clothes lines, with ramshackle exterior stairways
leading up to the backs of the ancient buildings. Sam comes
OUT, looks around impatiently, finally up-ends a box and sits
down. ANGLE WIDENS as a lissome woman, LOLA, about thirty, and
wearing a tight gown, comes OUT of a back doorway and stands
for a moment. During the brief time that the door is open we
can HEAR a hot PIANO rather loudly. After the door is closed,
the music is still audible but MUTED. Lola sees Sam and starts
toward him, carrying her purse jauntily. She approaches Sam.

LOLA

Got a match?

As Sam searches for a book of matches, finds it, and strikes
a match, Lola opens her purse, takes out a fine Havana cigar,
and lets him light it for her. She takes a drag and exhales
a cloud of smoke, gesturing towards the o.s. piano.

LOLA

Some beat, isn't it?

SAM

Very good.

LOLA

That Jigger Johnson, he's the great-
est. An' we got draught beer. Man,
we got everything. Why don'tcha come
on over?

SAM

No, thanks.

LOLA

(studying him)
Say...ain't you Agnes' fella?

CONTINUED

115-C CONTINUED

SAM

Afraid not.

LOLA

(after a pause)

You the fella runs that DeLuxe Cafe
down on the river?

SAM

Nope...

LOLA

I've seen you somewhere...if it's
one thing I'm good at, it's faces.

SAM

(grins)

I must have the kind of face that
gets around.

LOLA

(shrugging)

So you're two other guys.

(then)

How come you ain't said anything
about my cigar?

SAM

Free country.

JEPSON walks INTO shot.

JEPSON-

Okay, Lola, take it inside.

LOLA

(leaving)

Thanks for the light.

JEPSON

What do you want with me?

Sam takes a small picture out of his pocket and hands it to
Jepson. It is a mug type of photograph of Cady.

SAM

His name is Max Cady. You can
usually find him in The Boar's Head.

JEPSON

What do I want to find him for?

CONTINUED

115-C CONTINUED - 2

SAM

I want you to work him over.

Jepson considers this.

JEPSON

What makes you think that's in my
line of work?

SAM

You were recommended by Charlie
Sievers.

JEPSON

(after a pause)

Would you like him medium, rare,
or well done?

SAM

Let's say medium well.

JEPSON

This guy been makin' it with your
wife...or something?

SAM

No, not that. I just want you to
convince this man that he should
leave town...for good.

Jepson studies the picture.

JEPSON

Pretty big boy, isn't he? Two guys
-- maybe three?

SAM

(nods)

Three.

JEPSON

All right, Mister...?

SAM

(hesitates)

Randolph.

Jepson isn't taken in, grins.

JEPSON

Mister Randolph, that'll cost you
five...let's say seven hundred.

As Sam takes out his wallet.

DISSOLVE TO

116
thru OMITTED
125

125-A INT. BOWDEN LIVING ROOM - NANCY - NIGHT

Subdued, still in a mild state of shock, she is sitting curled up, in a large wing-chair, occupied, clumsily, but with dogged patience, in the wholly uncharacteristic activity of knitting. O.s. the SOUND of Sam's car coming to a halt in the driveway. Peggy hurries anxiously THROUGH the room, and, in passing, gives Nancy a look of pain and tenderness.

125-B EXT. THE BOWDEN FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Peggy meets Sam on the steps. They embrace silently. Sam knows for sure now that he is not just in a "war of nerves". Peggy looks at him questioningly, waits for him to speak.

SAM

Peggy, this is no war of nerves. He won't be bought off... it's Nancy he's after and he'll get to her sooner or later -- unless I change his mind.

Her body tenses under his arm; her face suddenly looks as tired and drawn as his own.

PEGGY

I don't believe it! I simply won't! You've said yourself he's too clever to take chances. How could he even touch her without taking a chance.

There is an edge in his voice, not directed at her, but at the situation itself. He doesn't want to upset her more than necessary, yet it is hard to avoid the question.

SAM

(glances toward window)

What would you do if she were attacked?

PEGGY

(shocked)

What are you talking about? How can you say such a thing... What's the matter with you, Sam!

SAM

Would you have him arrested? Have him tried? Naturally, he'd deny the whole thing. That means that Nancy

CONTINUED

125-B CONTINUED

SAM (Cont'd)

would have to testify. You've never watched a child testify in such a case, and thank God you haven't. You've never heard the clinical reports, the questions, the detailed answers she has to give. She'd have to give them all right... you understand? He'll deny it and we'll have to prove him guilty.

Peggy has listened to this in growing awareness of its full meaning and now she breaks -

PEGGY

A beast like that... with his record? Who would believe him?

SAM

No one -- but that wouldn't stop the questions.

PEGGY

Please, don't go on! I don't even want to think about it!

He puts his arm around her.

SAM

Cady knows that we couldn't put Nancy through an ordeal like that... He knows that for all of us the trial would never end.

PEGGY

But there must be something else we can do... there has to be!

SAM

(grimly)

There is.

PEGGY

What are you going to do?

SAM

Let's just say I'm going to talk to him in the only language he understands.

DISSOLVE TO

126 EXT. ALLEY IN REAR OF CADY'S ROOMING HOUSE - NIGHT

A car is moving into the alley, its headlights illuminating the parked cars and rickety frame garages. As the car finds a narrow slot, we recognize it as Max Cady's Chevy.

127 INT. CHEVY

Cady switches OFF the ignition and lights. He opens the door, bending to get out. As his head clears the car roof, a bicycle chain flashes INTO ANGLE from rear, strikes him on the back of the head, knocking his hat off.

128 EXT. ALLEY

Cady half lurches, half falls out of the car. A shadowy FIGURE whips back the chain for another blow; but Cady, moving by instinct, ducks under it, gorilla-like arms embracing the man while simultaneously his knee jerks up to the groin. The goon

CONTINUED

128 CONTINUED

gives an explosive GASP of agony. But this action is not isolated; ANOTHER GOON is now leaping in from the side, bicycle chain swinging. It strikes Cady on the top of the head; he goes to the ground on top of the first goon. Now a THIRD joins in. He and the second kick Cady in the body and beat him on the back with the chains until he manages to reach out and grab the second goon by the ankle, jerking him off his feet. This gives Cady an instant to deal with Number One, lying underneath him. One solid blow to the jaw and Number One lies still; in the next instant Cady has a chain in his own hand. He comes up swinging and Number Three retreats, but now Number Two regains his feet, attack Cady from behind. Cady bends, flips the goon over his back so hard that the man CRASHES into the wall of a garage, splintering the boards by the impact and then lying in a crumpled heap, out of the fight. By this time the first goon has gotten to his knees, but Cady, swinging the chain to keep Number Three at a distance, kicks Number One in the jaw, snapping his head back with a brittle CRACK. End of Number One. Now Number Three, seeing himself the last man on the field, turns to run, but Cady is too fast for him. He lashes out with the chain, whipping it half-way around the man's neck, slowing him enough for Cady to catch his arm, whirl him around. Cady whips him with the chain about the face and head until he slumps unconscious. Then Max Cady, face streaming blood, leans against a car, GASPING great gulps of air; but a slight movement on the part of Number Two serves to revive him. He gives the man a final kick, throws the bicycle chain in his face, then, wheezing like a wounded lion, he staggers toward the open door of his car, throws himself into the seat, and GUNS the car into a SCREECHING, skidding start, the open door continuing to FLAP and BANG as he DISAPPEARS into the darkness.

