

"ALFRED Hitchcock's Family Plot"

Screenplay By

ERNEST LEHMAN

Based on the novel, "The Rainbird Pattern", by Victor Canning

January 13, 1975

After the MAIN TITLE CLEARS, CUT TO:

1

BIG HEAD CLOSEUP OF BLANCHE TYLER - INT. SITTING-ROOM OF
RAINBIRD MANSION - SUBURB OF THE CITY - NIGHT

BLANCHE is seated FACING CAMERA in a winged-chair, her eyes closed, her head leaning back, her lips moving in a "mediumistic" trance. She is a blowsy, smooth-skinned, ample-bosomed woman of thirty-five whose normal voice is hearty and self-assured. But now her voice is flat and hollow and slightly ethereal as she "communicates" with her "control", a man named "HENRY", who replies THROUGH THE MOVING LIPS OF BLANCHE WITH A MALE VOICE. Both Blanche and "Henry" are also in conversation with the client for whom this seance is being conducted -- MISS JULIA RAINBIRD. CAMERA SLOWLY PULLS BACK to a MEDIUM SHOT of BLANCHE, HOLDS, then SLOWLY PULLS BACK to a TWO SHOT to REVEAL JULIA RAINBIRD seated to the right of Blanche on a sofa, listening intently. MISS RAINBIRD is a sharp-eyed woman of seventy-eight with severe features and a haughty, cynical manner that she is finding it difficult to maintain in the face of this disturbing, uncomfortable experience. CAMERA HOLDS for a while in this shot, then RETREATS FURTHER and REVEALS the nature of the surroundings. We are in a large sitting-room full of personal touches and furnishings that reflect the well-worn wealth of Miss Rainbird, whose house this is, and where now the seance is in progress:

BLANCHE

(eyes closed, in a trance)
Someone is here...Not closely...
Not willingly...I feel a holding
back...What's the trouble, Henry?

BLANCHE AS HENRY

Too many memories...Too much pain...
Too much sorrow...

BLANCHE

Whoever is there with you, tell
them to speak up, Henry, tell them
to come closer...

JULIA RAINBIRD

I think I know who it is, Madame
Blanche. I think I know what's
bothering her.

BLANCHE

(eyes still closed)
Her, is it? Never you mind, Miss
Rainbird. I won't have you doing
Henry's work for him. Now let's
have it, love.

CONTINUED

1 CONTINUED

BLANCHE AS HENRY

There is forgiveness here in the Upper Brightness, sighing through the trees like a soft wind. But the woodside that was cut down leaves a scar on the hill.

BLANCHE

(irritably)

I've someone here who wants help, Henry, not your poetic nonsense.

BLANCHE AS HENRY

(chuckling)

'Tis only the healthy mood of a man who feels all's well with the world.

BLANCHE

Well, maybe all's well with your world, where you are, Henry, but not with ours, and that's why we're here tonight -- to help my friend be rid of her torment. She has a right to rest her weary head on her pillow each night and sleep the peaceful sleep of the angels...

JULIA RAINBIRD

(a startled glance at Blanche)

How did you know about my troubled sleep? Who told you?

BLANCHE

(appearing not to have heard)

Her nights cannot go on like this much longer...

JULIA RAINBIRD

I never told a soul about my nightmares. How did you--?

BLANCHE

(interrupting)

Who is this person who arrives in our presence tonight but does not dare to come close to us?

JULIA RAINBIRD

(awed)

It's her. It's my sister, Harriet. It must be her.

BLANCHE AS HENRY

She stays at her distance, Julia Rainbird, for she does not feel your love

CONTINUED

1 CONTINUED - 2

BLANCHE AS HENRY (Cont'd)
or your kindness yet. There is
selfishness where you are...

JULIA RAINBIRD
(with emotion)
Oh, Madame Blanche, tell Henry...ask
him to tell her...
(sudden anger)
Who is calling me selfish? I demand
to know this? Is it Harriet who--?

BLANCHE
(interrupting)
Selfishness is a permissible form
of self-love, my dear.

JULIA RAINBIRD
(jumping to her feet)
I've had all I can take from her,
coming into my dreams every night...
(INTERCUT A BIG HEAD
CLOSEUP OF BLANCHE OPENING
ONE EYE, STEALING A PEEK
AT HER CLIENT, THEN CLOSING
THE EYE QUICKLY)
...Whining and complaining and trying
to make me feel guilty, as though I need
her to tell me right from wrong. If
she's out there or right here in this
room -- wherever she is -- tell her
I know what has to be done. I've been
wanting to do it for over a year now,
but it is I, Julia Rainbird, who has
made the decision to do it. I don't
need to be goaded on by her and
made ill with her ugly words in my
ugly dreams....I want her to stop it
...to go away and leave me alone!
(she stops, suddenly
frightened)

(L-1)

Oh no, no, don't let her go away!

BLANCHE
There is too much anger in you, Miss
Rainbird. You must put it away from
you...

JULIA RAINBIRD
(sinking down on the sofa)
I'm sorry...I didn't mean--

CONTINUED

1 CONTINUED - 3

BLANCHE

Love is the gateway to those on
the other side.

JULIA RAINBIRD

(contrite)

I know...I'm sorry...Is she still
there?

BLANCHE

Henry, speak to us.

BLANCHE AS HENRY

We have no power here to change the
human heart that has grown cold in
the Upper Brightness. Warm her,
Julia Rainbird, for she is thinning
away. I am losing her...

JULIA RAINBIRD

(dismayed)

Madame Blanche, what shall I do?

BLANCHE

(with urgency)

Henry, now you listen to me. I want
you to hold Harriet within your realm
until we are finished with her tonight.

BLANCHE AS HENRY

(laughs gently)

Are you trying to bully me, love?
Well you can't.

BLANCHE

(urgently, in a deeper
trance)

Harriet, stay with us, Harriet. Your
sister wants to speak to you now from
the depths of her soul.

(L-2)

(she begins to groan)

Ohhhh...Ohhhh...

JULIA RAINBIRD

What's wrong?...What is it?

BLANCHE

(groaning)

Ohhhh...Oh God, she says, I've waited
so long to hear from you, Julia.
I've been so unhappy without you...

CONTINUED

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CONTINUED - 4

JULIA RAINBIRD

(begins to sob)

Oh, Harriet...It's you...I'm so
sorry about everything, Harriet.
I never should have made you do it.
But it's too late for that now. All
I can do is try to make up for it.
I'll find him, Harriet. Somehow,
somewhere, if he's still alive, I'll
find your son and take him into my
arms and love him as though I were
you, my poor Harriet. I'll make him
one of us and I'll give him everything
...everything...

BLANCHE

(moaning)

Ohhh, she needs assurance that you
wouldn't lie to her, would you?
Can she trust you?

(L-3)

JULIA RAINBIRD

I promise her. Tell Harriet I swear
to it. But she must help me. I can't
do it alone...

BLANCHE

(groaning)

Far away...so far far away...

JULIA RAINBIRD

Tell Harriet I'll need her. I'll
need her memory. It was forty years
ago, and I don't know where her child
was taken or who he was given to. I
don't know where he is now or who he
is...

BLANCHE

(groaning)

The shadows grow longer...the bright-
ness dims...the veil is lowering...
Goodbye...Goodbye...

JULIA RAINBIRD

Tell Harriet to wait...Wait...

BLANCHE

What's happening, Henry? Why have
you closed the vista so suddenly?

CONTINUED

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CONTINUED - 5

BLANCHE AS HENRY

The word is all powerful, and there is no need for further light to give it meaning. The true measure of Julia Rainbird's love lies in what she does now, with your help, of course, and mine, and that of the dear departed one who has drifted away from us.

BLANCHE

We understand, Henry. Don't we, Miss Rainbird?

JULIA RAINBIRD

Yes. Yes. I do.

BLANCHE AS HENRY

There will be no sudden miracles, and Julia Rainbird will have to keep her faith in those who would help her, even as she suffers disappointments.

JULIA RAINBIRD

I'm willing to do anything...anything at all...

BLANCHE AS HENRY

In the end there will be happiness. From the tears of the past, the desert of the heart will bloom. Goodbye, Julia Rainbird. Goodbye, Blanche...

BLANCHE

Oh, Henry...The picture is going... and you're going...Is there nothing more you can -- Henry...Henry?...

BLANCHE AS HENRY

(very faintly)

Goodbye...

BLANCHE

(sadly)

Goodbye...

There is silence now. Blanche remains slumped in her chair, head leaning back, eyes closed, as Julia Rainbird dabs at her tear-stained cheeks with a little handkerchief, slowly regaining her composure. (INTERCUT A BIG HEAD CLOSEUP OF BLANCHE, one eye opening to steal a surreptitious glimpse of her client, then quickly closing again). Now Blanche's

CONTINUED

1 CONTINUED - 6

hands come up slowly to hold her temples. She moans softly, eyes still closed.

JULIA RAINBIRD

Madame Blanche?...Are you all right?

Blanche lowers her hands, opens her eyes, straightens up, looks at Miss Rainbird and lets out a long sigh. SHE IS OUT OF HER TRANCE NOW, HER PLEASANT PROFESSIONAL SELF ONCE AGAIN.

BLANCHE

(looking about)

My goodness, what in the world has been going on here? I feel as though I've been properly done over. My, oh, my...

JULIA RAINBIRD

(eyeing her)

You don't remember what happened?

BLANCHE

Not the details, Miss Rainbird, only the gist, if you know what I mean.

JULIA RAINBIRD

(with a trace of suspicion)

I see. Well suppose you give me the gist, then.

BLANCHE

I wonder, could I bother you for a sip of something, just to --?

JULIA RAINBIRD

Certainly. What would you like?

BLANCHE

I'll have a shot of --

(catching herself)

Perhaps a spot of sherry might be nice, if it's not too much trouble.

JULIA RAINBIRD

No trouble at all.

She rises, goes to the sideboard, pours sherry for the both of them and serves it during the following:

JULIA RAINBIRD

Now tell me what you remember of the seance, Madame Blanche.

CONTINUED

1 CONTINUED - 7

BLANCHE

In a nutshell?

JULIA RAINBIRD

Please.

BLANCHE

Very well. Forty years ago you arranged to have your sister Harriet's baby given away without a trace, and now your bad dreams and a troubled conscience tell you to find the grown up person, take him into the family and bestow your wealth on him.

JULIA RAINBIRD

Excellent.

BLANCHE

Thank you.

JULIA RAINBIRD

.(still testing her)

And why did I force my sister to give her infant away?

BLANCHE

I can only assume that the kid was a bas-- Illegitimate, Miss Rainbird?

JULIA RAINBIRD

Madame Blanche, I don't want you to think of me as a puritan. But forty years ago, an unwed mother was not as commonplace as it is today. In a family such as ours, it was a scandal to be covered up at all costs.

BLANCHE

I understand.

JULIA RAINBIRD

Even now, I am sufficiently old-fashioned, and sufficiently protective of the Rainbird name, to have decided to seek the missing heir through secret and private means, rather than call in detective agencies or put notices in the newspapers.

CONTINUED

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CONTINUED - 8

BLANCHE

A most wise decision, Miss Rainbird.

Julia Rainbird steps to the wall and pulls on a tasselled cord to summon a servant. She turns.

JULIA RAINBIRD

Madame Blanche, I must have an honest answer to what I am now going to ask you.

BLANCHE

I'm pitifully poor at dissembling, Miss Rainbird.

JULIA RAINBIRD

My friend, Ida Cookson, who recommended you to me...when she arranged for you to come here tonight, did she reveal anything to you about me, any personal details?

BLANCHE

Such as?

JULIA RAINBIRD

Well...my recent sleep problems, for example?

BLANCHE

Not a word. Mrs. Cookson is the soul of discretion. All she told me was that you had a younger sister who had died many years ago, that you valued your privacy as much as your life, and that you were a firm disbeliever in spiritualism, with little use for the trickery and faking that one sometimes finds in my profession. The challenge delighted me.

JULIA RAINBIRD

(nods approvingly)

Your openness is most disarming, Madame Blanche.

BLANCHE

I know no other way, Miss Rainbird.

JULIA RAINBIRD

All right. Let's get to the purpose of my having you here...

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There is a KNOCK ON THE DOOR. It opens immediately, and in comes AGNES, a hard-faced elderly woman in black dress and white apron, who shows little respect for anybody or anything.

AGNES

(to Miss Rainbird)
You rang?

JULIA RAINBIRD

Agnes, would you please go out front and tell Madame Blanche's cabdriver that she will be out in a few minutes.

AGNES

(flatly)
He can wait, like the rest of them.

She gives Blanche a quick glance of disapproval, turns and GOES OUT. Julia Rainbird shakes her head in helpless wonderment and turns back to Blanche.

JULIA RAINBIRD

Madame Blanche, I am seventy-eight years old going on ninety. I would like to go to my grave with a clear conscience, particularly when I know that my rightful heir is somewhere out there, deprived by my actions of his true Rainbird name. Will you use your psychic powers to help me?

BLANCHE

(very modest)
If, in your heart, you believe that I can, then I owe it to the both of us to try, Miss Rainbird.

JULIA RAINBIRD

I'm too old for trying. I only have time enough left for results. Find him for me, Madame Blanche. Use your spirit control, your 'Henry'. Get through to my sister and find her son, whoever and wherever he is, and I will pay you ten thousand dollars.

(L-4)

BLANCHE

(suppressing a gasp)
Ten thous--!

(she recovers)
Well, only if you genuinely wish to, Miss Rainbird. But let's not

1 CONTINUED - 10

BLANCHE (Cont'd)
think of this as a payment to me. There are many causes dear to my heart which need all the charity the world can spare. I shall regard this as a contribution to them...through me, of course.

JULIA RAINBIRD
(barely concealing a cynical smile)
You have no idea how refreshing it is for a woman of my wealth to meet someone who has so little use for money.

BLANCHE
Thank you. (L-5)

JULIA RAINBIRD
Good. I consider our arrangement completed. And now...it is my bedtime. I must take leave of your delightful company.

She starts for the door as Blanche rises.

BLANCHE
This has been a most memorable evening for me, Miss Rainbird.

JULIA RAINBIRD
See that you make it a rewarding one, Madame Blanche.

She opens the door and they GO OUT to the hallway together.

2 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

CAMERA MOVES with Miss Rainbird and Blanche as they go towards the front door.

JULIA RAINBIRD
At the risk of repeating myself, I hope you won't forget how important it is to me that no one, but absolutely no one must know of our search. The Rainbird name must be protected...

CONTINUED

2 CONTINUED

BLANCHE

My heart is flattered, and my
lips are sealed.

JULIA RAINBIRD

On that note, I shall say goodbye
to you now. Thank you for coming,
Madame Blanche.

They have arrived at the front door, stop and shake hands.

BLANCHE

You will sleep well tonight, and
have pleasant dreams.

JULIA RAINBIRD

Do you really think so?

BLANCHE

The sleep of angels, Miss Rainbird.

Julia Rainbird opens the door for her.

3 EXT. RAINBIRD HOUSE - NIGHT

CAMERA is SHOOTING TOWARDS the opening front door of the house, past a waiting cab in f.g. parked pointing LEFT TO RIGHT. It is a black and white checkered cab and definitely not a Yellow Cab. As the front door opens further and Blanche EMERGES from the house, the driver opens his door, his face averted from CAMERA. He gets out of the cab, opens its rear door, his face still averted from CAMERA. In b.g., Julia Rainbird comes a few feet outside the door of her house and stands watching Blanche descend the steps to the cab. Blanche turns once, waves goodbye to her, and Miss Rainbird waves back. As Blanche leans down and starts to ENTER the cab -

4 INT. CAB - NIGHT

CAMERA is beside the driver's seat, SHOOTING TOWARDS the rear as Blanche ENTERS the cab, sits down on the right rear seat at SCREEN LEFT. The back door is SLAMMED SHUT and the DRIVER'S DOOR is HEARD OPENING. The cabbie's shoulder APPEARS in f.g. at SCREEN RIGHT as he settles in his seat, CLOSES HIS DOOR and STARTS THE MOTOR. Blanche, meanwhile, is opening her beige calf bag. She brings out a tin of cough lozenges and pops one in her mouth. We HEAR THE CAB DRIVE OFF, and SEE the b.g. of Miss Rainbird's house moving away through the rear window. Suddenly we HEAR:

CONTINUED

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CONTINUED

CABBIE'S VOICE

(o.s)

Well, how did it go?

BLANCHE

(snaps her bag shut,
sighs)You know, having to do Henry
is murder on my throat.CAMERA HAS SLOWLY RETREATED to REVEAL the driver, GEORGE
LUMLEY, a slightly beat-up thirty-three.

LUMLEY

(he's heard it before)

Yeah yeah, so how'd it go?

He is now a BIG HEAD in f.g., with Blanche in b.g. (There
will also be CLOSEUPS of Blanche, and CLOSEUPS of Lumley,
shot from Blanche's P.O.V.).

BLANCHE

She's hooked, and waiting to be
pulled in.

LUMLEY

(slightly bored)

Another one of your twenty-five-
dollar sardines?

BLANCHE

Unh uh. This is a big one,
George. A great big whale.

LUMLEY

(turns his head,
interested)

Well come on...give.

BLANCHE

(savoring her secret)

Just keep your eyes on the road,
and don't rush me.

LUMLEY

All right. Start at the top, Blanche.

BLANCHE

Well, it was as simple as ABC.
Henry came to me from the Upper
Brightness, whispered to me
"This woman's been having sleep
problems", and from there, things
just flowed, naturally and logically.

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED - 2

LUMLEY

(proudly)

Ah, so I came through for you
again, huh, love?

BLANCHE

What are you talking about?

LUMLEY

(eagerly)

You know, that stuff I dug up
gabbing with the local druggist...
how she was driving them crazy for
sleeping pills without a prescription?

BLANCHE

That could have been very useful to
me, George. Why didn't you tell me
about that?

LUMLEY

(let down)

Are you kidding? I did.

BLANCHE

You always think you tell me things,
but you forget to, and then I have to
go through Heaven and Hell in the great
beyond with Henry...

LUMLEY

(irritated)

Henry my ass. It was me. It's
always me. Without my research
you're about as psychic as a dry
salami...

BLANCHE

(unruffled)

Nasty nasty.

LUMLEY

After two years of lousing up my
whole acting career--

BLANCHE

Your what?

LUMLEY

--And neglecting this hack-driver
job just to keep digging up your
allegedly magical information, you'd
think I'd at least get a little
recognition...

4 CONTINUED - 3

BLANCHE

Poor Georgie.

LUMLEY

I'm sick and tired of you having
me by the crystal balls.

BLANCHE

Let's leave your crystal balls out
of this, George.

LUMLEY

Let's leave Henry out of it and
save the B.S. for your customers.

BLANCHE

(enjoying herself)

You're jealous of him, aren't you?

LUMLEY

Hah.

BLANCHE

(easily)

I like your jealousy. It's only
your driving that stinks.

LUMLEY

Listen, fatso, I'm an actor, not
a cabdriver. I can play cabdrivers,
but that doesn't mean I have to
drive like one.

BLANCHE

Well, until I collect from Julia
Rainbird, I'm afraid you're going
to have to go on playing a cabdriver.
Neither of us seems to be very fond
of drastic dieting...

LUMLEY

Collect what? How much is this
Rainbird whale going to spout up?

BLANCHE

...Also, you're going to have to go
on playing a private eye.

LUMLEY

Christ, no. I've had it.

CONTINUED

4

CONTINUED - 4

BLANCHE

Christ, yes, and stop blaspheming.
You want to put the curse on ten
big ones?

There is a pause. Lumley can't quite believe what he has
heard.

LUMLEY

(softly)

Did you say...ten...big ones?

