

THIS IS THE PROPERTY
of
RKO RADIO PICTURES, INC.

780 North Gower St.
Hollywood

Gene Corman

*Ray
C. Miller
J. J. H.
C. W. Donahue
Ernest S. Jones
Edwin Landau*

Please return promptly to

STENOGRAPHIC DEPARTMENT

when you have finished with it.

Paul Stewart

CITIZEN KANE

3RD REVISED FINAL

7/16/40

104

CITIZEN KANE

PROLOGUE

FADE IN

EXT. XANADU - PAINT BATH - 1940 (MINIATURE)

- 1 WINDOW, VERY SMALL IN THE DISTANCE, ILLUMINATED
All around this an almost totally black screen. Now, as the CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY towards this window which is almost a postage stamp in the frame, other forms appear; barbed wire, cyclone fencing, and now, looming up against an early morning sky, enormous iron grille work. CAMERA TRAVELS up what is now shown to be a gateway of gigantic proportions and HOLDS on the top of it -- a huge initial "X" showing darker and darker against the dawn sky. Through this and beyond we see the fairy-tale mountaintop of Xanadu, the great castle a silhouette at its summit, the little window a distant accent in the darkness.

DISSOLVE

(A series of set-ups, each closer to the great window, all telling something of:)

- 2 THE LITERALLY INCREDIBLE DOMAIN OF CHARLES FOSTER KANE
Its right flank resting for nearly forty miles on the Gulf Coast, it truly extends in all directions farther than the eye can see. Designed by nature to be almost completely bare and flat -- it was, as will develop, practically all marshland when Kane acquired and changed its face -- it is now pleasantly uneven, with its fair share of rolling hills and one very good-sized mountain, all man-made. Almost all the land is improved, either through cultivation for farming purposes or through careful landscaping, in the shape of parks and lakes. The castle itself, an enormous pile, compounded of several genuine castles, of European origin, of varying architecture -- dominates the scene, from the very peak of the mountain.

DISSOLVE

GOLF LINKS (MINIATURE)

- 3 Past which we move. The greens are straggly and overgrown, the fairways wild with tropical weeds, the links unused and not seriously tended for a long time.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

2

WHAT WAS ONCE A GOOD-SIZED ZOO (MINIATURE)

- 4 Of the Hagenbeck type. All that now remains, with one exception, are the individual plots, surrounded by moats, on which the animals are kept, free and yet safe from each other and the landscape at large. (Signs on several of the plots indicate that here there were once tigers, lions, giraffes.)

DISSOLVE

THE MONKEY TERRACE (MINIATURE)

- 5 In the f.g., a great obscene ape is outlined against the dawn murk. He is scratching himself slowly, thoughtfully, looking out across the estates of Charles Foster Kane, to the distant light glowing in the castle on the hill.

DISSOLVE

THE ALLIGATOR PIT (MINIATURE)

- 6 The idiot pile of sleepy dragons. Reflected in the muddy water -- the lighted window.

THE LAGOON (MINIATURE)

- 7 The boat landing says. An old newspaper floats on the surface of the water -- a copy of the New York "Enquirer." As it moves across the frame, it discloses again the reflection of the window in the castle, closer than before.

THE GREAT SWIMMING POOL (MINIATURE)

- 8 It is empty. A newspaper blows across the cracked floor of the tank.

DISSOLVE

THE COTTAGES (MINIATURE)

- 9 In the shadows, literally the shadows, of the castle. As we move by, we see that their doors and windows are boarded up and locked, with heavy bars as further protection and sealing.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

3

A DRAWBRIDGE - (MINIATURE)

- 10 Over a wide moat, now stagnant and choked with weeds. We move across it and through a huge solid gateway into a formal garden, perhaps thirty yards wide and one hundred yards deep, which extends right up to the very wall of the castle. The landscaping surrounding it has been sloppy and casual for a long time, but this particular garden has been kept up in perfect shape. As the CAMERA MAKES ITS WAY through it, towards the lighted window of the castle, there are revealed rare and exotic blooms of all kinds. The dominating note is one of almost exaggerated tropical lushness, hanging limp and despairing. -- Moss, moss, moss. Ankor Wat, the night the last King died.

DISSOLVE

THE WINDOW - (MINIATURE)

- 11 CAMERA MOVES IN until the frame of the window fills the frame of the screen. Suddenly the light within goes out. This STOPS the action of the CAMERA and cuts the music which has been accompanying the sequence. In the glass panes of the window we see reflected the ripe, dreary landscape of Mr. Kane's estate behind and the dawn sky.

DISSOLVE

INT. KANE'S BEDROOM - FAINT DAWN - 1940

- 12 A VERY LONG SHOT of Kane's enormous bed, silhouetted against the enormous window.

DISSOLVE

INT. KANE'S BEDROOM - FAINT DAWN - 1940

- 13 A SNOW SCENE. An incredible one. Big impossible flakes of snow, a too picturesque farmhouse and a snow man. The jingling of sleigh bells in the musical score now makes an ironic reference to Indian Temple bells -- the music freezes --

KANE'S OLD OLD VOICE

Rosebud!

(CONTINUED)

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK, showing the whole scene to be contained in one of those glass balls which are sold in novelty stores all over the world. A hand -- Kane's hand, which has been holding the ball, relaxes. The ball falls out of his hand and bounds down two carpeted steps leading to the bed, the CAMERA FOLLOWING. The ball falls off the last step onto the marble floor where it breaks, the fragments glittering in the first rays of the morning sun. This ray cuts an angular pattern across the floor, suddenly crossed with a thousand bars of light as the blinds are pulled across the window.

- 14 THE FOOT OF KANE'S BED. The CAMERA very CLOSE. Outlined against the shuttered window, we can see a form -- the form of a nurse, as she pulls the sheet up over his head. The CAMERA FOLLOWS THIS ACTION up the length of the bed and arrives at the face after the sheet has covered it.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

5

INT. OF A MOTION PICTURE PROJECTION ROOM

15 On the screen as the CAMERA MOVES IN are the words:

"MAIN TITLE"

Stirring brassy music is heard on the sound track (which, of course, sounds more like a sound track than ours.)

The screen in the projection room fills our screen as the second title appears:

"CREDITS"

NOTE: Here follows a typical news digest short, one of the regular monthly or bi-monthly features, based on public events or personalities. (These are distinguished from ordinary newsreels and short subjects in that they have a fully developed editorial or story line.) Some of the more obvious characteristics of the "March of Time," for example, as well as other documentary shorts, will be combined to give an authentic impression of this now familiar type of short subject.

As is the accepted procedure in these short subjects, a narrator is used as well as explanatory titles.

FADE OUT

NARRATOR

Legendary was the Xanadu where Kubla Kahn
decreed his stately pleasure dome --

(with quotes in his
voice)

"Where twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled 'round."

(dropping the quotes)

Today, almost as legendary is Florida's
XANADU, -- world's largest private pleasure
ground. Here, on the deserts of the Gulf
Coast a private mountain was commissioned,
successfully built for its landlord.....
Here for Xanadu's landlord will be held 1940's
biggest, strangest funeral; here this week is
laid to rest a potent figure of our Century --
America's Kubla Kahn -- Charles Foster Kane.

U.S.A.

KANADU'S LANDLORD

Charles Foster Kane

OPENING SHOT of great desolate expanse of
Florida Coastline. (1940 - DAY)

DISSOLVE

NARRATOR

In journalism's history other names are honored more than Charles Foster Kane's, more justly revered. Among publishers, second only to James Gordon Bennett the First: his dashing expatriate son; England's Northcliffe and Beaverbrook; Chicago's Patterson and McCormick; Denver's Bonfils and Sommes; New York's late great Joseph Pulitzer; America's emperor of the news syndicate, another editorialist and landlord, the still mighty and once mightier Hearst. Great names all of them -- but none of these so loved -- hated -- feared, so often spoken -- as Charles Foster Kane.

TITLE:

TO FORTY-FOUR MILLION U.S. NEWS
BUYERS, MORE NEWSWORTHY THAN THE
NAMES IN HIS OWN HEADLINES, WAS
KANE HIMSELF, GREATEST NEWSPAPER
TYCOON OF THIS OR ANY OTHER
GENERATION

SHOT of a huge, screen-filling picture of Kane.
PULL BACK to show that it is a picture on the
front page of the Inquirer, surrounded by the
reversed rules of mourning, with masthead and
headlines. (1940)

DISSOLVE

A GREAT NUMBER of headlines, set in different
types and different styles, obviously from
different papers, all announcing Kane's death,
all appearing over photographs of Kane himself.
(Perhaps a fifth of the headlines are in foreign
languages.) An important item in connection
with the headlines is that many of them --
positively not all - reveal passionately
conflicting opinions about Kane. Thus, they
contain variously the words, "patriot,"
"Democrat," "pacifist," "war-monger," "traitor,"
"idealist," "American," etc.

NARRATOR

-- The San Francisco Earthquake. First with the news were the Kane Papers. First with Relief of the Sufferers, First with the news of their Relief of the Sufferers.

NARRATOR

-- Kane papers scoop the world on the Armistice -- publish, eight hours before competitors, complete details of the Armistice terms granted the Germans by Marshall Foch from his railroad car in the Forest of Compeigne.

NARRATOR

For forty years appeared in Kane newsprint no public issue on which Kane papers took no stand.

TITLE:

1895 to 1940

ALL OF THESE YEARS HE COVERED,

MANY OF THESE YEARS HE WAS.

NEWSREEL SHOTS of San Francisco during and after the fire, followed by SHOTS of special trains with large streamers: "Kane Relief Organization." Over these shots superimpose the date -- 1906.

ARTIST'S PAINTING of Foch's railroad car and peace negotiators, if actual newsreel shot unavailable. Over this shot superimpose the date -- 1918.

SHOTS with the date - 1898 - (to be supplied)

SHOTS with the date - 1910 - (to be supplied)

SHOTS with the date - 1922 - (to be supplied)

HEADLINES, cartoons, contemporary newsreels or stills of the following:

1. Woman Suffrage. (The celebrated newsreel shot of about 1914.)
2. Prohibition. (Breaking up of a speakeasy and such.)
3. T. V. A.
4. Labor riots.

NARRATOR

No public man whom Kane himself did not support or denounce -- often support, then denounce.

NARRATOR

Its humble beginnings a dying daily --

NARRATOR

Kane's empire, in its glory, held dominion over thirty-seven newspapers, thirteen magazines, a radio network. An empire upon an empire. The first of grocery stores, paper mills, apartment buildings, factories, forests, ocean liners --

NARRATOR

An empire through which for fifty years flowed, in an unending stream, the wealth of the earth's third richest gold mine....

BRIEF CLIPS of old newsreel shots of William Jennings Bryan, Theodore Roosevelt, Stalin, Walter P. Thatcher, Al Smith, McKinley, Landon, Franklin D. Roosevelt and such. (Also recent newsreels of the elderly Kane with such Nazis as Hitler, Goering and England's Chamberlain and Churchill.)

SHOT of a ramshackle building with old-fashioned presses showing through plate glass windows and the name "Inquirer" in old-fashioned gold letters. (1892)

DISSOLVE

THE MAGNIFICENT INQUIRER BUILDING of today.

1891 - 1911 A MAP OF THE U.S.A., covering the entire screen, which in animated diagram shows the Kane publications spreading from city to city. Starting from New York, miniature newsboys speed madly to Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Washington, Atlanta, El Paso, etc., screaming, "Wuxtry, Kane Papers, Wuxtry."

SHOT of a large mine going full blast, chimneys belching smoke, trains moving in and out, etc. A large sign reads "Colorado Lode Mining Co." (1940)
Sign reading: "Little Salem, Colo., 25 Miles."

DISSOLVE

NARRATOR

Famed in American legend is the origin of the Kane fortune.... How, to boarding-housekeeper Mary Kane, by a defaulting boarder, in 1868 was left the supposedly worthless deed to an abandoned mine shaft: The Colorado Lode.

NARRATOR

Fifty-seven years later, before a Congressional Investigation, Walter P. Thatcher, grand old man of Wall Street, for years chief target of Kane Papers' attacks on "trusts," recalls a journey he made as a youth.....

An old still shot of Little Salem as it was 70 years ago. (Identified by copper-plate caption beneath the still.) (1870)

SHOT of early tintype stills of Thomas Foster Kane and his wife, Mary, on their wedding day. A similar picture of Mary Kane some four or five years later with her little boy, Charles Foster Kane.

SHOT of Capitol in Washington, D. C.

SHOT of Congressional Investigating Committee.

(Reproduction of existing J. P. Morgan newsreel.)

This runs silent under narration. Walter P.

Thatcher is on the stand. He is flanked by his

son, Walter P. Thatcher, Jr., and other partners.

He is being questioned by some Merry Andrew

congressmen. At this moment a baby alligator

has just been placed in his lap, causing

considerable confusion and embarrassment.

NEWSREEL CLOSEUP of Thatcher, the sound track of which now FADES IN.

Thatcher
....because of that trivial
incident...

Investigator
It is a fact, however, is it not,
that in 1870 you did go to Colorado?

Thatcher

I did.

Investigator

In connection with the Kane affairs?

Thatcher

Yes. My firm had been appointed trustees by Mrs. Kane for the fortune, which she had recently acquired. It was her wish that I should take charge of this boy, Charles Foster Kane.

Investigator

Is it not a fact that on that occasion the boy personally attacked you after striking you in the stomach with a sled?

Loud laughter and confusion.

Thatcher

Mr. Chairman, I will read to this committee a prepared statement I have brought with me -- and I will then refuse to answer any further questions. Mr. Johnson, please!

A young assistant hands him a sheet of paper from a brief case.

Thatcher

(reading it)

'With full awareness of the meaning of my words and the responsibility of what I am about to say, it is my considered belief that Mr. Charles Foster Kane, in every essence of his social beliefs and by the dangerous manner in which he has persistently attacked the American traditions of private property, initiative and opportunity for advancement, is -- in fact -- nothing more or less than a Communist.'

a-12

NEWS DIGEST

NARRATOR

That same month in Union Square --

NARRATOR

And yet another opinion -- Kane's own.

NEWSREEL OF UNION SQUARE MEETING, section of crowd carrying banners urging boycott of Kane Papers. A speaker is on the platform above the crowd.

Speaker

(FADING IN on sound track)

-- till the words "Charles Foster Kane" are a menace to every working man in this land. He is today what he has always been and always will be -- a Fascist!

SILENT NEWSREEL on a windy platform, flag-draped, in front of the magnificent Inquirer Building. On platform, in full ceremonial dress, is Charles Foster Kane. He orates silently.

TITLE:

"I AM, HAVE BEEN, AND WILL
BE ONLY ONE THING -- AN
AMERICAN."

CHARLES FOSTER KANE

Same locale, Kane shaking hands out of frame.

a-13

NEWS DIGEST

NARRATOR

DECK OF BOAT - Authentic newsreel interview on arrival in New York Harbor. Kane is posing for photographers (in his early seventies).

Reporter

This is a microphone, Mr. Kane.

Kane

I know it's a microphone. You people still able to afford microphones with all that new income tax?

An embarrassed smile from the radio interviewer.

Reporter

The Transatlantic broadcast says you're bringing back ten million dollars worth of art objects. Is that correct?

Kane

Don't believe everything you hear on the radio. Read the Inquirer!

Reporter

How'd you find business conditions aboard, Mr. Kane?

Kane

How did I find business conditions, Mr. Bones? With great difficulty!
(laughs heartily)

Reporter

Glad to be back, Mr. Kane?

Kane

I'm always glad to get back, young man. I'm an American.
(sharply)

Anything else? Come, young man -- when I was a reporter we asked them faster than that.

(CONTINUED)

NARPATOR

Twice married -- twice divorced -- first to a President's niece, Emily Norton, -- who left him in 1916 -- died 1918 in a motor accident with their son.

(CONTINUED)

Reporter

What do you think of the chances
for a war in Europe?

Kane

Young man, there'll be no war.
I have talked with all the
responsible leaders of the
Great Powers, and I can assure
you that England, France,
Germany and Italy are too
intelligent to embark upon a
project that must mean the end
of civilization as we now know
it. There will be no war!

DISSOLVE

TITLE:

FEW PRIVATE LIVES WERE

MORE PUBLIC

PERIOD STILL of Emily Norton (1900). DISSOLVE

RECONSTRUCTION of very old silent newsreel of
wedding party on the back lawn of the White House.
Many notables, including Kane, Emily, Thatcher Sr.,
Thatcher Jr., and recognizably Bernstein, Leland,
et al, among the guests. Also seen in this group
are period newspaper photographers and newsreel
cameramen. (1900)

NARRATOR

Two weeks after his divorce from Emily Norton, Kane married Susan Alexander, singer, at the Town Hall in Trenton, New Jersey.

NARRATOR

For Wife Two, one-time opera singing Susan Alexander Kane built Chicago's Municipal Opera House. Cost: Three million dollars.

NARRATOR

Conceived for Susan Alexander Kane, half finished before she divorced him, the still unfinished Xanadu. Cost: No man can say.

NARRATOR

One hundred thousand trees, twenty thousand tons of marble, are the ingredients of Xanadu's mountain.

PERIOD STILL of Susan Alexander. DISSOLVE

RECONSTRUCTED SILENT NEWSREEL. Kane, Susan and Bernstein emerging from side doorway of City Hall into a ring of press photographers, reporters, etc. Kane looks startled, recoils for an instant, then charges down upon the photographers, laying about him with his stick, smashing whatever he can hit.
(1917)

STILL of Architect's sketoh with typically glorified "rendering" of the Chicago Municipal Opera House.
(1919)

DISSOLVE

A GLAMOROUS SHOT of the almost finished Xanadu, a magnificent fairy-tale estate built on a mountain.
(1927-1929)

SHOTS of its preparation (1920-1929)

SHOTS of truck after truck, train after train, flashing by with tremendous noise.

SHOTS of vast dredges, steamshovels.

SHOT of ship standing offshore unloading into lighters.

In quick succession SHOTS follow each other, some reconstructed, some in miniature, some real shots (maybe from the dam projects) of building, digging, pouring concrete, etc.

More SHOTS as before, only this time we see (in miniature) a large mountain -- at different periods in its development -- rising out of the sands.

NARRATOR

Xanadu's livestock: the fowl of the air, the fish of the sea, the beast of the field and jungle -- two of each; the biggest private zoo since Noah.

Contents of Xanadu's palace: paintings, pictures, statues, and more statues, the very stones of many another palace, shipped to Florida from every corner of the earth. Enough for ten museums. -- The loot of the world.

NARRATOR

Kane urged his country's entry into one war. --

-- Opposed participation in another. --

-- Swung the election to one American President at least -- so furiously attacked another as to be blamed for his death -- called his assassin -- burned in effigy.

SHOTS of elephants, apes, zobras, etc., being herded, unloaded, shipped, etc. in various ways.

SHOTS of packing cases being unloaded from ships, from trains, from trucks, with various kinds of lettering on them (Italian, Arabian, Chinese, etc.) but all consigned to Charles Foster Kane, Xanadu, Florida.

A RECONSTRUCTED STILL of Xanadu -- the main terrace. A group of persons in clothes of the period of 1929. In their midst, clearly recognizable, are Kane and Susan.

TITLE:

FROM XANADU, FOR THE PAST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS, ALL KANE ENTERPRISES HAVE BEEN DIRECTED, MANY OF THE NATION'S DESTINIES SHAPED.

SHOTS of various authentically worded headlines of American papers since 1895.

Spanish-American War SHOTS. (1898)

A graveyard in France of the World War and hundreds of crosses. (1919)

OLD NEWSREELS of a political campaign.

NARRATOR

Kane, molder of mass opinion though he was, in all his life was never granted elective office by the voters of his country.