DISSOLVE TO

129 EXT. ISOLATED PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT - CADY'S CAR

comes to a halt in front of it. Cady lurches out, ENTERS the phonebooth as though intending to burst right through it. CLOSE IN on Cady at phone, hideously bruised and smeared. He reaches impatiently into his pocket, pulls out a fistful of coins, slams them down, heedless of those which tumble to the floor. He inserts a coin and dials. His battered face assumes the semblance of a leer.

130 INT. BOWDEN BEDROOM - NIGHT

Peggy is in bed, reading. Sam is in the dressing room, o.s. The phone RINGS. Peggy, surprised to get a call at this late hour, picks it up.

JRW

CONTINUED

130 CONTINUED

PEGGY

Hello?

CADY'S VOICE

(a scrambled, inaudible
torrent of obscenities)

On Peggy's face, a look of pure shock. For a long moment, she is simply too petrified to remove the instrument from her ear.

131 CLOSE - SAM
and

132 comes IN from the dressing room, takes one look at Peggy's face, and strides toward her. He takes the phone out of her hand, listens for a moment. His expression changes from shock to sudden rage.

SAM

Now listen to me, Cady. This is what you asked for, and it isn't one tenth of...

CADY'S VOICE

(scrambled)
(Cuts in with one final obscenity,
and hangs up)

Sam stares thoughtfully at the phone for a moment. When he hangs up and faces Peggy, the toughness in his face has been replaced by a rueful sense of failure.

DISSOLVE TO

132-A INT. STUDY - NIGHT - SHOOTING DOWN TOWARDS THE KITCHEN DOOR

Out of the shadows COMES Peggy, still in her dressing gown, carrying some coffee. CAMERA PANS with her to include Sam, who sits at his desk, (also in dressing gown). There is a solitary light on over his desk. The room is quiet and full of dark shadows. Obviously Sam has been working at something for quite a long time. There are maps and charts in front of him and he has a pencil and paper. Peggy puts down the coffee on the desk.

PEGGY

Are you sure you want this, Sam--?
Hadn't we better try to get some sleep?

SAM

You remember that place up near Cape Fear where we stopped in to see the Russells a couple of summers ago -- ?

CONTINUED

132-A CONTINUED

PEGGY

(wonderingly)

Where they were renting the house-
boat? Brown's Island, wasn't it?

SAM

That's the one... it's not even on
the chart. So much the better.

(gets up)

I'm going to have a showdown with
Cady -- and it'll be at a time and
place of my choosing.

Peggy has started to pour the coffee. Now she stops, finally
forces herself to ask the question.

PEGGY

Sam... what are you getting at?

Sam is slow in answering, but realizes he can't avoid stating
the blunt fact.

SAM

You won't like what I'm going to
tell you, but the way things are,
a showdown with him means just one
thing...

132-B CLOSEUP - PEGGY

as the impact hits her and she stares at him incredulously.
ANGLE WIDENS.

SAM

No, I'm not going to grab a gun and
go running out like a wild man again.
This time I'm going to let Cady make
the mistake.

PEGGY

Sam...what's happening to us? I
can't believe we're standing here
talking about killing a man...!

SAM

We're talking about more than that
...we're talking about the best way
to do it.

CONTINUED

132-B CONTINUED

SAM (Cont'd)

I haven't got it all worked out yet. There are still a lot of ifs, ands and buts about it. I'm not going into this alone...I'll need plenty of help...Cady would never fall for it here -- he knows we're too much on our guard. But if he thought we thought she was safely hidden someplace --

PEGGY

(stares at him)

She -- ? You can't be talking about Nancy!

SAM

I promise I won't go ahead with it until everything is airtight. I won't make a single move that will put her in any danger.

PEGGY

But Sam -- that won't stop the terror of it! She's only a child!

SAM

And if we wait until he catches her really alone? He will if we make one slip -- What about the terror then?

132-C CLOSE UP - PEGGY

SAM'S VOICE

You heard what he said on the telephone.

CAMERA MOVES up CLOSER as she can find no answer.

DISSOLVE TO

133 INT. COURTROOM - MORNING

It is early. Neither jury nor spectators are yet present. A bailiff is putting notes, books, etc. on the judge's desk. Grafton is just COMING OUT of the judge's chambers as Sam WALKS IN, carrying his brief case. The bailiff opens a window and LEAVES. Sam and Grafton confront each other at the rail separating the jurors' section from the spectators' benches. Grafton's jaw, already set, sets even tighter at sight of Sam.

GRAFTON

Hello, Sam.

CONTINUED

133 CONTINUED

SAM

Good morning, Dave.

GRAFTON

You sleep well?

SAM

Well enough, thank you.

He is starting toward the counsel's table, opening his briefcase.

GRAFTON

You needn't bother to open that. You've tried your last case in this state. Your three hired hands landed in the hospital last night. One of them thought he was going to die and talked...

(indicates chambers)

The judge is waiting to tell you that I'm instituting disbarment proceedings against you.

SAM

(stops short)

You haven't wasted any time, have you?

GRAFTON

I'm just getting started. The Committee on Ethics is in session up at the Capitol right now... and they move fast. You'd better be ready to tell 'em your story by tomorrow.

SAM

You don't think the Committee will wait to see if I'm convicted of anything in court?

GRAFTON

The Committee is only concerned with keeping the legal profession beyond reproach. And after what happened last night, I'll be most interested in how you answer that one!

People are beginning to file in; Grafton turns away. George Garner comes up to Sam.

CONTINUED

133 CONTINUED - 2

SAM

You'll have to do the summation,
George. I only came down this morn-
ing to tell you that I'm off the case.
I'm going to tell the Judge now.

Before the surprised Garner can reply, Sam moves toward the door of the Judge's chambers.

DISSOLVE TO

134
and
135

OMITTED

136 EXT. STREET - SAM - DAY

He walks along the street toward his office, gradually making up his mind what to do. CAMERA PULLS BACK with him.

DISSOLVE TO

137 OMITTED

137-A INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - DUTTON - DAY

Dutton is speaking violently; during speech, ANGLE WILL WIDEN to include Sam and Sievers.