BLANCHE

Mm humm.

LUMLEY

Ten thousand?

BLANCHE

Mm hummm.

LUMLEY

Dollars?

BLANCHE

Dollars.

Lumley starts to laugh maniacally.

LUMLEY

My God what we could do with ten
grand!

BLANCHE

We could even get married.

LUMLEY

Don't be a wet blanket.

BLANCHE

Flatterer.

LUMLEY

So what's the deal? What do we
have to do?

BLANCHE

I'll tell you all about it in bed
-- afterwards.

LUMLEY

Gimme a hint now -- foreplay.

CONTINUED

4

CONTINUED - 5

BLANCHE

Find one man, George. That's all.

LUMLEY

We've done much worse. What's his name?

BLANCHE

Nobody knows.

LUMLEY

Well, who is he?

BLANCHE

Nobody knows.

LUMLEY

Then where is he?BLANCHE AND LUMLEY

Nobody knows.

LUMLEY

Jesus...nobody?

BLANCHE

Well, there is one possibility who might have known...

(L-6)

LUMLEY

(brightening)

All right...

(L-6)

BLANCHE

Julia Rainbird never even mentioned him to me. Fortunately her friend Ida Cookson did...

(L-6)

LUMLEY

(eagerly)

So who is it?

(L-6)

BLANCHE

The Rainbird family chauffeur.

(L-6)

LUMLEY

(with enthusiasm)

We're in business.

(L-6)

BLANCHE

Trouble is, he's been dead for twenty-five years.

(L-6)

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED - 6

LUMLEY
(deflated)
Jesus, Blanche...

(L-6)

FAR AHEAD, A BUS IS SLOWING DOWN FOR A STOP.

BLANCHE
Now don't start to fret, George,
or my waterbed will be just no
fun at all tonight. As an actor,
you should know that fretting can
ruin a whole performance.

LUMLEY
Don't you worry about my performance,
baby...
(he turns to her)
Tonight you're gonna see a standing
ovation.

BLANCHE
(IN CLOSEUP, looking
past him)
GEORGE!...LOOK OUT!

5 INT. CAB - SHOOTING FORWARD - A WIDER POINT OF VIEW FROM
BLANCHE - NIGHT

As Lumley quickly turns his head forward and applies the
brakes, WE SEE through the windshield a GIRL who had
stepped out from behind the front of a STATIONARY BUS.
She is pulling back to avoid being hit. The cab comes
to a quick stop and the girl begins what had been her
original action, namely to cross the road.

6 HIGH CRANE SHOT

CAMERA is SHOOTING TOWARDS the rear of the stationary cab
and the stationary bus, showing the girl continuing her
walk across the highway. During her walk, CAMERA SLOWLY
LOWERS and SLOWLY ZOOMS IN BEHIND HER until she is a WAIST
SHOT. CAMERA FOLLOWS HER as she walks along a footpath
bordering a fenced-in POLICE AVIATION ACADEMY, Lumley's cab
and the bus now moving on and DISAPPEARING in the distance.
The girl is a tall blonde with long, face-concealing hair.
She is wearing high boots, black cotton stockings, a broad-
shouldered trench coat, a rakish hat and long black cotton
gloves. We definitely do not see her face in this shot, nor
will we see it until so indicated. During her walk, her
hands remove something from her handbag. She bends her
head down and seems to touch the sides of her head. As she
nears a GATE and a SENTRY BOOTH, CAMERA STARTS TO RISE
IMPERCEPTIBLY and TILT DOWN. CAMERA COMES TO A STOP as the
girl ARRIVES at the sentry booth.

7 DOWN ANGLE - SENTRY BOOTH - EXT. ENTRANCE TO POLICE
AVIATION ACADEMY - NIGHT

The CAMERA IS ANGLING DOWN. A uniformed guard, SERGEANT WEBSTER, is in the booth. The girl stands before the booth, keeping her face in shadow. The Sergeant steps out, looks at her.

SERGEANT WEBSTER

Yes?

Wordlessly, the girl withdraws her black-gloved right hand from her trench coat pocket and thrusts a white notepad through the window. The Sergeant takes it, reads the block-lettered words on the top sheet, glances up at the girl. She thrusts her hand out, takes the pad back and stuffs it into her pocket. The Sergeant steps back into the booth, picks up a phone and dials three numbers.

SERGEANT WEBSTER

(tersely, to the phone)

She's here...No, not a man, it's
a woman...Right.

(he hangs up, steps out)

Follow me.

He GOES OUT of the SHOT, with the girl following.

8 SEMI-LONG SHOT - INSIDE GATE - SHOOTING TOWARDS ADMINIS-
TRATION BUILDING - NIGHT

There are some lights on in the Administration Building. Other buildings, apparently closed for the night, are seen beyond it. Several empty police cars, their lights off, are parked near the main building. Off to the right, NOT SEEN IN THIS SHOT, a helicopter stands waiting on its pad. The surroundings are in relative darkness now, for the overhead floodlights are off. The girl and the Sergeant are walking AWAY FROM CAMERA. They go up the steps to the building entrance. As they ARRIVE at the door, the Sergeant begins to open it inward, and we CUT TO:

9 BIG CLOSE SHOT - INT. ADMINISTRATION ROOM - NIGHT

SHOOTING TOWARD THE DOOR, which, on the CUT, swings open, WE SEE the Sergeant as a MOVING BLUR at the side of the screen. What commands our immediate, startled attention is our first head-on sight of the girl, ADVANCING INTO CAMERA, now further disguised with large black glasses. She MOVES INTO A TIGHT CLOSEUP and stops. CAMERA PANS DOWN and the SCREEN IS FILLED WITH HER HAND POINTING A SMALL AUTOMATIC REVOLVER.

10 OBJECTIVE SHOT - THE ROOM - NIGHT

There are many desks and filing cabinets along the walls. Standing at SCREEN LEFT before the chairs from which they have just risen, facing the girl, who is at SCREEN RIGHT, are three men -- hulking, broad-featured CHIEF OF INSPECTORS, HANK GRANDISON, ruddy-cheeked, rotund INSPECTOR ANDY BUSH, and an incongruously scholarly-looking FBI SPECIAL AGENT, FLOYD SANGER. Between the girl and the men is a table on which are a very small washleather bag, a jeweler's optic and a pair of fine balances.

GRANDISON

(to the girl, easily)

As long as you've got Victor
Constantine, we can't touch you
so you might as well put that
thing away.

(L-7)

The girl says nothing, starts forward. As she walks to the table and places the automatic down, CAMERA DOLLIES IN. IT CONTINUES TO DOLLY IN and SLOWLY ZOOM IN as the girl picks up the washleather bag, opens it and empties its contents onto her black-gloved hand. CAMERA MOVEMENT ENDS IN A VERY CLOSE SHOT OF AN ENORMOUS UNCUT DIAMOND AGAINST THE BLACK GLOVE.

- 11 A SERIES OF INTIMATE CUTS (BIG SHOTS) showing the girl examining the huge stone, hefting it in her hand, turning it over and over, weighing it on the provided scale, ignoring the jeweler's loupe, while the three men look on and make comments designed to lure the girl into speaking. She remains mute during their dialogue:

GRANDISON, BUSH & SANGER

(at intervals, DURING
INTIMATE CUTS)

You've been calling yourself "The
Trader". We thought you were a man...

I think we deserve some assurance
that the victim is still alive...

All radios have been removed from
the helicopter, as you instructed.
We're really most trustworthy...

The girl puts her hand into another pocket, draws out a slip of paper and thrusts it across the table at Grandison. He takes it, reads it aloud to the other men.

GRANDISON

"Mr Constantine will be unconscious
but in perfect condition when picked
up. Just let him sleep the drug off."

11 CONTINUED

Grandison nods, hands the slip of paper back into the out-thrust, waiting hand of the girl. She puts the slip of paper in her pocket. The LAST of our INTIMATE CUTS is the DIAMOND in a BIG CLOSEUP being dropped into the leather bag by the girl's black-gloved fingers. Now, as she closes the bag by drawing up its strings, picks it up, takes the revolver from the table, turns and strides towards the door, CAMERA SLOWLY ZOOMS BACK and DOLLIES BACK INTO the original, previous "OBJECTIVE SHOT" ANGLE. At the door, the girl stops, turns and gestures to the men, as Sergeant Webster opens the door for her. The men come around the desk and start towards the door.

GRANDISON
(passing Webster)
You can turn 'em on now.

Webster leans across the open doorway to flip on a wall switch.

12 ANOTHER ANGLE - INT. ROOM - NIGHT

SHOOTING SLIGHTLY DOWN through the open doorway, WE SEE floodlights come on OUTSIDE, REVEALING a HELICOPTER standing on its pad near the building. In this shot, our group has MOVED AWAY FROM CAMERA, out of the building, and is walking towards the helicopter.

13 HIGH CAMERA ANGLE - EXT. HELICOPTER PAD - NIGHT

SHOOTING SLIGHTLY DOWN towards the approaching group, CAMERA PANS RIGHT with them and WE SEE the waiting helicopter coming INTO THE PICTURE at SCREEN RIGHT, CAMERA DOLLYING LEFT at the same time to REVEAL THE PILOT in the bubble. The FBI agent leans in to the pilot.

SANGER
Now don't try to be a hero. (L-8)

PILOT
Yes, sir.

Sanger steps aside. Grandison gestures to the girl to get in.

GRANDISON
Well, we've done our part.

The girl climbs up into the helicopter. The three men back away OUT OF THE SHOT.

14 TWO SHOT - INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

The pilot leans across the girl, pulls the door shut.

PILOT

Where to?

The girl's outstretched gloved hand starts toward the instrument panel.

15 INSERT - THE COMPASS

The girl's gloved finger is pointing to the heading, NNE.

16 TWO SHOT - INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

The pilot punches the STARTER button and WE HEAR the CHOPPER starting to REV UP.

17 DOWN SHOT - THE THREE AUTHORITIES - NIGHT

They are looking up in the direction of the helicopter, still on its floodlit pad, the whirling blades gaining speed.

18 POINT OF VIEW FROM THE THREE MEN - WITCHING HOUR

The helicopter is RISING and MOVING AWAY into the sky.

19 DOWN SHOT - THE THREE AUTHORITIES - NIGHT

They are watching the helicopter disappear.

GRANDISON

(bitterly, to the night sky)

Not one goddamned mistake.

20 TWO SHOT - INT. HELICOPTER IN MOTION - DAY FOR NIGHT

The chopper is traveling swiftly at 1,000 feet. The girl has the automatic in her hand, pointing it rather loosely at the pilot. He glances at her without expression.

PILOT

How far we goin'?

The girl simply gestures with her hand to indicate that he continue on his present course. She peers ahead through the bubble.

21 GIRL'S MOVING POINT OF VIEW FROM AIR - DAY FOR NIGHT
WE SEE the countryside below.

22 TWO SHOT - HELICOPTER IN MOTION - DAY FOR NIGHT

PILOT

Lucky for you you've still got
the victim. I'd love to toss
you right out of this thing on
your head.

(L-9)

The girl doesn't answer, merely jabs his shoulder to get his attention, and points towards the instrument board again.

23 INSERT - THE COMPASS

Her gloved finger moves in and now indicates a heading slightly to the East of the previous one.

24 TWO SHOT - INT. HELICOPTER IN MOTION - DAY FOR NIGHT

PILOT

You sure got this little trip
mapped out, haven't you?

He swerves the direction of the helicopter slightly to the right as the girl looks ahead.

25 THE GIRL'S MOVING POINT OF VIEW OF COUNTRYSIDE BELOW -
DAY FOR NIGHT

WE SEE the moving terrain changing its direction slightly. The area below is becoming more countrified.

26 TWO SHOT - INT. HELICOPTER IN MOTION - DAY FOR NIGHT

The pilot, rather bored, glances down at the gun in the girl's hand.

PILOT

I bet that thing isn't even
loaded.

The girl quickly raises the gun and FIRES it right past him.

27 VERY CLOSE FLASH SHOT

WE SEE the neat bullet hole in the bubble.

28 TWO SHOT - INT. HELICOPTER IN MOTION - DAY FOR NIGHT

PILOT
(swallows, nods)
It's loaded.

The girl moves forward to peer ahead with heightening interest.

29 CLOSEUP OF GIRL

She is seeing something of interest up ahead and down below.

30 THE GIRL'S MOVING POINT OF VIEW FROM AIR - DAY FOR NIGHT

From out of the darkness of the moonlit countryside WE SEE a BRIGHT SEARCHLIGHT aimed up at the helicopter, flashing on and off continuously.

31 TWO SHOT - INT. HELICOPTER IN MOTION - DAY FOR NIGHT

The girl's interest is intense. She turns to the pilot, and with a carefully paced downward motion of her hand indicates to him that he should start a gradual descent. The pilot tilts the vehicle downward.

32 THE PILOT'S POINT OF VIEW FROM AIR - DAY FOR NIGHT

WE SEE that we are DESCENDING towards a golf course. The searchlight and whoever was flashing it are no longer visible.

33 CLOSEUP - THE PILOT

He is looking down.

34 TWO SHOT - INT. HELICOPTER IN MOTION - DAY FOR NIGHT

PILOT
Golf course, huh? Presume
you're a member.

The girl ignores him, peering ahead intently, the angle of her head changing to a downward position. Suddenly she jabs the pilot sharply and indicates with downward thrusts of her gun that he is to land at that point. The helicopter starts a quick descent.

35 OBJECTIVE SHOT - EXT. FAIRWAY OF GOLF COURSE - DAY FOR NIGHT

As the helicopter lands on the fairway, CAMERA IS ZOOMING IN from a FULL SHOT to a CLOSER ANGLE. The girl opens her door, turns to the pilot, gestures to him to remain in his seat. She climbs down to the ground and CAMERA PANS HER OVER TO a wooded copse off the fairway, into which she DISAPPEARS.

36 CLOSE SHOT - THE PILOT - DAY FOR NIGHT

He cautiously lowers himself from the helicopter until he reaches the ground. He stands looking off in the direction of the copse.

37 IN THE WOODS - DAY FOR NIGHT

The girl is MOVING through the filtered moonlight in FULL FIGURE, CAMERA PANNING WITH HER until she is about to arrive at THE SILHOUETTED FIGURE OF A WAITING MAN, a flashlight in his hand. At his feet there appears to be THE RECUMBENT FIGURE OF ANOTHER, OLDER MAN.

38 CLOSE TWO SHOT - GIRL AND THE WAITING MAN - DAY FOR NIGHT

She ENTERS THE SHOT and COMES UP CLOSE beside him. She lifts up her handbag, opens it. The flashlight held by the man comes on. WE SEE the revolver being dropped into the handbag, and then her gloved hand removing the small washleather purse. She hangs the handbag over her arm and empties the huge diamond from the washleather purse into her other gloved hand. The man takes a jeweler's glass from his pocket and fixes it to his eye. CAMERA ZOOMS IN TO A VERY CLOSE SHOT of the JEWELER'S GLASS peering at the gleaming gem on the black glove, lit by the flashlight in the man's hand. Over this VERY CLOSE SHOT, the man, whose name is ARTHUR ADAMSON, speaks.

ADAMSON
Beautiful...perfect...

39 CLOSEUP - THE PILOT - DAY FOR NIGHT

He is peering off into the distance with growing concern.

40 POINT OF VIEW FROM PILOT - DAY FOR NIGHT

WE SEE the copse in total darkness except for a MOMENTARY BLINK OF LIGHT which suddenly disappears, leaving blackness.

41 CLOSEUP - THE PILOT - DAY FOR NIGHT

Peering off, increasingly puzzled.

42 POINT OF VIEW FROM PILOT - DAY FOR NIGHT

There is a DISTANT SOUND of RUSTLING in the copse, then the SLAMMING OF TWO CAR DOORS, then the STARTING UP OF A MOTOR, and finally the FAST DRIVING AWAY OF THE CAR.

43 MEDIUM SHOT - THE PILOT - DAY FOR NIGHT

He takes a few hesitant steps forward, visibly alarmed as the SOUND of the ESCAPING CAR GETS FAINTER AND FAINTER. He breaks into a slow run and CAMERA PANS WITH HIM until he DISAPPEARS into the darkness of the woods. CAMERA HOLDS on this for a few seconds. Then -

44 IN THE WOODS - DAY FOR NIGHT

The pilot is coming to a halt before the recumbent figure of the kidnap victim, a slightly-built, late-sixtyish man whose name is VICTOR CONSTANTINE. The pilot kneels down, CAMERA CLOSES IN, and the pilot lifts the head of the victim into a spot of moonlight. Constantine is unconscious but breathing heavily.

45 TWO SHOT - INT. ADAMSON CAR IN MOTION - DAY FOR NIGHT

Adamson is driving. He is a dark-haired, dapper, lean and intense man of forty, with a hint of wildness lurking behind his flashing smile and his sometimes inappropriate laughter. Seated beside him is the girl. Her name is FRAN. When we finally get to see her without her disguise, we will discover a slim dark-haired beauty of about thirty with a soft voice and large brown eyes. Right now, and during this scene, she is divesting herself of the black gloves, the dark glasses, the blue contact lenses, the hat, the blonde wig, the trench coat, the high boots and the stilted shoes, putting them away in such places as her handbag, the large glove compartment in front of her, and on the rear floorboard of the car.

FRAN

My feet are killing me. These damned six inch heels.

ADAMSON

I happen to like tall women. Everybody likes tall women. In fact everybody's going to be looking for a tall woman.

CONTINUED

45

CONTINUED

FRAN

Your tall woman almost got hit
by a cab tonight.

ADAMSON

Poor dear. Did you get his
number? I'll have to report
him to the police.

FRAN

Who can read numbers with these
blue contacts plus the shades?

ADAMSON

Aside from complaining a lot,
what've you been doing with
yourself lately?

FRAN

Oh, nothing much. Just picking
up a ransom...That sort of thing.

(L-10)

ADAMSON

See anyone we know?

FRAN

Two men who looked like police.
There was a third who just had
to be FBI.

ADAMSON

You mix with the nicest people.

FRAN

Beats housework.

ADAMSON

Did you say anything to them?

FRAN

Not a syllable.

ADAMSON

See, honey? I told you you could
learn to stop talking if you tried.

Fran has now removed the last of her disguise, to reveal
her smart turtleneck sweater, chic faded-blue denim
matching slacks and jacket, and comfortable loafers. She
runs her fingers through her own dark hair and shakes it
out to let it hang freely.

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED - 2

FRAN

Look who's here.

Adamson looks at her, smiles, leans over and kisses her.

ADAMSON

Has anyone seen a tall blonde lady around?

FRAN

(smiles)

Gone. Poof. Who needs her?

ADAMSON

I do. A few more times.

The smile fades from Fran's face. She looks ahead, vaguely troubled.

46 LONG SHOT - EXT. ADAMSON HOME - DAY FOR NIGHT

It is large, old-fashioned, and in the center of the city. WE SEE the Adamson car APPROACHING the entrance to the garage, which is on the side of the house. The car stops.

47 CLOSE SHOT - THE CAR - DAY FOR NIGHT

WE ARE SHOOTING through the side front window across Fran, on Adamson, who holds up a small REMOTE-CONTROL DEVICE and presses it.

48 WIDER ANGLE

A portion of the car is in the shot as WE SEE the garage door going up and back on its rollers, and interior garage lights going on automatically. The car goes forward and enters the garage. The overhead door starts to go down again.

49 INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

As Adamson GETS OUT of the car, goes up several wooden steps to an inner door at the rear of the garage and unlocks it, Fran takes the wig from the glove compartment, her coat from the rear floorboard, the other parts of her disguise being in her handbag. Adamson opens the rear door, throws on a light switch, lighting the interior of the house, and Fran follows him in, the garage lights clicking off through an automatic timer.