Few U.S. news publishers have been. Few, like one-time Congressman Hearst, have ever run for any office -- most know better -- conclude with other political observers that no man's press has power enough for himself. But Kane papers were once strong indeed, and once the prize seemed almost his. In 1916, as Independent Candidate for Governor, the best elements of the State behind him -- the White House seemingly the next easy step in a lightning political career --

NIGHT SHOT of crowd burning Charles Foster Kane in effigy. The dummy bears a grotesque, comic resemblance to Kane. It is tossed into the flames, which burn up --
-- and then down..... (1916)

FADE OUT

TITLE:

IN POLITICS -- ALWAYS A
BRIDESMAID, NEVER A BRIDE

NEWSREEL SHOTS of great crowds streaming into a building -- Madison Square Garden -- then SHOTS inside the vast auditorium, at one end of which is a huge picture of Kane. (1916)

SHOT OF BOX containing the first Mrs. Kane and young Charles Foster Kane aged 9 1/2. They are acknowledging the cheers of the crowd. (SILENT SHOT) (1916)

NEWSREEL SHOT of dignitaries on platform, with Kane alongside of speaker's table, beaming, hand upraised to silence the crowd. (SILENT SHOT) (1916)

NARRATOR

Then, suddenly -- less than one week before election -- defeat! Shameful, ignominious. -- Defeat that set back for twenty years the cause of Reform in the U.S., forever cancelled political chances for Charles Foster Kane.

Then in the third year of the great depression... As to all publishers it sometimes must -- to Bennett, to Munsey and Hearst it did -- a paper closes! For Kane, in four short years: collapse! Eleven Kane papers, four Kane magazines merged, more sold, scrapped --

NEWSREEL SHOT - closeup of Kane delivering speech. (1916)

THE FRONT PAGE of a contemporary paper -- a screaming headline -- Twin photos of Kane and Susan. (1916)

Headline reads:

CANDIDATE KANE CAUGHT
IN LOVENEST WITH "SINGER"

PRINTED TITLE about depression.

ONCE MORE REPEAT THE MAP OF THE U.S.A. 1932-1939.

Suddenly the cartoon goes into reverse, the empire begins to shrink, illustrating the narrator's words.

THE DOOR OF A NEWSPAPER OFFICE with the signs:

"Closed."

NARRATOR

Then four long years more -- alone in his never finished, already decaying, pleasure palace, aloof, seldom visited, never photographed, Charles Foster Kane continued to direct his failing empire...vainly attempted to sway, as he once did, the destinies of a nation that had ceased to listen to him....ceased to trust him....

NARRATOR

Then last week, as it must to all men, death came to Charles Foster Kane.

SHOTS OF XANADU (1940)

~~SERIES OF SHOTS' entirely modern, but rather
jumpy and obviously bootlegged, showing Kane in
a bath chair, swathed in steamer rugs, being
perambulated through his rose garden, a desolate
figure in the sunshine. (1935)~~

EXT. THE NEW INQUIRER BUILDING, NEW YORK - NIGHT (1940)
(PAINTING AND DOUBLE PRINTING)

A moving electric sign, similar to the one on the
Times Building -- spells out the words:

"CHARLES FOSTER KANE - DEAD."

INSERT

DOOR with the sign "PROJECTION ROOM" on it.

20

INT. PROJECTION ROOM - DAY - 1940

16

(A fairly large one, with a long throw to the screen.) It is dark. Present are the editors of a "News Digest" short, and of the Rawlston magazines. Rawlston himself is also present. During this scene, nobody's face is really seen. Sections of their bodies are picked out by a table light, a silhouette is thrown on the screen, and their faces and bodies are themselves thrown into silhouette against the brilliant slanting rays of light from the projection booth.

THOMPSON

That's it.

He rises, lighting a cigarette, and sits on corner of table. There is movement of men shifting in seats and lighting cigarettes.

FIRST MAN

(into phone)

Stand by. I'll tell you if we want to run it again.

(hangs up)

THOMPSON

Well? -- How about it, Mr. Pawlston?

RAWLSTON

(has risen)

How do you like it, boys?

A short silence.

SECOND MAN

(Well -- er --

THIRD MAN

(Seventy years of a man's life --

Almost together

FOURTH MAN

(That's a lot to try to get into a newsreel --

Thompson turns on the table lamp.

(CONTINUED)

RAWLSTON
(as he walks
to Thompson)
It's a good short, Thompson,
but what it needs is an angle --
All that picture tells us is
that Charles Foster Kane is
dead. I know that -- I read
the papers --

Laughter greets this.

RAWLSTON (cont'd)
What do you think, boys?

THIRD MAN
I agree.

FIRST MAN
You're right, Mr. Rawlston --
it needs an angle.

RAWLSTON
You see, Thompson, it isn't
enough to show what a man did. --
You've got to tell us who he
was --

THOMPSON
Umhum ---

SECOND MAN
It needs that angle, Thompson.

RAWLSTON
Certainly!
(getting
an idea)
Wait a minute!

All lean forward, interested.

RAWLSTON (cont'd)
What were Kane's last words?
Do you remember, boys?

THIRD MAN
Kane's last words --

(CONTINUED)

Death speech --- SECOND MAN

RAWLSTON
What were the last words Kane
said on earth? Maybe he told
us all about himself on his
deathbed.

THOMPSON
Yes, and maybe he didn't.
Maybe --

RAWLSTON
(riding over
him)
All we saw on that screen was
a big American --
(walks toward
the screen)

THIRD MAN
One of the biggest.

RAWLSTON
But how is he different from
Ford? Or Hearst for that
matter? Or Rockefeller -- or
John Doe?

There is a murmur of accord.

RAWLSTON (cont'd)
(walks toward
Thompson)
I tell you, Thompson -- a
man's dying words --

SECOND MAN
What were they?

THOMPSON
(to Second
Man)
You don't read the papers.

Laughter.

(CONTINUED)

RAWLSTON
When Mr. Charles Foster Kane
died he said just one word --

THOMPSON
Rosebud!

FIRST MAN
(Is that what he said? Just
(Rosebud?)

Almost
together (SECOND MAN
(Umhum -- Rosebud --

(FOURTH MAN
(Tough guy, huh?
(derisively)
(Dies calling for Rosebud!

Laughter.

RAWLSTON
(riding over
them)
Yes, Rosebud! -- Just that one
word! -- But who was she --

SECOND MAN
Or what was it?

Tittering.

RAWLSTON
Here's a man who might have
been President. He's been
loved and hated and talked
about as much as any man in
our time -- but when he comes
to die, he's got something on
his mind called 'Rosebud.'
What does that mean?

THIRD MAN
A race horse no bet. on once,
probably --

FOURTH MAN
Yeah -- that didn't come in --

(CONTINUED)

RAWLSTON

24

All right --
(strides
toward Third
and Fourth
Men)

But what was the race?

There is a short silence.

Thompson!

RAWLSTON (cont'd)

THOMPSON

Yes, Mr. Rawlston.

RAWLSTON

Hold the picture up a week --
two weeks if you have to --

THOMPSON

(feebly)

Don't you think, right after
his death, if we release it
now -- it might be better
than --

RAWLSTON

(decisively;
cutting in on
above speech)
Find out about Rosebud! -- Go
after everybody that knew him --
that manager of his --

(snaps
fingers)

-- Bernstein. -- His second
wife -- she's still living --

THOMPSON

Susan Alexander Kane --

SECOND MAN

She's running a night club in
Atlantic City --

(CONTINUED)

RAWLSTON

(crosses to
Thompson)

See 'em all. -- All the people
who worked for him -- who loved
him -- who hated his guts --

(pause)

I don't mean go through the
City Directory, of course

The Third Man gives a hearty "yes-man" laugh. Others
titter.

THOMPSON

(rising)

I'll get to it right away,
Mr. Rawlston.

RAWLSTON

(pats his
arm)/

Good! Horsebuck dead or alive!
It'll probably turn out to be
a very simple thing.

FADE OUT

(NOTE: Now begins the story proper -- the search by
Thompson for the facts about Fane -- his researches --
his interviews with the people who knew Kane.)

FADE IN

EXT. CHEAP CABARET - "EL RANCHO" - ATLANTIC CITY - NIGHT
1940 - (MINIATURE - RAIN)

- 17 The first image to register is a sign:

"EL RANCHO"
 Floor Show
 Susan Alexander Kane
 Twice Nightly

These words, spelled out in neon, glow out of the darkness. Then there is lightning which reveals a squalid roof-top on which the sign stands. CAMERA MOVES CLOSE to the skylight. We see through the skylight down into the cabaret. Directly below at a table sits the lone figure of a woman, drinking by herself.

DISSOLVE

INT. "EL RANCHO" CABARET - NIGHT - 1940

- 18 The lone figure at the table is Susan. She is fifty, trying to look much younger, cheaply blonded, in a cheap, enormously generous evening dress. The shadows of Thompson and the Captain are seen moving toward the table from direction of doorway. The Captain appears, crosses to Susan and stands behind her. Thompson moves into the picture in close f.g., his back to camera.

CAPTAIN
 (to Susan)
 Miss Alexander -- this is
 Mr. Thompson, Miss Alexander.

SUSAN
 (without
 looking up)
 I want another drink, John.

Low thunder from outside.

CAPTAIN
 Right away. Will you have
 something, Mr. Thompson?

THOMPSON
 (starting to
 sit down)
 I'll have a highball.

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN

(looks at
Thompson)
Who told you you could sit
down here?

THOMPSON

I thought maybe we could have
a drink together.

SUSAN

Think again!

There is an awkward pause.

SUSAN (cont'd)

Why don't you people let me
alone? I'm minding my own
business. You mind yours.

THOMPSON

If you'd just let me talk to
you for a little while, Miss
Alexander. All I want to
ask you --

SUSAN

Get out of here!
(almost
hysterical)
Get out!

THOMPSON

(rising)
I'm sorry.

SUSAN

Get out.

THOMPSON

Maybe some other time --

SUSAN

Get out.

Thompson looks up at the Captain. The Captain indicates the door with a slight jerk of his head, then walks away from the table toward a waiter who is leaning against the wall in front of the door. Thompson follows.

(CONTINUED)

18 (CONTINUED)

CAPTAIN
Gino -- get her another
highball.
 (to Thompson
 as he parses
 them)
She's just not talking to anybody,
Mr. Thompson.

THOMPSON
Okay --
 (walks to
 phone booth)

WAITER
Another double?

CAPTAIN
Yeah --

During above Thompson has dropped coin into phone slot
and dialed long distance operator (112). The waiter
exits for the drink.

THOMPSON
 (into phone)
Hello -- I want New York City --
Courtland 7-9970....

The Captain steps closer to the phone booth.

THOMPSON (cont'd)
This is Atlantic City 4-6827 --
All right --
 (puts coins
 into slot; turns
 to Captain)
Hey -- do you think she ought
to have another drink?

CAPTAIN
Yeah. She'll snap out of it.
Why, until he died, she'd just
as soon talk about Mr. Kane
as about anybody. Sooner --

(CONTINUED)

THOMPSON

(into phone)

Hello -- this is Thompson.
Let me talk to the Chief, will
you?

(closes booth
door)

Hello, Mr. Rawlston. She won't
talk --

During above, waiter enters and sets highball in front of
Susan. She drinks thirstily.

RAWLSTON'S VOICE

Who --?

THOMPSON

The second Mrs. Kane -- about
Rosebud or anything else! I'm
calling from Atlantic City.

RAWLSTON'S VOICE

Make her talk!

THOMPSON

All right -- I'm going over to
Philadelphia in the morning --
to the Thatcher Library, to take
a look at that diary of his --
they're expecting me. Then
I've got an appointment in New
York with Kane's general manager --
what's his name -- Bernstein.
Then I'll come back here.

RAWLSTON'S VOICE

See everybody.

THOMPSON

Yes, I'll see everybody --
that's still alive. Good-bye,
Mr. Rawlston.

(hangs up;
opens door)

Hey -- er --

CAPTAIN

John --

(CONTINUED)

THOMPSON

John -- you just might be able
to help me. When she used to
talk about Kane -- did she
ever happen to say anything
-- about Rosebud?

CAPTAIN

(looks over
at Susan)
Rosebud?

Thompson slips him a bill.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)

(pocketing it)
Oh, thank you, Mr. Thompson.
Thanks. As a matter of fact,
just the other day, when
all that stuff was in the
papers -- I asked her. --
She never heard of Rosebud.

FADE OUT

INT. THATCHER MEMORIAL LIBRARY - DAY - 1940

19

A noble interpretation of Mr. Thatcher himself, executed in expensive marble, his stone eyes fixed on the camera.

We MOVE DOWN off of this, showing the pedestal on which the words, "Walter Parks Thatcher" are engraved. Immediately below the inscription we encounter, in a MED. SHOT, Bertha Anderson, an elderly, mannish spinster, seated behind her desk. Thompson, his hat in his hand, is standing before her.

BERTHA

(into a phone)

Yes. I'll take him in now.

(hangs up and

looks at

Thompson)

The directors of the Thatcher Memorial Library have asked me to remind you again of the condition under which you may inspect certain portions of Mr. Thatcher's unpublished memoirs. Under no circumstances are direct quotations from his manuscript to be used by you.

THOMPSON

That's all right.

BERTHA

You may come with me.

She rises and starts towards a distant door. Thompson follows.

DISSOLVE

INT. THE VAULT ROOM - THATCHER MEMORIAL LIBRARY - DAY - 1940

20

A room with all the warmth and charm of Napoleon's tomb. As we DISSOLVE IN, the door opens in and we see past Thompson's shoulders the length of the room. The floor is marble. There is a gigantic, mahogany table in the center of everything. Beyond this is a safe from which a guard, with a revolver holster at his hip, is extracting the journal of Walter P. Thatcher. He brings it to Bertha.

BERTHA

(to the guard)

Pages eighty-three to one hundred and forty-two, Jennings.

(CONTINUED)

GUARD

Yes, Miss Anderson.

BERTHA

(to Thompson)

You will confine yourself, it is our understanding, to the chapter dealing with Mr. Kane.

THOMPSON

That's all I'm interested in.

BERTHA

You will be required to leave this room at four-thirty promptly.

She leaves. Thompson starts to light a cigarette. The guard shakes his head. With a sigh, Thompson bends over to read the manuscript. CAMERA MOVES DOWN over his shoulder onto page of manuscript.

INSERT

MANUSCRIPT, neatly and precisely written:

"CHARLES FOSTER KANE

When these lines appear in print, fifty years after my death, I am confident that the whole world will agree with my opinion of Charles Foster Kane, assuming that he is not then completely forgotten, which I regard as extremely likely. A good deal of nonsense has appeared about my first meeting with Kane, when he was six years old....The facts are simple. In the Winter of 1870....."

DISSOLVE

EXT. MRS. KANE'S BOARDINGHOUSE - DAY - 1870

21

THE WHITE OF A GREAT FIELD OF SNOW - In the same position as the last word in above INSERT, appears the tiny figure of Charles Foster Kane, aged five. He throws a snowball at the camera. It sails toward us and out of scene.

22

REVERSE ANGLE - on the house, featuring a large sign reading:

MRS. KANE'S BOARDINGHOUSE
HIGH CLASS MEALS AND LODGING
INQUIRE WITHIN

Charles Kane's snowball hits the sign.

INT. PARLOR - MRS. KANE'S BOARDINGHOUSE - DAY - 1870

23

CAMERA IS ANGLING through the window, but the window-frame is not cut into scene. We see only the field of snow again. Charles is manufacturing another snowball. Now --

CAMERA PULLS BACK, the frame of the window appearing, and we are inside the parlor of the boardinghouse. Mrs. Kane, aged about 28, is looking out towards her son.

MRS. KANE

(calling out)

Be careful, Charles!

THATCHER'S VOICE

Mrs. Kane --

MRS. KANE

(calling out
the window)

Pull your muffler around your
neck, Charles --

But Charles runs away. Mrs. Kane turns into camera and we see her face -- a strong face, worn and kind.

THATCHER'S VOICE

I think we'll have to tell him
now --

CAMERA NOW PULLS BACK FURTHER, showing Thatcher standing before a table on which is his stove-pipe hat and documents. He is 26 and a very stuffy young man.

MRS. KANE

I'll sign those papers now,
Mr. Thatcher.

KANE, SR.

You people seem to forget that
I'm the boy's father.

At the sound of Kane, Sr.'s voice, both have turned to him and CAMERA PULLS BACK still further, taking him in.

MRS. KANE

It's going to be done exactly
the way I've told Mr. Thatcher --

(CONTINUED)

KANE, SR.

If I want to, I can go to court. A father has the right to -- A boarder that beats his bill and leaves worthless stock behind -- that property is just as much my property as anybody's if it turns out to be valuable. I knew Fred Graves and if he'd had any idea this was going to happen -- he'd have made out those certificates in both our names --

THATCHER

However, they were made out in Mrs. Kane's name.

KANE

He owed the money for the board to both of us. Besides, I don't hold with signing my boy away to any bank as guardeen just because--

MRS. KANE

(quietly)

I want you to stop all this nonsense, Jim.

THATCHER

The Bank's decision in all matters concerning his education, his places of residence and similar subjects are to be final.

KANE, SR.

The idea of a bank being the guardeen.

Mrs. Kane has met his eye. Her triumph over him finds expression in his failure to finish his sentence.

MRS. KANE

(even more
quietly)

I want you to stop all this nonsense, Jim.

THATCHER

We will assume full management of the Colorado Lode -- of which you, Mrs. Kane, I repeat, are the sole owner.

(CONTINUED)

Kane, Sr. opens his mouth once or twice, as if to say something, but chokes down his opinion.

MRS. KANE

Where do I sign, Mr. Thatcher?

THATCHER

Right here, Mrs. Kane.

KANE, SR.

(sulkily)

Don't say I didn't warn you --
Mary, I'm asking you for the
last time -- anyone'd think I
hadn't been a good husband and
a --

Mrs. Kane looks at him slowly. He stops his speech.

THATCHER

The sum of fifty thousand
dollars a year is to be paid to
yourself and Mr. Kane as long
as you both live, and thereafter
the survivor --

Mrs. Kane signs.

KANE, SR.

Well, let's hope it's all for
the best.

MRS. KANE

It is. -- Go on, Mr. Thatcher --

Mrs. Kane, listening to Thatcher, of course, has had her
other ear bent in the direction of the boy's voice. Kane,
Sr. walks over to close the window.

EXT. MRS. KANE'S BOARDINGHOUSE - DAY - 1870

Kane, Jr., seen from the window. He is advancing on the
snowman, snowballs in his hands. He drops to one knee.

KANE

If the rebels want a fight boys,
let's give it to 'em! The terms
are unconditional surrender. Up
and at 'em! The Union forever!

25 Kane, Sr., closes the window.

THATCHER

Everything else -- the principal
as well as all monies earned --
is to be administered by the
bank in trust for your son,
Charles Foster Kane, until his
twenty-fifth birthday, at which
time he is to come into complete
possession.

Mrs. Kane rises and goes to the window, opening it.

MRS. KANE

Go on, Mr. Thatcher.

EXT. MRS. KANE'S BOARDINGHOUSE - DAY - 1870

26 Kane, Jr., seen from the window.

KANE

You can't lick Andy Jackson!
Old Hickory, that's me!

He fires his snowball, well wide of the mark and falls
flat on his stomach, starting to crawl carefully toward
the snowman.

THATCHER'S VOICE

It's nearly five, Mrs. Kane --
don't you think I'd better meet
the boy --

INT. PARLOR - MRS. KANE'S BOARDINGHOUSE - DAY - 1870

27 Mrs. Kane at the window. Thatcher is now standing at
her side.

MRS. KANE

I've got his trunk all packed --
(she chokes
a little)
I've had it packed for a couple
of weeks --

She can't say any more. She starts for the hall door.

(CONTINUED)

27 (CONTINUED)

THATCHER

I've arranged for a tutor to meet us in Chicago. I'd have brought him along with me, but you were so anxious to keep everything secret --

He stops. Mrs. Kane is already well into the hall. He looks at Kane, Sr., tightens his lips and follows Mrs. Kane. Kane follows him.

EXT. MRS. KANE'S BOARDINGHOUSE - DAY - 1870

28

Kane, in the snow-covered field. He holds the sled in his hand. The Kane house, in the b.g., is a dilapidated, shabby, two-story frame building, with a wooden outhouse. Kane looks up as he sees the procession, Mrs. Kane at its head, coming toward him.