DUTTON

Have you gone out of your mind?
You've come to the wrong man! Dave
Grafton was in here not ten minutes
ago, and you don't have a leg to
stand on! Jepson's being interro-
gated right now. If he talks, I'll
have to arrest you before you leave
this building!

SAM

And if I'm arrested, who's going to
protect my family? Can you? You
haven't yet!

DUTTON

That's below the belt, Sam -- with
Dave Grafton watching every move I
make!

SAM

To hell with Dave Grafton -- this is
my one chance to prove the truth
about Cady!

CONTINUED

137-A CONTINUED

DUTTON

You'll never prove it with a stake-out. Cady's too smart for that!

SAM

I tell you I've got this worked out! There's a houseboat up near Cape Fear, with a little shore cabin -- a telephone... but it's isolated and hard to find. It's a perfectly plausible place for me to hide my family --

DUTTON

No place is plausible. Do you expect Cady to believe you'd leave your family alone anywhere?

SAM

That's the one thing that had me stopped. But this morning Grafton handed me the perfect answer right on a platter. He's forcing me to fly up to Atlanta to appear before the Ethics Committee... and you can bet that his friend Mr. Cady will be tailing me clear to the airport. Oh, I'll make my appearance, all right -- and then I'll hire a car and cut across to the coast -- that's eighty-five miles -- and hire a boat at Hennessey's Landing. In four hours I'll be at Cape Fear, and Cady'll think I'm still sweating it out in Atlanta.

137-B ANGLE FEATURING SIEVERS

He has been listening intently, his attitude more receptive than Dutton's.

SIEVERS

Okay, you're there. But how did your family get there without Cady knowing it?

SAM

I've already rented the place, under another name, of course. I'll take them there this afternoon by boat --

SIEVERS

Cady can follow a boat --

CONTINUED

137-B CONTINUED

SAM

Except you will be shadowing him and we won't leave unless I get an all-clear from you. I'll rig it so Cady'll think they went some place in my wife's car -- any place but Cape Fear. The second step is to lure him up there when we're ready ... that's your department, too. He knows you're tied in with this case. He'll follow you when you leave town if you make it look right. You'll have to work out a good reason for going there -- and for coming back... to leave him a clear field.

137-C ANGLE FEATURING DUTTON

Dutton is still far from convinced. Sarcasm edges his voice.

DUTTON

He steps ashore and you shoot him, is that it?

SAM

That's it... and I can hardly wait.

DUTTON

Shooting him for simple trespass won't go, Sam -- not any more! He's built up too good a case against you --

SAM

It'll be more than simple trespass -- but I won't wait until he wipes the blood off his hands, either.

SIEVERS

(grins)

Mr. Bowden, I'm beginning to like your style.

DUTTON

All right, I've listened! Now you listen. You couldn't be fool enough to try this alone. You'd have to have help, lots of it. And I couldn't help you even if I wanted to. That's county territory.

CONTINUED

137-C CONTINUED

SAM

You know the sheriff. Are you going to stand on ceremony at a time like this? All you have to do is pick up the telephone.

DUTTON

And ask him for half a dozen deputies to help a man I should be arresting?

SAM

I don't want half a dozen deputies. That would be the surest way of tipping it off to Cady and Grafton. One is all I can risk. One is all I'm asking for. Do I get him?

DUTTON

(thinks it over)

No! Except against punks, stake-outs are the riskiest capers in this business. I'm not going to help you make what might be the biggest mistake of your life!

SAM

The biggest would be just to sit still and wait.

SIEVERS

Look, Chief, a hundred years ago he could have walked up and shot Cady and been proud of it. Reason -- there was no law. And there's no law still for the spot he's in. A man's got a duty to protect his family -- that's the real law.

DUTTON

But this isn't a hundred years ago! Grafton would crucify you if you shot Cady without the law around!

SAM

I know... I know... but the most important thing to me is that Nancy and Peggy will be safe!

CONTINUED

137-C CONTINUED - 2

This really hits Dutton. He rises and moves about.

DUTTON

You and a deputy... Two against one
isn't enough with this guy.

Sam senses that Dutton is coming around and closes in on him.

SAM

Two men with guns against one with-
out. You know Cady's much too smart
to risk being caught with a gun on
him. And - don't forget - he'll
expect to catch Nancy and Peggy
there alone!

There is a long pause. Finally Dutton moves to the telephone.

DUTTON

Well... this time next week I may be
back pounding a beat...

(reaches for phone)

Andy Kersek's about the best marks-
man in the county. I'll see if I
can get the Sheriff to let you have
him.

DISSOLVE TO

138 INT. STORAGE GARAGE - LATE AFTERNOON

This is a large place. Sam is in f.g., talking into phone at
desk. Peggy and Nancy are standing nervously beside Peggy's
car, as if expecting Cady to appear any moment; and a Cab
Driver is taking a sleeping bag and several suitcases out of
it, transferring them into his cab. The Attendant makes out a
ticket and hands it to Peggy.

SAM

(into phone)

Where are you?

139 INT. MARINER INN - DAY

Sievers is in f.g., talking into a phone at the end of the bar.
Max Cady is visible at the piano in b.g., drinking and listen-
ing to a young girl playing the PIANO.

SIEVERS

(into phone)

At the Mariner. He's here, all

CONTINUED

139 CONTINUED

SIEVERS (Cont'd)
right. Looks like he's set for a
long session. You're in the clear.

140 INT. STORAGE GARAGE

SAM
(into phone)
Good. I'm leaving Mrs. Bowden's
car here. They're going to put it
in dead storage. I'll call you
tomorrow.

He hangs up, joins Peggy and Nancy, who are already getting
into the cab.

DISSOLVE TO

141 EXT. CAPE FEAR RIVER - DAY

SHOOTING PAST a sign which reads Cape Fear River. CAMERA PANS
and picks up an outboard cruiser which is travelling quite fast
down a straight and wide stretch of river. As the cruiser moves
away from us

QUICK DISSOLVE TO

141-A EXT. CAPE FEAR RIVER - DUSK

The outboard cruiser is now moving slowly along a narrower
winding stretch of river, and past some dark shanty-boats.

142 INT. COCKPIT - DUSK

Holding the wheel with one hand, Sam is studying a chart by
the small, hooded lamp. Peggy and Nancy are standing beside
him. All are wearing the same street clothes in which we last
saw them, except for rubber-soled shoes. Nancy is staring at
the shanty-boats.

NANCY
Is it one of those?

PEGGY
(smiles)
Of course not. Ours is gold-plated
-- if the rent is any indication.

CONTINUED

142 CONTINUED

SAM

(switching off lamp)

We should have kept to the left of Keg Island, about a mile back. Maybe it's for the best - if anyone's been following us we'll see him.