50 INT. STAIRWAY TO CELLAR - NIGHT

Adamson and Fran come onto a small landing and descend the stairway leading to a brick-walled basement containing disused artifacts. As they reach the bottom of the stairs, we CUT TO:

51 CLOSE ANGLE AT WALL

Their actions for a moment seem peculiar, for they are standing facing what is apparently A BLANK BRICK WALL. A garden hose hangs on a peg in the wall. Farther to the right are some hanging garden implements. Now Adamson reaches over and removes one of the bricks.

52 CLOSE INSERT

WE SEE a YALE LOCK in the opening and Adamson's hand inserting a key into the lock.

53 MEDIUM SHOT AT WALL

Adamson passes the brick to Fran, who places it on the bottom step of the stairway while he is turning the key. He pulls gently on the key. THAT PART OF THE WALL ON WHICH THE GARDEN HOSE HANGS SWINGS OPEN. There is blackness beyond. Now Adamson removes another brick just to the right of the opening.

54 CLOSE INSERT

We see a built-in SPEAKER-MICROPHONE, an intercom really, with a three-way switch labelled, in turn, "TALK" - "OFF" - "LISTEN". Beside that is a LIGHT SWITCH. Adamson's hand flips the light switch on.

55 WIDER ANGLE - OUTSIDE THE DOOR

WE NOW SEE the lighted inside of the room beyond as Adamson and Fran start through the opening. Adamson leaves the key in the lock.

56 FULL SHOT - INT. SOUND-PROOFED ROOM

The walls, the ceiling and the tight-fitting door that is affixed to the inside surface of the outer brick camouflage are all lined with sound-proofing material. The sparse furnishings consist of a simple cot on which are a few pillows and rumpled sheets and blankets, a wooden table,

CONTINUED

56 CONTINUED

a straight-backed chair, an old easy chair, and a chemical toilet with the lid closed. There are no windows, but there is a grille in the ceiling for ventilation. Prominently visible beside the doorway at eye-level is another speaker-microphone. On the table are the remnants of a half-finished meal and a half-empty bottle of wine. Adamson and Fran ENTER the room, glance about and begin to tidy up, removing the sheets and blankets and pillow-cases, putting plates and eating utensils on a tray, chatting casually as they go about their domestic chores.

FRAN

(on entering)

Mr. Constantine has left us some wine.

ADAMSON

I don't think he likes the California stuff.

(L-11)

As they begin to clean up:

FRAN

No, it was probably my Veal Parmesan. I'm afraid I over-cooked it.

ADAMSON

He likes to eat in a room with a view, that's all. You know how fussy rich people are.

FRAN

Don't forget to empty...that thing.

(L-12)

A chemical toilet from their viewpoint.

ADAMSON

Don't you think emptying out a chemical toilet is a little beneath the dignity of a jewel collector?

FRAN

The wages of sin, Arthur.

ADAMSON

I'll do it tomorrow.

FRAN

Never put off till tomorrow what you can empty out tonight.

CONTINUED

56 CONTINUED - 2

ADAMSON

Bitch.

Now THEY EXIT the room together, Adamson carrying the tray and wine bottle, Fran carrying the bedclothes, her coat, her wig and her handbag.

57 OUTSIDE THE DOOR

Adamson pushes the "brick door". It CLICKS shut. He sets the tray down, locks the door with the key that is still in the lock. He removes the key, turns off the switch that controls the lights in the hidden room and replaces the two bricks. The opening is once again totally concealed. Now he takes up the tray, and he and Fran go up the stairs and open the door at the top, immediately becoming flooded with light coming from the hallway of the house.

58 LONG SHOT - INT. HALLWAY

Conspicuous is a fairly large-sized CRYSTAL CHANDELIER hanging down at UPPER SCREEN CENTER, and on the RIGHT, a staircase leading to the upper floor. It has an elaborate mahogany balustrade. In f.g. at RIGHT is a double-doored entrance to the living room. On the LEFT, in f.g., is the door leading to the dining room. Farther towards the REAR, on the LEFT, is the door that leads to the kitchen. On the CUT TO THIS SHOT, Adamson and Fran are entering at the far end of the hallway. They approach the doorway to the kitchen. Fran GOES IN. Adamson pauses for a moment in the hallway, looks up thoughtfully, then FOLLOWS Fran into the kitchen.

59 INT. KITCHEN

Fran is in the act of opening the refrigerator. She pulls out the meat drawer, tosses the wig in, shoves the drawer back in place and closes the refrigerator, while Adamson puts the tray with its contents, and the wine bottle, beside the sink.

FRAN

Arthur, what's Amsterdam like?

ADAMSON

Oh, lots of canals, and lots of wizened old men with sharp eyes sitting around cutting big stones into little ones. You'll see.

CONTINUED

59 CONTINUED

Fran is now opening the door of the dishwasher, pulling its cage out, taking dishes and utensils from the tray and placing them in the washer, as Adamson starts toward a row of drawers.

FRAN

Would it be a good place for
a honeymoon?

ADAMSON

(glances at her,
smiles)

Is that a proposal?

FRAN

It sounded like one, didn't it?

Adamson pulls open one of the drawers.

60 QUICK INSERT

Adamson's hands are tearing off a 1½ inch piece of scotch tape from its roll.

FRAN'S VOICE

(continuing, o.s.)

I don't know what's come over me
tonight. I'm tingling all over.

61 INT. KITCHEN - MEDIUM SHOT OF ADAMSON

As he pushes the drawer shut and CAMERA PANS HIM to the swinging door leading to the dining room:

ADAMSON

I told you about danger, didn't
I? First it makes you sick. Then,
when you get through it, it makes
you very...loving.

He pushes the swinging door.

62 INT. DINING ROOM

Adamson comes in through the swinging door, leaving it open behind him. He crosses to the doorway leading to the hallway, passing the dining table on which there are two place mats, half-filled glasses and unused spoons and forks. During this walk to the hallway, Adamson's left hand goes into his pocket.

63 INT. HALLWAY

CAMERA IS SHOOTING from within the dining room. Adamson comes into the hallway, pauses for a moment looking up at the chandelier, his left hand still in his pocket.

FRAN'S VOICE
(from kitchen)
Darling?

ADAMSON
(lost in thought)
Hm?

FRAN'S VOICE
It was all too easy. It's
frightening.

ADAMSON
Brilliant planning, that's all.
They don't have a single lead to
follow.

FRAN'S VOICE
What about the sodium pentothal
we stuck him with?

ADAMSON
(starts slowly toward
the staircase)
If Dr. Vogel didn't miss it six
months ago when I had that wisdom
tooth out, he'll never miss it now.
(he starts up the stair-
case with measured tread)
Fran, what are you trying to say
to me?

64 INT. DINING ROOM

SHOOTING towards the kitchen doorway, WE SEE Fran coming through into the dining room, saying:

FRAN
Just that we could stop here,
y'know, while we're still ahead.

As she picks up the table mats, half-filled glasses, spoons and forks and starts back to the kitchen:

ADAMSON'S VOICE
(from the stairs)
I couldn't if I tried, sweetheart. (L-13)
I'm hooked on the thrills, drunk

CONTINUED

64 CONTINUED

ADAMSON'S VOICE (Cont'd)
with success and freaked out with
visions of unlimited purchasing
power. Just the one more big job
I promised myself -- then I can
hang up my gloves. (L-13)

FRAN
Then can I go back to the art
institute? (L-14)

ADAMSON'S VOICE
I'll buy it for you. (L-14)

65 INT. KITCHEN

As Fran ENTERS and starts to put more things away:

ADAMSON'S VOICE
Don't bother to finish up. Let's
go to bed.

FRAN
Tired?

ADAMSON'S VOICE
Unh uh. Tingling all over.

Fran smiles, starts toward the light switch.

66 HIGH ANGLE - INT. HALLWAY

CAMERA is in the hallway, SHOOTING INTO the dining room. WE SEE the kitchen lights GO OUT, then Fran ENTERING the dining room and stretching her hand out to turn out the dining room lights as she comes through to the hallway. When the CAMERA PANS with her as she goes toward the stairway, it REVEALS Adamson still on the stairway, but two or three steps higher than where we last saw him.

FRAN
(on her way to him)
How did I ever let you get me into
all this? I thought I fell in love
with you because I needed some
stability in my life.

ADAMSON
(smiles)
You're just a bad judge of character,
that's all.

CONTINUED

66 CONTINUED

Fran has mounted the staircase to join him, CAMERA RISING WITH HER. They put their arms around each others' waists and start slowly up the remaining stairs.

FRAN

Where did you put the diamond?

ADAMSON

Where everyone can see it.

FRAN

You didn't.

ADAMSON

I did.

FRAN

Aren't you going to tell me where?

ADAMSON

You'll have to torture me first.

FRAN

Oh, I intend to -- in a few minutes.

During the above, CAMERA HAS BEEN SLOWLY RISING WITH THEM and SLOWLY PANNING OVER WITH THEM, BRINGING THE CHANDELIER INTO VIEW. On the last few lines of dialogue, they have gone OUT OF THE SHOT and the CAMERA IS SLOWLY ZOOMING IN until WE SEE THE RANSOM DIAMOND, hanging by its transparent scotch tape, lost among the many crystals of the slightly swinging chandelier. At the END OF THE ZOOM, THE DIAMOND IS FILLING THE SCREEN, and - DISSOLVES TO:

67 THE FACE OF VICTOR CONSTANTINE IN CLOSE SHOT - INT. CONSTANTINE'S OFFICE - THE CITY - DAY

The kidnap victim is in the middle of a mild tirade. He speaks with the harsh, slightly crude manner of a self-made man, which he is, and there is a trace of Greek accent. Without breaking the flow of his words, he rises, and the CAMERA STARTS TO PULL BACK, eventually to REVEAL Grandison, Bush and Sanger seated around the desk behind which Constantine has been seated, Bush taking shorthand notes on a pad. As Constantine paces back and forth, WE SEE several ship models and other indications that this is the office of a shipping magnate. The scene is played very crisply, tersely, staccato:

CONSTANTINE

With all due respect to the Bureau of Inspectors and the FBI, I got no

CONTINUED

67 CONTINUED

CONSTANTINE (Cont'd)
time for these games. Lest we
forget, gentlemen, I've been away
from my desk...forcibly. I got
work to catch up with. So how
many more times are we gonna do
this thing?

GRANDISON
(with great patience)
Until we come up with something,
Mr. Constantine.

CONSTANTINE
A helluva way to solve a kidnapping.
All right. All right. But from me
you'll learn nothing.

GRANDISON
You never know.

CONSTANTINE
I know.

GRANDISON
(nods to the FBI agent)
Floyd?

SANGER
(to the pacing Constantine)
The parking area.

CONSTANTINE
Empty.

SANGER
Sounds.

CONSTANTINE
Footsteps behind me.

SANGER
Man or woman?

CONSTANTINE
Don't know.

SANGER
(persisting)
Man or woman?

CONSTANTINE
(shrugs)
Man.

67 CONTINUED - 2

SANGER

Then what?

CONSTANTINE

A sting in my left arm. I started to turn, and woke up in that god-damned room.

SANGER

What did you hear, inside or outside?

CONSTANTINE

The room was sound-proofed. I never heard anything but the disembodied voice on the loudspeaker.

SANGER

Describe it.

CONSTANTINE

I already did.

SANGER

Again.

CONSTANTINE

Man's voice, no accent, doctored up electronically, unrecognizable, like a talking computer.

SANGER

How many of them were there?

CONSTANTINE

Two. A man and a woman.

SANGER

Why do you say that?

CONSTANTINE

Because the faintest light filtered down from the hallway above, but not enough that it gave me any chance of seeing who they were.

SANGER

Who did the cooking?

CONSTANTINE

She did.

SANGER

Why?

CONTINUED

67 CONTINUED - 3

CONSTANTINE

A man wouldn't have bothered sprinkling parsley on the filet of sole.

SANGER

How old is she?

CONSTANTINE

(laughs)

Come on now.

SANGER

How old?

CONSTANTINE

(shrugs)

Twenty-five.

SANGER

Why?

CONSTANTINE

If a man my age is gonna be kidnapped by a woman, he wants her to be twenty-five.

SANGER

Describe your return.

CONSTANTINE

The disembodied voice tells me to sit with my back to the door. The light goes out, the door opens, they both come in and I feel a prick in the shoulder. Next thing I know I wake up in a hospital bed with you sitting there thinking up questions.

SANGER

You've been doing great, Mr. Constantine.

CONSTANTINE

That's what you think.

GRANDISON

All right, now let's start all over again.

CONSTANTINE

Shit.

68 EXT. BLANCHE TYLER'S HOUSE - DALY CITY - DAY

George Lumley's taxicab pulls to a stop behind a very ancient but well preserved Bentley limousine with a uniformed chauffeur behind the wheel, parked before Blanche's small frame house. There is a sign hanging near the entrance: "MADAME BLANCHE - SPIRITUALISM". Lumley gets out of his cab, taking notice of the limousine. He takes off his hack-driver's hat, tosses it into the cab and walks with swift, purposeful strides around to the rear of the house, CAMERA MOVING WITH HIM. At the back door, he ENTERS.

69 INT. KITCHEN - BLANCHE'S HOUSE - DAY

Lumley COMES INTO a combination kitchen, dinette and office featuring a messy, open roll-top desk. Through the curtains covering the doorway to the sitting room beyond can be HEARD the SOUND OF BLANCHE'S VOICE in a "mediumistic" trance. Lumley moves with cautious urgency to the curtains, carefully parts them and peers through.

IN THE FOLLOWING SCENES THE MAIN ACTION WE ARE CONCERNED WITH ARE THE MOVEMENTS OF LUMLEY. THE DIALOGUE COMING FROM BLANCHE AND HER CLIENT IS MERELY IN THE BACKGROUND AND, AS PRESENTLY WRITTEN, THERE MAY BE TOO MUCH OF THE O.S. DIALOGUE.

70 LUMLEY'S POINT OF
VIEW - THE SITTING
ROOM

Blanche, facing the curtains, is seated at a table in the sitting room with eyes closed and head thrown back. Opposite her, seated with her back to the curtains, is MRS. IDA COOKSON, a wide-eyed, simple-minded woman of 70, listening, open-mouthed, to every word of the seance.

BLANCHE
(starting with the
previous scene and
continuing)

...Don't fail me now...Where are you, Henry?...Why don't you answer me, Henry?...I see someone there but he's not very clear. He keeps coming and going, coming and going...Walter...Walter Cookson...Your wife is here beside me, longing to speak to you...Ida Cookson is here and her heart is full of love for you, Walter...Oh, yes, yes, now I begin to see -- but you are surrounded by so much light. It hurts the eyes to look...Ooooh! Why it's Henry...

71 INT. KITCHEN

Lumley withdraws,
looks around, finds
a fly swatter and
goes back to the
curtains.

BLANCHE AS HENRY
Yes, it's me, Blanche.

BLANCHE
My goodness, Henry. I don't
often see you with such a
beaming smile on your face.

72 REVERSE ANGLE

SHOOTING FROM the
sitting room, towards:
the curtains, WE SEE
Lumley reach through
with the fly swatter
and agitate an
Oriental glass mobile
hanging from
the ceiling in f.g.,
causing it to make a
delicate TINKLING
SOUND.

BLANCHE AS HENRY
I smile because I'm happy,
Blanche. Can't you feel it
all around you? It comes
through you, Blanche, from
your friend Ida Cookson.

BLANCHE
I am her guide, Henry.
Friendship can only be claimed
when it cannot be denied.

BLANCHE AS HENRY
Tell Ida Cookson we are all
thankful here for the warm
tranquility in her heart. It
will grow even warmer as she
trusts in you and confides in
you and holds back no secrets
from you, be they her own or
those of her intimate friends.

73 CLOSE SHOT -
LUMLEY

Peering intently
through the parted
curtains towards
Blanche.

BLANCHE
Did you hear that, Mrs.
Cookson?

IDA COOKSON
Yes, Madame Blanche.

74 LUMLEY'S POINT
OF VIEW

ZOOM INTO A CLOSEUP
OF BLANCHE. One of
her eyes surrepti-
tiously starts to
open.

BLANCHE
Henry, you must seek Walter
for us now. Search through
the Double Strand of Kindness
until my friend Ida Cookson
is joined in loving communi-
cation with her dear departed
husband...

AT THIS POINT, WE LEAVE LUMLEY AND GO TO BLANCHE.

75 BLANCHE'S POINT
OF VIEW

In f.g., the lid of her eye, much out of focus, WIDENS THE ALMOND-SHAPED SHOT to a CONVENTIONAL-SIZED SHOT showing Lumley beckoning to her with urgency through the slightly parted curtains.

BLANCHE AS HENRY
I will try, Blanche. But first the mists must part a little and the veil must rise to let in the light that shows us the path...

BLANCHE
(seeing Lumley beckoning to her)
I am ready now, Henry, ready to follow you wherever you want me to go...

76 TWO-SHOT - BLANCHE AND MRS. COOKSON

SHOOTING ACROSS THEM as they sit facing each other, WE incidentally SEE a large crystal ball on a stand in the b.g. Blanche's eye closes again and she slowly RISES, holding one hand before her like a sleepwalker as she murmurs:

BLANCHE
Henry, where are you taking me?
(she crosses towards the curtains, CAMERA PANNING WITH HER)
Yes, yes, I see your hand beckoning to me...Oh, what a lovely garden...
Is that a statue, Henry?...Could that be Walter standing there beside the fountain?...

Ida Cookson has turned, puzzled, to watch Blanche DISAPPEARING through the curtains.

77 INT. KITCHEN

As Blanche comes in through the curtains, she opens her eyes and CAMERA TAKES HER to where Lumley is now seen hiding in the corner. She puts her finger to her lips to caution him into silence, and UTTERS SEVERAL LOUD MOANS AND EXCLAMATIONS for the benefit of Mrs. Cookson in the sitting room. CAMERA MOVES IN with Blanche, bringing her and Lumley into a TIGHT TWO-BIG-HEADS SHOT. They talk in hurried, fierce whispers, with Blanche occasionally turning her head toward the curtains to THROW A FEW LIGHT MOANS Mrs. Cookson's way.

BLANCHE
How can you do this to me--?

LUMLEY
I couldn't wait--

77

CONTINUED

BLANCHE

OHHHH!....Do you realize what damage you can do to my psyche breaking in this way--?

LUMLEY

Come off it, Blanche. I need your car keys and I'm in a hurry--

BLANCHE

YES, HENRY...What for?

LUMLEY

I've located the daughter of that Rainbird chauffeur and I'm not going around there as a cabdriver. Where are your keys?

BLANCHE

OHHHH!...What am I supposed to do all day without...?

LUMLEY

Take a bus. I don't know. Gimme the keys.

Blanche goes to the roll-top desk, rummages in her handbag, crying out:

BLANCHE

THE TREES ARE SWAYING AND THE BRANCHES PART BUT THERE'S NO ONE THERE...Here!

She hurls the keys at Lumley, who catches them, blows her a kiss and immediately tiptoes for the back door. Eyes closed again, hand outstretched, Blanche starts her "trance-walk" back through the curtains.

78

INT. SITTING ROOM

CAMERA PANS with Blanche as she COMES IN and slowly moves toward the table under the befuddled gaze of Mrs. Cookson.

BLANCHE

I see shadows falling...The air is getting cold...The pictures grow dim...

CAMERA MOVES INTO A TWO SHOT as she carefully settles into her seat opposite Mrs. Cookson.

CONTINUED

78 CONTINUED

BLANCHE

Your smile fades, Henry...Is this
the end for today?...Tell Walter
we shall return...Ida Cookson
will be back...Goodbye, Henry...
Goodbye....