KANE

H'ya, Mom.

(gesturing at
the snowman)

See, Mom? I took the pipe out of his mouth. If it keeps on snowin', maybe I'll make some teeth and ---

MRS. KANE

You better come inside, son.
You and I have got to get you
all ready for -- for --

THATCHER

Charles, my name is Mr. Thatcher --

MRS. KANE

This is Mr. Thatcher, Charles.

THATCHER

How do you do, Charles.

KANE, SR.

He comes from the East --

KANE

Hello. Hello, Pop.

KANE, SR.

Hello, Charlie!

(CONTINUED)

MRS. KANE

Mr. Thatcher is goin' to take you on a trip with him tonight, Charles. You'll be leaving on Number Ten.

KANE, SR.

That's the train with all the lights.

KANE

You goin', Mom?

THATCHER

Your mother won't be going right away, Charles --

KANE

Where'm I going?

KANE, SR.

You're going to see Chicago and New York -- and Washington, maybe...Isn't he, Mr. Thatcher?

THATCHER

(heartily)

He certainly is. I wish I were a little boy and going to make a trip like that for the first time.

KANE

Why aren't you comin' with us, Mom?

MRS. KANE

We have to stay here, Charles.

KANE, SR.

You're going to live with Mr. Thatcher from now on, Charlie! You're going to be rich. Your Ma figures -- that is -- er -- she and I have decided that this isn't the place for you to grow up in. You'll probably be the richest man in America some day and you ought to --

MRS. KANE

You won't be lonely, Charles...

(CONTINUED)

THATCHER

..e're going to have a lot of
good times together, Charles...
Really we are.

Kane stares at him.

THATCHER (cont'd)

Come on, Charles. Let's shake
hands.

(Kane continues
to look at him)

Now, now! I'm not as
frightening as all that! Let's
shake, what do you say?

He reaches out for Charles' hand. Without a word,
Charles hits him in the stomach with the sled. Thatcher
stumbles back a few feet, gasping.

THATCHER (cont'd)

(with a sickly
grin)

You almost hurt me, Charles.
Sleds aren't to hit people with.
Sleds are to -- to sleigh on.
When we get to New York, Charles,
we'll get you a sled that will --

He's near enough to try to put a hand on Kane's shoulder.
As he does, Kane kicks him in the ankle.

MRS. KANE

Charles!

He throws himself on her, his arms around her. Slowly
Mrs. Kane puts her arms around him.

KANE

(frightened)

Hom! Hom!

MRS. KANE

It's all right, Charles, it's
all right.

KANE, SR.

Sorry, Mr. Thatcher! That that
kid needs is a good thrashing!

(CONTINUED)

28 (CONTINUED)

40

MRS. KANE
That's what you think, is it,
Jim?

KANE, SR.
Yes.

MRS. KANE
(looks at
Mr. Kane;
slowly)
That's why he's going to be
brought up where you can't get
at him.

DISSOLVE

INSERT (1870 - NIGHT) (STOCK or MINIATURE)
OLD-FASHIONED RAILROAD WHEELS
underneath a sleeper, spinning
along the track.

DISSOLVE

INT. TRAIN - OLD-FASHIONED DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT - 1870

29 Thatcher, with a look of mingled exasperation, annoyance,
sympathy and inability to handle the situation, is
standing alongside a berth, looking at Kane. Kane, his
face in the pillow, is crying with heartbreaking sobs.

KANE
Mom! Mom!

DISSOLVE

INSERT THE THATCHER MANUSCRIPT, which fills
the screen. It reads:

...nothing but a lucky scoundrel,
spoiled, unscrupulous, irresponsible.
He acquired his first newspaper
through a caprice. His whole attitude
as a publisher --

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

41

INT. KANE'S OFFICE - INQUIRER - DAY - 1898

30 CLOSEUP on printed headline which reads:

"GALLEONS OF SPAIN OFF JERSEY COAST"

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Thatcher, holding the INQUIRER with its headline, standing in front of Kane's desk. Kane is seated behind the desk.

THATCHER

Is this really your idea of how to run a newspaper?

KANE

I don't know how to run a newspaper, Mr. Thatcher. I just try everything I can think of.

THATCHER

(reading the headline)

Galleons of Spain Off Jersey Coast. You know you haven't the slightest proof that this -- this Armada is off the Jersey coast.

KANE

Can you prove that it isn't?

Bernstein rushes in, a cable in his hand. He stops when he sees Thatcher.

KANE (cont'd)

(genially)

Mr. Bernstein, Mr. Thatcher.

BERNSTEIN

How are you, Mr. Thatcher?

Thatcher gives him the briefest of nods.

BERNSTEIN (cont'd)

We just had a wire from Cuba, Mr. Kane.

(he stops, embarrassed)

(CONTINUED)

KANE

That's all right. We have no secrets from our readers. Mr. Thatcher is one of our most devoted readers, Mr. Bernstein. He knows what's wrong with every copy of the Inquirer since I took charge. Read the cable.

BERNSTEIN

(reading)

Food marvelous in Cuba - girls delightful stop could send you prose poems about scenery but don't feel right spending your money stop there's no war in Cuba signed Wheeler. Any answer?

KANE

Yes. Dear Wheeler --

(pauses a moment)

-- you provide the prose poems --
I'll provide the war.

BERNSTEIN

That's fine, Mr. Kane.

Thatcher, bursting with indignation, sits down.

KANE

I kinda like it myself. Send it right away.

BERNSTEIN

Right away.

Bernstein leaves. After a moment of indecision, Thatcher decides to make one last try.

THATCHER

Charles, I came to see you about this -- campaign of yours -- er -- the Inquirer's campaign -- against the Metropolitan Transfer Company.

KANE

Good. You got some material we can use against them?

(CONTINUED)

THATCHER

You're still a college boy,
aren't you, Charles?

KANE

Oh, no, I was expelled from
college -- several colleges.
Don't you remember?

Thatcher glares at him.

KANE (cont'd)

I remember. I think that's when
I first lost my belief that you
were omnipotent, Mr. Thatcher --
when you told me that the Dean's
decision at Harvard, despite all
your efforts was irrevocable --
(he thinks, and
looks at Thatcher
inquiringly)
-- irrevocable --

Thatcher stares at him angrily, tight-lipped.

KANE (cont'd)

I can't tell you how often I've
learned the correct pronunciation
of that word, but I always forget.

THATCHER

(not interested,
coming out
with it)

I think I should remind you,
Charles, of a fact you seem to
have forgotten. You are yourself
one of the company's largest
individual stockholders.

(CONTINUED)

KANE

The trouble is, Mr. Thatcher, you don't realize you're talking to two people. As Charles Foster Kane, who has eighty-two thousand, six hundred and thirty-one shares of Metropolitan Transfer -- you see, I do have a rough idea of my holdings -- I sympathize with you. Charles Foster Kane is a dangerous scoundrel, his paper should be run out of town and a committee should be formed to boycott him. You may, if you can form such a committee, put me down for a contribution of one thousand dollars.

THATCHER

(angrily)

Charles, my time is too valuable for me --

KANE

On the other hand --

(his manner
becomes
serious)

I am the publisher of the INQUIRER. As such, it is my duty -- I'll let you in on a little secret, it is also my pleasure -- to see to it that the decent, hard-working people of this city are not robbed blind by a group of money-mad pirates because, God help them, they have no one to look after their interests!

Thatcher has risen. He now puts on his hat and walks away.

KANE (cont'd)

-- I'll let you in on another little secret, Mr. Thatcher.

Thatcher stops. Kane walks up to him.

KANE (cont'd)

I think I'm the man to do it. You see I have money and property. If I don't defend the interests of the underprivileged, somebody else will -- maybe somebody without any money or any property -- and that would be too bad.

(CONTINUED)

THATCHER

(puts on
his hat)

I happened to see your consolidated statement this morning, Charles. Don't you think it's rather unwise to continue this philanthropic enterprise -- this INQUIRER -- that's costing you one million dollars a year?

KANE

You're right. We did lose a million dollars last year. We expect to lose a million next year, too. You know, Mr. Thatcher -- at the rate of a million a year -- we'll have to close this place -- in sixty years.

DISSOLVE

INT. THE VAULT ROOM - THATCHER MEMORIAL LIBRARY - DAY

31

THE MANUSCRIPT:

"The ordinary decencies of human life were, I repeat, unknown to him. His incredible vulgarity, his utter disregard ---"

Before the audience has had a chance to read this, Thompson, with a gesture of annoyance, has closed the manuscript. He turns to confront Miss Anderson who has come to shoo him out.

MISS ANDERSON

You have enjoyed a very rare privilege, young man. Did you find what you were looking for?

THOMPSON

No. Tell me something, Miss Anderson. You're not Rosebud, are you?

MISS ANDERSON

What?

(CONTINUED)

31 (CONTINUED)

THOMPSON

I didn't think you were. Well,
thanks for the use of the hall.

He puts his hat on his head and starts out, lighting a
cigarette as he goes. Miss Anderson, scandalized,
watches him.

DISSOLVE

INT. BERNSTEIN'S OFFICE - "INQUIRER" SKYSCRAPER-DAY-1940

32

CLOSEUP of a still of Kane, aged about sixty-five.
CAMERA PULLS BACK, showing it is a framed photograph on
the wall. Under it sits Bernstein, back of his desk.
Bernstein, always an undersized Jew, now seems even
smaller than in his youth. He is bald as an egg, spry,
with remarkably intense eyes. As CAMERA CONTINUES to
TRAVEL BACK, the back of Thompson's head and his shoulders
come into the picture.

BERNSTEIN

(wryly)

Who's a busy man? Me? I'm
Chairman of the Board. I got
nothing but time.... What do
you want to know?

THOMPSON

Well, we thought maybe --

(slowly)

if we could find out what he
meant by his last words -- as
he was dying --

BERNSTEIN

That Rosebud, huh?

(thinks)

Maybe some girl? There were
a lot of them back in the early
days and --

THOMPSON

(amused)

It's hardly likely, Mr. Bernstein,
that Mr. Kane could have met
some girl casually and then,
fifty years later, on his
deathbed --

(CONTINUED)

32 (CONTINUED)

BERNSTEIN

You're pretty young, Mr. --

(remembers
the name)

-- Mr. Thompson. A fellow will remember things you wouldn't think he'd remember. You take me. One day, back in 1896, I was crossing over to Jersey on a ferry and as we pulled out there was another ferry pulling in --

(slowly)

-- and on it there was a girl waiting to get off. A white dress she had on -- and she was carrying a white parasol -- and I only saw her for one second and she didn't see me at all -- but I'll bet a month hasn't gone by since that I haven't thought of that girl.

(triumphantly)

See what I mean?

(smiles)

THOMPSON

Yes.

(a near sigh)

But about Rosebud. I wonder --

BERNSTEIN

Who else you been to see?

THOMPSON

Well, I went down to Atlantic City --

BERNSTEIN

Susie? I called her myself the day after he died. I thought maybe somebody ought to --

(sadly)

-- she couldn't even come to the phone.

THOMPSON

(ruefully)

She wasn't exactly in a condition to talk to me either. I'm going down to see her again in a couple of days.

(pauses)

About Rosebud, Mr. Bernstein --

(CONTINUED)

32 (CONTINUED)

BERNSTEIN

If I had any idea who it was,
believe me, I'd tell you.

THOMPSON

If you'd kind of just talk, Mr.
Bernstein -- about anything
connected with Mr. Kane that
you can remember. -- After all,
you were with him from the
beginning.

BERNSTEIN

From before the beginning,
young fellow.

(not too
maudlinly)

-- And now it's after the end.

(after a pause)

Have you tried to see anybody
else except Susie?

THOMPSON

I haven't seen anybody else,
but I've been through that
stuff of Walter Thatcher's.
That journal of his --

BERNSTEIN

Thatcher! That man was the
biggest darned fool I ever met.

THOMPSON

He made an awful lot of money.

BERNSTEIN

It's no trick to make a lot of
money, if all you want is to
make a lot of money. You take
Mr. Kane -- it wasn't money he
wanted. Mr. Thatcher never did
figure him out. Sometimes,
even, I couldn't --

(suddenly)

You know who you ought to talk
to? Mr. Jed Leland. That is,
if -- he was Mr. Kane's closest
friend, you know. They went to
school together.

(CONTINUED)

THOMPSON
Harvard, wasn't it?

BERNSTEIN
Harvard -- Yale -- Cornell --
Princeton -- Switzerland. Mr.
Leland -- he never had a nickel
-- one of those old families
where the father is worth ten
million then one day he shoots
himself and it turns out there's
nothing but debts.

(reflectively)
He was with Mr. Kane and me the
first day Mr. Kane took over the
Inquirer.

DISSOLVE

EXT. THE OLD "INQUIRER" BUILDING - DAY - 1890

33 (The same shot as in "News Digest" but this is the real
thing, not a still.) A hansom cab comes into the scene.
In it are Kane, a year older than in the previous
sequence, and Leland. They are both dressed like New
York dandies. It is a warm summer day. Kane jumps from
the cab, as Leland follows more slowly.

KANE
(pointing
with his
stick)
Take a look at it, Jed. It's
going to look a lot different
one of these days.

He is boisterously radiant. Jed agrees with a thoughtful
smile. As they start across the sidewalk toward the
building, which they then enter, a delivery wagon draws
up and takes the place vacated by the cab. In its open
back, almost buried by a bed, bedding, trunks, framed
pictures, etc., is Bernstein, who climbs out with
difficulty.

BERNSTEIN
(to the
driver)
Come on! I'll give you a hand
with this stuff.

(CONTINUED)

DRIVER

There ain't no bedrooms in this joint. That's a newspaper building.

BERNSTEIN

You're getting paid, Mister, for opinions -- or for hauling?

DISSOLVE

INT. CITY ROOM - "INQUIRER" BUILDING - DAY - 1890

34 The front half of the second floor constitutes one large City Room. Despite the brilliant sunshine outside, very little of it is actually getting into the room because the windows are small and narrow. There are about a dozen tables and desks, of the old-fashioned type, not flat, available for reporters. Two tables, on a raised platform at the end of the room, obviously serve the city room executives. To the left of the platform is an open door which leads into the Sanctum.

As Kane and Leland enter the room an elderly, stout gent on the raised platform, strikes a bell and the other eight occupants of the room -- all men -- rise and face the new arrivals. Carter, the elderly gent, in formal clothes, rises and starts toward them.

CARTER

Welcome, Mr. Kane, to the "Inquirer." I am Herbert Carter.

KANE

Thank you, Mr. Carter. This is Mr. Leland.

CARTER

(bowing)
How do you do, Mr. Leland?

KANE

Mr. Leland is your new dramatic critic, Mr. Carter. I hope I haven't made a mistake, Jodediah. It is dramatic critic you want to be, isn't it?

(pointing to
the reporters)
Are they standing for me?

(CONTINUED)

CARTER
I thought it would be a nice
gesture -- the new publisher --

KANE
(grinning)
Ask them to sit down.

CARTER
You may resume your work,
gentlemen.
(to Kane)
I didn't know your plans and
so I was unable to make any
preparations.

KANE
I don't know my plans myself.
As a matter of fact, I haven't
got any. Except to get out a
newspaper.

There is a terrific crash at the doorway. They all turn
to see Bernstein sprawled at the entrance. A roll of
bedding, a suitcase and two framed pictures were too
much for him.

KANE (cont'd)
Oh, Mr. Bernstein! If you
would come here a moment please,
Mr. Bernstein?

Bernstein rises and comes over.

KANE (cont'd)
Mr. Carter, this is Mr.
Bernstein. Mr. Bernstein is
my general manager.

CARTER
(frigidly)
How do you do, Mr. Bernstein?

KANE
You've got a private office
here, haven't you?

The delivery wagon driver has now appeared in the
entrance with parts of the bedstead and other furniture.

(CONTINUED)

CARTER

My little sanctum is at your disposal. But I don't think I understand --

KANE

I'm going to live right here.
(reflectively)
As long as I have to.

CARTER

But a morning newspaper, Mr. Kane. -- After all, we're practically closed for twelve hours a day -- except for the business offices --

KANE

That's one of the things, I think must be changed, Mr. Carter. The news goes on for twenty-four hours a day.

DISSOLVE

INT. KANE'S OFFICE - LATE DAY - 1890

35

Kane, in his shirt sleeves, at a roll top desk, is working feverishly on copy and eating a very sizable meal at the same time. Carter, still formally coated, is seated alongside him. Leland, seated in a corner, is looking on, detached, amused. On a corner of the desk, Bernstein is writing down figures.

KANE

I'm not criticizing, Mr. Carter, but here's what I mean. There's a front page story in the "Chronicle,"

(points to it)

and a picture -- of a woman in Brooklyn who is missing. Probably murdered. A Mrs. Harry Silverstone. Why didn't the "Inquirer" have that this morning?

CARTER

(stiffly)

Because we're running a newspaper, Mr. Kane, not a scandal sheet.

Kane has finished eating. He pushes away his plates .

(CONTINUED)

KANE
I'm still hungry, Jed.

LELAND
We'll go over to Rector's later
and get something decent.

KANE
(pointing to the
"Chronicle")
The "Chronicle" has a two column
headline, Mr. Carter. Why
haven't we?

CARTER
The news wasn't big enough.

KANE
If the headline is big enough,
it makes the news big enough.
The murder of this Mrs. Harry
Silverstone --

CARTER
There's no proof that the woman
was murdered -- or even that
she's dead.

KANE
(smiling a bit)
The "Chronicle" doesn't say she's
murdered, Mr. Carter. It says
she's missing; the neighbors
are getting suspicious.

CARTER
It's not our function to report
the gossip of housewives. If
we were interested in that kind
of thing, Mr. Kane, we could fill
the paper twice over daily --

KANE
(gently)
That's the kind of thing we are
going to be interested in from
now on, Mr. Carter. I wish
you'd send your best man up to
see Mr. Silverstone. Have him
tell Mr. Silverstone if he
doesn't produce his wife at once,
the "Inquirer" will have him
arrested.

(gets an idea)

(cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

35 (CONTINUED)

KANE (cont'd)

Have him tell Mr. Silverstone he's a detective from the Central Office. If Mr. Silverstone asks to see his badge, your man is to get indignant and call Mr. Silverstone an anarchist. Loudly, so that the neighbors can hear.

CARTER

Really, Mr. Kane, I can't see that the function of a respectable newspaper --

KANE

Mr. Carter, you've been most understanding. Good day.

Carter leaves the room, closing the door behind him.

LELAND

Poor Mr. Carter!

KANE

What makes these fellows think that a newspaper is something rigid, something inflexible, that people are supposed to pay two cents for --

BERNSTEIN

Three cents.

KANE

(calmly)

Two cents.

Bernstein lifts his head and looks at Kane.

BERNSTEIN

(tapping on
the paper)

This is all figured at three cents a copy.

KANE

Re-figure it, Mr. Bernstein, at two cents. Ready for dinner, Jed?

(CONTINUED)

BERNSTEIN

Mr. Leland, if Mr. Kane he should decide at dinner to cut the price to one cent, or maybe even he should make up his mind to give the paper away with a half-pound of tea --

LELAND

You people work too fast for me!
Talk about new brooms!

BERNSTEIN

Who said anything about brooms?

KANE

It's a saying, Mr. Bernstein.
A new broom sweeps clean.

BERNSTEIN

Oh!

DISSOLVE

INT. PRIMITIVE COMPOSING AND PRESSROOM - NEW YORK
"INQUIRER" - NIGHT - 1890

36

The ground floor with the windows on the street. It is almost midnight. Grouped around a large table, on which are several locked forms of type -- are Kane and Leland in elegant evening clothes, Bernstein, unchanged from the afternoon, Carter and Smathers, the composing room foreman, nervous and harassed.

KANE

Mr. Carter, front pages don't look like this any more. Have you seen the "Chronicle"?

CARTER

The "Inquirer" is not in competition with a rag like the "Chronicle."