143 LONG SHOT

The boat makes a 180-degree turn and starts up-river.

DISSOLVE TO

144 EXT. HOUSEBOAT LANDING - DUSK

The outboard cruiser, engines IDLING, is moored to a narrow pier. Also moored there, on the downstream side, is a small houseboat with a clean, modern look. Near the base of the pier is a tiny, rustic cabin, with a masonry barbecue nearby. Except for this clearing, the shore is densely wooded. Lights are on in the houseboat. Sam is carrying some suitcases from the cruiser into the houseboat.

145 INT. HOUSEBOAT - MAIN CABIN - DUSK

This is a fairly well-furnished combination living room, dining room and galley. Sam is bringing in some suitcases, and Peggy is coming through the door of the bedroom. Nancy is unloading and stacking groceries.

NANCY

(as she works)

Are we going to be completely marooned? I mean, no visitors or anything?

PEGGY

(a little alarmed)

You didn't say anything to Betty?

NANCY

I didn't say anything to a soul, honest.

SAM

(gives Nancy a casual hug)

Have a nice voyage to nowhere. I'll see you in a day or two.

CONTINUED

145 CONTINUED

NANCY

Don't get lost on the way home.

Peggy follows Sam OUT.

146 EXT. PIER - TRAVELLING SHOT - DUSK

Peggy walks with Sam toward the little cruiser. She is taut as a fiddle string but trying not to show it.

SAM

Think she'll be able to stand all this shattering peace and quiet?

PEGGY

(smiles)

Don't you worry about Nancy. That's pioneer stock.

He takes her in his arms and kisses her. Both separate a little reluctantly. Sam jumps down into the cockpit.

SAM

Cast off!

PEGGY

Aye, aye, Sir!

She loosens the lines and Sam opens the THROTTLE, leaving her looking small and lonely on the pier, growing more and more aware of the strangeness of this place. She starts slowly back toward the houseboat, the SOUND of the cruiser fading in the distance.

DISSOLVE TO

147 OMITTED

(X)

148 EXT. AIRPORT - AFTERNOON

Sam is boarding a plane with several other passengers.

149 EXT. PARKING AREA - CADY

Max Cady, his face marked from the attack on him, is sitting in his Chevy, ostensibly reading a magazine. He watches until Sam has boarded the plane. Then he walks into the building, carrying a large manila envelope.

150 INT. AIRPORT BUILDING - AFTERNOON

This is a small, informal place. Cady moves directly to the woman TICKET CLERK, disappointment showing on his face.

CADY

I've got a law brief here -

CONTINUED

150 CONTINUED

CADY (Cont'd.)
(indicating
envelope)
- for Samuel Bowden. Was he on
that plane?

CLERK
(checking records)
Yes, sir.

CADY
Now I don't know whether to mail
it or not. You know how long he's
gonna be there?

CLERK
(again checks
records)
He made a return reservation. Six
P.M. Thursday.

CADY
Then I guess Special Delivery will
reach him. Thanks.

He walks OUT.

DISSOLVE TO

151 INT. HOUSEBOAT - MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

Peggy and Nancy are playing backgammon, with a little transistor
radio playing classical MUSIC, which isn't Nancy's cup of tea.

PEGGY
(indicates radio)
Want to try another station?

Nancy shakes her head.

NANCY
(pushes away the
backgammon board)
I wish Daddy were back...

Peggy's expression makes clear she does, too. She has been
trying hard not to pass on her own frayed nerves to Nancy, but
the strain is beginning to show. There is the SOUND of a sudden
BUMP against the side of the boat. Peggy tenses up. Then, with
a gesture, tells Nancy to keep silent. She rises, turns off the
light, moves softly to get the automatic. Nancy, pale with
tension, strains her ears, but hears nothing. Peggy moves slowly
to the door, opens it a crack.

151-A INTERCUT: EXT. POINT OF VIEW SHOT

FLOATING LOG is knocking against the side of the houseboat. It starts to drift downstream.

151-B CLOSE - PEGGY AND NANCY

Peggy breathes a sigh of relief. Almost immediately they tense again as - in the far distance - they hear another SOUND.

NANCY

What's that?...

She switches OFF the radio. They listen intently.

NANCY

Sounds like a boat --

PEGGY

There are bound to be boats --

The SOUND of the approaching motorboat now becomes clearer. They look at each other.

NANCY

We didn't hear any last night this late... It's coming closer...

Peggy motions Nancy to get back, and gun poised in her hand, peers through the crack in the door. The SOUND draws closer. After a moment, Peggy relaxes.

PEGGY

(as she sees Sam)

It's Daddy.

She throws open the door and Nancy rushes forward.

NANCY

Daddy!

(X)

152 EXT. HOUSEBOAT LANDING - PEGGY AND NANCY

EMERGE, as a motorboat noses up to the pier. Sam and two other men are in the boat. (One of these men disembarks after Sam. He is ANDY KERSEK, a wiry young deputy in boating clothes.) Sam climbs up, embraces Nancy, then turns to Peggy, notes the gun in her hand. Peggy smiles sheepishly.

PEGGY

Where can I put this where it won't look so silly?

Sam grins, embraces her.

DISSOLVE TO

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90

153 INT. HOUSEBOAT - NIGHT

Sam and Andy Kersek are finishing an early supper.

PEGGY

(to Nancy)

Don't you think it's about time you were getting ready for bed?

NANCY

But where am I going to sleep?

SAM

With Mother. Mr. Kersek and I'll sleep on shore.. Good night.

NANCY

(far from eager)

Well, okay then. Good night.

Picking up the transistor radio, she DISAPPEARS through the bedroom door.

PEGGY

Won't you have some more coffee, Mr. Kersek?

KERSEK

Don't mind if I do.

Nancy's radio goes on in the bedroom.

SAM

(to Kersek)

Will you excuse us a minute?

KERSEK

Sure thing.

Sam opens the door for Peggy and they walk OUT.

154 EXT. PIER - NIGHT

The speedboat is no longer there. Sam takes Peggy's hand to assist her up to the pier.

SAM

So far... so good -- we're here and Cady doesn't know it.

(X)

Peggy shudders in the night air.

SAM

You can still say no if you want to, Peg.

CONTINUED

154 CONTINUED - 2

SAM (Cont'd)
(takes her in
his arms again)
Nothing will start unless I call
Charlie Sievers.

She clings to him a long moment, then looks up into his eyes.

PEGGY
Call him....

DISSOLVE TO

155 INT. SIEVERS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sievers is half dressed, drinking beer from a can as he talks:

SIEVERS
(into phone)
I tailed him till he made me again,
Mr. Bowden. He checked to see your
car was home and Mrs. Bowden's car
was gone. Looked at the mail in the
box, but didn't take any. Then he
tried the boat basin. Tony told him
your boat hadn't been out all week.
But for the rest, I guess we've
missed so far - - if he's started
tailing me, I haven't been able to
spot him.