She sighs, opens her eyes and looks with blank expression at
Mrs. Cookson.

IDA COOKSON

Did you find Walter?

BLANCHE

(with great innocence)

Where?

IDA COOKSON

When you went into the kitchen.

BLANCHE

(eyes widening with
feigned astonishment)

I did?

79 FULL SHOT - INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

(L-15)

We are in the predominantly Women's Section of the ground floor of a large department store. The HUBBUB OF VOICES is mostly female, and the display counters show mostly feminine, intimate mysteries...pantyhose, body-stockings, underwear, bikini panties, girdles, brassieres and nighties. Somewhere near f.g. WE SEE, through the milling, feeling, inspecting, buying and chattering women customers, a bare-headed Lumley talking earnestly to a SENIOR MALE ASSISTANT, but we cannot hear any words. In response to a Lumley question, the Senior Male Assistant points off in a specific direction. Lumley nods his 'thanks' and IS SEEN TO MOVE AWAY FROM CAMERA in that direction, and is quickly lost from view in the milling crowds.

80 CLOSER ANGLE - PLAYTEX BRASSIERE COUNTER

(L-16)

This is a counter which features brassieres of many different colors, sizes and styles, some of them backless, some of them sideless, none of them frontless. A mid-fiftyish SALESWOMAN who fills her Playtex very well is holding up a brassiere with her hands and looking across the counter at a MALE CUSTOMER in a rather helpless, exasperated manner. Her name is VERA HANNAGAN, and as Lumley ENTERS THE SCENE, she glances across at him, then turns back to her customer.

CONTINUED

MRS. HANNAGAN

I'm sorry, sir, but I still think it would be better to wait until your wife can come in herself.

MALE CUSTOMER

If she can pick out my neckties, why can't I pick out a brassiere?

MRS. HANNAGAN

But if you don't know her size, sir... I mean, I've suggested perhaps a grapefruit -- that was too big. Then an orange -- that was too big. I don't know what else to suggest, unless it's an egg.

The man turns towards Lumley, gives him a wink, then turns back to the saleslady.

MALE CUSTOMER

Yes, that's it -- a fried one.

The saleswoman's face hardens. She's had it with this man. He throws out a helpless hand, turns and walks off, OUT OF THE PICTURE. She starts to put her brassieres away, but pauses as Lumley moves closer to her, the CAMERA MOVING IN. She looks at him.

LUMLEY

Can I speak to you a moment, Mrs. Hannagan?

MRS. HANNAGAN

(brightening)

Why sure. Do we know each other?

LUMLEY

I'm Frank McBride...law firm of Ferguson, Ferguson and McBride. Wonder if you'd mind my asking you a few questions about your background?

MRS. HANNAGAN

My background? Dull as dishwater. What in the world would you be wanting with that?

LUMLEY

(with a most friendly smile)

Let's just say that the information I need may be of considerable financial value, Mrs. Hannagan.

80 CONTINUED - 2

MRS. HANNAGAN
(slightly intrigued)
Oh, yeah? To whom?

LUMLEY
(looking at her
meaningfully)
We'll get to that pleasant matter
in a little bit, all right?

The woman regards him for a moment, then gives a shrug of
assent. What has she got to lose?

LUMLEY
Now, let's start at the beginning.
First, about your parents...

MRS. HANNAGAN
Both dead, God rest 'em.

She continues to put her Playtex stock away.

LUMLEY
Your father was a chauffeur. Right?

MRS. HANNAGAN
(impressed)
How the heck did you know that?

LUMLEY
(dazzling her)
Worked for the Rainbird family?

MRS. HANNAGAN
Right again. You'd make a helluva
detective, Mr. McBride.

LUMLEY
Thank you. Now, was there anybody
your father was very close to in
those days?

MRS. HANNAGAN
Gosh, it's such a long time ago...

LUMLEY
Give it a try.

MRS. HANNAGAN
Well...I don't know if you'd say he
was close, but there was this man,
way back when I was in high school,
there was this guy Dad used to drink
beer with and shoot pool with down

CONTINUED

MRS. HANNAGAN (Cont'd)
in the village, this Harry Shoebridge,
ran a poultry shop with his wife Sadie...

LUMLEY
Shoebridge.

MRS. HANNAGAN
(laughs)
We always called them Hard Luck
Harry and Sad Sack Sadie...

LUMLEY
Oh?

MRS. HANNAGAN
Yeah, his business was always lousy
even when times were good. And
she used to have miscarriages the
way some women have birthdays.
(shakes her head)
Sad Sack Sadie. They finally gave
up trying and moved away to Castro-
ville and adopted a kid, I think...

LUMLEY
(reacting)
A boy?

MRS. HANNAGAN
Yeah. An infant. But I'm not sure.
It's kinda hazy. I seem to connect
it with...I remember this night...
my Dad driving out there all alone
to see the Shoebridges, and getting
into this big fight with Ma over
coming home at four ayem and re-
fusing to tell her what he was up
to or something. God, the things
you half remember and half don't,
after forty years...

LUMLEY
You're doing beautifully, Mrs. Hannagan.

MRS. HANNAGAN
When Dad passed away, rest his soul,
Ma was pretty damned mad at Harry
and Sadie Shoebridge for not even
showing up for the funeral. Then she
found out why...

LUMLEY
Uh huh?

80 CONTINUED - 4

MRS. HANNAGAN

A year earlier, they had gone to
their own funeral.

LUMLEY

Dead?

MRS. HANNAGAN

(a rueful laugh)

Hard Luck Harry and Sad Sack Sadie
...Their house burned down with
them in it.

LUMLEY

But what about their son? --

At this moment, a formidable SENIOR SALESWOMAN COMES IN beside
Mrs. Hannagan and sternly interrupts.

SENIOR SALESWOMAN

Mrs. Hannagan, can't you see there
are customers waiting?

MRS. HANNAGAN

(pressed, urgent)

Yes. Right away...

(to Lumley)

Look, Mr. McBride, about all this
being worth something...

SENIOR SALESWOMAN

Mrs....Hannagan...!

Mrs. Hannagan quickly EXITS THE PICTURE, and Lumley calls
after her:

LUMLEY

Mrs. Hannagan...the Shoebridges' son
...where would I be able to find him?

Mrs. Hannagan sticks her head BACK INTO THE PICTURE.

MRS. HANNAGAN

Try the Castroville cemetery.

LUMLEY

The cemetery!

MRS. HANNAGAN

I'm not sure, but I think he's dead,
too.

81 CLOSEUP OF LUMLEY

(L-17)

CONTINUED

81 CONTINUED

LUMLEY
(stricken)
Christ...

The CAMERA CLOSES IN on his bewildered expression as he moves forward.

82 LONG SHOT - EXT. CEMETERY NEAR CASTROVILLE - AFTERNOON

George Lumley, driving Blanche's modest yellow coupe, is APPROACHING CAMERA, which PANS the car to a stop outside the gates of a small cemetery situated alongside a country road. There is no fence surrounding the property, and the burial plots appear rather run-down and overgrown. WE ARE SHOOTING ACROSS THE HOOD OF THE CAR as Lumley gets out, notices a small CARETAKER'S HUT beyond the gates, and goes through the gates towards it.

83 CLOSER ANGLE - CARETAKER'S HUT

The door is open. Lumley comes up to it, peers in, apparently finds no one inside, and turns away. CAMERA now PANS with him as he starts up the main pathway of the cemetery.

84 REVERSE ANGLE - WAIST SHOT OF LUMLEY

WE ARE DOLLYING BACK WITH HIM as he glances from one side to the other, searching the headstones for the Shoebridge graves. WE INTERCUT MOVING POINT-OF-VIEW SHOTS WHICH ARE SO VERY CLOSE THAT WE CAN READ THE HEADSTONES LUMLEY IS VIEWING. Several of the headstones indicate that more than one member of the family is buried in the same grave.

85 CLOSER SHOT OF LUMLEY

As he glances further to his left, still moving.

86 OBJECTIVE SHOT

Lumley turns from the main path and goes down a side path.

87 CLOSER OBJECTIVE SHOT

Lumley ARRIVES at THE SHOEBRIDGE FAMILY PLOT.

88 CLOSEUP - LUMLEY

He leans forward slightly.

89 CLOSE POINT-OF-VIEW SHOT

WE SEE one large headstone over a grave containing the remains of HARRY AND SADIE SHOEBRIDGE, with their birth and death dates. Harry's dates are 1903-1950 and Sadie's are 1905-1950. The stone is aged and weather-beaten, and tilted slightly to the left.

90 QUICK CLOSEUP OF LUMLEY

His eyes begin to move sideways.

91 CLOSE POINT-OF-VIEW SHOT

The CAMERA PANS OFF the large headstone onto a SHORTER AND NEWER STONE beside the other. The inscription on this stone refers to EDWARD SHOEBRIDGE, 1935-1950.

92 CLOSEUP OF LUMLEY

He frowns, still staring down.

LUMLEY

(half aloud)

Dead end, Blanche. Dead and buried.

93 LOOSE OBJECTIVE SHOT

In f.g. are Lumley and the two headstones, with Lumley straightening up, still staring down at the "bad news". About fifty yards away, beyond him, WE SEE an OPEN GRAVE with a big pile of earth beside it. Slowly, a man's head rises into view from the open grave, unseen by Lumley. It is the CARETAKER, a weather-beaten, prune-faced man of seventy. He stares across at Lumley, then quietly places his shovel onto the ground and starts to climb out of the grave. Meanwhile, Lumley is turning slightly towards CAMERA, a faintly puzzled look beginning to grow on his face. Behind Lumley, still unseen by him, the caretaker is making his way towards Lumley with slow, sinister tread. As the man comes closer, Lumley notices the SOUND OF HIS FOOTSTEPS. He turns and finally sees him. CAMERA CLOSSES IN TO A TIGHT TWO SHOT as the caretaker comes up to Lumley beside the Shoebridge headstones.

CARETAKER

(tersely)

Caretaker...Do somethin' for ya?

LUMLEY

Friend of the family.

CONTINUED

93 CONTINUED

CARETAKER
 (looking down)
 None left. Bad business, that.

LUMLEY
 You mean the fire?

CARETAKER
 Never liked them multiple funerals.
 Too much work all at one time.

LUMLEY
 (pointing down)
 They died together, but they're not
 buried together in the same grave.
 How come?

CARETAKER
 (gives him a blank look)
 Search me.

Now Lumley steps closer to the headstones, stretches an arm out.

94 INSERT

Lumley's finger runs along the edge of the LARGER headstone, showing its age and weathered, rounded edge.

95 CLOSEUP - LUMLEY

The caretaker is slightly behind him, watching intently. Lumley stretches his arm out again.

96 INSERT

Lumley's finger runs along the edge of the SMALLER stone. This edge is sharp and clean, revealing practically no age.

97 LOOSER TWO SHOT

Lumley looks at the caretaker, whose expression goes blank again. Lumley points to the larger headstone.

LUMLEY
 Died 1950...Died 1950...
 (points to the smaller
 stone)
 Died same date...

CONTINUED

97 CONTINUED

LUMLEY (Cont'd)

(points back to the
first stone)Old stone...(points to the smaller
stone)Practically new stone...

He gives the caretaker a mildly curious look. The caretaker meets his gaze, and a slow grin comes to his grizzled face.

CARETAKER

Smart fellah, ain't ya?

LUMLEY

(slightly surprised)

Why? Have I stumbled on something
here?

The caretaker doesn't reply, just continues to smile at him. Then, abruptly:

CARETAKER

Well, nice meetin' ya. Better get
on with my diggin'. Got a job
comin' in here tomorrow.

He turns and WALKS AWAY, leaving the puzzled Lumley standing there. Lumley glances at the small headstone, then walks over to it, goes around behind it, and leans down to examine closely the rear of the stone, his eyes and fingers probing all the way down to its base.

98 EXT. STONEMASON'S YARD IN THE VICINITY OF THE CEMETERY - DAY

START VERY CLOSE ON A SCREEN-FILLING SHOT of the word "DIED" inscribed on granite, with LOUD ROCK MUSIC HEARD OVER THE SHOT. CAMERA EASES BACK TO REVEAL a FULLER VIEW. In f.g., is a partially inscribed headstone lying flat on a bench. A young, long-haired, blue-jeaned GIRL in a T-shirt is chipping away on the headstone with mallet and chisel, completing an inscription to the rhythm of the music coming from a portable radio beside her. There are stacks of raw materials, such as marble and granite, and roughly formed headstones of various sizes and styles. (AVOID SHOWING ANY CROSSES). In far b.g., in front of the shack which constitutes the office of this small enterprise, Lumley is seen talking to an older man, WHEELER by name, the workclothes he is wearing and the instrument in his hand telling us that he is the active proprietor. He turns toward the girl and shouts:

WHEELER

Turn that damn thing down, Marcella.
I can't even hear myself think.

99

TWO SHOT - LUMLEY AND WHEELER

The RADIO ROCK MUSIC GOES WAY DOWN. MUCH SUBDUED, it will be HEARD UNDER THIS AND THE NEXT SCENE. On the CUT, Wheeler is saying:

WHEELER

How do you expect me to remember anything that far back? I'd have to go through my old ledgers for that kind of information.

LUMLEY

I hate to insist, Mr. Wheeler.

WHEELER

You know something, Mr. McBride? You lawyers are all alike. Trouble, trouble, trouble. Well, come on, I don't have all day.

We PAN WITH THEM as Wheeler leads Lumley into the office.

100

INT. SHACK

There is an old desk piled with unfilled orders, old bills, and other letters and documents. Behind the desk are ledgers marked by year. The men ENTER, and Wheeler goes behind the desk, asking Lumley:

WHEELER

What year did you say the family died?

LUMLEY

Nineteen fifty.

Wheeler takes the ledger labelled 1950, blows a cloud of dust from it and is seized with a choking cough as he starts thumbing through the pages.

WHEELER

What...month...?

LUMLEY

Can't help you there.

WHEELER

Shoebridge...Shoebridge...Here we are. Shoebridge. Harry and Sadie. Large marble. Model 28. Paid in full, check number 93, First Church of Latter Day Saints. Castroville, California.

CONTINUED

100 CONTINUED

LUMLEY

What about the son, Edward Shoe-
bridge?

WHEELER

(searching)

Edward? Nope. Nothing.

LUMLEY

Gotta be. Probably came later.

WHEELER

Wait a minute. You're talking about
Eddie Shoebridge. His headstone.
Yeah, that did come later, think
it was fifty-seven.

He takes another ledger down, blows dust and starts looking
through it.

WHEELER

Sure, I remember that kid. Wasn't
too popular around these parts.
Some say he set that fire himself to
get rid of his folks, and then dis-
appeared to make it look like he
died in the fire too. You know they
never did find the body.

LUMLEY

(reacts)

You mean there's no body in that grave?

WHEELER

As I recollect, that's why the local
parson wouldn't say any services
for Eddie.

LUMLEY

Was there a death certificate?

WHEELER

(defensively)

I wouldn't know and I don't have to
know. I'm just a businessman, Mr.
McBride. People want something from
me and I get paid to turn out what they
want, that's all...Ah, here it is.
Edward Shoebridge. Granite Special.
Ordered November 12th, paid for Novem-
ber 18th, 1957. Three hundred ninety-
five dollars...

(a pause)

CONTINUED

100

CONTINUED - 2

WHEELER (Cont'd)

That's funny. Paid in cash. They don't usually do that.

LUMLEY

Who was it?

WHEELER

I don't know, Mr. McBride. I guess he didn't want his name known.

LUMLEY

Why do you say "he"?

WHEELER

I did, didn't I? Well, y'know, I sorta seem to recall...it was a man, yeah, dark fellow, kinda young, say his early twenties...

LUMLEY

Didn't you see him again when you installed the headstone on the grave?

WHEELER

We didn't do that. He came here and picked it up himself. Yeah, I remember now...in one of those tow-trucks. Y'know, the kind the garages use?

On a CLOSE SHOT OF LUMLEY looking very thoughtful, we CUT TO:

101

INT. CORRIDOR IN THE COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY'

In the distance, WE SEE a PAIR OF NEWLYWEDS EMERGING from a door to the RIGHT, the girl wearing an oversized corsage, the young man awkwardly overdressed in his new blue suit with a white carnation in his lapel. A middle-aged OFFICIAL, apparently the REGISTRAR, steps into the doorway and shakes their hands. Then the newlyweds START TOWARDS CAMERA, the girl's hand through the young man's arm. As they NEAR CAMERA, the girl grimaces with pain.

GIRL

These lousy shoes are killing me.

They are GOING OUT OF THE SHOT AS WE HEAR her new husband's reply:

YOUNG MAN

Don't worry, I'll have you out of them in half an hour.

CONTINUED

101 CONTINUED

Now CAMERA PANS LEFT and the top half of a glass door FILLS THE SCREEN. The lettering on it says: REGISTRAR OF BIRTHS AND DEATHS. Through the glass, WE SEE Lumley and a WOMAN CLERK, thirtyish, curvaceous, overly plump, wearing steel-rimmed glasses and a thigh-revealing, inappropriate mini-skirt. They are standing together, bending over a long file drawer which has been withdrawn from the nearby bank of filing cabinets, and placed on a long table.

102 CLOSE TWO SHOT

CLERK

(looking up)

No, there's no death certificate here for Edward Shoebridge. Only Harry J. and Sadie L. Shoebridge.

LUMLEY

That's all you have there?

The woman looks around, reaches into the file.

CLERK

Well there is this here.

(she removes a piece of paper, looks down at it)

This appears to be an application for a death certificate, and it's for Edward Shoebridge, dated May 4th, 1957.

(reading from the application)

"Inasmuch as applicant could furnish no proof of death for party whose body had never been found, and could supply no Medical Death Certificate and nothing from the Coroner's Office, the application was denied. Applicant, when informed he could file a petition for court action, declined the suggestion."

LUMLEY

Does it say who the applicant was?

CLERK

Yes. Joseph P. Maloney, 426 Oxford Avenue, Castroville, California.

103 CLOSE SHOT - LUMLEY IN CAR - EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF CASTROVILLE - DAY

CONTINUED

103 CONTINUED

Blanche's car is parked, and WE ARE SHOOTING INTO THE OPEN DRIVER'S WINDOW. Lumley is looking intently PAST CAMERA.

104 LUMLEY'S POINT OF VIEW OF THE MALONEY HOUSE AND GARAGE

On the opposite side of the road, and about fifty yards ahead, WE SEE a somewhat aged, dilapidated gas station with a wooden frame house adjacent to it. A Volkswagen parked beside one of the pumps is being filled with gasoline by a man of about forty dressed in attendant's uniform. This is JOE MALONEY. CAMERA SLOWLY ZOOMS IN to the canopy on the front of the garage where the pumps are situated. WE READ the name: J. MALONEY.

105 CLOSE SHOT - LUMLEY IN CAR

He is still watching.

106 LUMLEY'S POINT OF VIEW

The driver in the Volkswagen is now signing the credit card check, as Maloney stands beside the car waiting. A very long heavy aluminum produce truck lumbers by VERY CLOSE TO CAMERA and BLOTS OUT EVERYTHING for a seemingly interminable period of time. When our picture is finally cleared by the truck passing through, WE SEE that the Volkswagen is gone and the garageman is gone, so that we are left with a complete emptiness of activity around the gas station.

JUMP CUT TO:

107 BRIEF CLOSE SHOT - WINDOW OF GAS STATION OFFICE

WE ARE SHOOTING THROUGH THE WINDOW, SEEING, BUT NOT HEARING, the garageman, Joe Maloney, talking surreptitiously to a late thirtyish woman (who we will later find out is his WIFE). He is gesticulating and visibly drawing her attention to Lumley's car across the street. Both of them are looking out of the window PAST CAMERA. Maloney's lips are moving, but we DO NOT HEAR a word he is saying.