BERNSTEIN

We should be publishing such a rag. The "Inquirer" -- I wouldn't wrap up the liver for the cat in the "Inquirer" --

(CONTINUED)

CARTER

Mr. Kane, I must ask you to see to it that this -- this person learns to control his tongue. I don't think he's ever been in a newspaper office before.

KANE

You're right. Mr. Bernstein is in the wholesale jewelry business.

BERNSTEIN

Was in the wholesale jewelry business.

KANE

His talents seemed to be what I was looking for.

CARTER

(sputtering;
he's really
sore)

I warn you, Mr. Kane, it would go against my grain to desert you when you need me so badly -- but I would feel obliged to ask that my resignation be accepted.

KANE

It is accepted, Mr. Carter, with assurances of my deepest regret.

CARTER

But Mr. Kane, I meant --

KANE

(turning to
Smathers;
quietly)

Let's do these pages over again.

SMATHERS

(as though Kane
were talking
Greek)

We can't remake them, Mr. Kane.

KANE

Remake? Is that the right word?

(CONTINUED)

SMATHERS

We go to press in five minutes.

KANE

(quietly)

Well, let's remake these pages,
Mr. Smathers.

SMATHERS

We go to press in five minutes,
Mr. Kane.

KANE

We'll have to publish half an
hour late, that's all.

SMATHERS

You don't understand, Mr. Kane.
We go to press in five minutes.
We can't remake them, Mr. Kane.

Kane reaches out and shoves the forms onto the floor,
where they scatter into hundreds of bits.

KANE

You can remake them now, can't
you, Mr. Smathers? After the
type's been reset and the pages
remade according to the way I
told you before, Mr. Smathers,
kindly have proofs pulled --
is that right, Jed -- proofs
pulled? -- and bring them to me.
Then, if I can't find any way
to improve them again -- I
suppose we'll have to go to press.

He starts out of the room, followed by Leland.

BERNSTEIN

In case you don't understand,
Mr. Smathers -- he's a new
broom.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - VERY EARLY DAWN - 1890

- 37 The picture is mainly occupied by the "Inquirer" building, identified by sign. Over this newsboys are heard selling the "Chronicle." As the dissolve completes itself, CAMERA MOVES toward the one lighted window - the window of Kane's office.

DISSOLVE

INT. KANE'S OFFICE - VERY EARLY DAWN - 1890

- 38 The newsboys are still heard from the street below. Kane, in his shirt sleeves, stands at the open window looking out. On the bed is seated Bernstein. Leland is in a chair.

NEWSBOYS' VOICES

Chronicle! -- Chronicle! --
H'ya -- the Chronicle! -- Get
ya' Chronicle!

Kane closes the window and turns to the others.

LELAND

We'll be on the street soon,
Charlie -- another ten minutes.

BERNSTEIN

It's three hours and fifty
minutes late -- but we did it --

Leland rises from the chair, stretching painfully.

KANE

Tired?

LELAND

It's been a tough day.

KANE

A wasted day.

BERNSTEIN

Wasted?

LELAND

Charlie?!

(CONTINUED)

BERNSTEIN

You just made the paper over
four times tonight, Mr. Kane --
That's all --

KANE

I've changed the front page a
little, Mr. Bernstein. That's
not enough. -- There's something
I've got to get into this paper
besides pictures and print --
I've got to make the "New York
Inquirer" as important to New
York as the gas in that light.

LELAND

What're you going to do, Charlie?

KANE

My Declaration of Principles --
Don't smile, Jed --
(getting
the idea)
Take dictation, Mr. Bernstein --

BERNSTEIN

I can't write shorthand, Mr.
Kane --

KANE

I'll write it myself.

Kane grabs a piece of rough paper and a grease crayon.
Sitting down on the bed next to Bernstein, he starts to
write.

BERNSTEIN

(looking over
his shoulder)
You don't wanta make any promises,
Mr. Kane, you don't wanta keep.

KANE

(as he writes)
These'll be kept.
(stops and
reads what
he has written) (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

KANE (cont'd),
I'll provide the people of this
city with a daily paper that
will tell all the news honestly.

(starts to
write again;
reading as
he writes)

I will also provide them --

LELAND

That's the second sentence
you've started with "I" --

KANE

(looking up)

People are going to know who's
responsible. And they're going
to get the news -- the true
news -- quickly and simply and
entertainingly.

(with real
conviction)

And no special interests will
be allowed to interfere with
the truth of that news.

(writes again;
reading as
he writes)

I will also provide them with a
fighting and tireless champion
of their rights as citizens and
human beings -- Signed -

Charles Foster Kane.

LELAND

Charlie --

Kane looks up.

LELAND (cont'd)

Can I have that?

KANE

I'm going to print it --
(calls)

Mike!

MIKE

Yes, Mr. Kane.

(CONTINUED)

KANE

Here's an editorial. I want
to run it in a box on the front
page.

MIKE

(very wearily)
Today's front page, Mr. Kane?

KANE

That's right. We'll have to
remake again -- better go down
and let them know.

MIKE

All right, Mr. Kane.
(he starts
away)

LELAND

Just a minute, Mike.

Mike turns.

LELAND (cont'd)

When you're done with that, I'd
like to have it back.

Mike registers that this, in his opinion, is another
screwball and leaves. Kane looks at Leland.

LELAND (cont'd)

-- I'd just like to keep that
particular piece of paper
myself. I've got a hunch it
might turn out to be one of the
important papers -- of our time.

(a little
ashamed of
his ardor)

A document -- like the
Declaration of Independence --
and the Constitution -- and my
first report card at school.

Kane smiles back at him, but they are both serious. The
voices of the newsboys fill the air.

VOICES OF NEWSBOYS

Chronicle! -- H'ya, the
Chronicle! Get ya' Chronicle!
-- the Chronicle!

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. INQUIRER WINDOW ON STREET LEVEL - DAY - 1890

39

CLOSEUP - front page of the INQUIRER shows big boxed editorial with heading:

MY PRINCIPLES - A DECLARATION

By Charles Foster Kane

CAMERA CONTINUES PULLING BACK and SHOWS newspaper to be on the top of a pile of newspapers. As we DRAW FURTHER BACK, we see four piles -- then six piles -- until we see finally a big field of piles of INQUIRERS. Hands come into the frame and start picking up the piles.

CAMERA PANS to glass window on the street level of the INQUIRER. Painted on the glass are the words "NEW YORK DAILY INQUIRER - CIRCULATION 26,000." -- this very prominent. Through the glass we can see Kane, Leland and Bernstein, leaning on the little velvet-draped rail at the back of the window, peering out through the glass to the street where Inquirer newsboys are seen to be moving. During this, CAMERA TIGHTENS on window until "CIRCULATION 26,000" fills frame. Then --

DISSOLVE

EXT. CHRONICLE WINDOW - ON STREET LEVEL - DAY - 1890

40

CLOSEUP OF SIGN WHICH READS: CIRCULATION 495,000

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO SHOW this is a similar window on the street level of the Chronicle Building. The words: "NEW YORK DAILY CHRONICLE" are prominently painted above this and through the glass we can see a framed photograph of some nine men. A sign over this reads: EDITORIAL AND EXECUTIVE STAFF OF THE NEW YORK CHRONICLE. A sign beneath it reads: GREATEST NEWSPAPER STAFF IN THE WORLD. Then CAMERA CONTINUES PULLING BACK to show Kane, Leland and Bernstein standing in front of the window, looking in. They look very tired and cold.

KANE

I know you're tired, gentlemen,
but I brought you here for a
reason. I think this little
pilgrimage will do us good.

LELAND

(wearily)
The Chronicle's a good newspaper.

KANE

It's a good idea for a newspaper.
Notice the circulation?

(CONTINUED)

BERNSTEIN

(sullenly)

Four hundred sixty thousand.

KANE

Well, as the rooster said to his hens when they looked at the ostrich eggs -- I am not criticizing, ladies -- I am merely trying to show you what is being done in the same line by your competitors.

BERNSTEIN

Ah, Mr. Kane -- with them fellows on the Chronicle --

(indicates
photograph)

-- it's no trick to get circulation.

KANE

You're right, Mr. Bernstein.

BERNSTEIN

(sighs)

You know how long it took the Chronicle to get that staff together? Twenty years.

KANE

I know.

Kane smiling, lights a cigarette, looking into the window. CAMERA MOVES IN TO HOLD on the photograph of the nine men.

DISSOLVE

INT. CITY ROOM - THE INQUIRER - NIGHT - 1898

41

The same nine men, arrayed as in the photograph but with Kane in the center of the first row.

CAMERA PULLS BACK, revealing that they are being photographed in a corner of the room. It is 1:30 at night. Desks, etc., have been pushed against the wall. Running down the center of the room is a long banquet table.

PHOTOGRAPHER

That's all. Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

The photographic subjects rise.

KANE

(a sudden thought)
Make up an extra copy and mail
it to the "Chronicle."

Kane makes his way to the head of the table.

KANE (cont'd)

Gentlemen of the Inquirer!
Eight years ago -- eight long
very busy years ago -- I stood
in front of the Chronicle
window and looked at a picture
of the nine greatest newspapermen
in the world. I felt like a kid
in front of a candy shop.
Tonight I got my candy. Welcome,
gentlemen, to the Inquirer. It
will make you happy to learn that
our circulation this morning was
the greatest in New York -- six
hundred and eighty-four thousand.

BERNSTEIN

Six hundred eighty-four thousand
one hundred and thirty-two.

General applause.

KANE

All of you - new and old --
you're all getting the best
salaries in town. Not one of
you has been hired because of
his loyalty. It's your talent
I'm interested in -- I like
talent. Talent has made the
Inquirer the kind of paper I
want -- the best newspaper in
the world.

Applause.

KANE (cont'd)

Having thus welcomed you,
perhaps you'll forgive my
rudeness in taking leave of you.
I'm going abroad next week for
a vacation.

Murmurs.

(CONTINUED)

KANE (cont'd)

I have promised my doctor for some time that I would leave when I could. I now realize that I can. This decision is in every way the best compliment that I could pay you.

Gratified murmurs.

KANE (cont'd)

I have promised Mr. Bernstein, and I herewith repeat that promise publicly, for the next three months to forget all about the new feature sections -- the Sunday supplement -- and not to try to think up any ideas for comic sections -- and not to --

BERNSTEIN

(interrupting)

Say, Mr. Kane, so long as you're promising -- there's a lot of statues in Europe you ain't bought yet --

KANE

(interrupting)

You can't blame me, Mr. Bernstein. They've been making statues for two thousand years, and I've only been buying for five.

BERNSTEIN

Nine Venuses already we got, twenty-six Virgins -- two whole warehouses full of stuff -- promise me, Mr. Kane.

KANE

I promise you, Mr. Bernstein.

BERNSTEIN

Thank you.

KANE

Oh, Mr. Bernstein --

BERNSTEIN

Yes?

(CONTINUED)

KANE

You don't expect me to keep any
of my promises, do you, Mr.
Bernstein?

Terrific laughter.

KANE (cont'd)

Do you, Mr. Leland?

LELAND

Certainly not.

Laughter and applause.

KANE

And now, gentlemen, your
complete attention, please!

Kane puts his two fingers in his mouth and whistles.
This is a signal. A band strikes up and enters in advance
of a regiment of very magnificent maidens. As some of the
girls are detached from the line and made into partners
for individual dancing --

BERNSTEIN

Isn't it wonderful? Such a
party!

LELAND

Yes.

BERNSTEIN

(to Leland)
What's the matter?

LELAND

-- Bernstein, these men who are
now with the "Inquirer" -- who
were with the "Chronicle" until
yesterday -- weren't they just
as devoted to the "Chronicle"
~~kind of paper~~ as they are now to
-- our kind of paper?

BERNSTEIN

Sure. They're like anybody
else. They got work to do.
They do it.

(proudly)

Only they happen to be the best
men in the business.

(CONTINUED)

7
(after a
minute)

LELAND

Do we stand for the same things
the "Chronicle" stands for,
Bernstein?

BERNSTEIN

(indignant)

Certainly not. What of it? Mr.
Kane he'll have them changed to
his kind of newspapermen in a
week.

LELAND

There's always a chance, of
course, that they'll change Mr.
Kane -- without his knowing it.

KANE

(lightly)

Well, gentlemen, are we going
to declare war on Spain?

LELAND

The Inquirer already has.

KANE

You long-faced, over-dressed
anarchist.

LELAND

I am not over-dressed.

KANE

You are, too. Look at that
necktie, Mr. Bernstein.

Bernstein embarrassed, beams from one to the other.

LELAND

Charlie, I wish --

KANE

Are you trying to be serious?

(CONTINUED)

LELAND

(holding the
look for a
minute and
recognizing
there isn't
a chance)

No.

(Out of the
corner of
his mouth --
almost as
an
afterthought)

Only I'm not going to Cuba.

KANE

(to Bernstein)

He drives me crazy. Mr.
Bernstein, we get two hundred
applications a day from
newspapermen all over the
country who want to go to Cuba --
don't we, Mr. Bernstein?

Bernstein is unable to answer.

LELAND

Bernstein, don't you like my
necktie?

KANE

(ignoring him)

I offer him his own byline --
(pompously)

By Jed Leland -- The Inquirer's
Special Correspondent at the
Front -- I guarantee him --

(turns to
Leland)

Richard Harding Davis is doing
all right. They just named a
cigar after him.

LELAND

It's hardly what you'd call a
cigar.

KANE

A man of very high standards,
Mr. Bernstein.

LELAND

And it's hardly what you'd call
a war either.

(CONTINUED)

KANE
It's the best I can do.
(looking up)
Hello, Georgie.

Georgie, a very handsome madam has walked into the picture. She leans over and speaks quietly in his ear.

GEORGIE
Hello, Charlo.

LELAND
You're doing very well.

GEORGIE
Is everything the way you want it, dear?

KANE
(looking around)
If everybody's having fun,
that's the way I want it.

GEORGIE
I've got some other little girls
coming over --

LELAND
(interrupting)
If you want to know what you're
doing -- you're dragging your
country into a war. Do you know
what a war is, Charlie?

KANE
I've told you about Jed, Georgie.
He needs to relax.

LELAND
There's a condition in Cuba that
needs to be remedied maybe --
but between that and a war.

KANE
You know Georgie, Jed, don't you?

GEORGIE
Glad to meet you, Jed.

KANE

Jed, how would the Inquirer look with no news about this non-existent war with Pulitzer and Hearst devoting twenty columns a day to it.

LELAND

They only do it because you do.

KANE

And I only do it because they do it -- and they only do it -- it's a vicious circle, isn't it?

(rises)

I'm going over to Georgie's, Jed. -- You know Georgie, don't you, Mr. Bernstein?

Bernstein shakes hands with Georgie.

KANE

Georgie knows a young lady whom I'm sure you'd adore, Jed. -- Wouldn't he, Georgie?

LELAND

The first paper that had the courage to tell the actual truth about Cuba --

KANE

Why only the other evening I said to myself, if Jedediah were only here to adore this young lady -- this --

(snaps his fingers)

What's her name again?

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. GEORGIE'S PLACE - NIGHT - 1898

42

Georgie is introducing a young lady to Leland. On sound track we hear piano music.

GEORGIE

(right on the
cue from
preceding
scene)

Ethel -- this gentleman has
been very anxious to meet you --
Mr. Leland, this is Ethel.

ETHEL

Hello, Mr. Leland.

CAMERA PANS to include Kane, seated at piano, with
Bernstein and girls gathered around him.

ONE OF THE GIRLS

Charlie! Play the song about
you.

ANOTHER GIRL

Is there a song about Charlie?

KANE

You buy a bag of peanuts in
this town and you get a song
written about you.

Kane has broken into "Oh, Mr. Kane!" and he and the girls
start to sing. Ethel leads the unhappy Leland over to
the group. Kane, seeing Leland and taking his eye,
motions to the professor who has been standing next to
him, to take over. The professor does so. The singing
continues. Kane rises and crosses to Leland.

KANE (cont'd)

Say, Jed -- you don't have to
go to Cuba if you don't want to.
You don't have to be a war
correspondent if you don't want
to. I'd want to be a war
correspondent.

(silence)

I've got an idea.

LELAND

Pay close attention, Bernstein.
The hand is quicker than the
eye.

(CONTINUED)

KANE
I mean I've got a job for you.

LELAND
(suspiciously)
What is it?

KANE
The "Inquirer's" probably too
one-sided about this Cuban thing --
me being a war-monger and all.
How's about your writing a
piece every day -- while I'm
away -- saying exactly what you
think --
(nods)
Just the way you say it to me,
unless I see you coming.

LELAND
Do you mean that?

Kane nods.

LELAND (cont'd)
No editing of my copy?

KANE
(no one will ever
be able to know
what he means)
Now-o.

Leland keeps looking at him with loving perplexity,
knowing he will never solve the riddle of this face.

KANE (cont'd)
We'll talk some more about it
at dinner tomorrow night. We've
only got about ten more nights
before I go to Europe. Richard
Carl's opening in "The Spring
Chicken." I'll get the girls.
You get the tickets. A drama
critic gets them free.

LELAND
Charlie --

KANE
It's the best I can do.

(CONTINUED)

LELAND

(still smiling)

It doesn't make any difference about me, but one of these days you're going to find out that all this charm of yours won't be enough --

KANE

You're wrong. It does make a difference about you. -- Come to think of it, Mr. Bernstein, I don't blame Mr. Leland for not wanting to be a war correspondent. It isn't much of a war. Besides, they tell me there isn't a decent restaurant on the whole island.

DISSOLVE

INT. KANE'S OFFICE - DAY - 1893

46

The shot begins on a CLOSEUP OF a label. The words "Prop. C. P. Kane, Paris, France," fill the screen. This registers as CAMERA PULLS BACK to show remainder of label in larger letters which read: "To Charles Foster Kane, New York - HOLD FOR ARRIVAL." CAMERA CONTINUES PULLING BACK, showing the entire sanctum piled to the ceiling with packing boxes, crates, statues and art objects. One-third of the statues have been unpacked. Leland is in his shirt sleeves; clearly he has been opening boxes, with claw-hammer in one hand. Bernstein has come to the door.

BERNSTEIN

I got here a cable from Mr. Kane. -- Mr. Leland, why didn't you go to Europe with him? He wanted you to.

LELAND

I wanted him to have fun -- and with me along --

This stops Bernstein. Bernstein looks at him.

LELAND (cont'd)

Bernstein, I wish you'd let me ask you a few questions - and answer me truthfully.

(CONTINUED)

BERNSTEIN

Don't I always? Most of the time?

LELAND

Bernstein, am I a stuffed shirt? Am I a horse-faced hypocrite? Am I a New England schoolmarm?

BERNSTEIN

Yes.

Leland is surprised.

BERNSTEIN (cont'd)

If you thought I'd answer you different from what Mr. Kane tells you -- well, I wouldn't.

Pause as Bernstein looks around the room.

BERNSTEIN (cont'd)

Mr. Leland, it's good he promised not to send back any statues.

LELAND

I don't think you understand, Bernstein. This is one of the rarest Venuses in existence.

BERNSTEIN

(studying
the statue
carefully)

Not so rare like you think, Mr. Leland.

(handing
cable to
Leland)

Here's the cable from Mr. Kane.

Leland takes it, reads it, smiles.

BERNSTEIN (cont'd)

(as Leland
reads cable)

He wants to buy the world's biggest diamond.

(CONTINUED)

LYLAND

I didn't know Charles was
collecting diamonds.

BERNSTEIN

He ain't. He's collecting
somebody that's collecting
diamonds. Anyway --
(taking his eye)
-- he ain't only collecting
statues.

DISSOLVE

INT. CITY ROOM - DAY - 1898

44 DISSOLVE to elaborate loving cup on which is engraved:

"WELCOME HOME, MR. KANE -- From 730 employees of the
New York Inquirer."

AS CAMERA PULLS BACK, it reveals that this cup is on a
little table at the far end of the Inquirer City Room.
Next to the table stands Bernstein, rubbing his hands,
Hillman and a few other executives. Throughout the
entire City Room, there is a feeling of cleanliness and
anticipation.

COPY BOY

(at stairway)
Here he comes!