156 INT. SHORE CABIN - CLOSE SHOT - SAM - NIGHT

Sam is looking concerned. Peggy is toying with a fishing reel.
Finally Sam replies into the phone.

SAM
Well, I still think he will. You're
the only lead he has. Start things
moving tomorrow.

DISSOLVE TO

157 EXT. BOWDEN HOUSE - DAY

Sievers drives in, gets out and looks cautiously about. He
picks up the newspapers on the lawn, then moves to the mailbox
on the porch, puts the letters in his pocket. He then unlocks
the front door and DISAPPEARS inside.

158 EXT. FIELD NEAR HOUSE - DAY

Max Cady is concealed by the grass and bushes. Through the leaves he can see Sievers' car. Cady shows interest but no excitement. Then he sees Sievers walking to the car, carrying something. Cady cranes forward for a better view.

159 EXT. BOWDEN HOUSE

Sievers has a small 45-rpm record-player and an armful of records. He puts the record-player on the hood of the car as he opens the door.

160 EXT. HILLSIDE - CADY

Cady takes from his pocket a pair of binoculars and focuses them on Sievers. The record-player is now clearly visible to Cady as Sievers takes it off the hood and puts it in the car.

160-A CADY

Now Cady lowers the binoculars, and starts to creep away.

161 EXT. BOWDEN HOUSE

Sievers gets in his car now and drives off.

162 EXT. ROAD NEAR BOWDEN'S HOME - DAY

Through the moss laden branches of some trees we SEE Sievers' car coming towards us. CAMERA CRANES DOWN as the car comes nearer to us and then stops. Sievers gets out of the car, pretending that he is having trouble with the engine. He raises the hood. With the hood raised, he is facing the rear and can look back down the street. A car comes along, not Cady. There are no others in sight. Sievers pokes around the engine for a moment, lowers the hood and starts back to the driver's seat, ANGLE WIDENING. None too pleased, he starts the car and drives away.

DISSOLVE TO

163 EXT. OPEN HIGHWAY - DAY - (SHOT FROM WITHIN SIEVERS' CAR)

Sievers is driving at a sedate rate of speed along a two-lane highway running beside the river. There are a few cars and trucks but no sign of Cady's Chevrolet.

DISSOLVE TO

164 EXT. GAS STATION AND WHARF JUST OFF HIGHWAY - DAY

CAMERA PANS with Sievers' car as he pulls up at the gas station, gets out of his car and goes to an open-type telephone. He looks back down the highway. A couple of cars and dark panel delivery truck pass.

165 CLOSE SHOT - SIEVERS

takes out a notebook, still keeping an eye on the highway, drops a dime into the phone slot.

166 INT. SHORE CABIN - DAY

Sam and Nancy are playing ping-pong. Soon the phone RINGS.

NANCY

Wish I thought that could be for me.

SAM

(into phone)

Yes?

167 EXT. GAS STATION

Sievers is still watching the highway as he speaks.

SIEVERS

I'm on 257 about halfway to Cross's Landing. Absolutely no sign of him. You want me to keep coming or go back and try it again?...Sure, he could have switched cars, but I've kept my eye on the drivers. What do you say?

168 INT. SHORE CABIN - CLOSE SHOT - SAM

Sam's disappointment is obvious, and this is a hard decision.

SAM

(into phone)

If he hasn't been watching you at all, then trying it again won't work, either. I can't keep things set up here indefinitely, so... come on.

He hangs up, ANGLE WIDENING to take in Nancy, who is looking at him curiously.

SAM

(picks up paddle)

I had you seven nothing, didn't I?

CONTINUED

168 CONTINUED

NANCY
Temporarily. Only temporarily.

She gets ready to receive his serve.

DISSOLVE TO

169 EXT. CROSS'S LANDING - DAY

This is a small establishment, offering boats and tackle for rent, marine gasoline, etc. Sievers is loading the record-player and records into a rowboat with a small outboard motor. There is already a large bag of groceries there. CROSS is drawing a rough map on the back of an old envelope.

CROSS
All them islands look alike, but
just follow this and you can't miss
it.

SIEVERS
Thanks.

He pulls the cord and the outboard motor CHUGS into life.

170 EXT. SIDE OF CROSS'S LANDING - DAY

There is a parking strip here. The Landing itself, being down on the river level, is hardly visible, Sievers' Pontiac is parked with a couple of others; the dark panel truck is pulled just off the highway, and Max Cady is climbing out of the rear. He walks forward, hands the driver some banknotes, then walks down to the landing. The panel truck drives off.

DISSOLVE TO

171 EXT. HOUSEBOAT LANDING - DAY

Only Peggy and Nancy are visible on the pier. Nancy has the record-player and records; Peggy is holding the grocery bag. Sievers is CHUGGING OFF upstream.

172 EXT. RIVER - DAY

Morose and seemingly half-dozing, Sievers is actually closely scanning the bushy banks as he PUTT-PUTTS along. But there is nothing in sight, except the bend ahead.

173 EXT. ANOTHER REACH OF THE RIVER - DAY

Cady is coming downstream in a boat similar to Sievers', except that he is using the oars to avoid noise. As a faint SOUND comes to him, he stops rowing to hear better and drifts with the sluggish current. Now the SOUND of a motor around the next bend is clearly audible. Cady spots a small slough, rows for it as hard as he can. He barely DISAPPEARS into the slough before Sievers' boat comes into view.

DISSOLVE TO

173-A ANOTHER ANGLE AS SIEVERS PASSES CADY

When Sievers has turned another bend in the river, Cady PADDLES OUT of his hiding place, and as he starts upstream:

DISSOLVE TO

173-B EXT. HOUSEBOAT AND LANDING - NIGHT

CAMERA starts on a CLOSE SHOT of Cady's boat -- hidden in a small inlet and empty. CAMERA PANS up to show, in the distance-- across the river -- the HOUSEBOAT and LANDING and CABIN. Lights are on in the houseboat and cabin. After a moment we see the silhouette of Peggy at the houseboat window.

174 INT. HOUSEBOAT - MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

Peggy is alone and tense. Suddenly she moves away from the window, picks up some dishes and takes them to the pump sink. She tries to keep her hand steady as she pours hot water from the tea kettle into the sink.

175 EXT. SPACE UNDER PIER - NIGHT

At the foot of the pier there is a narrow bank between the water's edge and the base-pilings. Crouched here, in a space hardly more than three feet high, is Andy Kersek, plagued by mosquitoes and muscle cramps.

176 EXT. FAR SIDE OF RIVER - NIGHT - (SHOOTING from behind CADY and towards the opposite shore)

Crouched on the brushy bank is Max Cady, clad only in shoes and trousers. He lifts up his binoculars. CAMERA PANS ROUND slightly as he focuses them on the cabin..