108 THE MALONEYS' POINT OF VIEW THROUGH WINDOW

They SEE Lumley's car parked across the street fifty yards down, with Lumley's face turned towards the garage, still watching.

109 CLOSE SHOT - GARAGE WINDOW

The Maloneys are still looking out. Now MRS. MALONEY is doing the talking.

110 CLOSE SHOT - LUMLEY IN CAR

WE ARE NOW SHOOTING DEAD ON HIS FACE as he takes a final look toward the gas station and makes up his mind to approach it. He STARTS THE MOTOR.

111 LUMLEY'S MOVING POINT OF VIEW

SHOOTING THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD, we become aware that the car has STARTED MOVING. It slowly approaches the gas station, coming nearer and nearer.

112 BRIEF CLOSEUP - LUMLEY IN CAR

Looking confidently ahead, getting himself into the role he intends to play.

113 LUMLEY'S MOVING POINT OF VIEW

Through the windshield, WE SEE the car come to a stop beside the pumps, after HEARING THE CAR'S WHEELS activate the BELL that announces a new customer.

114 LOOSE OBJECTIVE SHOT

SHOOTING THREE-QUARTER FRONT towards the car on SCREEN RIGHT and the office on SCREEN LEFT, WE SEE Lumley sitting there, waiting and waiting because there seems to be no response to the bell.

115 CLOSE SHOT OF DOOR TO OFFICE

SHOOTING INTO THE OFFICE, we are just in time to get a glimpse of the BACK OF MRS. MALONEY hurrying away through a rear door that leads into the house. She swiftly closes the door behind her. There is a slight pause as WE HOLD ON the empty doorway in f.g. With startling suddenness, the head and shoulders of Joe Maloney appear in the doorway. He is smiling, as any gas station proprietor would on greeting a waiting customer.

116 MASTER SCENE - EXT. GARAGE - AROUND CAR

WE WILL COVER MALONEY and LUMLEY with INDIVIDUAL SHOTS, perhaps using TWO CAMERAS, following each of them during the

116

CONTINUED

dialogue scene and the action that ensues.

MALONEY

Fill 'er up?

LUMLEY

Yes, please.

He GETS OUT of the car, stretches, starts to stroll about and look about, while the garageman inserts the fuel hose in the rear tank and starts the pump going.

LUMLEY

This your place?

MALONEY

Yah.

LUMLEY

Then you must be J. Maloney...
John? Jim?

MALONEY

Joe. Want me to look under the
hood?

LUMLEY

If you don't mind, Joe.

The garageman opens the hood, cursorily checks the battery and the oil, peering out from behind the opened hood to steal a glance at Lumley, whose back is momentarily to him.

MALONEY

(pushes the oil stick
back into place)

Everything's okay here.

(slams the hood
down. The gas
pump clicks off)

Funny...ya didn't need hardly any
gas...Ya didn't need no oil...
Guess ya really didn't come here
for the car, huh, Mister?

LUMLEY

(as though he hadn't
heard)

Be sure to get my windshield, will
you.

MALONEY

Don't worry.

CONTINUED

116 CONTINUED - 2

He goes to the paper-towel rack near the pump.

LUMLEY

(casually)

You wouldn't happen to know a man
named Eddie Shoebridge, used to
live in these parts?

Maloney rips off a piece of paper toweling, his right cheek
starting to twitch slightly.

MALONEY

(evenly)

Name doesn't ring no bell with me.

Lumley nods, dead pan.

117 FLASH CLOSEUP - MALONEY'S WIFE

Peering out and listening through the slightly open door
leading to the house. On her face, no expression. She
quickly turns away.

118 EXT. GARAGE - LUMLEY AND MALONEY AT CAR

Maloney sprays the windshield, starts to wipe it.

MALONEY

(offhand)

What would you be wantin' with
this what's-his-name, Shoebridge?

LUMLEY

It's a legal matter.

MALONEY

Oh, you a lawyer?

LUMLEY

Uh huh. Name's McBride. Frank McBride. (L-18)

MALONEY

You're the first lawyer I ever
talked to didn't cost me money.

LUMLEY

Actually, you could make some money
talking to me.

MALONEY

Yeah?

CONTINUED

118

CONTINUED

LUMLEY

I'm prepared to pay a reasonable amount of cash right now for any information that might help me locate Shoebridge.

MALONEY

Where I come from, lawyers are usually bad news.

LUMLEY

In this case, good news. When I find Shoebridge, he'll be quite pleased to hear from me.

MALONEY

(not very interested)
So whaddaya gonna tell him?

He goes around the car to clean the other side of the windshield.

LUMLEY

My client has asked me to keep that confidential.

MALONEY

Who hired you to look for this guy?

LUMLEY

I'm afraid that's confidential, too.

MALONEY

Sure wish I could help you, Mister. Business ain't all that good around here.

LUMLEY

I think you can help me, Maloney.

MALONEY

(coolly)
Is that right?

LUMLEY

People around town here have been telling me that Shoebridge is dead.

MALONEY

(still wiping the windshield)
Well if he's dead, looks like he ain't gonna be hearin' that good news from ya, huh?

118 CONTINUED - 2

LUMLEY
I happen to believe Shoebridge is
alive.

119 INSERT

Maloney's hand movement on the windshield slows down for a
moment, then quickens again.

120 LUMLEY AND MALONEY AT CAR

MALONEY
You sure don't keep this car very
clean.

LUMLEY
(voice hardening)
Maloney, why did you put that head-
stone on an empty grave?

Maloney crumples the paper towel and tosses it like a basket-
ball into the waste receptacle.

MALONEY
Two points for Maloney.
(turns, smiles)
What headstone?

LUMLEY
The one you paid three hundred and
ninety-five dollars for back in 1957.

Maloney looks at him blankly.

MALONEY
You owe me two dollars and forty-
seven cents, Mister.

LUMLEY
Two weeks before that, you person-
ally applied for a death certificate
for Shoebridge over at the Salinas
County Courthouse, and you were turned
down.

Maloney stares at him for a moment

MALONEY
Ya wanna give me ya credit card?

Lumley reaches into his pocket.

LUMLEY
No thanks, Maloney. Like you, I
prefer to pay in cash.

121 CLOSEUP OF MALONEY'S WIFE

Peering through the slightly open door. OVER THE SHOT, WE HEAR Lumley's CAR DOOR OPENING and SLAMMING shut. CAMERA PANS DOWN from the woman's head and shoulders to REVEAL a gun held in her hand. From outside, WE HEAR Lumley's CAR MOTOR STARTING.

122 MEDIUM SHOT - MALONEY AND THE CAR

This is a THREE-QUARTER BACK SHOT of Maloney. Beyond him, WE SEE Lumley's car starting to drive away. As Maloney crosses to the cash box beside the pump, CAMERA SWINGS AROUND ONTO HIS FACE. He is staring intently after the departing car. Now he picks up a pencil.

123 BIG CLOSEUP OF BLANK SHEET OF PAPER

Maloney's pencil prints out the numbers and letters of the license plate: 885 DJU.

124 VERY CLOSE SHOT OF BLACK VELVET JEWELER'S CASE - INT.
ADAMSON'S JEWELRY STORE - LATE AFTERNOON

On the black velvet case WE SEE three or four elegant, expensive looking, jewel-encrusted ladies' wristwatches. The case is resting atop a glass display cabinet in which WE SEE other fine wristwatches. A man's hand reaches in and slowly picks up one of the watches. CAMERA PANS UP WITH THE MOVEMENT and PULLS BACK TO REVEAL the FACE OF ARTHUR ADAMSON, the kidnapper, and in the f.g., the head and shoulders of a middle-aged WOMAN CUSTOMER. It becomes immediately apparent to us that Adamson is connected with this jewelry establishment, as he dangles the watch before the woman and smiles at her.

ADAMSON

Now this one happens to be my personal favorite. Isn't it exquisite?

WOMAN CUSTOMER

(taking the watch)

Probably too expensive for me...

During the last, WE HEAR THE ENTRANCE DOOR OPENING OFF SCREEN, AND THE MOMENTARY RISE OF STREET TRAFFIC NOISES, before the DOOR IS HEARD CLOSING AGAIN. Adamson glances casually past the woman, who has started to try on the wristwatch, and the smile begins to drain from his face.

125 ADAMSON'S POINT OF VIEW

The woman's head and shoulders are SHARPLY IN FOCUS in RIGHT f.g., while the b.g. merely indicates the OUT-OF-FOCUS FIGURE OF A MAN standing inside the entrance door. With a SUDDEN SHARP CHANGE OF FOCUS, the woman becomes COMPLETELY BLURRED, and now in the b.g. WE SEE, IN VERY SHARP FOCUS, THE FIGURE OF JOE MALONEY. He is hatless and wearing a raincoat over the same attendant's uniform that he wore at the gas station. He stands there, looking towards Adamson.

126 LOOSE TWO SHOT - ADAMSON AND WOMAN CUSTOMER

Adamson starts to rise to his feet.

ADAMSON

Excuse me. I'll be right back.

WOMAN CUSTOMER

(admiring the watch)

I'm afraid I rather like it.

Adamson turns to a nearby matronly saleslady, MRS. CLAY, speaks with the authority of a proprietor.

ADAMSON

Mrs. Clay, would you take care of
Mrs. Cunningham for a few moments.

MRS. CLAY

Certainly, Mr. Adamson.

CAMERA PANS with Adamson as he goes to a nearby OFFICE DOOR without so much as a glance in the direction of Maloney. He opens the door and starts in.

127 FULL FIGURE - MALONEY

He casually walks over to the same office door, which has been left invitingly half-open for him by Adamson, who has disappeared inside.

128 FULL SHOT - INT. ADAMSON'S OFFICE - MASTER SCENE

There is a big safe here, a small desk with newspapers stacked on it, and some filing cabinets along one wall. As Maloney ENTERS and closes the door behind him, he sees Adamson standing in a far corner of the room waiting for him.

MALONEY

(with an uneasy smile)

Hello, Eddie, you old son of a bitch.

CONTINUED

ADAMSON

If it's all the same to you, it's Arthur Adamson. What the hell are you doing here?

MALONEY

I hadda see ya about somethin' kinda urgent, that's all, Eddie--Arthur.

ADAMSON

Couldn't you have called me?

MALONEY

Some things I don't put on no telephone. Hey, ya got any booze around?

ADAMSON

(with impatience)

I'll see.

He turns to a cabinet, opens it, reaches in, comes out with a bottle of bourbon and pours some into a drinking glass on the desk. Maloney gulps some whiskey. Adamson sits on the edge of the desk, watching him carefully.

ADAMSON

Okay, Joe, what is it this time? A new freezer for the wife? Your mother needs an operation? Your bookie is threatening to kill you?

MALONEY

Come on, Eddie, ya make me sound like some kinda goddam sponger. Not that I ain't grateful for all ya favors.

ADAMSON

Did I ever have a choice?

MALONEY

(pained)

Ah, now that ain't nice.

ADAMSON

(glances at his wristwatch)

Look, I have a customer outside...

MALONEY

Okay, okay, here it is. But first off, I gotta ask ya a question.

ADAMSON

Go ahead.

CONTINUED

128 CONTINUED - 2

MALONEY

Tell me. No shit now, Eddie. Can you think of any reason why anyone should be sniffing around in your life after all these years?

Adamson's hand is idly tapping a newspaper on the desk. His glance, and the CAMERA, go down to the headline: NO CLUES IN CONSTANTINE KIDNAP - \$25,000 REWARD. His glance, and the CAMERA, go up.

ADAMSON

Can't think of any reason at all. Why?

MALONEY

Well, there's this guy comes around the garage today tryin' to locate Eddie Shoebridge. Claims he's a lawyer who's got good news for ya, Eddie. Won't say what, or who he's workin' for. Calls himself McBride. Knew he was a phoney the minute I seen him...

ADAMSON

(evenly)

Police?

MALONEY

No way. A real amateur.
(taking out a slip
of paper)

I traced his license plates through the Bureau. Doesn't even drive his own car.

Adamson takes the outthrust slip of paper, reads:

ADAMSON

"Blanche Tyler, 17 Castle Heights Road, Daly City."

He places the slip of paper on the desk.

ADAMSON

What did he look like?

MALONEY

Tall, thin, about thirty-five, black hair and a small mustache. Asked a lot of smart-ass questions...

CONTINUED

128 CONTINUED - 3

ADAMSON

What did you tell him?

MALONEY

Nothin', not a goddam thing. I didn't have to. He already knows everything...the fake headstone you had me put up...how I tried to get ya officially declared dead. The son of a bitch says he thinks you're alive. He's lookin' for ya, Eddie. And any son of a bitch who's lookin' for you is lookin' for me.

ADAMSON

(smiles)

Whatever he's up to, he'll never find me. You worry too much, Joe.

MALONEY

Yeah, I worry too much 'cause you only planned the fire and locked your old man and old lady in the bedroom. I poured the gasoline. I lit the rags.

ADAMSON

The happiest day of my whole inglorious childhood.

MALONEY

Ya wanna kid about it, okay with me. But I'm gonna track this guy down--

ADAMSON

And then what?

There is the SOUND of a CLICK.

MALONEY

This.

He reveals a SWITCHBLADE KNIFE in his hand.

ADAMSON

(with contempt)

You'll never change, will you?

MALONEY

(stung)

You got no cause for complaint. When ya needed me, I was always there, wasn't I?

CONTINUED

128 CONTINUED - 4

ADAMSON

Put that damned thing away and listen to me now. I want you to go back to Castroville, do nothing, say nothing, and let me look into this in my own quiet way. If I want you for anything, I'll get in touch with you. Okay?

Maloney stares at him for a moment, then snaps the switchblade shut.

MALONEY

(slightly contemptuously) -
You're the boss...Arthur.

He gets to his feet and drains the last of the whiskey from the glass.

ADAMSON

(watching him)

Isn't it touching how a perfect murder has kept our friendship alive all these years?

(L-19)

MALONEY

You better believe it.

There is a sudden KNOCK ON THE DOOR. The door opens and the saleslady, Mrs. Clay, pokes her head in.

MRS. CLAY

Sorry to disturb you, Mr. Adamson. There are two gentlemen here to see you from the Police Department.

ADAMSON

(after a moment)

I'll be right out.

The saleslady WITHDRAWS. Maloney utters a hoarse, frightened whisper:

MALONEY

Jesus Christ, Eddie...

ADAMSON

Wait here.

He starts for the door.

129 BRIEF CLOSEUP OF MALONEY

Looking after Adamson, terrified.

130

INT. JEWELRY STORE - MASTER SCENE

Adamson EMERGES from the office and sees Inspector Andy Bush and young, black LIEUTENANT CARL PETERSON standing not far from woman customer, Mrs. Cunningham, who is still seated at the display case and is now being rejoined by the saleslady. Mrs. Cunningham turns her head towards Adamson as he APPROACHES and she starts to beckon to him, but he disappoints her by going right past her to the waiting detectives.
(WE WILL HEAR HER COMPLAINING VOICE MIXING WITH THE CONVERSATION OF ADAMSON AND THE DETECTIVES).

ADAMSON

Arthur Adamson. What can I do for you, gentlemen?

BUSH

Sorry to bother you, Mr. Adamson. Andy Bush, Bureau of Inspectors. And this is Lieutenant Peterson.

PETERSON

Hi.

ADAMSON

(shaking their hands)

Pleasure.

MRS. CUNNINGHAM'S VOICE

How can I make a choice unless I see all of them...?

BUSH

No doubt you've been reading or hearing about the Constantine kidnapping...

ADAMSON

(smiles)

I've got a confession to make, Inspector. When I read about the size of that uncut diamond, my mouth watered...professionally speaking, of course.

The detectives smile politely.

MRS. CUNNINGHAM'S VOICE

Well if you can't, maybe Mr. Adamson can...

BUSH

Just so you don't feel discriminated against, Mr. Adamson, we're routinely covering every jewelry store and gem dealer in the city--

CONTINUED

ADAMSON

I'm flattered.

BUSH

--On the off chance that one of you might have observed some unusual inflow of large or small stones into the markets these last few days.

MRS. CUNNINGHAM'S VOICE

He was waiting on me. He is the proprietor, isn't he...?

ADAMSON

I take it then that you're going on the assumption that the ransom stone has already been cut up into smaller gems.

PETERSON

. That's correct, sir.

ADAMSON

Makes a lot of sense.

BUSH

We think so.

MRS. CUNNINGHAM

(turns sharply)

Mr. Adamson, if you don't mind...

ADAMSON

(turns to her)

One moment, please.

(to the detectives)

If I may presume to make a suggestion, it seems to me you ought to be covering the antique and second-hand jewelry markets. They buy from anyone, whereas we jewelers buy exclusively on the wholesale exchanges.

BUSH

That's already being done, Mr. Adamson.

ADAMSON

Ah.

MRS. CUNNINGHAM

(rising)

I don't have to tolerate this kind of treatment...

130 CONTINUED - 2

ADAMSON

(to the detectives).

You see, we have problems in our
business, just as you have in yours.

Mrs. Cunningham is striding towards the door, saying:

MRS. CUNNINGHAM

I'll come back some other day, Mr.
Adamson...after you've gone out of
business.

She SLAMS THE DOOR behind her. There is an awkward silence.

BUSH

Sorry about that.

ADAMSON

(smiles)

Nothing...really...

BUSH

I think we've taken up enough of
your time.

ADAMSON

I'm afraid I haven't been of much
help to you gentlemen. However,
if I do hear of any unusual trans-
actions in the marketplaces, you
can be sure I'll call you.

BUSH

We'd appreciate that, Mr. Adamson.

Adamson offers his hand. The men, in turn, take it.

BUSH

Much obliged.

PETERSON

'Bye, sir.

ADAMSON

Good luck.

He watches them head for the door. When they reach the street
outside, he turns and starts toward his closed office door.
The saleslady is putting the watches back in the display case.
She looks up at him apprehensively.

CONTINUED

130 CONTINUED - 3

MRS. CLAY

I didn't know what to do with that woman...

ADAMSON

It wasn't your fault, Mrs. Clay.
She's always been impossible.

The saleslady smiles with relief. Adamson moves swiftly to the office door and GOES THROUGH.

131 INT. OFFICE - SHOOTING TOWARDS DOOR

CLOSE ON ADAMSON as he COMES IN. He looks past CAMERA, closing the door behind him, and starts to smile.

132 ADAMSON'S POINT OF VIEW

The small office is empty. No Maloney. The sash window is thrown up, wide open, curtains blowing.

133 CLOSEUP - ADAMSON

His smile develops into a big laugh at what he has seen. Still in CLOSEUP, he crosses to his desk and looks down.

134 ADAMSON'S POINT OF VIEW

The papers on his desk are blowing around in the breeze from the open window.

135 CLOSEUP - ADAMSON

His glance goes lower as he looks down toward the floor purposefully.

136 ADAMSON'S POINT OF VIEW

The CAMERA ZOOMS IN on ONE PIECE OF PAPER LYING ON THE FLOOR. We can read, in Maloney's crude handwriting, Blanche Tyler's name and address. The THUMB AND INDEX FINGER OF ADAMSON reach into the PICTURE, pick up the piece of paper. As it rises with his hand, CAMERA GOES WITH IT, until WE END UP with the piece of paper HELD IN A HEAD-AND-SHOULDERS SHOT OF ADAMSON. His head rises from his examination of the piece of paper, and he stares off thoughtfully.