Bernstein and Hillman start toward the door. All the
others rise. Just as Bernstein gets to the door, it
bursts open and Kane, an envelope in his hand, storms in.

KANE

Hollo, Mr. Bernstein!

Kane continues at the same rate of speed with which he
entered, Bernstein following behind him, at the head of
a train which includes Hillman and others. The race
stops a couple of steps beyond the Society Editor's desk
by Kane who waves back to the desk, taking something of
a traffic jam. (A plaque on the desk which reads
"Society Editor" is what caught Kane's eye.)

KANE (cont'd)

Excuse me, I've been away so
long, I don't know your routine.
Miss --

(CONTINUED)

BERNSTEIN
(proudly)
Miss Townsend, Mr. Charles
Foster Kane!

KANE
Miss Townsend, I'd --
(he's pretty
embarrassed by
his audience)
I -- have a little social
announcement here.
(he puts it
on the desk)
I wish you wouldn't treat this
any differently than you would --
you would -- any other --
anything else.

He looks around at the others with some embarrassment.
At that moment, Willman hands Bernstein the cup.

BERNSTEIN
(holding the
cup)
Mr. Kane, on behalf of all the
employees of the Inquirer --

KANE
(interrupting)
Mr. Bernstein, I can't tell you
how much I appreciate --
(he takes the
cup and starts
to take a few
steps --
realizes that
he is being a
little boorish --
turns around
and hands the
cup back to
Bernstein)
Look, Mr. Bernstein -- everybody --
I'm sorry -- I -- I can't take it
now.

Murmurs.

KANE (cont'd)
I'm busy. I mean -- please --
give it to me tomorrow.

He starts to run out. There is surprised confusion
among the rest.

(CONTINUED)

BERNSTEIN
Say, he's in an awful hurry!

SAME COPY BOY
(at window)
Hey, everybody! Look out
here!

The whole staff rushes to the window.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF INQUIRER BLDG. - DAY - 1898

45 ANGLE down from window - SHOT of Emily sitting in a
barouche.

EXT. WINDOW OF INQUIRER CITY ROOM - DAY - 1898

46 UPSHOT of faces in the window, reacting and grinning.

INT. CITY ROOM - DAY - 1898

47 Miss Townsend stands frozen at her desk. She is reading
and rereading with trembling hands the piece of flimsy
which Kane gave her.

TOWNSEND
Mr. Bernstein!

Mr. Bernstein, at window, turns around.

BERNSTEIN
Yes, Miss Townsend.

TOWNSEND
This -- this announcement --
(she reads
shakily)
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Monroe Norton
announce the engagement of their
daughter, Emily Monroe Norton, to
Mr. Charles Foster Kane.

Bernstein reacts.

TOWNSEND (cont'd)
Emily Monroe Norton -- she's the
niece of the President of the
United States.

Bernstein nods his head proudly and turns back to look
out the window.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF "INQUIRER" BLDG. - DAY - 1898

48 DOWN SHOT - of Kane, crossing the curb to the barouche. He looks up in this shot, sees the people in the window, waves gaily, steps into the barouche. Emily looks at him smilingly. He kisses her full on the lips before he sits down. She acts a bit taken aback because of the public nature of the scene, but she isn't really annoyed.

DISSOLVE

INT. CITY ROOM - "INQUIRER" - DAY - 1898

49 Bernstein and group at window.

BERNSTEIN

A girl like that, believe me,
she's lucky! President's niece,
huh! Say, before he's through,
she'll be a president's wife!

DISSOLVE

INSERT FRONT PAGE "INQUIRER" (1898-1900)

Large picture of the young couple
-- Kane and Emily -- occupying
four columns -- very happy.

INSERT NEWSPAPER - KANE'S MARRIAGE TO EMILY
WITH STILL OF GROUP ON WHITE HOUSE LAWN (1900)

(Same set-up as early newsreel in
"News Digest.")

DISSOLVE

INT. BERNSTEIN'S OFFICE - "INQUIRER" - DAY - 1940

50 Bernstein and Thompson. As the dissolve comes,
Bernstein's voice is heard.

BERNSTEIN

The way things turned out, I
don't need to tell you -- Miss
Emily Norton was no rosebud!

THOMPSON

It didn't end very well, did
it?

(CONTINUED)

BERNSTEIN

It ended. -- Then there was
Susie. -- That ended too.

(shrugs,
a pause)

I guess he didn't make her very
happy. -- You know, I was
thinking -- that Rosebud you're
trying to find out about --

THOMPSON

Yes --

BERNSTEIN

Maybe that was something he
lost. Mr. Kane was a man that
lost -- almost everything he
had. You ought to talk to Mr.
Leland. Of course, he and Mr.
Kane didn't exactly see eye to
eye. You take the Spanish-
American War. I guess Mr.
Leland was right. That was
Mr. Kane's war. We didn't
really have anything to fight
about --

(chuckles)

But do you think if it hadn't
been for that war of Mr. Kane's,
we'd have the Panama Canal? I
wish I knew where Mr. Leland
was --

(slowly)

Maybe even he's -- a lot of the
time now they don't tell me those
things -- maybe even he's dead.

THOMPSON

In case you'd like to know, Mr.
Bernstein, he's at the Huntington
Memorial Hospital on 180th Street.

BERNSTEIN

You don't say! Why I had no
idea --

THOMPSON

Nothing particular the matter
with him, they tell me. Just --

BERNSTEIN

Just old age.

(smiles sadly)

It's the only disease, Mr.
Thompson, you don't look forward
to being cured of.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

80

EXT. HOSPITAL ROOF - DAY - 1940

51

CLOSE SHOT - Thompson. He is tilted back in a chair leaning against a chimney. Leland's voice is heard for a few moments before Leland is seen.

LELAND'S VOICE

When you get to my age, young man, you don't miss anything. Unless maybe it's a good drink of Bourbon. Even that doesn't make much difference, if you remember there hasn't been any good Bourbon in this country for twenty years.

CAMERA HAS PULLED BACK, revealing that Leland, wrapped in a blanket, is in a wheel chair, talking to Thompson. They are on the flat roof of a hospital.

THOMPSON

Mr. Leland, you were --

LELAND

You don't happen to have a cigar, do you? I've got a young physician who thinks I'm going to stop smoking I changed the subject, didn't I? Dear, dear! What a disagreeable old man I've become. You want to know what I think of Charlie Kane? -- Well, -- I suppose he had some private sort of greatness. But he kept it to himself.

(grinning)

He never -- gave himself away --
He never gave anything away.
He just -- left you a tip. He had a generous mind. I don't suppose anybody ever had so many opinions. That was because he had the power to express them, and Charlie lived on power and the excitement of using it. -- But he didn't believe in anything except Charlie Kane. He never had a conviction except Charlie Kane in his life. I guess he died without one. -- That must have been pretty unpleasant. (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

LELAND (cont'd)

Of course, a lot of us check out with no special conviction about death. But we do know what we're leaving....we believe in something.

(looks sharply
at Thompson)

You're absolutely sure you haven't got a cigar?

THOMPSON

Sorry, Mr. Leland.

LELAND

Never mind. -- Bernstein told you about the first days at the office, didn't he? -- Well, Charlie was a bad newspaperman even then. He entertained his readers but he never told them the truth.

THOMPSON

Maybe you could remember something that --

LELAND

I can remember everything. That's my curse, young man. It's the greatest curse that's ever been inflicted on the human race. Memory -- I was his oldest friend.

(slowly)

-- As far as I was concerned, he behaved like a swine. Not that Charlie ever was brutal. He just did brutal things. Maybe I wasn't his friend. If I wasn't, he never had one. Maybe I was what nowadays you call a stooge.

THOMPSON

Mr. Leland, what do you know about Rosebud?

LELAND

Rosebud? Oh! His dying words -- Rosebud -- Yeah. I saw that in the "Inquirer." Well, I've never believed anything I saw in the "Inquirer." Anything else?

(CONTINUED)

Thompson is taken aback.

LELAND (cont'd)

I'll tell you about Emily. I used to go to dancing school with her. I was very graceful. Oh! -- we were talking about the first Mrs. Kane --

THOMPSON

What was she like?

LELAND

She was like all the other girls I knew in dancing school. They were nice girls. Emily was a little nicer. She did her best -- Charlie did his best -- well, after the first couple of months they never saw much of each other except at breakfast. It was a marriage just like any other marriage.

DISSOLVE

NOTE: The following scenes cover a period of nine years -- are played in the same set with only changes in lighting, special effects outside the window, and wardrobe.

INT. KANE'S HOME - BREAKFAST ROOM - DAY - 1901

52

Kane, in white tails, and Emily formally attired. Kane is pouring a glass of milk for Emily out of a milk bottle. As he finishes, he leans over and playfully nips the back of her neck.

EMILY

(flustered)

Charles!

(she's loving it)

Go sit down where you belong.

KANE

(on the way
to his own
place)

You're beautiful.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

I can't be. I've never been to six parties in one night before. I've never been up this late.

KANE

It's just a matter of habit.

EMILY

What do you suppose the servants will think?

KANE

They'll think we enjoyed ourselves. Didn't we?

EMILY

(she gives him
a purring
smile. Then --)

Dearest -- I don't see why you have to go straight off to the newspaper.

KANE

You never should have married a newspaperman. They're worse than sailors. I absolutely love you.

They look at each other.

EMILY

Charles, even newspapermen have to sleep.

KANE

(still looking
at her)

I'll call up Bernstein and tell him to put off my appointments till noon. -- What time is it?

EMILY

I don't know -- it's late.

KANE

It's early.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. KANE'S HOME - BREAKFAST ROOM - DAY - 1902

53 Kane and Emily - different clothes -- different food.

EMILY

Do you know how long you kept me waiting while you went to the office last night for ten minutes? Really, Charles, we were dinner guests at the Boardman's -- we weren't invited for the week end.

KANE

You're the nicest girl I ever married.

EMILY

Charles, if I didn't trust you -- What do you do on a newspaper in the middle of the night?

KANE

My dear, your only correspondent is the "Inquirer."

DISSOLVE

INT. KANE HOME - BREAKFAST ROOM - 1904

54 Kane and Emily -- change of costume and food. Emily is dressed for the street.

EMILY

(kidding on the level)
Sometimes I think I'd prefer a rival of flesh and blood.

KANE

Ah, Emily -- I don't spend that much time --

EMILY

It isn't just time -- it's what you print -- attacking the President --

KANE

You mean Uncle John.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

I mean the President of the
United States.

KANE

He's still Uncle John, and
he's still a well-meaning
fathead --

EMILY

(interrupting)
Charles --

KANE

(continuing
on top of her)
-- who's letting a pack of high-
pressure crooks run his
administration. This whole
oil scandal --

EMILY

He happens to be the President,
Charles -- not you.

KANE

That's a mistake that will be
corrected one of these days.

DISSOLVE

INT. KANE'S HOME - BREAKFAST ROOM - 1905

55 Kane and Emily -- change of costume and food.

EMILY

Charles, when people make a
point of not having the
"Inquirer" in their homes --
Margaret English says that
the Reading Room at the Assembly
already has more than forty
names that have agreed to cancel
the paper --

KANE

That's wonderful. Mr. Bernstein
will be delighted. You see, Emily,
when your friends cancel the paper,
that just takes another name off
our deadbeat list. You know, don't
you, it's practically a point of
honor among the rich not to pay
the newsdealer.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

86

INT. KANE'S HOME - BREAKFAST ROOM - 1906

.56 Kane and Emily - change of costume and food.

EMILY

Your Mr. Bernstein sent Junior
the most incredible atrocity
yesterday. I simply can't have
it in the nursery.

KANE

Mr. Bernstein is apt to pay a
visit to the nursery now and
then.

EMILY

Does he have to?

KANE

(shortly)
Yes.

DISSOLVE

INT. KANE'S HOME - BREAKFAST ROOM - 1908

57 Kane and Emily - change of costume and food.

EMILY

Really, Charles -- people have
a right to expect --

KANE

What I care to give them.

DISSOLVE

INT. KANE'S HOME - BREAKFAST ROOM - 1909

58 Kane and Emily - change of costume and food. They are
both silent -- reading newspapers -- Kane is reading
his "Inquirer" -- Emily is reading a copy of the
"Chronicle."

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

87

EXT. HOSPITAL ROOF - DAY - 1940

59

Leland and Thompson.

THOMPSON

Wasn't he ever in love with her?

LELAND

He married for love --

(a little

laugh)

That's why he did everything. That's why he went into politics. It seems we weren't enough. He wanted all the voters to love him, too. All he really wanted out of life was love. -- That's Charlie's story -- how he lost it. You see, he just didn't have any to give. He loved Charlie Kane, of course, very dearly, -- and his mother, I guess he always loved her.

THOMPSON

How about his second wife?

LELAND

Susan Alexander?

(he chuckles)

You know what Charlie called her? -- The day after he'd met her he told me about her -- he said she was a cross-section of the American public. -- I guess he couldn't help it -- she must have had something for him.

(with

a smile)

That first night, according to Charlie -- all she had was a toothache.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

88

EXT. CORNER DRUGSTORE AND STREET ON THE WEST SIDE OF
NEW YORK - NIGHT - 1915

60 Susan, aged twenty-two, neatly but cheaply dressed, is leaving the drugstore. (It's about eight o'clock at night.) With a large, man-sized handkerchief pressed to her cheek, she is in considerable pain. A carriage crosses in front of the camera -- passes -- Susan continues down the street -- CAM-RA FOLLOWING her -- encounters Kane -- very indignant, standing near the edge of the sidewalk, covered with mud. She looks at him and smiles. He glares at her. She starts on down the street; turns, looks at him again and starts to laugh.

KANE

(glowering)
It's not funny.

SUSAN

I'm sorry, mister -- but you
do look awful funny.

Suddenly the pain returns and she claps her hand to her jaw.

SUSAN (cont'd)

Ow!

KANE

What's the matter with you?

SUSAN

Toothache.

KANE

Hmm!

He has been rubbing his clothes with his handkerchief.

SUSAN

You've got some on your face.
(starts to
laugh again)

KANE

What's funny now?

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN

You are.
(the pain
returns)

Oh!

KANE

Ah ha!

SUSAN

If you want to come in and wash
your face -- I can get you some
hot water to get that dirt off
your trousers --

KANE

Thanks.

Susan starts, with Kane following her.

DISSOLVE

INT. SUSAN'S ROOM - NIGHT - 1915

61 Susan comes into the room, carrying a basin, with
towels over her arm. Kane is waiting for her. She
doesn't close the door.

SUSAN

(by way of
explanation)

My landlady prefers me to keep
this door open when I have a
gentleman caller. She's a very
decent woman.

(making a face)

Ow!

Kane rushes to take the basin from her, putting it on
the chiffonier. To do this, he has to shove the
photograph to one side with the basin. Susan grabs
the photograph as it is about to fall over.

SUSAN (cont'd)

Hey, you should be more careful.
That's my Ma and Pa.

KANE

I'm sorry. They live here too?

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN

No. They've passed on.

Again she puts her hand to her jaw.

KANE

You poor kid, you are in pain,
aren't you?

Susan can't stand it any more and sits down in a chair,
bent over, whimpering a bit.

KANE (cont'd)

Look at me.

She looks at him.

KANE (cont'd)

Why don't you laugh? I'm just
as funny in here as I was on the
street.

SUSAN

I know, but you don't like me to
laugh at you.

KANE

I don't like your tooth to hurt
either.

SUSAN

I can't help it.

KANE

Come on, laugh at me.

SUSAN

I can't -- what are you doing?

KANE

I'm wiggling both my ears at
the same time.

(he does so)

It took me two solid years at
the finest boys' school in the
world to learn that trick. The
fellow who taught me is now
President of Venezuela.

(he wiggles his
ears again)

(CONTINUED)

Susan starts to smile.

That's it. KANE (cont'd)

Susan smiles very broadly -- then starts to laugh.

DISSOLVE

INT. SUSAN'S ROOM - NIGHT - 1915

62

CLOSEUP of a duck, CAMERA PULLS BACK showing it to be a shadowgraph on the wall, made by Kane, who is now in his shirt sleeves.

SUSAN
(hesitatingly)
A chicken?

KANE
No. But you're close.

SUSAN
A rooster?

KANE
You're getting further away all the time. It's a duck.

SUSAN
A duck. You're not a professional magician, are you?

KANE
No. I've told you. My name is Kane -- Charles Foster Kane.

SUSAN
I know. Charles Foster Kane. Gee -- I'm pretty ignorant, I guess you caught on to that --

KANE
You really don't know who I am?

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN

No. That is, I bet it turns out I've heard your name a million times, only you know how it is --

KANE

But you like me, don't you? Even though you don't know who I am?

SUSAN

You've been wonderful! I can't tell you how glad I am you're here, I don't know many people and --

(she stops)

KANE

And I know too many people. Obviously, we're both lonely.
(he smiles)

Would you like to know where I was going tonight -- when you ran into me and ruined my Sunday clothes?

SUSAN

I didn't run into you and I bet they're not your Sunday clothes. You've probably got a lot of clothes.

KANE

I was only joking!
(pauses)

I was on my way to the Western Manhattan Warehouses -- in search of my youth.

Susan is bewildered.

KANE (cont'd)

You see, my mother died too -- a long time ago. Her things were put into storage out West because I had no place to put them then. I still haven't. But now I've sent for them just the same. And tonight I'd planned to make a sort of sentimental journey -- and now --

(CONTINUED)

Kane doesn't finish. He looks at Susan. Silence.

KANE (cont'd)

Who am I? Well, let's see:
Charles Foster Kane was born in
New Salem, Colorado in eighteen
six --

(he stops on the
word "sixty" --
obviously a
little embarrassed)

I run a couple of newspapers.
How about you?

SUSAN

Me?

KANE

How old did you say you were?

SUSAN

(very bright)
I didn't say.

KANE

I didn't think you did. If you
had I wouldn't have asked you
again, because I'd have
remembered. How old?

SUSAN

Pretty old. I'll be twenty-two
in August.

KANE

That's a ripe old age. -- What
do you do?

SUSAN

I work at Seligman's.

KANE

Is that what you want to do?

SUSAN

I wanted to be a singer. I
mean, I didn't. Mother did
for me.

(CONTINUED)

KANE

What happened to the singing?

SUSAN

Mother always thought -- she used to talk about Grand Opera for me. Imagine! -- Anyway my voice isn't that kind. It's just -- you know what mothers are like.

KANE

Yes.

SUSAN

As a matter of fact, I do sing a little.

KANE

Would you sing for me?

SUSAN

Oh, you wouldn't want to hear me sing.

KANE

Yes, I would. That's why I asked.

SUSAN

Well, I --

KANE

Don't tell me your toothache is bothering you again?

SUSAN

Oh, no, that's all gone.

KANE

Then you haven't any alibi at all. Please sing.

Susan, with a tiny ladylike hesitancy, goes to the piano and sings a polite song. Sweetly, nicely, she sings with a small, untrained voice. Kane listens. He is relaxed, at ease with the world.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

95

INSERT "INQUIRER" HEADLINE. (1916)

BOSS ROGERS PICKS DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE

DISSOLVE

INSERT "INQUIRER" HEADLINE. (1916)

BOSS ROGERS PICKS REPUBLICAN NOMINEE

DISSOLVE

INSERT FOUR COLUMN CARTOON ON BACK PAGE OF "INQUIRER."
(1916)

This shows Boss Rogers, labelled as such, in convict stripes, dangling little marionette figures -- labelled Democratic Candidate and Republican Candidate -- from each hand. As CAMERA PANS to remaining four columns it reveals box. This is headed:

"Put this man in jail, people of New York."

It is signed, in bold type, "Charles Foster Kane." The text between headline and signature, little of which need be read, tells of the boss-ridden situation.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

96

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT - 1916

63

The evening of the final great rally. Emily and Junior are to be seen in the front of a box. Emily is tired and wears a forced smile on her face. Junior, now aged nine and a half, is eager, bright-eyed and excited. Kane is just finishing his speech.