176-A THROUGH BINOCULARS - THE CABIN WINDOW

In the cabin we can see Nancy -- listening to the gramophone, and bouncing a ping-pong ball in time with the record.

176-B CADY

lowers the binoculars and whisks away a mosquito. The tune from the record player drifts across the water. Cady starts taking off his shoes.

177 EXT. AREA NEAR CABIN - NIGHT

With the MUSIC quite loud in his ears, Sam is well concealed in a clump of high grass and bushes near the cabin. He, too, is bothered by mosquitoes but slaps at them very quietly. He is very much "on the alert" - suddenly he hears a SOUND from the cabin and turns sharply.

178 INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Nancy has dropped the ping-pong ball and it is bouncing and clattering up against the wall and some tins. As Nancy retrieves it:

CUT BACK TO:

178-A CLOSE SHOT - SAM

who now "realizes" that the SOUND was only caused by Nancy. He looks back towards the river.

178-B INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Nancy is now seated by the telephone, again nervously bouncing the ping-pong ball in time with the record. From time to time she cannot keep from looking around.

179 EXT. RIVER - NIGHT

Scarcely making a ripple, and almost completely submerged and hidden by tall grass and cypress trees in the water, Cady is swimming toward the landing, MUSIC COMING OVER. The record is worn, begins to REPEAT. Then, as he nears the pier, the record abruptly comes to an END. Cady HEARS a faint SLAPPING SOUND from the base of the pier. He treads water in order to hear better.

180 EXT. SPACE UNDER PIER

Kersek slaps another mosquito, scoops up mud from the water's edge, smears it over his face and neck as protection. Then he applies more to his forearms and the backs of his hands, another record beginning to PLAY. He doesn't see the hand that APPEARS from the shadows behind him, claps over his mouth while simultaneously another hand grips one of his forearms, twists it behind his back. Now Max Cady's huge torso can be seen as Kersek begins to struggle. Cady twists the imprisoned arm excruciatingly. An expert wrestler and infinitely stronger than Kersek, Cady turns his victim over without taking his hand from his mouth. The record continues to PLAY. Only now does Cady's intent become clear. With Kersek belly down, arm twisted behind him, Cady smothers the thrashing legs with his own, then forces Kersek's face into the water, quickly snatches the hand from his mouth, uses it to keep Kersek's head down.

CADY

(fierce whisper)

You're gonna drown boy -- without
a mark on you. You were too smart
for your pants.

Kersek's struggles are beginning to weaken. Now Cady begins to inch him farther into the water. With Kersek's head and torso submerged, he waits to make sure all struggles have ceased. Then he pushes him all the way in. The body sinks soundlessly. Cady moves OUT.

181 CLOSE SHOT - CADY

As he comes from beneath the pier and looks toward the shore cabin.

182 EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

FROM CADY'S POINT OF VIEW: SHOOTING through the window of the cabin we see Nancy, listening to the gramophone.

182-A RESUME CADY

as he edges his way slowly and silently up the river bank,
still looking at:

182-B CLOSER SHOT - NANCY - THROUGH WINDOW

182-C CLOSE SHOT - CADY

As he looks through the long grass and stares at:

182-D MED. CLOSE SHOT - TELEPHONE WIRE

CAMERA PANS along the wire and we see that it is fixed to a tree.

182-E RESUME CADY

as very cautiously, and without making any sound, edges his way forward, keeping low and hiding in the shadows and the long grass. CAMERA holds him for a little while and then as he's completely lost from view:

CUT TO

182-F THROUGH THE CABIN WINDOW

Nancy puts down the bat and ball and starts to sort through some records.

CUT TO

182-G CLOSE SHOT - TREE

PAN OVER to REVEAL telephone wires. They have been wrenched apart, and lie dangling in broken strands. CAMERA PANS to gully in long grass. Cady, on his stomach, is wriggling down towards the pier.

182-H EXT. AREA NEAR CABIN - NIGHT

The strained wait is beginning to tell on Sam. He stretches his cramped muscles.

182-I MED. CLOSE SHOT - UNDER THE PIER

As Cady slithers silently down the bank, and submerges without a sound into the water, makes his way to the end of the pier. The swift moving current is now very noticeable.

182-J CLOSE SHOT

A THICK ROPE holds the houseboat to one of the pilings. CAMERA PANS along rope and as the rope is loosened:

CUT TO

183 CLOSE SHOT - SAM

as he relaxes from stretching his muscles, and looks at:

183-A FROM SAM'S POINT OF VIEW

CAMERA PANS ROUND, and centers on the houseboat. The lights are visible through the bushes, but something seems slightly odd to Sam about the position of the boat.

183-B CLOSE SHOT - SAM

as he looks more intently through the bushes at:

184 EXT. HOUSEBOAT LANDING - SAM'S POINT OF VIEW - NIGHT

The houseboat lights are visible through the bushes, but now there is an appreciable distance between them and the pier.

185 EXT. AREA NEAR CABIN

Incredulously, thinking that his eyes must be deceiving him, Sam rises cautiously for a better look.

186 EXT. HOUSEBOAT LANDING - SAM'S POINT OF VIEW

Now the gap between pier and houseboat lights is noticeably wider. Beyond doubt, the boat is drifting away.

187 EXT. AREA CABIN

Throwing caution to the winds, Sam runs past the cabin to the pier. The houseboat is now at least fifty yards downstream.

SAM

Kersek! Kersek!

There is no answer. Sam slides down the bank.

188 EXT. SPACE UNDER PIER

Sam APPEARS, and clambers down the bank. He touches something, something with an unmistakable feel. In growing horror he pulls the body far enough out of the water to recognize Andy Kersek. Then he looks up:

189 EXT. RIVER - LONG SHOT - SAM'S POINT OF VIEW - THROUGH PILINGS OF RIVER

Cady is visible on the fore-deck of the drifting houseboat.

189-A RESUME SAM

as he clammers up the bank.

190 INT. CABIN

Nancy is still sorting out her records. Suddenly she tenses as Sam's voice rings out:

SAM'S VOICE

Nancy! Nancy!

Sam APPEARS at the screen door.

SAM

Ask the Operator for the Sheriff's Office! Tell them to send some men here fast!

He turns and DISAPPEARS. Very frightened, she dials "0." (X)

191 EXT. HOUSEBOAT LANDING AND RIVER BANK - NIGHT

Sam starts running downstream along the bank. The thick bushes and willows impede him; he tries the water's edge, splashing along in water a foot or so deep. Even this is difficult, projecting branches still get in his way.

192 CLOSER SHOT OF SAM

CAMERA TRACKS BACK with him as he races along the bank.