137

INT. JULIA RAINBIRD'S STUDY - NIGHT - MASTER SCENE

We START ON A BIG HEAD of the very person we have just seen Adamson thinking about -- Blanche Tyler. Her eyes are closed and her lips are moving in a "mediumistic" trance. CAMERA WILL RETREAT TO REVEAL Julia Rainbird seated beside her in the lamp-lit study, hanging on her every word.

BLANCHE

Yes, they're coming in now...More pictures...Bright pictures...But, Henry, words would be so much more helpful...Oh, I understand. You have difficulties to overcome. No need to apologize, love...What's this one? A car? A shiny car. A limousine. Why does he drive so fast, Henry? What is that on the seat beside him? I hear the sound of a baby crying. Quickly, Henry, before he disappears from view, ask him if--yes, I know, I see him now. The uniform. A chauffeur...Words, Henry, I need words...Who? The what? The Rainbird chauffeur...?

JULIA RAINBIRD

(with excitement)

Good heavens, our chauffeur...
Michael O'Keefe...

BLANCHE

(stealing a very fast one-eyed peek)

Where is Michael going, Henry? Ask him where he is taking Harriet's baby... Oh, more pictures, they're coming too fast, I can hardly make them out ...A graveyard...A headstone...I don't like this, Henry...A shoe? Whose shoe? A bridge? What bridge? A shoe and a bridge. A shoebridge? Don't do this to me, Henry...

JULIA RAINBIRD

Speak to the chauffeur...

BLANCHE

(ignoring her)

Oh God, something's burning...The house. Quick, Henry, the house is on fire. Take me away from here. I don't want to see this. Please, I can't bear the sound of their awful screaming. Go back to the chauffeur, Henry. Get Michael into our presence. Miss Rainbird remembers him...

CONTINUED

137 CONTINUED

JULIA RAINBIRD

(on the edge of her seat)

Yes, yes, I do. Madame Blanche,
listen to me. Can you hear me?
I've remembered something else.
It could be terribly important...

BLANCHE

(as though not hearing).

Wait a minute, Henry, before you
go, Miss Rainbird deserves some kind
of assurance about Harriet's child.
He's a man by now, and we have to
know, is he happy, Henry? Is he
alive and well and happy?...Well,
if you can't you can't. I certainly
won't force you. She'll understand.
Until next time, then...Yesss, yesss,
goodbye, love...Goodbye...

She sighs, comes out of her trance and opens her eyes.

BLANCHE

(with blank expression)

Oh dear, what happened?

JULIA RAINBIRD

You don't remember?

BLANCHE

Not a blessed thing.

JULIA RAINBIRD

(springs to her feet
excitedly)

Never mind. We'll go over it later.
Listen to me, Madame Blanche. Your
Henry jogged my memory about some-
thing I had forgotten all about.
When our chauffeur, dear old Michael,
realized that he was dying, he wrote
to me and said there was one person
on earth who had promised him he
would always make it his business
to know where Harriet's son was, as
long as he lived. It was the parson
who baptized the newborn child.
And there's an additional thing I
can tell you.

(L-20)

*

138 EXT. RAINBIRD HOUSE - NIGHT

Lumley is standing beside his cab, waiting. The door of the
house opens and Blanche COMES OUT, moving briskly. She GETS
INTO the cab. Lumley shuts the door, GETS BEHIND the wheel,
pulls his door shut, starts the engine and DRIVES AWAY.

139 INT. CAB IN MOTION - NIGHT

Blanche's expression is transparently smug. Lumley eyes her in the rear-view mirror.

LUMLEY

Don't tell me. Let me guess. Five hundred?

BLANCHE

Not a penny. Not even a hundred for expenses. It's all or nothing, George, until I can produce his name and his present address.

LUMLEY

Ah, Jesus, Blanche...

BLANCHE

However, she did give me a marvelous clue.

LUMLEY

Here we go again.

BLANCHE

Here you go again -- to the man who might tell you if Shoebridge is dead or alive.

LUMLEY

(unimpressed)

Yeah, who's that?

BLANCHE

The Archbishop of San Francisco.

LUMLEY

Holy...Christ!

BLANCHE

No, George, not Him. The Archbishop of San Francisco.

140 CLOSE SHOT - ADAMSON - EXT. CAR NEAR BLANCHE'S HOUSE - SAME NIGHT

The Adamson car is parked in a relatively dark area which we will later find out is across the street from Blanche's house. Adamson, seated in the car, is peering intently through his open window PAST CAMERA.

141 ADAMSON'S POINT OF VIEW (INTERCUT WITH ADAMSON'S CLOSEUP)

WE SEE Blanche's house across the street, its exterior lit by a nearby streetlamp. Within the house there is a light on in the hallway. At the side of the house is a driveway leading to a small garage. Blanche's car can be seen parked halfway up the driveway. A passing delivery truck and then a passenger car go by. Presently the figure of a young woman APPEARS out of the darkness beyond Blanche's car and comes into the light of the streetlamp. WE SEE THAT IT IS FRAN. Just as she gets to the sidewalk, A STROLLING COUPLE ENTERS THE SHOT AT SCREEN LEFT. It is obvious that Fran has noticed them, because their presence causes her suddenly to walk briskly past the couple and past the house as though she had no interest in the house. CAMERA, still from ADAMSON'S POINT OF VIEW, PANS WITH HER about a dozen more steps along the sidewalk. Then WE SEE her quickly go across the street diagonally from LEFT to RIGHT and we lose sight of her.

142 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT - ADAMSON - INT. CAR

WE ARE SHOOTING STRAIGHT ON HIM as he looks ahead expectantly.

143 ADAMSON'S NEW POINT OF VIEW

SHOOTING THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD, WE SEE the hood of the car in f.g., and beyond it the rear of the next parked car ahead of Adamson's. WE HEAR the SHARP TAP of Fran's FOOTSTEPS and then suddenly she APPEARS along the sidewalk coming towards Adamson's car. CAMERA PANS WITH HER to the RIGHT as she comes up to the other open window and leans in into a BIG CLOSEUP.

FRAN

Your friend, Blanche Tyler, is a spiritualist.

144 CLOSE SHOT - ADAMSON - FROM FRAN'S POINT OF VIEW

ADAMSON

Spiritualist?

FRAN'S VOICE

(o.s.)

That's what it says on her shingle. Also, there's no one home.

ADAMSON

The spirit is never at home. Get in.

145 CLOSE SHOT - FRAN - FROM ADAMSON'S POINT OF VIEW (BECOMING A TWO SHOT)

As she opens the door and GETS IN beside him, the CAMERA EASES BACK TO INCLUDE BOTH OF THEM. During the above:

FRAN

What do you think we should do?

ADAMSON

We'll wait. We still don't know who the man is.

Fran reaches into her handbag, takes out a miniature Dutch cigar, reaches forward, presses the cigarette lighter, then brings it to the cigar and lights it. She exhales a cloud of smoke. Adamson chokes a little.

ADAMSON

Must you?

FRAN

(smiles)

Uh-huh.

She blows a little smoke at him. Something up ahead, OFF SCREEN, attracts his attention.

146 ADAMSON'S POINT OF VIEW

SHOOTING THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD, WE SEE a car approaching swiftly and going by OUT OF THE SHOT. Now, coming from the same direction, LUMLEY'S CAB IS SEEN APPROACHING and slowing down. Blanche is in the rear seat.

147 BRIEF TWO SHOT - ADAMSON AND FRAN

Their interest sharpens.

148 ADAMSON'S POINT OF VIEW (INTERCUT WITH TWO SHOT IN CAR)

The cab pulls up to the curb and stops before Blanche's house. Blanche GETS OUT on the sidewalk side.

ADAMSON

That must be her.

Lumley GETS OUT of the driver's seat, his cabbie hat tilted back on his head. He walks around to the other side of the cab as Blanche starts toward the front door of the house, taking her key out of her beige calf leather handbag. Lumley opens the cab door, removes two large brown grocery bags filled to the top, kicks the door shut, turns and follows

CONTINUED

148 CONTINUED

Blanche through the open front door into the house. Through the still-open front door, he can be seen setting the bags down on a table in the hallway. Blanche's voice, and Lumley's can barely be heard from within the house.

BLANCHE

Why don't you take them into the kitchen?

LUMLEY

This is where I get off. Nightie night, Blanche.

He WALKS OUT of the house and Blanche FOLLOWS HIM to the street, calling out:

BLANCHE

Where do you think you're going?

LUMLEY

(throwing his hat
into the cab)

Home, to my own bed, where I can get some sleep.

BLANCHE

Oh no you're not.

Lumley has started around the front of the cab, stops and turns to Blanche to continue the quarrel, THEIR DIALOGUE OCCASIONALLY BLOTTED OUT BY THE SOUND OF A PASSING CAR. Lumley is in full view now.

ADAMSON

That's him all right,
that's Maloney's description.

LUMLEY

Don't you ever have anything else on your mind?

FRAN

A cabdriver?

BLANCHE

What're you saving it for -- a rainy day?

LUMLEY

You never know when you'll need it.

BLANCHE

You're not being friendly, George.

LUMLEY

Blanche, I'm pooped. I'd be useless to you.

CONTINUED

BLANCHE

You're always useless to me. You just--(BLOTTED OUT).

LUMLEY

Yeah, what about when I'm off hunting for Eddie Shoebridge -- (BLOTTED OUT) -- so we can wind up collecting a huge hunk of money? That's useless?

BLANCHE

Oh, George, you know what I mean. Now come on in and stop being difficult.

LUMLEY

Not tonight, Josephine.

BLANCHE

Dirty rat.

LUMLEY

Ungrateful bitch.

BLANCHE

What about tomorrow?

LUMLEY

What about tomorrow?

BLANCHE

You've got important work to do, Lumley, and I want you to be sure to -- (BLOTTED OUT) -- and see that you find him and talk to him.

LUMLEY

How many times are you going to tell me that?

BLANCHE

I'll tell you as long as it's -- (BLOTTED OUT) -- before I ever met you, George Lumley, so just watch your step.

LUMLEY

I prefer watching yours. The earth trembles.

Blanche turns, WALKS INTO the house and SLAMS the door. Lumley chuckles, GETS INTO his cab and DRIVES AWAY.

149 TWO SHOT - ADAMSON AND FRAN - INT. CAR

WE ARE SHOOTING STRAIGHT ON THEM as they watch the cab DIS-
APPEAR.

FRAN

Better give me a quick synopsis.
I'm confused.

ADAMSON

Simple. A cabdriver named George
Lumley is shackled up with a sex-
starved medium named Blanche Tyler.
And don't ask me why, but apparently
they're on the trail of a certain
spook named Eddie Shoebridge, for-
tunately not on the trail of your
favorite kidnapper and mine.

FRAN

How can you be so sure? You did
hear him talk about collecting "a
huge hunk of money." That could
mean the reward, couldn't it?

ADAMSON

You got yourself a point there,
Frances old girl. But only time
will tell whether it's a good one.
One thing I know, we're not going
to change our game plan now.

Fran turns and looks at him with a vaguely troubled expression.

FRAN

Buy me a drink, Arthur.

Adamson STARTS THE MOTOR and shifts into "Drive".

150 OBJECTIVE SHOT

The car PULLS AWAY from the curb and drives OUT OF THE PIC-
TURE. CAMERA HOLDS on Blanche's house. After a beat, her
hallway light goes out.

151 EXT. CATHEDRAL - SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

The SOUND of ORGAN MUSIC and a SINGING CHOIR can be HEARD
from within the cathedral, slightly louder than would be
realistic. The area before the entrance is relatively desert
ed. Services obviously have begun, and the congregation is
inside. Only a UNIFORMED POLICEMAN is seen, standing a re-
laxed guard near the great, closed doors of the cathedral.

CONTINUED

151 CONTINUED

A lone figure is making his way up the steps -- George Lumley, neatly attired in his Sunday best. He goes to the doors, opens one of them, and the ORGAN MUSIC and CHOIR SINGING become realistically loud. WE MOVE with Lumley into -

152 INT. CATHEDRAL - DAY

In a LONG SHOT, SHOOTING from the rear towards the altar, WE SEE the great church, filled to capacity, with the altar in b.g.

153
thru
155:

In a MEDIUM LONG SHOT, WE SEE HIS EMINENCE, FRANCIS K. O'DONNELL, ARCHBISHOP OF SAN FRANCISCO, seated on a throne to one side of the altar. He is in his mid-sixties. His RED AND GOLD VESTMENTS conceal a slight frame. Seated near him are SEVERAL BISHOPS. To the left and to the right of the altar, standing before rows of benches, divided into two groups that face each other across the altar, are the MEMBERS OF THE CHOIR, in white surplices, hymnbooks in their hands, and mouths moving in SONG.

In a CLOSER ANGLE, SHOOTING towards the altar, WE SEE on SCREEN LEFT, and very prominent in f.g., a PULPIT built in front of one of the large Gothic columns.

In a MEDIUM SHOT, WE SEE Lumley to the rear near the entrance, looking towards the altar, then glancing about uncertainly. Nearby, a middle-aged VERGER, appropriately costumed, watches Lumley standing there. CAMERA MOVES IN to a MEDIUM TWO SHOT as Lumley goes over to the verger. It will be difficult for them to make themselves heard to each other over the SOUND of the ORGAN and the HYMN.

LUMLEY

Excuse me, but how would I go about seeing the Archbishop?

VERGER

You'll have to get an appointment through one of the secretaries at Church House.

LUMLEY

Church house?

VERGER

I think you'd do better to wait until services are over. I imagine all the secretaries are right here now anyway.

153
thru
155

CONTINUED

LUMLEY
(uncertainly)

I see...

VERGER
If you'll just wait until the service is over, I'll show you where to go.

Lumley nods, takes up a position near the verger and they both look off towards the altar.

156 FULL SHOT - THE ALTAR (LUMLEY'S POINT OF VIEW, JUMP-CUT CLOSER)

THE HYMN COMES TO AN END. There are several moments of silence as the choristers sit down. LOW ORGAN MUSIC BEGINS. The Archbishop rises to his feet.

157 MEDIUM SHOT - THE ARCHBISHOP

SHOOTING from the CONGREGATION'S POINT OF VIEW, near center, towards the altar, WE SEE the Archbishop start forward. Slowly he walks between the two seated choir groups, glancing down approvingly to his left and to his right at each group. Down from the altar he comes, down the center steps in front of the entire choir. He APPROACHES the two little gates at the front of the altar rail and goes through. He is in front of the altar rail now. He turns to head for the spiral staircase leading up to the pulpit.

158 NEW ANGLE - THE ARCHBISHOP

He is walking slowly towards CAMERA. The altar is in b.g. at SCREEN LEFT. The front rows of the congregation are RAKED at SCREEN RIGHT. Seated in the front row is A GRAY-HAIRED LADY wearing a black suit, black gloves, and a black hat with a face-concealing matching veil. As the Archbishop nears the stairs leading to the pulpit, the gray-haired lady in black rises suddenly from her front row seat, sways with a little cry, and faints at the Archbishop's feet.

159 SUCCESSION OF VERY FAST SHARP CUTS

The Archbishop leans over the woman, saying: "Oh, dear..."

160 REVERSE ANGLE CLOSE ON SIDE DOOR OF CATHEDRAL

A MAN IN WHITE SURPLICE, his hair speckled with gray, his face concealed by eyeglasses, one lens of which is completely smoked, is hurrying towards the group and OUT OF SHOT.

161 VERY CLOSE ON ARCHBISHOP AND WOMAN

The man in white surplice (WHO IS ADAMSON) COMES INTO THE SHOT and bends over the woman (WHO IS FRAN).

162 INSERT

Adamson's hand is drawing a hypodermic syringe from the folds of the white surplice. The hand swiftly moves with the needle OUT OF THE PICTURE.

163 CLOSE DOWN SHOT

SHOOTING DOWN on top of the Archbishop's head, WE SEE his head suddenly jerk up sharply. The Archbishop's eyes widen with momentary shock, then droop closed.

164 QUICK FLASH

A SCREEN-FILLING CLOSE SHOT of the gray-haired woman suddenly jumping up from the floor.

165 FLASH INSERT

Fran's hand going underneath the Archbishop's arm.

166 FLASH CLOSE SHOT

On Adamson's back as he bends over the sagging Archbishop.

167 FLASH INSERT

Adamson's hand going under the Archbishop's arm.

168 FLASH - THE CHOIR

Turning, looking down.

169 FLASH - THE CONGREGATION

Members of the first two rows looking off wonderingly.

170 FLASH - THE CONGREGATION'S POINT OF VIEW

Adamson and Fran are lifting the Archbishop to an upright position, though his body sags, the suddenly strong "gray-haired lady" and the man in the white surplice supporting the Archbishop's full weight.

171 FLASH - CONGREGATION

A few members start to rise with growing concern.

172 FLASH - RAKING THE ALTAR RAILS

Several surpliced choristers start to come through the little gates.

173 WIDE ANGLE SHOT - BEHIND ALTAR

The man in the white surplice and the gray-haired lady in the black hat are on either side of the Archbishop, each of them holding one of his arms around their shoulders as they move with him swiftly down the side behind the choir and around the corner to the back. THE ARCHBISHOP'S FEET ARE DRAGGING.

174 PREVIOUS "NEW" ANGLE - ALTAR AND FIRST TWO ROWS OF CONGREGATION

Choristers on SCREEN LEFT and front rows of congregation at SCREEN RIGHT are milling about, coming towards CAMERA, coming CLOSER, FILLING SCREEN with their profiles as they look off SCREEN LEFT.

175 THEIR POINT OF VIEW

The area behind the altar where we last saw the Archbishop being dragged away is now empty, not a sign of anyone.

176 FLASH - EXT. ALLEY BEHIND CATHEDRAL - DAY

Adamson's car is WHIZZING AWAY from CAMERA up a narrow deserted alley towards the street beyond.

177 FLASH - EXT. BACK DOOR OF CATHEDRAL

Church officials and members of the congregation are beginning to come through the open door into the alley, looking off PAST CAMERA.

178 FLASH - THE ALLEY FROM THEIR POINT OF VIEW

The alley is empty. The car is gone. (Or, at most, the last few feet of the rear end of the disappearing car are seen.)

179 INT. CATHEDRAL NEAR ENTRANCE

Lumley and the verger are craning their necks as they look off in the direction of the confusion.

VERGER

Something's wrong.

He hurries OUT OF THE PICTURE. Lumley stares after him, perplexed.

180 VERY CLOSE SHOT - EXT. REAR OF ADAMSON'S CAR IN MOTION - DAY

We are on a SCREEN-FILLING CLOSEUP of the car's license plate. Suddenly, another plate, hinged at the top, with DIFFERENT NUMBERS, drops down, covering the original plates

181 INT. CAR IN MOTION - CITY STREETS - DAY

The gray-haired Fran, taking off her black hat and veil and throwing them on the floor, is behind the wheel, driving. Seated beside her, his glasses already removed, is Adamson. his right hand extended to the dashboard, in the act of releasing a knob, while with his left hand he is unzipping the white surplice all the way down the front. He struggles out of it, turns with it in his hands and looks down behind him.

182 DOWN SHOT - ADAMSON'S POINT OF VIEW

The Archbishop is curled up on the rear floorboard, his eyes closed, his expression peaceful.

ADAMSON'S VOICE

(o.s.)

He looks so harmless. When I was a little kid in that village he always made me feel like I was something evil...

WE SEE the surplice COME INTO THE PICTURE in his hands and get laid over the Archbishop's reclining figure.

183 INT. CAR IN MOTION - ADAMSON AND FRAN

ADAMSON
(turning to the front)
...And look at me now.

FRAN
Hang onto the wheel for a moment.