KANE

It is no secret that I entered upon this campaign with no thought that I could be elected Governor of this State! It is no secret that my only purpose was to bring as wide publicity as I could to the domination of this State -- of its every resource -- of its every income -- of literally the lives and deaths of its citizens by Boss Edward G. Rogers! It is now no secret that every straw vote, every independent poll, shows that I will be elected. And I repeat to you -- my first official act as Governor will be to appoint a special District Attorney to arrange for the indictment, prosecution and conviction of Boss Edward G. Rogers!

Terrific screaming and cheering from the audience.

DISSOLVE

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT - 1916

64

THE SPEAKERS' PLATFORM. Numerous officials and civic leaders are crowding around Kane. Cameramen take flash photographs.

FIRST CIVIC LEADER

Great speech, Mr. Kane.

SECOND LEADER

(pompous)

One of the most notable public utterances ever made by a candidate in this State --

KANE

Thank you, gentlemen. Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

He looks up and notices that the box in which Emily and Junior were sitting is now empty. He starts toward rear of the platform, through the press of people. Hillman approaches him.

HILLMAN

A wonderful speech, Mr. Kane.

Kane pats him on the shoulder as he walks along.

HILLMAN (cont'd)

If the election were held today, you'd be elected by a hundred thousand votes -- on an independent ticket there's never been anything like it!

Kane is very pleased. He continues with Hillman slowly through the crowd -- a band playing off.

KANE

It does seem too good to be true.

HILLMAN

Rogers isn't even pretending. He isn't just scared any more. He's sick. Frank Norris told me last night he hasn't known Rogers to be that worried in twenty-five years.

KANE

I think it's beginning to dawn on Mr. Rogers that I mean what I say. With Mr. Rogers out of the way, Hillman, I think we may really begin to hope for a good government in this State.

(stopping)

A WELL-WISHER

Great speech, Mr. Kane!

ANOTHER WELL-WISHER

Wonderful, Mr. Kane!

Ad libs from other well-wishers.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

98

EXT. ONE OF THE EXITS - MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT
1916

65

Emily and Junior are standing, waiting for Kane.

JUNIOR
Is Pop Governor yet, Mom?

Kane appears with Hillman and several other men. He rushes toward Emily and Junior. The men politely greet Emily.

KANE
Hello, Butch! Did you like your old man's speech?

JUNIOR
I was in a box, Father. I could hear every word.

KANE
I saw you! Good night, gentlemen.

There are good nights. Kane's car is at the curb and he starts to walk toward it with Junior and Emily.

EMILY
I'm sending Junior home in the car, Charles -- with Oliver --

KANE
But I'd arranged to go home with you myself.

EMILY
There's a call I want you to make with me, Charles.

KANE
It can wait.

EMILY
No, it can't.
(kisses Junior)
Good night, darling.

(CONTINUED)

JUNIOR
Good night, Mom.

KANE
(as car
drives off)
What's this all about, Emily?
I've had a very tiring day and --

EMILY
It may not be about anything at
all.
(starting to
a cab at
curb)
I intend to find out.

KANE
I insist on being told exactly
what you have in mind.

EMILY
I'm going to --
(she looks at a
slip of paper)
185 West 74th Street.

Kane's reaction indicates that the address definitely
means something to him.

EMILY (cont'd)
If you wish, you can come with
me...

KANE
(nods)
I'll come with you.

He opens the door and she enters the cab. He follows
her.

DISSOLVE

INT. CAB - NIGHT - 1916

Kane and Emily. He looks at her in search of some kind
of enlightenment. Her face is set and impassive.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

100

EXT. SUSAN'S APARTMENT HOUSE DOOR - NIGHT - 1916

67 Kane and Emily, in front of an apartment door. Emily is pressing the bell.

KANE
I had no idea you had this flair
for melodrama, Emily.

Emily does not answer. The door is opened by a maid, who recognizes Kane.

THE MAID
Come in, Mr. Kane, come in.

She stands to one side for Kane and Emily to enter. This they start to do. Beyond them we see into the room.

INT. SUSAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - 1916

68 As Kane and Emily enter, Susan rises from a chair. The other person in the room - a big, heavy-set man, a little past middle age -- stays where he is, leaning back in his chair, regarding Kane intently.

SUSAN
It wasn't my fault, Charlie.
He made me send your wife a
note. He said I'd -- oh, he's
been saying the most terrible
things, I didn't know what to
do...I --
(she stops)

ROGERS
Good evening, Mr. Kane.
(he rises)
I don't suppose anybody would
introduce us. Mrs. Kane, I'm
Edward Rogers.

EMILY
How do you do?

ROGERS
I made Miss -- Miss Alexander
send you the note. She was a
little unwilling, at first --
(smiles
grimly)
but she did it.

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN

I can't tell you the things he
said, Charlie. You haven't
got any idea --

KANE

(turning
on Rogers)

Rogers, I don't think I will
postpone doing something about
you until I'm elected.

(starts
toward him)

To start with, I think I'll
break your neck.

ROGERS

(not giving
way an inch)

Maybe you can do it and maybe
you can't, Mr. Kane.

EMILY

Charles!

(he stops to
look at her)

Your -- your breaking this
man's neck --

(she is clearly
disgusted)

-- would scarcely explain this
note --

(glancing
at the note)

-- Serious consequences for
Mr. Kane --

(slowly)

-- for myself, and for my son.
What does this note mean, Miss --

SUSAN

(stiffly)

I'm Susan Alexander.

(pauses)

I know what you think, Mrs.
Kane, but --

EMILY

(ignoring this)

What does this note mean, Miss
Alexander?

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN

It's like this, Mrs. Kane. I happened to be studying singing -- I always wanted to be an opera singer -- and Mr. Kane happened -- I mean, he's been helping me --

EMILY

What does this note mean, Miss Alexander?

ROGERS

She doesn't know, Mrs. Kane. She just sent it -- because I made her see it wouldn't be smart for her not to send it.

KANE

In case you don't know, Emily, this -- this gentleman -- is --

ROGERS

I'm not a gentleman, Mrs. Kane, and your husband is just trying to be funny calling me one. I don't even know what a gentleman is. You see, my idea of a gentleman, Mrs. Kane -- well, if I owned a newspaper and if I didn't like the way somebody else was doing things -- some politician, say -- I'd fight them with everything I had. Only I wouldn't show him in a convict suit, with stripes -- so his children could see the picture in the paper. Or his mother.

EMILY

Oh!!

KANE

You're a cheap, crooked grafter -- and your concern for you children and your mother --

(CONTINUED)

ROGERS

Anything you say, Mr. Kane. Only we're talking now about what you are. That's what that note is about, Mrs. Kane. I'm going to lay all my cards on the table. I'm fighting for my life. Not just my political life. My life. If your husband is elected Governor --

KANE

I'm going to be elected Governor. And the first thing I'm going to do --

EMILY

Let him finish, Charles.

ROGERS

I'm protecting myself every way I know how, Mrs. Kane. This last week, I finally found out how I can stop your husband from being elected. If the people of this state learn what I found out this week, he wouldn't have a chance to -- he couldn't be elected Dog Catcher.

KANE

You can't blackmail me, Rogers. You can't --

SUSAN

(excitedly)

Charlie, he said, unless you withdrew your name --

ROGERS

That's the chance I'm willing to give you, Mr. Kane. More of a chance than you'd give me. Unless you make up your mind by tomorrow that you're so sick that you've got to go away for a year or two -- Monday morning every paper in this state -- except yours -- will carry the story I'm going to give them.

EMILY

What story, Mr. Rogers?

(CONTINUED)

ROGERS
The story about him and Miss
Alexander, Mrs. Kane.

Emily looks at Kane.

SUSAN
There is no story. It's all
lies. Mr. Kane is just --

ROGERS
(to Susan)
Shut up!
(to Kane)
We've got evidence that would
stand up in any court of law.
You want me to give you the
evidence, Mr. Kane?

KANE
You do anything you want to do.

ROGERS
Mrs. Kane, I'm not asking you
to believe me. I'd like to
show you --

EMILY
I believe you, Mr. Rogers.

ROGERS
I'd rather Mr. Kane withdrew
without having to get the story
published. Not that I care
about him. But I'd be better
off that way -- and so would
you, Mrs. Kane.

SUSAN
What about me?
(to Kane)
He said my name'd be dragged
through the mud. He said
everywhere I'd go from now
on --

EMILY
There seems to me to be only
one decision you can make,
Charles. I'd say that it has
been made for you.

(CONTINUED)

KANE

Have you gone completely mad, Emily? You don't think I'm going to let this blackmailer intimidate me, do you?

EMILY

I don't see what else you can do, Charles. If he's right -- and the papers publish this story he has --

KANE

Oh, they'll publish it all right. I'm not afraid of the story. You can't tell me that the voters of this state --

EMILY

I'm not interested in the voters of this state right now. I am interested in -- well, Junior, for one thing.

SUSAN

Charlie! If they publish this story --

EMILY

They won't. Good night, Mr. Rogers. There's nothing more to be said. Are you coming, Charles?

KANE

No.

She looks at him. He starts to work himself into a rage.

KANE (cont'd)

There's only one person in the world to decide what I'm going to do -- and that's me. And if you think -- if any of you think --

EMILY

You decided what you were going to do, Charles -- some time ago. Come on, Charles.

(CONTINUED)

KANE

Go on! Get out! I can fight
this all alone! Get out!

ROGERS

You're making a bigger fool
of yourself than I thought you
would, Mr. Kane. You're licked.
Why don't you --

KANE

(turning
on him)

Get out! I've got nothing to
talk to you about. If you
want to see me, have the Warden
write me a letter.

Rogers nods, with a look that says "So you say."

SUSAN

(starting
to cry)

Charlie, you're just excited.
You don't realize --

KANE

I know exactly what I'm doing.
(he is
screaming)
Get out!

EMILY

(quietly)

Charles, if you don't listen
to reason, it may be too late --

KANE

Too late for what? Too late
for you and this -- this public
thief to take the love of the
people of this state away from
me? Well, you won't do it, I
tell you. You won't do it!

SUSAN

Charlie, there are other things
to think of.

(a sly look
comes into
her eyes)

Your son -- you don't want him
to read in the papers --

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

It ~~is~~ too late now, Charles.

KANE

(rushes to
the door
and opens
it)

Get out, both of you!

SUSAN

(rushes
to him)

Charlie, please don't --

KANE

What are you waiting here
for? Why don't you go?

EMILY

Good night, Charles.

She walks out. Rogers stops directly in front of Kane.

ROGERS

You're the greatest fool I've
ever known, Kane. If it was
anybody else, I'd say what's
going to happen to you would
be a lesson to you. Only
you're going to need more than
one lesson. And you're going
to get more than one lesson.

KANE

Don't worry about me. I'm
Charles Foster Kane. I'm no
cheap, crooked politician,
trying to save himself from the
consequences of his crimes --

69 CAMERA ANGLING toward Kane from other end of the hall. Rogers and Emily are already down the hall, moving toward f.g. Kane in apartment doorway b.g.

KANE

(screams
louder)

I'm going to send you to Sing
Sing, Rogers. Sing Sing!

Kane is trembling with rage as he shakes his fist at Rogers' back. Susan, quieter now, has snuggled into the hollow of his shoulder as they stand in the doorway.

DISSOLVE

INSERT The Chronicle front page with photograph (as in the News Digest) revealing Kane's relations with Susan. Headline reads:

CANDIDATE KANE FOUND IN LOVENEST
WITH "SINGER"

DISSOLVE

INT. COMPOSING ROOM - INQUIRER - NIGHT - 1916

70 CAMERA ANGLES down on enormous headline in type with proof on top. In back of this headline lies complete front page, except for headline. Headline reads:

KANE GOVERNOR

CAMERA TILTS UP showing Bernstein, actually crying, standing with composing room foreman, Jenkins.

BERNSTEIN

(to foreman)

With a million majority already
against him, and the Church
Counties still to be heard from
-- I'm afraid we got no choice.
This one.

CAMERA PANS to where he is pointing; shows enormous headline, the proof of which in small type reads:

Kane defeated

and in large type screams:

FRAUD AT POLLS

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

109

INT. KANE'S OFFICE - INQUIRY - NIGHT - 1916

71 Kane looks up from his desk as there is a knock on the door.

KANE

Come in.

Leland enters.

KANE

(surprised)

I thought I heard somebody knock.

LELAND

(a bit drunk)

I knocked.

(he looks at him defiantly)

KANE

(trying to laugh it off)

Oh! An official visit of state, eh?

(waves his hand)

Sit down, Jedediah.

LELAND

(sitting down angrily)

I'm drunk.

KANE

Good! It's high time --

LELAND

You don't have to be amusing.

KANE

All right. Tell you what I'll do. I'll get drunk, too.

(CONTINUED)

LELAND

(thinks this
over)

No. That wouldn't help.
Besides, you never get drunk.

(pauses)

I want to talk to you -- about
-- about --

(he can't
get it out)

KANE

(looks at him
sharply a
moment)

If you've got yourself drunk to
talk to me about Susan Alexander
-- I'm not interested.

LELAND

She's not important. That's
much more important --

(he keeps
glaring
at Kane)

KANE

(as if
genuinely
surprised)

Oh!

(he gets up)

I frankly didn't think -- I'd
have to listen to that lecture
from you.

(pauses)

I've betrayed the sacred cause
of reform, is that it? I've set
back the sacred cause of reform
in this state twenty years.
Don't tell me, Jed, you --

Despite his loud, Leland manages to achieve a dignity
about the silent contempt with which he looks at Kane.

KANE

(an outburst)

What makes the sacred cause of
reform so sacred? Why does the
sacred cause of reform have to
be exempt from all the other
facts of life? Why do the laws
of this state have to be executed
by a man on a white charger?

(CONTINUED)

Leland lets the storm ride over his head.

KANE (cont'd)

(calming down)

But, if that's the way they want it -- they've made their choice. The people of this state obviously prefer Mr. Rogers to me.

(his lips
tighten)

So be it.

LELAND

You talk about the people as though they belong to you. As long as I can remember you've talked about giving the people their rights as though you could make them a present of liberty -- in reward for services rendered. You remember the working man? You used to write an awful lot about the working man. Well, he's turning into something called 'organized labor', and you're not going to like that a bit when you find out it means that he thinks he's entitled to something as his right and not your gift.

(he pauses)

And listen, Charles. When your precious underprivileged really do get together -- that's going to add up to something bigger -- than your privilege -- and then I don't know what you'll do. Sail away to a desert island, probably, and lord it over the monkeys.

KANE

Don't worry about it too much, Jed. There's sure to be a few of them there to tell me where I'm wrong.

LELAND

You may not always be that lucky.

(pauses)

Charlie, why can't you get to look at things less personally? Everything doesn't have to be between you and -- the personal note doesn't always --

(CONTINUED)

KANE

(violently)

The personal note is all there is to it. It's all there ever is to it. It's all there ever is to anything! Stupidity in our Government - crookedness -- even just complacency and self-satisfaction and an unwillingness to believe that anything done by a certain class of people can be wrong -- you can't fight those things impersonally. They're not impersonal crimes against the people. They're being done by actual persons -- with actual names and positions and -- the right of the American people to their own country is not an academic issue, Jed, that you debate -- and then the judges retire to return a verdict -- and the winners give a dinner for the losers.

LELAND

You almost convince me, almost. The truth is, Charlie, you just don't care about anything except you. You just want to convince people that you love them so much that they should love you back. Only you want love on your own terms. It's something to be played your way -- according to your rules. And if anything goes wrong and you're hurt -- then the game stops, and you've got to be soothed and nursed, no matter what else is happening -- and no matter who else is hurt!

They look at each other.

KANE

(trying to
kid him
into a
better
humor)

Hey, Jedediah!

Leland is not to be seduced.

(CONTINUED)

LELAND

Charlie, I wish you'd let me work on the Chicago paper -- you said yourself you were looking for someone to do dramatic criticism there --

KANE

You're more valuable here.

There is silence.

LELAND

Well, Charlie, then I'm afraid there's nothing I can do but to ask you to accept --

KANE

(harshly)

All right. You can go to Chicago.

LELAND

Thank you.

There is an awkward pause. Kane opens a drawer of his desk and takes out a bottle and two glasses.

KANE

I guess I'd better try to get drunk, anyway.

Kane hands Jed a glass, which he makes no move to take.

KANE (cont'd)

But I warn you, Jedediah, you're not going to like it in Chicago. The wind comes howling in off the lake and the Lord only knows if they've ever heard of Lobster Newburg.

LELAND

Will a week from Saturday be all right?

KANE

(wearily)

Any time you say.

(CONTINUED)

LELAND

Thank you.

Kane looks at him intently and lifts the glass.

KANE

A toast, Jedediah -- to love
on my terms. Those are the
only terms anybody knows --
his own.

DISSOLVE

EXT. TOWN HALL IN TRENTON (AS IN NEWS DIGEST) - DAY - 1917

72

Kane (as in News Digest) is just emerging with Susan.
He smashes one camera and before he begins on a second,
a cop removes a newsreel cameraman. He smashes a second
camera, and is just about to start on a third.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Mr. Kane! Mr. Kane! It's
The Inquirer!

Kane sees The Inquirer painted on the side of the camera
and stops.

REPORTER

(quickly)

How about a statement, Mr. Kane?

ANOTHER REPORTER

On the level, Mr. Kane, are
you through with politics?

KANE

I would say vice versa, young
man.

(smiles)

We're going to be a great opera
star.

REPORTER

Are you going to sing at the
Metropolitan, Mrs. Kane?

KANE

We certainly are.

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN

Charlie said if I didn't, he'd
build me an opera house.

KANE

That won't be necessary.

DISSOLVE

INSERT

FRONT PAGE CHICAGO INQUIRER, with
photograph proclaiming that Susan
Alexander opens at new Chicago Opera
House in "Thais." (As in News Digest)
(1919)

On sound track during above we hear the
big expectant murmur of an opening night
audience and the noodling of the orchestra.

DISSOLVE

INT. CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT - SET FOR THAIS - 1919

73

The CAMERA is just inside the curtain, ANGLING upstage.
We see the set for Thais -- and in the center of all this,
in an elaborate costume, looking very small and very
lost, is Susan. She is almost hysterical with fright.
Applause is heard, and the orchestra starts thunderously.
The curtain starts to rise -- the CAMERA with it. Susan
squints and starts to sing. CAMERA CONTINUES on UP with
the curtain the full height of the proscenium arch and
then on up into the gridiron. Susan's voice still heard
but faintly. Two typical stagehands fill the frame,
looking down on the stage below. They look at each other.
One of them puts his hand to his nose.

DISSOLVE

INT. CITY ROOM - CHICAGO INQUIRER - NIGHT - 1919

74

It is late. The room is almost empty. Nobody is at
work at the desks. Bernstein is waiting anxiously with
a little group of Kane's hirelings, most of them in
evening dress with overcoats and hats. Everybody is
tense and expectant.

CITY EDITOR

(turns to a
young hireling;
quietly)

What about Jed Leland? Has
he got in his copy?

(CONTINUED)

HIRELING

Not yet.

BERNSTEIN

Go in and ask him to hurry.

CITY EDITOR

Well, why don't you, Mr. Bernstein? You know Mr. Leland.

BERNSTEIN

(slowly)

I might make him nervous. Mr. Leland, he's writing it from the dramatic angle?

CITY EDITOR

Yes. I thought it was a good idea. We've covered it from the news end, of course.

BERNSTEIN

And the social. How about the music notice? You got that in?

CITY EDITOR

Oh, yes, it's already made up. Our Mr. Mervin wrote a swell review.

BERNSTEIN

Enthusiastic?

CITY EDITOR

Yes, very!
(quietly)
Naturally.

BERNSTEIN

Well, well -- isn't that nice?

KANE'S VOICE

Mr. Bernstein --

Bernstein turns.

MED. LONG SHOT of Kane. He is in white tie, wearing his overcoat and carrying a folded opera hat.

BERNSTEIN

Hello, Mr. Kane.

The hirelings rush, with Bernstein, to Kane's side. Widespread, half-suppressed sensation.

CITY EDITOR

Mr. Kane, this is a surprise!

KANE

We've got a nice plant here.