193 EXT. RIVER - SAM'S POINT OF VIEW - NIGHT

The lights of the houseboat are much farther away now, and beginning to DISAPPEAR around a bend.

194 PAN SHOT - SAM

He decides to abandon the river bank and try cutting inland across the island. Pushing through the thick brush, he reaches more open ground, begins running.

195 EXT. RIVER - HOUSEBOAT - NIGHT

The houseboat, moving with the slow current begins to run gently aground stern-first.

196 INT. HOUSEBOAT MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

Nearly numb with terror, Peggy is confronting Max Cady, standing just inside the door, wet trousers clinging to his powerful thighs, the mocking smile on his lips.

CADY

Come on, now, you can't be that scared. When you get right down to it, what's there to be afraid of?

He half-turns to lock the door. As if propelled by springs, she darts toward the locker where she keeps the gun. But Cady has been waiting for this; he glides with amazing swiftness to get there ahead of her, takes out the .38.

CADY

Well, what do you know? Me, if I had a gun I'd get thrown right back in stir.

He throws the gun out through the port-hole, then looks toward the bedroom door. Suddenly his hand reaches out, grips her upper arm so tight that she gasps. At last she manages to speak.

PEGGY

You can't be so foolish! You're a clever man - you never take chances - you never make a mistake! But if you take me in there you'll go back to prison for life!

CADY

Wanta bet?

PEGGY

But you will! I'm not like Nancy! I'll testify against you - no matter what it costs! Believe me!

(X)

Smiling lazily, still maintaining the tight grip on her arm, he shoves her another step or two toward the bedroom door.

CADY

And you a lawyer's wife! Don't you know if there's consent, there can't be any charge against me?

Suddenly Peggy lashes out and gives him a terrific crack across the face with her free hand. Cady doesn't seem to feel it. He quickly pins her other arm and pushes her through the door.

197 INT. HOUSEBOAT BEDROOM - NIGHT

It is furnished like a stateroom, with a double bunk, dark except for the light coming through the door. Peggy is struggling but Cady has her in an iron grip.

CADY

Now get this. It'll save messin' around. I was going for Nancy - until I got wise. But I can still go for her, see? Next week, next month. So you proposition me. You instead of Nancy. And I agree never to see you again -

(smiles)

- unless you might want me to. So that's why you consent. All clear?

She stares at his silhouette against the light.

PEGGY

That's not consent - you know that!
It's blackmail!

CADY

Reasons don't count. Look it up. As for blackmail, you just think I might go for Nancy. You're just playing it safe. Your husband will understand your noble sacrifice, but he won't never forget it, neither.

She tries to cower back as she realizes that he is closing the door, gradually shutting out the light. Then, in the darkness, she HEARS the CLICK of the lock.

CADY

So, all in all, I don't think you'll talk much about this.

198 EXT. RIVER - NIGHT

CAMERA PANS OVER some tall grass in the water, and a second later picks up Sam swimming from the island to intercept the houseboat.

198-A FROM SAM'S POINT OF VIEW

The progress of the houseboat is hindered by the bank, and now Sam seems to be gaining on it.

198-B CLOSE SHOT - SAM

swimming. CAMERA PANS up slightly to include - in the far back-ground - the cabin.

198-C INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Nancy is frantically jerking the receiver arm up and down.

NANCY

Hello!... Hello?..

Frightened now, she jiggles the receiver more violently.

198-D EXT. RIVER - NIGHT

Sam manages to catch one of the mooring lines trailing from the stern of the houseboat, and pulls himself up the low free-board. He clambers quickly over the side.

199
thru OMITTED
202

203 EXT. DECK - NIGHT

Sam races to a small door. He tries it, finds it locked. After a moment of futile shaking of the knob and obsessed by the need for speed, he takes out his revolver and SHOOTS the lock open, (X pushes inside, gun ready.

204 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

This is a short, narrow hallway lighted only by the faint night-glow coming through the open door. Drawers and cabinet-doors line both sides. Sam tries the door at the far end; this, too, is locked. But it is a lighter door; he throws himself against it and it bursts open.

205 INT. HOUSEBOAT BEDROOM - NIGHT

Off-balance by the sudden yielding of the door, Sam half-falls into the room, which at first seems almost totally dark. He knocks over a chair in his first rush. Expecting to find Cady there, Sam recovers as fast as he can, holding the revolver tight against his body so that it cannot be knocked aside. Then he HEARS a faint whimper. Huddled in a corner is Peggy, bound and gagged, gripped by a fear and hysteria nearly too great to be borne. Sam hurries to her.

CONTINUED

205 CONTINUED

SAM
(as he unties
her)
Peggy -- Peggy --

As her gag is removed and Peggy gets her breath;

PEGGY
(screams)
I'm all right... It's Nancy! He only
wanted to get you away from her.

Sam tenses, horrified, suddenly realizes that Cady (X)
has tricked him, and that Cady now has a head start; that Cady
may even now have reached Nancy. This new terror grips him as
he looks at:

205-A SHOT OF HATCH IN ROOF OF CABIN

The lid of the hatch is slightly to one side.

206 OMITTED

SHOCK CUT TO

207 INT. SHORE CABIN - NIGHT - BIG CLOSE UP - NANCY

Frightened, trembling with fear, she is still at the telephone,
trying to contact the Operator. ANGLE does not take in door.

NANCY
(into phone)
Hello, Operator! Operator! Please
answer! I heard a shot, I'm sure
it was a shot... Can't you even
answer me...?

We HEAR the rattling of the doorknob. She looks OFF.

NANCY
(screaming into
phone)
HE'S HERE! HE'S HERE!

She drops the phone, runs to get behind the ping-pong table.
We HEAR a crash as the door is broken open and see the ping-
pong table being swung aside; we have not yet seen Cady; the
almost hypnotized fear in Nancy's eyes is enough. But she
ducks aside again, gets behind the long redwood table; this is

CONTINUED

207 CONTINUED

a mistake; we SEE it shoved forward, pinning her against the wall near a window. Now ANGLE WIDENS as Cady smiles at Nancy, and then with an unexpectedly quick movement jerks the table back a few inches and then flips it over. Nancy, taken by surprise, remains in place a fatal instant, then tries to dart aside, but Cady is too fast; he catches her with her back to the large screened window. Cady begins to drag her out of the room. The terror's too much, and she half-faints, going limp in his hands.

208 EXT. RIVER - CADY'S POINT OF VIEW - NIGHT

SHOOTING THROUGH SCREENED WINDOW, we see the faint, vague-bordered streak of light cast by the lighted room. Barely visible at the edge of it is an oncoming swimmer.

209 OMITTED

210 EXT. RIVER - NIGHT

Sam tries to keep out of the light as he swims as quietly but as fast as he can to shore. He touches bottom and is starting to wade into the rushes and overhanging branches when a powerful body hurls itself onto him as if released by a catapult. Sam goes over backward with Cady on top of him. The revolver drops from Sam's hand into some grass near the water's edge. The intertwined bodies thrash around in the shallows in the faint light from the window.