Adamson leans over, takes the steering wheel in his hands, while Fran ducks her head down out of sight and removes the gray wig. She releases her own dark hair, which has been pulled back very tightly, straightens up and takes the wheel again. With her right hand, she thrusts the gray wig at Adamson and lets out a sigh of relief.

FRAN
I feel years younger.

ADAMSON
(pats his hair)
I'll have to regain my youth in the shower.

FRAN
You know, one more like this one today and we'll be naturally gray.

ADAMSON
Incredible job. I think it was worth more than a million.

FRAN
Well, I'm sorry, darling. I'm not going back there and rewrite the ransom note I left in my prayer book. You'll have to be a good sport and settle for a million.

ADAMSON
You were beautiful, Fran. Just beautiful.

FRAN
I was scared.

ADAMSON
I told you it would be all right, didn't I? People in church are inhibited. They don't jump up and make noises and run around. They're all too religiously polite.

After a moment of silence, Fran gives him a meaningful look.

CONTINUED

183 CONTINUED

FRAN

Shall we go on congratulating ourselves...or do you want to talk about him now?

ADAMSON

Who?

FRAN

George Lumley.

ADAMSON

(glances at her)

So you saw him, then. In the cathedral...

FRAN

(grimly)

Larger than life.

ADAMSON

I was hoping you hadn't. There's no doubt who he's after now.

FRAN

What were you planning to do about him -- I mean, aside from not telling me?

ADAMSON

I'm not going to have to do anything. Joe Maloney's been itching for the job. He's got it. I'm going to phone him as soon as we put our Eminent friend back there to bed.

FRAN

I was right about that silly cab-driver last night. For once in my life I hate to have been right.

ADAMSON

How in hell could he have known we were going to be there today, when you and I were the only two people on earth...?

FRAN

I have a thought. A dumb one.

ADAMSON

Say it.

CONTINUED

183 CONTINUED - 2

FRAN

Do you believe in ESP, mental telepathy, crystal balls and all that sort of psychic stuff?

ADAMSON

You mean Madame what's-her-name?

FRAN

(nods)

Blanche Tyler.

ADAMSON

Jesus...You and I know it's a lot of bunk, but can we afford to be wrong? I'm afraid our two quarrelsome lovers are going to have to share the same fatal accident.

FRAN

Oh, God. Are you sure Maloney will be willing to do it?

ADAMSON

Not only gladly, but he'll believe he's doing it to protect himself and his old buddy, Eddie Shoebridge.

FRAN

I don't want to know about it. Promise me, Arthur?

ADAMSON

Come on now, honey. That's what's so exciting about all this. We move as one. Everything together. Nothing held back.

Fran sees the strange look in his eyes and she turns away, shuddering imperceptibly. He opens the glove compartment, takes out the remote-control door-opener, aims it through the windshield and presses it.

184 EXT. GARAGE OF ADAMSON HOUSE - DAY

The garage door is opening. The car ENTERS THE SHOT, goes into the garage, comes to a stop, and the garage door closes behind it with a THUD.

185 INT. KITCHEN OF BLANCHE'S HOUSE - ABOUT 1 P.M., SAME DAY

Lumley, in shirtsleeves now, is at the stove, transferring some hamburgers he has just broiled on the grill to a platter with open buns on it. Blanche is seated at the kitchen table, pouring Chianti for the both of them from a straw-covered bottle.

BLANCHE

It was gross negligence, losing him that way. He was all we had...

LUMLEY

I didn't lose him. He was kidnapped.

BLANCHE

Why would anyone want to do that to an Archbishop?

LUMLEY

For the ransom, dummy. A million dollars.

(he sets the platter
on the table)

I can't get over it, to think that I was right there...

He sits down, and they start to munch hamburgers and sip wine.

BLANCHE

Never mind the million, what about our ten thousand? We've got nowhere to go now. What am I going to tell Miss Rainbird? Are Henry and I going to have to exhaust ourselves again doing all your work for you.

LUMLEY

All my work? My work is driving a cab, goddam it, and starting right this minute I'm gonna --

He stops, interrupted by the RINGING of the TELEPHONE on the desk.

BLANCHE

(defiantly)

Yes? Go ahead. You're gonna what?

THE PHONE KEEPS RINGING.

LUMLEY

Answer it.

CONTINUED

185 CONTINUED

Blanche gives him a dark look, reaches over, picks up the receiver and brings it over to where she is seated. WE CAN'T hear the voice at the other end in this LOOSE TWO SHOT.

BLANCHE

(to phone)

Yes?...Speaking...Who?...Mr. Maloney?
...Castroville?...

She looks with urgency at Lumley.

186 CLOSEUP OF LUMLEY (BECOMING A TWO SHOT)

He springs from his seat and WE FOLLOW HIM as he moves to Blanche's side and leans his head down beside hers. WE NOW HAVE TWO BIG HEADS ON THE SCREEN. Blanche turns the receiver slightly away from her so that Lumley can listen, and CAMERA MOVES IN until the SCREEN IS FILLED with half of Blanche's face, half of Lumley's face, and the slightly tilted receiver between them at the center of the screen. WE CAN NOW HEAR MALONEY'S VOICE COMING THROUGH THE PHONE.

BLANCHE

Can you speak a little louder please,
Mr. Maloney.

MALONEY'S VOICE

I said I traced ya through the license plates on that car your lawyer friend was drivin'. I figured if you was still lookin' for some dope on Eddie Shoebridge, I might have somethin' for ya.

BLANCHE

How come you've changed your mind,
Mr. Maloney?

MALONEY'S VOICE

I didn't say nothin' to your man 'cause I felt it was none of my business and none of his. But I been thinkin' about it, and how I could use the bread. So, for a little consideration, I'm willin' to lead ya to someone who knows Eddie Shoebridge's wife.

(Blanche and Lumley
exchange a quick glance)

It'll cost ya a grand.

CONTINUED

BLANCHE

(laughs)

Oh, come now, don't be silly. My lawyer is right here beside me, and he says he'll give you a hundred dollars provided it leads to something.

MALONEY'S VOICE

Make it two.

Lumley shakes his head negatively at Blanche.

BLANCHE

Very well. You've got a deal. Where do we meet?

MALONEY'S VOICE

You and that lawyer of yours, you drive up and meet me at Abe and Mabel's...in two hours...

BLANCHE

Abe and Mabel's?

MALONEY'S VOICE

Yeah, that's a cafe up the road to Mount Sherman, about five miles up off of Route 22. Ya know where that is?

BLANCHE

Yes, but why all the way up there? Can't we meet someplace more convenient?

MALONEY'S VOICE

This party I'm gonna take ya to happens to be up in that area.

BLANCHE

I see...Tell me, Mr. Maloney, are you admitting that Edward Shoebridge is still alive?

MALONEY'S VOICE

I ain't sayin' a thing 'til I see the color of ya money...in two hours.

WE HEAR HIM HANG UP. Blanche puts the receiver back in place, looks up at Lumley, who remains standing. She resumes stuffing her mouth with hamburger.

CONTINUED

190 THEIR POINT OF VIEW

The car is APPROACHING a hairpin turn. Suddenly another car APPEARS without warning from around the bend going DOWN the hill at an excessive speed.

191 INT. BLANCHE'S CAR - TWO SHOT

Lumley swerves sharply as the other car's HORN BLASTS OUT and dies away.

LUMLEY

(mutters)

Son of a bitch.

Blanche shakes her head.

192 THEIR POINT OF VIEW

There is another turn in the road ahead of them. On the sloping bank ahead and to the left, A HUGE BOULDER, about eight feet in diameter, is poised against the sky over the road.

193 INT. CAR - TWO SHOT

Lumley and Blanche look ahead, not noticing the boulder.

194 OBJECTIVE SHOT

The car nears the boulder, then passes it without incident and GOES OUT OF THE SHOT.

195 OBJECTIVE FULL SHOT - FURTHER UP THE ROAD

On the shoulder of the road stands A SEEMINGLY UNOCCUPIED CAR, with rear-view mirrors on each front fender. The car is facing in the direction that Lumley is driving.

196 REVERSE ANGLE

WE SEE Blanche's car APPROACHING. The CAMERA PANS WITH IT and SUDDENLY INCLUDES the parked car in the SHOT. WE SEE Blanche's car slowly APPROACH, and then PASS the parked car.

197 CLOSE SHOT - THE PARKED CAR

SHOOTING THROUGH THE REAR WINDOW towards the empty front seat and windshield, WE SEE Blanche's car in the distance steadily

197 CONTINUED

moving onward. Suddenly, THE FIGURE OF A MAN, who has obviously been concealing himself, RISES INTO THE SHOT to an upright position behind the steering wheel. The back of his head tells us that IT IS MALONEY, watching Blanche's car continue away.

198 FULL SHOT - ABE AND MABEL'S CAFE - OFF THE HIGHWAY - DAY

At SCREEN CENTER is the cafe with two wooden steps leading up to the entrance door. At the RIGHT is a dirt parking area with AN OLD JALOPY parked there. At the LEFT of the cafe there is another car parked before an open shed. The whole area, which is relatively deserted, abuts the side of a dirt cliff. WE HEAR the SOUND of a CAR APPROACHING, and then SEE Blanche's car ENTERING THE SHOT at SCREEN RIGHT. It goes into the RIGHT parking area and pulls up close to the wall of the cafe. There is a large gap between Blanche's car and the old jalopy parked nearby.

199 CLOSER ANGLE

Lumley and Blanche GET OUT of the car and look about. Then they start towards the entrance to the cafe, CAMERA PANNING them to the door.

200 FULL SHOT - INT. CAFE - DAY

It is a rather small, plainly appointed place. The only windows, which face the highway, have red pleated curtains covering the lower half. There is a little bar at SCREEN LEFT, and beyond it, a swinging door to the kitchen. In the CENTER and in f.g., are a number of small tables, all of them unoccupied. The cafe is deserted, except for the proprietor, ABE, a prematurely bald man of fifty. He is standing behind the bar talking in a low voice to his red-headed wife, MABEL, who is seated on the other side of the bar. As Blanche and Lumley APPEAR in the entrance at SCREEN RIGHT, and stand there looking about, Abe and Mabel immediately stop their conversation and straighten up to turn and gaze at the newcomers. Lumley turns to Blanche and nods towards the table directly in front of the CAMERA. They then come towards the CAMERA and seat themselves at this small table in CLOSE F.G. In b.g., Abe and Mabel turn their heads to watch them. Lumley sits down to the LEFT, so that he can see the entrance. Blanche sits down facing Lumley. Now the proprietor's wife crosses to their table. She is a taciturn, late-fortyish woman, not given to cheerfulness. She stands there waiting.

LUMLEY
Two beers, please.

CONTINUED

200 CONTINUED

Mabel turns, goes back to the proprietor at the far end of the bar and gives him the order. While he is pouring the beer, she turns and looks idly at Lumley and Blanche, who are glancing around. Lumley looks at his wristwatch.

LUMLEY
Guess he's late.

Blanche says nothing.

201 MEDIUM SHOT - EXT. DIRT PARKING AREA - DAY

SHOOTING FROM OUTSIDE THE RIGHT CORNER OF THE CAFE OVER THE REAR OF BLANCHE'S CAR TOWARDS THE OLD JALOPY, WE SEE Maloney's car pull in from the RIGHT OF THE PICTURE and come to a stop in the space between Blanche's car and the old jalopy. Maloney GETS OUT, quietly closes his car door and stands for a moment, looking towards the cafe. There is a tense, furtive expression on his face.

202 INT. CAFE - TWO SHOT - LUMLEY AND BLANCHE

They now have their beers in front of them at the table. In f.g., the waitress, Mabel, is moving away and OUT OF SHOT. Lumley and Blanche raise their glasses and sip at their beer. Presently, from outside, WE HEAR the FAINT SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS CRUNCHING ON THE GRAVEL AND APPROACHING the entrance. As the footsteps are HEARD MOUNTING THE WOODEN STEPS, Lumley casually looks up and Blanche idly turns her head towards the door.

203 THEIR POINT OF VIEW (INTERCUT LUMLEY AND BLANCHE WATCHING)

The door is pushed open, and for a moment, WE SEE no one. Then suddenly FOUR LITTLE CHILDREN, ages four to eight, COME TROOPING IN, quickly FOLLOWED by a PASTOR, a slim, pale-faced man of twenty-eight, wearing a dark suit and a Roman collar.

ABE
(to pastor)
Well, how was Sunday School today?

PASTOR
(smiles)
Noisy. Five cokes, please.

LITTLE BOY
We didn't make any noise.

CONTINUED

203 CONTINUED

PASTOR

That's right. That's why you're here.

The newcomers borrow chairs and sit down together at a small table at the far end of the room, the CAMERA PANNING THE POINT OF VIEW SHOT AWAY FROM THE DOOR. Mabel starts to take the coke bottles from Abe to bring them over to the table.

204 TWO SHOT - LUMLEY AND BLANCHE

He is looking towards the door, OFFSCREEN. He stretches out his hand and taps Blanche's hand nodding towards the door. She quickly turns her head.

205 THEIR POINT OF VIEW - TOWARDS DOOR

The door is half-way open. It continues to open, and in WALKS an ELDERLY MAN in his sixties. (Later, we will see him seated at the bar, drinking).

206 TWO SHOT - LUMLEY AND BLANCHE

They react with disgruntled disappointment. They keep looking at each other, saying nothing. Presently Lumley looks towards the door again.

207 HIS POINT OF VIEW - THE DOOR

It is closed. There is no one opening it. Nothing.

208 TWO SHOT - LUMLEY AND BLANCHE

Looking at each other with growing impatience. She turns her head, glances at the door.

209 HER POINT OF VIEW

The door is closed. Nothing. No one.

210 TWO SHOT - LUMLEY AND BLANCHE

They look at each other blankly.

LUMLEY

Well don't blame me.

CONTINUED

210 CONTINUED

BLANCHE
Did I say anything?

Lumley glances at his watch again. Now they HEAR the DOOR begin to open, and they turn towards it.

211 THEIR POINT OF VIEW

The half-opened door swings completely open, and an attractive GIRL of twenty-seven ENTERS, stops and looks about.

212 BRIEF SHOT - LUMLEY AND BLANCHE

Letting out a sigh of disappointment, but continuing to watch the girl.

213 THEIR POINT OF VIEW

The attractive girl goes over to the pastor's table. He springs to his feet, followed quickly by the children. Faintly, WE HEAR the CONVERSATION.

GIRL
Sorry I'm late, Kenneth.

She shakes his hand as he beams at her with pleasure.

PASTOR
I'll get you a chair.

GIRL
No, no, I'll sit over here.

She indicates the next table.

PASTOR
I'll join you then.

He and the girl move to the next table and sit down together, and the children take their own seats again, as Mabel crosses to take the new order.

214 TWO SHOT - LUMLEY AND BLANCHE

LUMLEY
(nodding slyly to
Blanche)
Nice arrangement, huh?

CONTINUED

214 CONTINUED

BLANCHE

Don't be obscene, George.

Lumley gives her a hurt look.

215 EXT. DIRT PARKING AREA - DAY

SHOOTING ACROSS THE REAR OF BLANCHE'S CAR, WE SEE Maloney in front of his own car, WIPING GREASE FROM HIS HANDS. He throws the rag through the open window onto the back seat of his car, then looks off in the direction of the cafe.

216 TWO SHOT - LUMLEY AND BLANCHE - INT. CAFE

Mabel's body ENTERS THE PICTURE FROM THE RIGHT with two more beers on a tray. She places them on the table before Lumley and Blanche, picks up the empty glasses, and EXITS FROM THE SHOT. Lumley picks up his glass and takes a big swill while Blanche takes a little sip. She watches him gulping the beer.

BLANCHE

Just see that you keep your head
screwed on straight, will you?

Lumley looking annoyed, simply scoops the beer froth off his lips with his index finger, defiantly raises the glass and takes another swill of beer.

217 EXT. DIRT PARKING AREA - DAY

SHOOTING ACROSS THE REAR OF BLANCHE'S CAR, WE SEE that there is now a gap between her car and the old jalopy. MALONEY'S CAR HAS GONE.

218 TWO SHOT - LUMLEY AND BLANCHE - INT. CAFE

Blanche's chin is cupped in her hand. She is bored and dispirited. Lumley is emptying the dregs of his beer glass. Blanche looks up with finality and makes a pronouncement.

BLANCHE

He's not coming.

She rises to her feet, CAMERA RISING WITH HER, and STARTS AWAY. Lumley pushes himself unsteadily to a standing position, takes money from his pocket and throws it on the table. CAMERA PANS WITH HIM as he FOLLOWS Blanche to the door.

219 OBJECTIVE SHOT - EXT. CAFE - DAY

Blanche and Lumley EMERGE from Abe and Mabel's, stop for a moment to glance about, looking half-heartedly for some sign of Maloney. Then they start towards the parking area, walking past the parked cars of recently arrived cafe patrons. As Blanche and Lumley arrive at their car -

220 VERY CLOSE SHOT - EXT. CAR

SHOOTING ACROSS THE FRONT SEAT THROUGH BOTH FRONT WINDOWS, WE SEE Lumley come INTO THE SHOT in f.g. and open his door; while Blanche, in b.g. on the other side of the car, opens her door. They both get in and seat themselves, SLAMMING their doors behind them. WE SEE Lumley reaching into his pocket for the car key. He brings it out, is about to put it in the ignition, when he pauses and turns to Blanche.

LUMLEY

Do you think maybe we should wait?

BLANCHE

No, we've wasted enough time.

Lumley puts the key in the ignition and turns it. The engine seems not to want to start. It turns over without catching. Lumley gives the key several more twists, and finally, with difficulty, the engine fires up. He puts the car into REVERSE and it starts to roll backwards.

221 OBJECTIVE SHOT

The car coasts slowly backwards down the slope of the parking area out onto the curving mountain road. It comes to a gentle stop, then arcs forward into the right lane and heads downhill, picking up speed with unnatural swiftness.

222 TRAVELLING SHOT - BACK OF THE CAR IN MOTION

WE ARE FOLLOWING THE CAR as it gathers speed, SHOOTING FROM GROUND LEVEL AND TILTING UP so that the TOP OF THE TRUNK and the REAR WINDOW FILL THE SCREEN. Slowly, THE CAMERA MOVES CLOSER and at the same time TILTS DOWN TO GET THE REAR AXLE AT TOP OF SCREEN and the MOVING ROADWAY BELOW. WE TRAVEL this way for a short period, and then suddenly, BLACK DROPLETS of hydraulic brake fluid start to hit the roadway. They increase slightly in size and frequency as the car continues on.

223 INT. CAR - LUMLEY AND BLANCHE

They are looking ahead with bland expressions.

CONTINUED

223 CONTINUED

LUMLEY

Well, that's the end of that.

He belches. Blanche is staring uneasily at the road ahead.

BLANCHE

George, what's the big hurry?

224 THEIR POINT OF VIEW

Up ahead, a hairpin bend is coming closer.

BLANCHE'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Just slow down a little, will you please?

225 OBJECTIVE SHOT - THE CAR

It is not only not slowing down, it is making a wide sweeping turn around the bend, going over into the opposing lane with THE SQUEAL OF BURNING RUBBER. Finally, the car recovers and gets back into the right lane.

226 INT. CAR - LUMLEY AND BLANCHE

BLANCHE

I told you not to drive so fast.

LUMLEY

I don't know what's wrong. The accelerator seems to be sticking.

BLANCHE

Your lips and those beer glasses were sticking, too.

227 TRAVELLING SHOT - THE HIGHWAY BEHIND THE CAR

SHOOTING FROM THE REAR OF THE CAR, TIPPING THE TRUNK AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SCREEN, WE SEE A TRAIL OF THICK BLACK FLUID streaming onto the roadway behind the car.