Everybody falls silent. There isn't anything to say.

CITY EDITOR

Everything has been done exactly to your instructions, Mr. Kane. We've got two spreads of pictures and --

KANE

The music notice on the first page?

CITY EDITOR

Yes, Mr. Kane.
(hesitatingly)
There's still one notice to come. The dramatic.

KANE

That's Leland, isn't it?

CITY EDITOR

Yes, Mr. Kane.

KANE

Has he said when he'll finish?

CITY EDITOR

We haven't heard from him.

KANE

He used to work fast, --
didn't he, Mr. Bernstein?

(CONTINUED)

BERNSTEIN

He sure did, Mr. Kane.

KANE

Where is he?

ANOTHER HIRELING

Right in there, Mr. Kane.

The hireling indicates the closed glass door of a little office at the other end of the City Room. Kane takes it in.

BERNSTEIN

(helpless
but very
concerned)

Mr. Kane --

KANE

That's all right, Mr. Bernstein.

Kane crosses the length of the long City Room to the glass door indicated before by the hireling. The City Editor looks at Bernstein. Kane opens the door and goes into the office, closing the door behind him.

BERNSTEIN

Mr. Leland and Mr. Kane -- they
haven't spoken together for
four years --

CITY EDITOR

You don't suppose --

BERNSTEIN

There's nothing to suppose.

(a long
pause --
finally)

Excuse me.

(starts toward
the door)

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. LELAND'S OFFICE - CHICAGO INQUIRER - NIGHT - 1919

75

Bernstein comes in. An empty bottle is standing on Leland's desk. He has fallen asleep over his typewriter, his face on the keys. A sheet of paper is in the machine. A paragraph has been typed. Kane is standing at the other side of the desk looking down at him. This is the first time we see murder in Kane's face. Bernstein looks at Kane, then crosses to Leland. He shakes him.

BERNSTEIN

(straightens,
looks at Kane;
a pause)

He ain't been drinking before,
Mr. Kane. Never. We would
have heard.

KANE

(finally;
after a
pause)

What does it say there?

Bernstein stares at him.

KANE (cont'd)

What's he written?

Bernstein leans over near-sightedly, painfully reading the paragraph written on the page.

BERNSTEIN

(reading)

"Miss Susan Alexander, a pretty
but hopelessly incompetent
amateur --

(waits for
a minute to
catch his
breath; doesn't
like it)

-- last night opened the new
Chicago Opera House in a
performance of -- of --"

(looks up
miserably)

-- I still can't pronounce that
name, Mr. Kane.

Kane doesn't answer. Bernstein looks at Kane for a moment, then looks back, tortured.

(CONTINUED)

BERNSTEIN (cont'd)

(reading
again)

"Her singing, happily, is no
concern of this department. Of
her acting, it is absolutely
impossible to --"

(continues to
stare at the
page)

KANE

(after a
short
silence)

Go on!

BERNSTEIN

(without
looking up)

That's all there is.

Kane snatches the paper from the roller and reads it for
himself. Slowly a queer look comes into his face. Then
he speaks, very quietly.

KANE

Of her acting, it is absolutely
impossible to say anything
except that it represents in
the opinion of this reviewer a
new low --

(then sharply)

Have you got that, Mr. Bernstein?
In the opinion of this reviewer --

BERNSTEIN

(miserably)

I didn't see that.

KANE

It isn't there, Mr. Bernstein.
I'm dictating it.

BERNSTEIN

But Mr. Kane, I can't -- I
mean -- I --

KANE

Get me a typewriter. I'll
finish the notice.

Bernstein retreats from the room.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. LELAND'S OFFICE - CHICAGO INQUIRER - NIGHT - 1919

76 LONG SHOT - of Kane in his shirt sleeves, illuminated by a desk light, typing furiously. As the CAMERA starts to PULL even further AWAY from this,

DISSOLVE

INT. LELAND'S OFFICE - CHICAGO INQUIRER - NIGHT - 1919

77 Leland, sprawled across his typewriter. He stirs and looks up drunkenly, his eyes encountering Bernstein, who stands beside him.

BERNSTEIN

Hello, Mr. Leland.

LELAND

Hello, Bernstein. Where is it -- where's my notice -- I've got to finish it!

BERNSTEIN

(quietly)

Mr. Kane is finishing it.

LELAND

Kane? -- Charlie -- ?

(painfully
rises)

Where is he?

During all this, the sound of a busy typewriter has been heard. Leland's eyes follow the sound. Slowly he registers Kane out in the City Room.

INT. CITY ROOM - CHICAGO INQUIRER - NIGHT - 1919

78 Kane, in white tie and shirt sleeves, is typing away at a machine, his face, seen by the desk light before him, set in a strange half smile. Leland stands in the door of his office, staring across at him.

LELAND

I suppose he's fixing it up --
I knew I'd never get that
through.

(CONTINUED)

BERNSTEIN

(moving to
his side)

Mr. Kane is finishing your
piece the way you started it.

Leland turns incredulously to Bernstein.

BERNSTEIN (cont'd)

He's writing a bad notice like
you wanted it to be --

(then with a
kind of quiet
passion, rather
than triumph)

-- I guess that'll show you.

Leland picks his way across to Kane's side. Kane goes on
typing, without looking up.

KANE

(after pause)

Hello, Jedodiah.

LELAND

Hello, Charlie -- I didn't know
we were speaking.

Kane stops typing, but doesn't turn.

KANE

Sure, we're speaking, Jed --
You're fired.

He starts typing again, the expression on his face
doesn't change.

DISSOLVE

EXT. HOSPITAL ROOF - DAY - 1940

79

Thompson and Leland. It is getting late. The roof is
now deserted.

THOMPSON

Everybody knows that story,
Mr. Leland, but -- why did he
do it? How could he write a
notice like that when --

(CONTINUED)

LELAND

You just don't know Charlie. He thought that by finishing that piece he could show me he was an honest man. He was always trying to prove something. That whole thing about Susie being an opera singer -- that was trying to prove something. Do you know what the headline was the day before the election? CANDIDATE KANE FOUND IN LOVE NEST WITH quote SINGER unquote. He was going to take the quotes off the singer.

(pauses)

Hey, nurse! Five years ago he wrote from that place of his down South --

(as if trying
to think)

-- you know. Shangri-la? El Dorado?

(pauses)

Sloppy Joe's? What's the name of that place? ...All right. Xanadu. I knew what it was all the time. You caught on, didn't you?

THOMPSON

Yes.

LELAND

I guess maybe I'm not as hard to see through as I think. Anyway, I never even answered his letter. Maybe I should have. He must have been pretty lonely down there in that coliseum those last years. He hadn't finished it when she left him -- he never finished it -- he never finished anything, except my notice. Of course, he built the joint for her.

THOMPSON

That must have been love.

(CONTINUED)

LELAND

I don't know. He was disappointed in the world. So he built one of his own -- an absolute monarchy -- It was something bigger than an opera house anyway --

(calls)

Nurse!

(lowers his voice)

Say, I'll tell you one thing you can do for me, young fellow.

THOMPSON

Sure.

LELAND

On your way out, stop at a cigar store, will you, and send me up a couple of cigars?

THOMPSON

Sure, Mr. Leland. I'll be glad to.

LELAND

Hey, Nurse!

A nurse has already appeared and stands behind him.

NURSE

Yes, Mr. Leland.

LELAND

I'm ready to go in now. You know when I was a young man, there was an impression around that nurses were pretty. It was no truer then than it is now.

(CONTINUED)

NURSE

Here let me take your arm, Mr. Leland.

LELAND

(testily)

All right, all right. You won't forget, will you, about the cigars? And tell them to wrap them up to look like tooth paste, or something, or they'll stop them at the desk. That young doctor I was telling you about, he's got an idea he wants to keep me alive.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. "EL RANCHO" CABARET IN ATLANTIC CITY-EARLY DAWN-1940

80 Neon sign on the roof --

"EL RANCHO"
Floor Show
Susan Alexander Kane
Twice Nightly

CAMERA as before, MOVES through the lights of the sign and down on the skylight, through which is seen Susan at her regular table, Thompson seated across from her. Very faintly during this, idle piano music playing.

DISSOLVE

INT. "EL RANCHO" CABARET - EARLY DAWN - 1940

81 Susan and Thompson are facing each other. The place is almost deserted. Susan is sober. On the other side of the room somebody is playing a piano.

THOMPSON
I'd rather you just talked.
Anything that comes into your
mind -- about yourself and Mr.
Kane.

SUSAN
You wouldn't want to hear a lot
of what comes into my mind about
myself and Mr. Charlie Kane.
(she tosses
down a drink)
You know, -- maybe I shouldn't
ever have sung for Charlie that
first time. Hah! -- I did a
lot of singing after that. To
start with, I sang for teachers
at a hundred bucks an hour.
The teachers got that, I didn't.

THOMPSON
What did you get?

SUSAN
What do you mean?

Thompson doesn't answer.

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN (cont'd)

I didn't get a thing. Just the music lessons. That's all there was to it.

THOMPSON

He married you, didn't he?

SUSAN

He never said anything about marriage until it all came out in the papers about us -- and he lost the election and that Norton woman divorced him. What are you smiling about? I tell you he was really interested in my voice.

(sharply)

What do you think he built that Opera House for? I didn't want it. I didn't want to sing. It was his idea -- everything was his idea -- except my leaving him.

DISSOLVE

INT. LIVING ROOM - KANE'S HOME IN NEW YORK - DAY - 1917
1918

82

Susan is singing. Matisti, her voice teacher, is playing the piano. Kane is seated nearby. Matisti stops.

MATISTI

Impossible! Impossible!

KANE

It is not your job to give ~~her~~ ^{Mrs. Kane's} your opinion of her talents. You're supposed to train her voice. Nothing more. ~~Learn it down to the ground.~~

MATISTI

(sweating)

But, it is impossible. I will be the laughing stock of the musical world! People will say --

(CONTINUED)

*Matisti
about Mrs. Kane --
Kane
said*

KANE

If you're interested in what people will say, Signor Matisti, I may be able to enlighten you a bit. ~~The newspapers, for instance, I'm an authority on about what the papers will say. Signor Matisti, because I own eight of the between here and San Francisco.....~~ It's all right, dear. Signor Matisti is going to listen to reason. Aren't you, maestro?

Something of people will say. The newspapers for instance. I own several of them between here & San Francisco.

MATISTI

Mr. Kane, how can I persuade you --

KANE

You can't.

There is a silence. Matisti rises.

KANE (cont'd)

I knew you'd see it my way.

DISSOLVE

INT. CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT - 1919

83 It is the same opening night -- it is the same moment as before -- except that the CAMERA is now onstage ANGLING toward the audience. The curtain is down. We see the same tableau as before. As the dissolve commences, there is the sound of applause and now as the dissolve completes itself, the orchestra begins -- the stage is cleared -- Susan is left alone. The curtain rises. Susan starts to sing. Beyond her, we see the prompter's box, containing the anxious face of the prompter. Beyond that, an apprehensive conductor.

84 CLOSEUP of Kane's face -- seated in the audience -- listening.

A sudden but perfectly correct lull in the music reveals a voice from the audience -- a few words from a sentence.

(CONTINUED)

84 (CONTINUED)

THE VOICE

-- really pathetic.

Music crashes in and drowns out the rest of the sentence, but hundreds of people around the voice have heard it (as well as Kane) and there are titters which grow in volume.

85 CLOSEUP of Susan's face -- singing.

86 CLOSEUP of Kane's face -- listening.

There is the ghastly sound of three thousand people applauding as little as possible. Kane still looks. Then, near the camera, there is the sound of about a dozen people applauding very very loudly. CAMERA MOVES BACK, revealing Bernstein and Hillman and other Kane stooges, seated around him, beating their palms together.

87 THE STAGE FROM KANE'S ANGLE - The curtain is down-- Still the polite applause dying fast. Nobody comes out for a bow.

88 CLOSEUP of Kane -- breathing heavily. Suddenly he starts to applaud furiously.

89 THE STAGE FROM THE AUDIENCE AGAIN - Susan appears for her bow. She can hardly walk. There is a little polite crescendo of applause, but it is sickly.

90 CLOSEUP of Kane -- still applauding very, very hard, his eyes on Susan.

91 THE STAGE AGAIN -- Susan, finishing her bow, goes out through the curtains. The light on the curtain goes out and the houselights go up.

92 CLOSEUP of Kane -- still applauding very, very hard.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CHICAGO - DAY - 1919

93 Kane - Susan in a negligee. The floor is littered with newspapers.

SUSAN

Stop telling me he's your friend.

(she points
at the paper)

A friend don't write that kind of an article. Anyway, not the kind of friends I know. Of course, I'm not high-class like you and I didn't go to any swell schools --

KANE

That's enough, Susan.

A look at him convinces Susan that he really means it's enough. There's a knock at the door.

SUSAN

(screeching)

Come in!

A copy boy enters.

COPY BOY

Mr. Leland said I was to come right up -- He was very anxious --

KANE

(interrupting)

Thanks, son.

He shoves the kid out. He opens the envelope as Susan returns to the attack.

SUSAN

The idea of him trying to spoil my debut!

Kane has taken a folded piece of paper out of the envelope and is holding it -- looking into the envelope.

(CONTINUED)

KANE

He won't spoil anything else,
Susan.

SUSAN

And you -- you ought to have
your head examined! Sending
him a letter he's fired with a
twenty-five thousand dollar
check! What kind of firing do
you call that? You did send
him a twenty-five thousand
dollar check, didn't you?

KANE

(slowly tipping
over the envelope
as pieces of torn
papers fall to the
floor)

Yes, I sent him a twenty-five
thousand dollar check.

Kane now unfolds the piece of paper and looks at it.

INSERT

Kane's original grease-pencil copy
of his "Declaration of Principles."

SUSAN'S VOICE

What's that?

KANE'S VOICE

An antique..

BACK TO SCENE:

SUSAN

You're awful funny, aren't you?
Well, I can tell you one thing
you're not going to keep on
being funny about. -- my singing.
I'm through. I never wanted to --

KANE

(without
looking up)
You are continuing your singing,
Susan.

(he starts
tearing
the paper)
I'm not going to have myself
made ridiculous.

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN

You don't propose to have
yourself made ridiculous?
What about me? I'm the one
that has to do the singing.
I'm the one that gets the
razzberries. Why can't you
just --

KANE

(looking up --
still tearing
the paper)

My reasons satisfy me, Susan.
You seem to be unable to
understand them. I will not
tell them to you again.

(he has started
to walk
menacingly
toward her,
tearing the
paper as he
walks)

You are to continue with your
singing.

His eyes are relentlessly upon her. She sees something
that frightens her. She nods slowly; indicating surrender.

DISSOLVE

INSERT

FRONT PAGE of the "San Francisco
Inquirer" (1919) containing a large
portrait of Susan as Thais. It is
announced that Susan will open an
independent season in San Francisco
in "Thais." The picture remains constant
but the names of the papers change from New
York to St. Louis, to Los Angeles to
Cleveland, to Denver, to Philadelphia --
all "Inquirers."

During all this, on the SOUND TRACK, Susan's voice is
heard singing her aria very faintly.

DISSOLVE

INT. SUSAN'S BEDROOM + KANE'S N.Y. HOME - LATE NIGHT-1920

94. CAMERA ANGLES across the bed and Susan's form towards the
door, from the other side of which comes loud knocking
and Kane's voice calling Susan's name. Then:

KANE'S VOICE

Joseph!

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPH'S VOICE

Yes, sir.

KANE'S VOICE

Do you have the keys to Mrs.
Kane's bedroom?

JOSEPH'S VOICE

No, Mr. Kane. They must be on
the inside.

KANE'S VOICE

We'll have to break down the
door.

JOSEPH'S VOICE

Yes, sir.

The door crashes open. Light floods the room, revealing Susan, fully dressed, stretched out on the bed. She is breathing, but heavily. Kane rushes to her, kneels at the bed and feels her forehead. Joseph has followed him in.

KANE

Get Dr. Corey.

Joseph rushes out.

DISSOLVE

INT. SUSAN'S BEDROOM - KANE'S N.Y. HOME - LATE NIGHT -1920

95

A little later. All the lights are lit. At start of scene, Dr. Corey removes his doctor's bag from in front of camera lens, revealing Susan, in a nightgown, is in bed. She is breathing heavily. A nurse is bending over the bed, straightening the sheets.

DR. COREY'S VOICE

She'll be perfectly all right
in a day or two, Mr. Kane.

The nurse walks away from the bed toward b.g. We now see Kane, who was hidden by the nurse's body, seated beyond the bed. He is holding an empty medicine bottle. Dr. Corey walks to him.

(CONTINUED)

KANE

I can't imagine how Mrs. Kane came to make such a foolish mistake.

(Susan turns
her head
away from
Kane)

The sedative Dr. Wagner gave her is in a somewhat larger bottle.

-- I suppose the strain of preparing for the new opera has excited and confused her.

(looks sharply
up at Dr. Corey)

DR. COREY

Yes, yes -- I'm sure that's it.

Dr. Corey turns and walks toward the nurse.

KANE

There are no objections to my staying here with her, are there?

DR. COREY

No -- not at all. But I'd like the nurse to be here, too.
Good night, Mr. Kane.

Dr. Corey hurries out the door.

DISSOLVE

INT. SUSAN'S BEDROOM - KANE'S N.Y. HOME - VERY EARLY DAWN

- 1920

96

The lights are out. CAMERA PANS from nurse, who is seated stiffly in a chair, toward Kane seated beside the bed staring at Susan, to Susan who is asleep.

DISSOLVE

INT. SUSAN'S BEDROOM - KANE'S N.Y. HOME - DAY - 1920

97

Sunlight is streaming into the room. A hurdy-gurdy is heard. Kane is still seated beside the bed, looking at Susan, who is asleep. After a moment Susan gasps and opens her eyes. She looks toward the window, Kane leans toward her. She looks up at him, then away.

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN

(painfully)

Charlie -- I couldn't make you see how I felt. -- I just couldn't go through with the singing again. -- You don't know what it's like to feel that people -- that a whole audience doesn't want you.

KANE

(angrily)

That's when you've got to fight them!

She looks up at him silently with pathetic eyes.

KANE (cont'd)

(after a moment;
gently)

All right. You won't have to fight them any more. -- It's their loss.

She continues to look at him, but now gratefully.

DISSOLVE

98

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT OF XANADU - Half built - 1925

DISSOLVE

INT. GREAT HALL - XANADU - 1929

99

CLOSEUP of an enormous jigsaw puzzle. A hand is putting in the last piece. CAMERA MOVES BACK to reveal jigsaw puzzle spread out on the floor --.

Susan is on the floor before her jigsaw puzzle. Kane is in an easy chair. Candelabra illuminates the scene.

SUSAN

What time is it?

There is no answer.

SUSAN (cont'd)

Charlie! I said, what time is it?

(CONTINUED)

KANE
(looks up --
consults his
watch)
Eleven-thirty.

SUSAN
I mean in New York. --
(no answer)
I said what time is it in New
York!

KANE
Eleven-thirty.

SUSAN
At night?

KANE
Umhm. The bulldog's just gone
to press.

SUSAN
(sarcastically)
Hurray for the bulldog!
(sighs)
Eleven-thirty! The shows're
just getting out. People are
going to night clubs and
restaurants. Of course, we're
different because we live in
a palace.

KANE
You always said you wanted to
live in a palace.

SUSAN
A person could go nuts in this
dump.

Kane doesn't answer.

SUSAN (cont'd)
Nobody to talk to -- nobody to
have any fun with.

KANE
Susan --

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN

Forty-nine thousand acres of nothing but scenery and -- statues. I'm lonesome.

KANE

I thought you were tired of house guests. Till yesterday morning, we've had no less than fifty of your friends at any one time. As a matter of fact, Susan, if you'll look carefully in the west wing, you'll probably find a dozen vacationists still in residence.

SUSAN

You make a joke out of everything! Charlie, I want to go back to New York. I'm tired of being a hostess. I wanta have fun. Please, Charlie, please!

KANE

Our home is here, Susan. I don't care to visit New York.