210-A ALTERED ANGLE

as Cady manages to get a grip on Sam and begins to force his body and head beneath the surface of the water, in exactly the same way that he drowned Kersek.

210-B SAME ANGLE

Then, unexpectedly, Sam's right hand suddenly emerges from the water, clutching a fair-sized rock. He manages to bring up his right arm to bang the rock against Cady's skull. Cady, momentarily stunned, falls back and Sam flounders onto the bank, and runs towards the cabin.

211 EXT. BUSHES NEAR CABIN - NIGHT

CAMERA TRACKS quickly with Sam as he runs through the bushes to the cabin. Nancy is standing petrified on the porch steps.

SAM

Nancy! Run -- run and hide! -- Run! --

But he cannot see her.

211-A CLOSE SHOT - NANCY

Sam runs INTO SHOT and CAMERA TRAVELS with him as he seizes Nancy and almost pushes her away into the safety of the undergrowth.

211-B SAM

Now Sam turns and SEES:

211-C EXT. RIVER BANK - NIGHT

Cady, with blood streaming from a cut on his head, is wading up the bank.

211-D RESUME SAM

as he darts into the cabin.

212 RESUME CADY

as he comes towards the cabin.

213 INT. SHORE CABIN - NIGHT

Sam picks up a heavy barbecue poker, and hurries out with it, just as Cady reaches the porch steps. (X)

214 EXT. SHORE CABIN - NIGHT

Cady is coming up the porch steps as Sam runs out. The two men launch themselves at each other. Cady (on the steps), is caught off balance, and crashes to the ground. But he has a hold on Sam and brings him down too. The poker flies out of Sam's grasp. Cady rolls aside and seizes up the poker.

215 CAMERA FOLLOWS SAM

as he rises quickly, and then crouches low as he seeks the shelter of the undergrowth.

216 CAMERA TRACKS BACK with CADY

as with poker half raised he moves stealthily forward -- trying to make out where Sam is hiding.

217 LONG SHOT - GROUND LEVEL

The REVOLVER lies on the ground in some tall grass near the water's edge. In the background we can discern the figure of Sam crawling silently forward.

218 CLOSE SHOT - SAM

hidden by the undergrowth. CAMERA PANS with him as he moves silently forward -- towards the revolver....

219 CADY

CAMERA TRACKS with Cady as (poker clutched in his hand), he stalks Sam. The angle is such that we are aware that Cady has spotted Sam - but that Sam himself is unaware of Cady's silent approach. Just when it seems that Cady is going to kill Sam -- Sam glimpses the raised poker, and scrambles to his feet.

220 SAM

darts aside through some trees. Cady following him. Now Cady suddenly jumps to one side, and for an instant it looks as though Sam is trapped against the trunk of a tree. Cady advances on him, and suddenly swings viciously with the poker. By a hair's breadth Sam contrives to move aside. The poker whistles through the air and cuts through the bark of the tree like matchwood.

221 SAM

stumbles through the long grass and brushwood and flings himself down the gully. Hidden by undergrowth and tall grass, he edges himself down to the river bank -- and the revolver.

222 CLOSE SHOT - CADY

breathing heavily, blood trickling down his face -- murder in his eyes as he hunts his victim.

223 SAM

CAMERA TRACKS with him as he makes his way down the gully towards the water's edge. He reaches it and begins to search in the grass for the revolver. At last he sees it -- a few feet away. He is just reaching it, and has almost got his hands on it -- when suddenly he has to roll aside. Almost simultaneously the poker crashes through the air and cuts into a log, splintering it.

224 SAM

conceals himself in the long grass. Savagely, Cady thrashes at the undergrowth. Each blow makes a dull and sickening thud. One savage stroke comes near to hitting Sam -- and he has to move aside and give himself away. Cady leaps towards him, and Sam -- pressed against the far bank of the gully -- seems to be at his mercy.

Cady "savours" this for a brief moment, then raises the poker for the "kill." In the same instant there is a TERRIFIED SCREAM

225 PEGGY

her hair drenched, and her wet dress clinging to her body -- has struggled ashore. Though near complete exhaustion she moves toward Cady. This "interruption" gives Sam the chance to roll aside -- and again Cady goes berserk -- thrashing at the ground, each and every stroke could be the death of Sam. In terror -- not knowing what she is doing -- Peggy runs forward. Cady is momentarily distracted.

226 SAM

This gives Sam the chance he has been waiting for. In a last desperate gamble, he scrambles forward towards the revolver. Cady comes after him. Sam gropes for the gun -- and just as Cady is about to hit him, Sam gets the revolver and twists around and fires.

227 CADY

is already delivering Sam's "death blow" -- as he is hit by the bullet from the revolver, the poker spins from his hand, and Cady reels aside clutching his shoulder. He looks surprised and stunned.

228 SAM

In the same moment Sam is on his feet -- revolver levelled at Cady. For a brief second both men are face to face -- then Cady sinks to his knees, slumps forward.

229 CLOSE SHOT - CADY

staring up at:

230 CLOSE SHOT - SAM

revolver pointed at Cady's head -- looking down at him.

231 SAM AND CADY

The two men stare at each other.

CADY

Go ahead... I don't give a damn...

232 CLOSE SHOT - SAM

Revolver pointed down at Cady's head. He hesitates. There's a long silence. Then Sam makes up his mind.

SAM

No... no... that would be letting you off too easy -- too fast... Remember? --I do... we're going to nurse you back to health. You're strong, Cady... You're going to live a long, long life -- in a cage -- that's where you're going -- back to your cage -- for life!.... Bang your head against the wall -- fight yourself -- count the years, the months -- count the minutes -- until the day you rot!....

DISSOLVE TO

233 EXT. LANDING - DAWN

A large Sheriff's boat is about to leave the pier. In the bow -- strapped to a stretcher -- is Cady. Sievers is there and another Deputy. As the cruiser leaves the pier CAMERA PICKS UP Sam and Peggy and Nancy sitting in the stern.

234 EXT. CRUISER - DAWN

Sam and Peggy, with blankets over their shoulders, are sitting on the stern seat with Nancy, well-wrapped, dozing between them. A DEPUTY COMES INTO ANGLE, hands Peggy a paper cup of coffee. She glances down at Nancy, finds her asleep, decides not to wake her up, extends the cup to Sam, both of them smiling slightly that all of Nancy's troubles are so soon forgotten. The Deputy is pouring another cup from a thermos jug. Peggy takes it.

235 EXT. RIVER - REVERSE ANGLE - DAWN

The cruiser speeding AWAY FROM CAMERA with the river winding away into the distance.

FADE OUT

THE END