DISSOLVE

100 ANOTHER PICTURE PUZZLE - Susan's hands fitting in a missing piece. (1930)

DISSOLVE

101 ANOTHER PICTURE PUZZLE - Susan's hands fitting in a missing piece. (1931)

DISSOLVE

INT. GREAT HALL - KANADU - DAY - 1932

102 CLOSEUP of another jigsaw puzzle. CAMERA PULLS BACK to show Kane and Susan in much the same positions as before, except that they are older.

KANE

One thing I've never been able to understand, Susan. How do you know that you haven't done them before?

(CONTINUED)

Susan shoots him an angry glance. She isn't amused.

SUSAN

It makes a whole lot more sense than collecting Venuses.

KANE

You may be right -- I sometimes wonder -- but you get into the habit --

SUSAN

(snapping)

It's not a habit. I do it because I like it.

KANE

I was referring to myself.

(pauses)

I thought we might have a picnic tomorrow --. Invite everybody to go to the Everglades --

SUSAN

Invite everybody! -- Order everybody, you mean, and make them sleep in tents! Who wants to sleep in tents when they have a nice room of their own -- with their own bath, where they know where everything is?

Kane has looked at her steadily, not hostilely.

KANE

I thought we might invite everybody to go on a picnic tomorrow. Stay at Everglades overnight.

DISSOLVE

EXT. XANADU - ROAD - DAY - 1932

103

TIGHT TWO SHOT - Kane and Susan seated in an automobile, silent, glum, staring before them. CAMERA PULLS BACK revealing that there are twenty cars full of picnickers following them, on their way through the Xanadu Estate.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. THE EVERGLADES CAMP - NIGHT - 1932

104 LONG SHOT - of a number of classy tents.

DISSOLVE

INT. LARGE TENT - EVERGLADES CAMP - NIGHT - 1932

105 Two real beds have been set up on each side of the tent. A rather classy dressing table is in the rear, at which Susan is preparing for bed. Kane, in his shirt sleeves, is in an easy chair, reading. Susan is very sullen.

SUSAN

I'm not going to put up with it.

Kane turns to look at her.

SUSAN (cont'd)

I mean it. Oh, I know I always say I mean it, and then I don't -- or you get me so I don't do what I say I'm going to -- but --

KANE

(interrupting)

You're in a tent, darling. You're not at home. And I can hear you very well if you just talk in a normal tone of voice.

SUSAN

I'm not going to have my guests insulted, just because you ---

(in a rage)

--- if people want to bring a drink or two along on a picnic, that's their business. You've got no right ---

KANE

(quickly)

I've got more than a right as far as you're concerned, Susan.

SUSAN

I'm sick and tired of your telling me what I mustn't do! And what I ---

(CONTINUED)

7/19/40
140

KANE

We can discuss all this some other time, Susan. Right now --

SUSAN

I'll discuss what's on my mind when I want to. I'm sick of having you run my life the way you want it.

KANE

Susan, as far as you're concerned, I've never wanted anything -- I don't want anything now -- except what you want.

SUSAN

What you want me to want, you mean. What you've decided I ought to have --- what you'd want if you were me. Never, what I want --

KANE

Susan!

SUSAN

You've never given me anything that ---

KANE

I really think --

SUSAN

Oh sure, you give me things -- that don't mean anything to you --- What's the difference between giving me a bracelet or giving somebody else a hundred thousand dollars for a statue you're going to keep crated up and never look at? It's only money.

KANE

(he has
risen)

Susan, I want you to stop this.

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN
I'm not going to stop it!

KANE
Right now!

SUSAN
(screams)
You never gave me anything in
your life! You just tried to --
to buy me into giving you
something. You're -- it's like
you were bribing me!

KANE
Susan!

SUSAN
That's all you ever done -- no
matter how much it cost you --
your time, your money -- that's
all you've done with everybody.
Tried to bribe them!

KANE
Susan!

She looks at him, with no lessening of her passion.

KANE (cont'd)
(quietly)
Whatever I do -- I do --
because I love you.

SUSAN
You don't love me! You just
want me to love you -- sure --
I'm Charles Foster Kane.
Whatever you want -- just name
it and it's yours. But you
gotta love me!

Without a word, Kane slaps her across the face. He
continues to look at her.

SUSAN (cont'd)
You'll never get a chance to
do that again.

(CONTINUED)

105 (CONTINUED)

7/19/40
142

SUSAN (cont'd)
Don't tell me you're sorry.

KANE
I'm not sorry.

DISSOLVE

INT. GREAT HALL - XANADU - DAY - 1932

106 Kane is at the window looking out. He turns as he hears Raymond enter.

RAYMOND
Mrs. Kane would like to see you,
Mr. Kane.

KANE
All right.

Raymond waits as Kane hesitates.

KANE (cont'd)
Is Mrs. Kane --
(he can't
finish)

RAYMOND
Marie has been packing her since
morning, Mr. Kane.

Kane impetuously walks past him out of the room.

INT. SUSAN'S ROOM - XANADU - DAY - 1932

143

107

Packed suitcases are on the floor. Susan is completely dressed for travelling. Kane bursts into the room.

SUSAN

Tell Arnold I'm ready, Marie.
He can get the bags.

MARIE

Yes, Mrs. Kane.

She leaves. Kane closes the door behind her.

KANE

Have you gone completely crazy?

Susan looks at him.

KANE (cont'd)

Don't you realize that everybody
here is going to know about this?
That you've packed your bags and
ordered the car and --

SUSAN

-- And left? Of course they'll
hear. I'm not saying good-bye
-- except to you -- but I
never imagined that people
wouldn't know.

Kane is standing against the door as if physically
barring her way.

KANE

I won't let you go.

SUSAN

(reaches out
her hand)
Good-bye, Charlie.

KANE

(suddenly)
Don't go, Susan.

Susan just looks at him.

(CONTINUED)

KANE (cont'd)
Susan, don't go! Susan, please!

He has lost all pride. Susan stops. She is affected by this.

KANE (cont'd)
You mustn't go, Susan.
Everything'll be exactly the way you want it. Not the way I think you want it -- but your way. Please, Susan -- Susan!

She is staring at him. She might weaken.

KANE (cont'd)
Don't go, Susan! You mustn't go!
(almost blubbing)
You -- you can't do this to me, Susan --

It's as if he had thrown ice-water into her face. She freezes.

SUSAN
I see -- it's you that this is being done to! It's not me at all. Not how I feel. Not what it means to me. Not --
(she laughs)
I can't do this to you!
(she looks at him)
Oh yes I can.

She walks out, past Kane, who turns to watch her go, like a very tired old man.

DISSOLVE

INT. "EL RANCHO" CABARET - NIGHT - 1940

108 Susan and Thompson at table. There is silence between them for a moment as she accepts a cigarette from Thompson and he lights it for her.

SUSAN
In case you've never heard of how I lost all my money -- and it was plenty, believe me --

(CONTINUED)

THOMPSON

The last ten years have been
tough on a lot of people --

SUSAN

Aw, they haven't been tough on
me. I just lost my money --

(takes a
deep puff)

So you're going down to Xanadu.

THOMPSON

Monday, with some of the boys
from the office. Mr. Rawlston
wants the whole place photographed
carefully -- all that art stuff.
We run a picture magazine, you
know --

SUSAN

Yeah, I know. If you're smart,
you'll talk to Raymond --

(nervously)
douses out
the cigarette)

That's the butler. You can learn
a lot from him. He knows where
the bodies are buried.

She grabs a glass and holds it tensely in both hands.

THOMPSON

You know, all the same I feel
kind of sorry for Mr. Kane.

SUSAN

(harshly)

Don't you think I do?

She lifts the glass, and as she drains it she notices
the dawn light coming thru skylight. She shivers and
pulls her coat over her shoulders.

SUSAN (cont'd)

Well, what do you know? It's
morning already.

(looks at
him for
a moment)

You must come around and tell
me the story of your life
sometime.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. XANADU - LATE DUSK - 1940

- 109 The distant castle on the hill, seen through the great iron "K" as in the opening shot of the picture. Several lights are on.

DISSOLVE

INT. GREAT HALL - XANADU - LATE DUSK - 1940

- 110 CAMERA IS IN CLOSE on Thompson and Raymond -- will subsequently reveal surrounding scene.

RAYMOND

Rosebud? I'll tell you about Rosebud -- how much is it worth to you? A thousand dollars?

THOMPSON

Okay.

RAYMOND

He was a little gone in the head sometimes, you know.

THOMPSON

No, I didn't.

RAYMOND

He did crazy things sometimes -- I've been working for him eleven years now -- the last years of his life and I ought to know. Yes, sir, the old man was kind of queer, but I knew how to handle him.

THOMPSON

Need a lot of service?

RAYMOND

Yeah. But I knew how to handle him.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

147

INT. CORRIDOR & TELEGRAPH OFFICE - XANADU - NIGHT - 1932

111 Raymond walking rapidly along corridor. He pushes open a door. At a desk sits a wireless operator. Near him at a telephone switchboard sits a female operator.

RAYMOND

(reading)

Mr. Charles Foster Kane announced today that Mrs. Charles Foster Kane has left Xanadu, his Florida home, under the terms of a peaceful and friendly agreement with the intention of filing suit for divorce at an early date. Mrs. Kane said that she does not intend to return to the operative career which she gave up a few years after her marriage, at Mr. Kane's request. Signed, Charles Foster Kane.

Fred finishes typing and then looks up.

RAYMOND (cont'd)

Exclusive for immediate transmission. Urgent priority all Kane papers.

FRED

Okay.

There is the sound of the buzzer on the switchboard.

KATHERINE

Yes...yes...Mrs. Tinsdall. --

Very well.

(turns to
Raymond)

It's the housekeeper.

RAYMOND

Yes?

KATHERINE

She says there's some sort of disturbance up in Miss Alexander's room. She's afraid to go in.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

148

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE SUSAN'S BEDROOM - XANADU - NIGHT
1932

- 112 The housekeeper, Mrs. Tinsdall, and a couple of maids are near the door but too afraid to be in front of it. From inside can be heard a terrible banging and crashing. Raymond hurries into scene, opens the door and goes in.

INT. SUSAN'S BEDROOM - XANADU - 1932

- 113 Kane, in a truly terrible and absolutely silent rage, is literally breaking up the room -- yanking pictures, hooks and all off the wall, smashing them to bits -- ugly, gaudy pictures -- Susie's pictures in Susie's bad taste. Off of table tops, off of dressing tables, occasional tables, bureaus, he sweeps Susie's whorish accumulation of bric-a-brac.

Raymond stands in the doorway watching him. Kane says nothing. He continues with tremendous speed and surprising strength, still wordlessly, tearing the room to bits. The curtains (too frilly -- overly-pretty) are pulled off the windows in a single gesture, and from the bookshelves he pulls down double armloads of cheap novels -- discovers a half-empty bottle of liquor and dashes it across the room. Finally he stops. Susie's cozy little chamber is an incredible shambles all around him. He stands for a minute breathing heavily, and his eye lights on a hanging what-not in a corner which had escaped his notice. Prominent on its center shelf is the little glass ball with the snowstorm in it. He yanks it down. Something made of china breaks, but not the glass ball. It bounces on the carpet and rolls to his feet, the snow in a flurry. His eye follows it. He stoops to pick it up -- can't make it. Raymond picks it up for him; hands it to him. Kane takes it sheepishly -- looks at it -- moves painfully out of the room into the corridor.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE SUSAN'S BEDROOM - XANADU - 1932

- 114 Kane comes out of the door. Mrs. Tinsdall has been joined now by a fairly sizable turnout of servants. They move back away from Kane, staring at him. Raymond is in the doorway behind Kane. Kane still looks at the glass ball.

KANE

(without
turning)
Close the door, Raymond.

(CONTINUED)

RAYMOND

Yes, sir.
(closes it)

KANE

Lock it -- and keep it locked.

Raymond locks the door and comes to his side. There is a long pause -- servants staring in silence. Kane gives the glass ball a gentle shake and starts another snowstorm.

KANE

(almost in
a trance)
Rosebud.

RAYMOND

What's that, sir?

One of the younger servants giggles and is hushed up. Kane shakes the ball again. Another flurry of snow. He watches the flakes settle -- then looks up. Finally, taking in the pack of servants and something of the situation, he puts the glass ball in his coat pocket. He speaks very quietly to Raymond, so quietly it only seems he's talking to himself.

KANE

Keep it locked.

He slowly walks off down the corridor, the servants giving way to let him pass, and watching him as he goes. The mirrors which line the hall reflect his image as he moves. He is an old, old man!

Kane turns into a second corridor -- sees himself reflected in the mirror -- stops. His image is reflected again in the mirror behind him -- multiplied again and again and again in long perspectives -- Kane looks. We see a thousand Kanes.

DISSOLVE

INT. GREAT HALL - XANADU - NIGHT - 1940

115 Thompson and Raymond.

RAYMOND

(callously)
That's the whole works, right
up to date.

(CONTINUED)

THOMPSON

Sentimental fellow, aren't you?

RAYMOND

Yes and no.

THOMPSON

And that's what you know about Rosebud?

RAYMOND

That's more than anybody knows. I tell you, he was a little gone in the head -- the last couple of years anyway -- but I knew how to handle him. That Rosebud -- I heard him say it that other time too. He just said Rosebud then he dropped that glass ball and it broke on the floor. He didn't say anything after that so I knew he was dead. He said all kinds of things that didn't mean anything.

THOMPSON

That isn't worth anything.

RAYMOND

You can go on asking questions if you want to.

THOMPSON

(coldly)

We're leaving tonight. As soon as they're through photographing the stuff --

Thompson has risen. Raymond gets to his feet.

RAYMOND

Allow yourself plenty of time. The train stops at the Junction on signal -- but they don't like to wait. Not now. I can remember when they'd wait all day....if Mr. Kane said so.

(CONTINUED)

CAMERA has PULLED BACK to show LONG SHOT of the Great Hall, revealing the magnificent tapestries, candelabra, etc., are still there, but now several large packing cases are piled against the walls, some broken open, some shut and a number of objects, great and small, are piled pell mell all over the place. Furniture, statues, paintings, bric-a-brac -- things of obviously enormous value are standing beside a kitchen stove, an old rocking chair and other junk, among which is also an old sled, the self-same story.

In the center of the hall a photographer and his assistant are busy photographing the sundry objects. In addition there are a girl and two newspapermen -- also Thompson and Raymond.

The girl and the second man, who wears a hat, are dancing somewhere in the back of the hall to the music of a phonograph, playing "Oh Mr. Kane."

116 The photographer has just photographed a picture, obviously of great value, an Italian primitive. The assistant consults a label on the back of it.

No. 9182

ASSISTANT

The third newspaperman jots this information down.

ASSISTANT (cont'd)

"Nativity" - attributed to Donatello, acquired Florence 1921, cost 45,000 lira. Got that?

THIRD NEWSPAPERMAN

Yeah.

PHOTOGRAPHER

All right! Next! Better get that statue over there.

ASSISTANT

Okay.

RAYMOND

What do you think all this is worth, Mr. Thompson?

(CONTINUED)

THOMPSON

Millions -- if anybody wants it.

RAYMOND

The banks are out of luck, eh?

THOMPSON

Oh, I don't know. They'll clear all right.

ASSISTANT

"Venus," Fourth Century. Acquired 1911. Cost twenty-three thousand. Got it?

THIRD NEWSPAPERMAN

Okay.

ASSISTANT

(patting the statue on the fanny)

That's a lot of money to pay for a dame without a head.

SECOND ASSISTANT

(reading a label)

No. 483. One desk from the estate of Mary Kane, Little Salem, Colorado. Value \$6.00. We're supposed to get everything. The junk as well as the art.

THIRD NEWSPAPERMAN

Okay.

A flashlight bulb goes off. Thompson has opened a box and is idly playing with a handful of little pieces of cardboard.

THIRD NEWSPAPERMAN (cont'd)

What's that?

RAYMOND

It's a jigsaw puzzle.

(CONTINUED)

THIRD NEWSPAPERMAN

We got a lot of those. There's
a Burmese Temple and three
Spanish ceilings down the hall.

Raymond laughs.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Yeah, all in crates.

THIRD NEWSPAPERMAN

There's a part of a Scotch
castle over there, but we
haven't bothered to unwrap it.

PHOTOGRAPHER

I wonder how they put all those
pieces together?

ASSISTANT

(reading a
label)

Iron stove. Estate of Mary Kane.
Value \$2.00.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Put it over by that statue.
It'll make a good setup.

GIRL

(calling out)

Who is she anyway?

SECOND NEWSPAPERMAN

Venus. She always is.

THIRD NEWSPAPERMAN

He sure liked to collect things,
didn't he?

PHOTOGRAPHER

Anything and everything -- he
was a regular crow.

THIRD NEWSPAPERMAN

I wonder -- You put all this
together -- the palaces and
the paintings and the toys and
everything -- what would it
spell?

(CONTINUED)

Thompson has turned around. He is facing the camera for the first time.

THOMPSON
Charles Foster Kane.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Or Rosebud? How about it,
Jerry?

THIRD NEWSPAPERMAN
(to the
dancers)
Turn that thing off, will you?
It's driving me nuts! -- What's
Rosebud?

PHOTOGRAPHER
Kane's last words, aren't they,
Jerry?
(to the third
newspaperman)
That was Jerry's angle, wasn't
it. Did you ever find out what
it means?

THOMPSON
No, I didn't.

The music has stopped. The dancers have come over to Thompson.

SECOND NEWSPAPERMAN
Say, what did you find out
about him anyway?

THOMPSON
Not much.

SECOND NEWSPAPERMAN
Well, what have you been doing?

THOMPSON
Playing with a jigsaw puzzle --
I talked to a lot of people who
knew him.

(CONTINUED)

GIRL

What do they say?

THOMPSON

Well -- it's become a very clear picture. He was the most honest man who ever lived, with a streak of crookedness a yard wide. He was a liberal and a reactionary. He was a loving husband -- and both his wives left him. He had a gift for friendship such as few men have -- and he broke his oldest friend's heart like you'd throw away a cigarette you were through with. Outside of that --

THIRD NEWSPAPERMAN

Okay, okay.

GIRL

If you could have found out what that Rosebud meant, I bet that would've explained everything.

THOMPSON

No, I don't. Not much anyway. Charles Foster Kane was a man who got everything he wanted, and then lost it. Maybe Rosebud was something he couldn't get or something he lost, but it wouldn't have explained anything. I don't think any word explains a man's life. No -- I guess Rosebud is just a piece in a jigsaw puzzle -- a missing piece.

He drops the jigsaw pieces back into the box, looking at his watch.

THOMPSON (cont'd)

We'd better get along. We'll miss the train.

He picks up his overcoat -- it has been resting on a little sled -- the little sled young Charles Foster Kane hit Thatcher with at the opening of the picture. Camera doesn't close in on this. It just registers the sled as the newspaper people, picking up their clothes and equipment, move out of the great hall.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN
INT. CELLAR - XANADU - NIGHT - 1940

156

117 A large furnace, with an open door, dominates the scene. Two laborers, with shovels, are shovelling things into the furnace. Raymond is about ten feet away.

RAYMOND
Throw that junk in, too.

CAMERA TRAVELS to the pile that he has indicated. It is mostly bits of broken packing cases, excelsior, etc. The sled is on top of the pile. As CAMERA COMES CLOSE, it shows the faded rosebud and, though the letters are faded, unmistakably the word "Rosebud" across it. The laborer drops his shovel, takes the sled in his hand and throws it into the furnace. The flames start to devour it.

EXT. XANADU - NIGHT - 1940

118 No lights are to be seen. Smoke is coming from a chimney.

CAMERA REVERSES the path it took at the beginning of the picture, perhaps omitting some of the stages. It MOVES finally THROUGH the gates, which close behind it. As CAMERA PAUSES for a moment, the letter 'K' is prominent in the moonlight.

Just before we fade out, there comes again into the picture the pattern of barbed wire and cyclone fencing. On the fence is a sign which reads:

"PRIVATE - NO TRESPASSING"

FADE OUT

THE END