228 INT. CAR - LUMLEY AND BLANCHE

They are staring straight ahead. Lumley lets out another burp. Blanche gives him a quick side-glance of disapproval.

229 THEIR POINT OF VIEW

A long sloping descent stretches before them. Another car, APPROACHING from the distant LEFT, is making its way slowly up the hill. WE HEAR Lumley's car GATHERING EVEN MORE SPEED as it goes downhill. (INTERCUT TRAVELLING SHOT - SHOOTING TOWARDS BLANCHE'S CAR, Lumley and Blanche clearly seen inside as CAMERA STAYS JUST AHEAD OF THE CAR).

230 FLASH CLOSEUP - LUMLEY

His face shows growing concern. He looks down towards his right foot.

231 BIG CLOSEUP - LUMLEY'S FOOT

Kicking at the accelerator pedal, trying to loosen it.

232 INT. CAR - LUMLEY AND BLANCHE

BLANCHE

(nervously)

George, will you slow down!

LUMLEY

(disturbed)

I can't. It's stuck.

BLANCHE

Use the brakes!

233 BIG CLOSEUP - LUMLEY'S FOOT

It is slowly pushing down on the brake pedal.

234 CLOSEUP - LUMLEY

Puzzled and concerned.

235 CLOSEUP - BLANCHE

Looking ahead, then at Lumley, then ahead.

236 THEIR POINT OF VIEW

The speed of the car is increasing dangerously. (INTERCUT A RAKING SHOT of the side of the car, CAMERA a few inches above the ground, showing one of the front wheels travelling at high speed -- SHOOT L. & R. WHEELS).

237 FLASH BIG CLOSEUP OF LUMLEY

Looking ahead with growing alarm.

238 FLASH BIG CLOSEUP OF LUMLEY'S FOOT

Plunging down on the brake pedal.

239 INT. CAR - LUMLEY AND BLANCHE

LUMLEY

(cries out)

I can't stop it! No brakes!

240 BIG CLOSEUP OF LUMLEY'S FOOT

Pumping away frantically.

241 TWO SHOT - LUMLEY AND BLANCHE

A look of desperation on his face, a look of horror on hers.

242 THEIR POINT OF VIEW

The car whizzes towards another bend.

243 CLOSEUP OF LUMLEY'S HANDS

They are twisting the wheel.

244 THEIR POINT OF VIEW

The car is taking the bend with difficulty, sweeping wide into the opposing lane, then cutting sharply to the inside, narrowly missing an oncoming car which has been hidden around the bend. (INTERCUT STEEP UPWARD ANGLE SHOWING right rear wheel swerving over the edge of the precipitous bend as the car, SEEN OVERHEAD against the sky, speeds INTO THE SHOT and OUT).

245 INT. CAR - LUMLEY AND BLANCHE

LUMLEY

The handbrake! The handbrake!

Blanche turns, reaches down.

246 CLOSEUP OF BLANCHE'S HANDS

Pulling on the handbrake.

247 CLOSEUP - LUMLEY

LUMLEY

Pull on it! Pull on it!

248 CLOSEUP - BLANCHE

BLANCHE

I am pulling!

249 CLOSEUP - LUMLEY

LUMLEY

Nothing's happening!

250 THEIR POINT OF VIEW

Another steep slope of several hundred yards looms ahead. It banks in a wide curve leftwards. The road beyond is out of sight behind a rise in the land.

251 INT. CAR - LUMLEY AND BLANCHE

He takes his right hand off the wheel, grabs the gear-shift lever and struggles to pull it down into a lower gear. WE HEAR A TERRIBLE GRINDING SOUND. (INTERCUT TRAVELLING SHOT SHOOTING FROM REAR OF CAR TOWARDS RECEDING ROAD, showing pieces of metal falling from underneath the car, leaving a trail of shattered gear-teeth). Lumley shakes his head in dismay, tries again. More GRINDING OF GEARS. Blanche looks ahead in terror.

BLANCHE

George!

Lumley glances up, grabs the wheel.

252 THEIR POINT OF VIEW

A curve with a dangerous edge is coming at them.

253 CLOSEUP - BLANCHE

Looking out and down, then screaming.

254 HER POINT OF VIEW

WE SEE a sheer drop of several thousand feet as the car negotiates the turn with a SQUEAL OF TIRES. (INTERCUT RAKING SHOT along a low barrier wall at edge of precipitous road. The front wheel and side of car speed INTO SHOT SO CLOSE to the barrier that the wheel mounts it and travels along it for several yards before speeding OUT OF THE SHOT).

255 INT. CAR - LUMLEY AND BLANCHE

He wrenches at the wheel, gets the car back into the lane. He pulls on the gear-shift lever again, gets nothing but more GRINDING OF GEARS.

BLANCHE

Look out!

Lumley looks up.

256 THEIR POINT OF VIEW

They are speeding towards THREE SLOW-MOVING VEHICLES, one behind the other, just ahead of them. Beyond the cars, WE SEE the road curving sharply to the right. (INTERCUT A VERY LOW FORWARD SHOT, CAMERA A FEW INCHES ABOVE GROUND ON FRONT OF CAR).

257 INT. CAR - LUMLEY AND BLANCHE

He pulls the wheel to the left, BLASTING ON HIS HORN.

258 THEIR POINT OF VIEW

Lumley's car is forced to swing out into the left lane to try to pass the three cars ahead. Suddenly ANOTHER CAR is seen coming around the bend TOWARDS CAMERA. Just as a head-on collision seems inevitable, the lead car on the right is overtaken by Lumley by the narrowest of margins, and Lumley's car swerves sharply to the right out of the path of the oncoming, HORN-BLASTING CAR, Lumley's car winding up on the bottom of a steep bank to the right of the road. The whole windshield, the whole car, is tilted UP to the RIGHT and DOWN to the LEFT at a precarious angle, as the car speeds and bumps forward.

259 INT. CAR - LUMLEY AND BLANCHE

They are TILTED ACROSS THE SCREEN. He is trying to straighten the car. She is gripping the sides of her seat, her eyes closed, moaning to herself in fear. The car bumps its way

CONTINUED

259 CONTINUED

onto the road and levels off. Blanche opens her eyes. Beads of perspiration are forming on Lumley's forehead.

LUMLEY

Gotta get off this road!

260 THEIR POINT OF VIEW

A hairpin turn to the right is approaching. The car's centrifugal force causes it to swerve out into the left opposing lane, and suddenly WE SEE a GROUP OF ABOUT TWELVE YOUNG MOTORCYCLISTS ROARING up towards us on the road ahead, and to the RIGHT, a car slowly going downhill ahead of us.

261 INT. CAR - LUMLEY AND BLANCHE

Reacting with alarm, Lumley looks off ahead and to his left.

262 HIS POINT OF VIEW

Lumley's car is heading straight at the motorcyclists. It cannot swerve to the right because of the car ahead. But off to the LEFT is A LOOKOUT POINT. Lumley's car leaves the road, arcs leftward through the lookout point, skims past the scattering motorcyclists to the right, and then regains the road on the wrong side, speeding and swerving back to the right lane just ahead of the other car.

263 INT. CAR - LUMLEY AND BLANCHE

He is straightening the wheel, sweating profusely. She has her head averted to the side with her hand covering her eyes.

LUMLEY

(shouts)

Blanche, look!

She turns her head, uncovers her eyes.

264 THEIR POINT OF VIEW

Up ahead, on a slight downward slope, WE SEE a tow-truck towing a disabled car, its front wheels raised by the crane. Lumley's car speeds ever closer.

265 INT. CAR - LUMLEY AND BLANCHE

BLANCHE

What're you doing? You'll hit him.

CONTINUED

265 CONTINUED

LUMLEY

That's the idea. It'll stop us.
Then he'll have two cars to tow.

BLANCHE

George, don't.

He ignores her.

266 THEIR POINT OF VIEW

Lumley's car draws closer and closer to the towed car ahead. Suddenly, without warning, the tow-truck TURNS SHARPLY RIGHT into a side road and Lumley's car whizzes by into the emptiness ahead.

267 INT. CAR - LUMLEY AND BLANCHE

LUMLEY

Bastard.

Blanche turns her head to her right to follow the vanishing tow-truck. Lumley peers ahead, eyes narrowing as he comes to a decision.

LUMLEY

Hold on, Blanche.

Blanche turns back quickly.

268 OBJECTIVE SHOT - THREE-QUARTER FRONT

WE SEE the car speeding towards CAMERA, then deliberately turn to its right (SCREEN LEFT) and off the road, zooming into a field that slopes down to the highway. Just as the runaway car is about to crash through an old barbed wire fence with gray wooden posts -

269 FLASH SHOT - INT. CAR - LUMLEY AND BLANCHE

Flinching as the car hits the barbed wire.

270 THEIR POINT OF VIEW

Through the windshield WE SEE the barbed wire scraping its way over the hood and the glass of the hurtling car. Ahead, we get a glimpse of the rising field and an oncoming hollow with another slope running from UPPER RIGHT to LOWER LEFT. The slope up which they are now travelling is steep enough to slow down the car, but not quite steep enough to stop it.

271 OBJECTIVE SHOT

The car slowly goes over the rise and starts down into the hollow, gradually tilting more and more to the left. As it rolls to a stop, it has reached such a steep tilt that it now slowly, gently rolls over on its side, tired out.

272 VERY CLOSE CRANE SHOT - SKIMMING OVERTURNED SIDE OF CAR

The exposed, now-horizontal front door slowly opens. Blanche's head emerges. She glances around, then climbs out with difficulty and makes her way to the ground, CAMERA PANNING slightly and EASING BACK to a LOOSER ANGLE. Lumley now APPEARS, holding Blanche's handbag. He climbs to the ground and puts on a big sadistic grin.

LUMLEY

Wasn't that fun?

Immediately Blanche snatches the handbag away and starts to beat him over the head with it.

BLANCHE

Damn...you...George...Lumley...

LUMLEY

(defending himself)

Hey! Hey! Not me...Maloney.

BLANCHE

(swinging)

He wasn't driving...

Lumley snatches the bag out of her hand.

LUMLEY

No, but he screwed the car up and destroyed the brakes...

BLANCHE

Maloney?

LUMLEY

Of course. Who else? You don't think it was a coincidence, do you?
(he tosses the bag
back to her)

Now let's get out of here and get some help.

They start towards the roadway, going up out of the hollow and down the slope, CAMERA DOLLYING AHEAD OF THEM in a WAIST SHOT. They talk as they go:

CONTINUED

272 CONTINUED

BLANCHE
(feeling guilty)
George?

LUMLEY
Hmm?

BLANCHE
You all right?

LUMLEY
Uh huh...You?

BLANCHE
I think so...I'm sorry.

LUMLEY
Forget it.

BLANCHE
You really think Maloney wanted us
dead?

LUMLEY
Uh huh.

BLANCHE
But why? Why in the name of God
would he ever want to do that?

LUMLEY
I don't know. But you can be sure
it has something to do with the
mystery of your friend, Eddie Shoe-
bridge. For all we know, Maloney's
got Shoebridge buried in his back-
yard and doesn't want us to find out.

They step over the flattened, torn barbed wire and reach the
side of the highway. They look off to the right.

273 THEIR POINT OF VIEW

The highway is empty.

274 WAIST SHOT - LUMLEY AND BLANCHE
They look off to the left.

275 THEIR POINT OF VIEW

A car is APPROACHING in the distance.

276 MEDIUM SHOT - LUMLEY AND BLANCHE

He leaves her side and WE PAN HIM ACROSS THE HIGHWAY. The approaching car is getting nearer. Lumley raises his thumb and gives the hitchhiker's motion. The car approaches at a good speed, and CAMERA WHIPS WITH IT as it goes right by Lumley without even slowing. Now ANOTHER CAR IS SEEN in the distance APPROACHING from the opposite direction.

277 CLOSE SHOT - LUMLEY

Still looking after the departing car. WE SEE his lips move, but we don't hear his "son of a bitch". His expression changes as he turns and sees the other car approaching. WE MOVE WITH HIM as he crosses the highway on his way to a position near Blanche, his eyes fixed on the approaching car.

278 LUMLEY'S MOVING POINT OF VIEW

WE SEE the car coming closer towards the CAMERA that is crossing the highway.

279 TWO SHOT - LUMLEY AND BLANCHE

CAMERA has brought Lumley close to Blanche at the side of the road. He steps forward and jerks his thumb.

280 THEIR POINT OF VIEW

The car flashes by, CAMERA WHIPPING with it.

281 RAKING ANGLE - LUMLEY AND BLANCHE

They stand looking after the car.

BLANCHE
(with disgust)
Oh, George.

LUMLEY
(annoyed)
Well why don't you try it then?

They turn their heads as they HEAR another car APPROACHING on the highway at SCREEN RIGHT. Blanche moves out into the middle of the road.

282 REVERSE ANGLE - BLANCHE

She puts on an ingratiating smile and raises her right hand gently in a rather hopeful gesture.

283 HER POINT OF VIEW

The car is speeding towards her.

284 CLOSEUP - BLANCHE

Her smile freezes.

285 HER POINT OF VIEW

The speeding car is practically upon her, HORN BLASTING.

286 OBJECTIVE SHOT

Blanche just does manage to scramble out of the way of the car, which whizzes past and OUT OF THE PICTURE, as Lumley involuntarily moves to help her.

BLANCHE

(angry with herself)

Stay away from me!

Lumley raises his hands apologetically.

LUMLEY

All right...all right...

BLANCHE

Anyway, I prefer to walk.

They START AWAY, going up the sloping road.

287 REVERSE ANGLE - DOLLY SHOT

CAMERA MOVES AHEAD OF THEM as they walk. A car is HEARD APPROACHING from behind them. WE SEE a part of it indistinctly as it comes closer. Blanche turns her head. The car whizzes by at the EDGE OF THE SHOT. Suddenly WE HEAR its BRAKES SLAMMING ON and the SOUND of it COMING TO A STOP OFF-SCREEN. Blanche's face lights up, and she hurries forward, CAMERA RETREATING WITH HER, Lumley striding after her. The side of the stopped car comes INTO THE PICTURE. But before CAMERA REACHES the driver's window, Blanche is hurrying forward saying:

BLANCHE

Oh, thank you, thank you.

Still MOVING, THE CAMERA PASSES the front window and comes to a STOP. The driver's head pokes out, looking back. IT IS MALONEY. He sees Lumley.

CONTINUED

287 CONTINUED

MALONEY

Hi, there. Sorry I'm late.

Lumley grabs Blanche's arm, restrains her and comes forward. (We are in a THREE-SHOT - Maloney in profile at left, Blanche in the center, and Lumley in profile at right. We will INTER-CUT CLOSEUPS of the three).

LUMLEY

Congratulations on that nice job you did on our car, Maloney.

Blanche reacts to the name. Maloney ignores the remark.

MALONEY

What're you two doin' on the road?

BLANCHE

You know perfectly well what we're doing on the road, Mr. Maloney.

MALONEY

You must be Blanche Tyler. Pleased to meet ya.

(to Lumley)

Where's ya car?

LUMLEY

Let's say it's not exactly in running order.

MALONEY

Get in. I'll give ya a lift to the nearest garage.

LUMLEY

Thank you. We don't ride in hearses.

Maloney's cheek starts twitching.

MALONEY

I didn't come here for the fun of it, ya know. Don't ya want me to take ya to this party that knows Eddie Shoebridge's wife?

LUMLEY

You go, Maloney. We'll just skip it.

Maloney's lips tighten with anger. Without a word, he jams the car into gear and drives off, OUT OF THE PICTURE. Blanche and Lumley stare after him, CAMERA CLOSING IN ON THEM.

BLANCHE

He's all charm.

They start forward.

288 LONG SHOT - THE HIGHWAY

Lumley and Blanche walk slowly along the highway in the same direction as Maloney's car.

289 OBJECTIVE SHOT - DOWN ANGLE

SHOOTING DOWN from a small hill, WE SEE Maloney's car rounding a bend out of sight of Lumley and Blanche, and slowing down. CAMERA PANS with the car until it comes to a stop. Now the car makes a U-turn, moves slowly forward in the opposite direction, and CAMERA PANS it back around the bend it had just cleared.

290 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE HIGHWAY

SHOOTING AT GROUND LEVEL down a long slope, WE SEE Blanche and Lumley in the distance at SCREEN LEFT, walking around a bend towards CAMERA. Maloney's car ENTERS THE SHOT at SCREEN RIGHT and heads towards them. He is driving in his proper right hand lane at moderate speed.

291 INT. CAR - MALONEY

His expression is one of grim determination as he looks off through the windshield.

292 MALONEY'S POINT OF VIEW

Lumley and Blanche are still some distance away. WE SEE the car swing over to the left hand lane and then WE HEAR the ENGINE GUNNED as the car suddenly shoots forward.

293 CLOSE TWO SHOT - LUMLEY AND BLANCHE

They come to a stop, look off with puzzlement and growing concern.

294 THEIR POINT OF VIEW

Maloney's car is hurtling towards them.

295 CLOSE TWO SHOT - LUMLEY AND BLANCHE

On their faces, a look of alarm.

BLANCHE
Isn't that --?

CONTINUED

295 CONTINUED

LUMLEY

Yes!

They back away, turn and start running.

296 CLOSE ANGLE - AN OPEN SPORTS CAR

Filled with SIX NOISY YOUNG PEOPLE, it is speeding UP AROUND THE BEND towards CAMERA.

297 FULL SHOT - LUMLEY AND BLANCHE

SHOOTING FROM THE VANTAGE POINT OF THE SPORTS CAR, WE SEE Lumley and Blanche running towards CAMERA, their heads turned back to look at Maloney's car, pursuing them in b.g. HEARING the OFFSCREEN sports car, Lumley turns sharply towards CAMERA, looks off, startled, grabs Blanche and shouts:

LUMLEY

Look out!

298 FLASH OBJECTIVE SHOT

The sports car twists sharply to SCREEN RIGHT to avoid hitting Lumley and Blanche.

299 FLASH BIG CLOSEUP - MALONEY IN CAR

Horrified.

300 FLASH OBJECTIVE SHOT

Maloney's car swerves sharply LEFT to avoid the oncoming sports car, Lumley and Blanche in b.g.

301 FLASH BIG CLOSEUP - MALONEY

Crying out, doomed.

302 OBJECTIVE SHOT

Maloney's car goes soaring over the edge of the precipice and plunges down out of sight.

303 FLASH SHOT - THE OPEN SPORTS CAR

It had previously SCREECHED to a halt, with the occupants looking back in horror. Now the frightened, guilty driver turns his head frontward, guns the car and it zooms off.

304 FLASH WAIST SHOT - LUMLEY AND BLANCHE

Rushing to the edge of the precipice, looking down.

305 THEIR POINT OF VIEW

Way down below, several hundred yards away, they see a distant view of Maloney's car being consumed by flames.

306 TWO SHOT - LUMLEY AND BLANCHE

Turning away from the edge, shaken, horrified. They take a few steps slowly towards CAMERA. Then Blanche falters. Lumley quickly puts a comforting arm around her, and she rests her head against his chest. *

BLANCHE

I suppose we'd better go to the police. *

LUMLEY

Not yet. Don't forget Miss Rainbird's ten thousand. *

Blanche looks at him, pauses a moment, and then silently nods her head. They slowly continue on OUT OF THE SHOT. *

307 INT. ADAMSON'S JEWELRY STORE - DAY

CAMERA is half-way between the front and the rear, SHOOTING TOWARDS THE ENTRANCE. Outside, WE SEE traffic and pedestrians passing by. Presently, through the show window, WE SEE Fran coming along the sidewalk at a brisk pace. She comes up to the door, and her pace slows considerably. She ENTERS slowly, casually APPROACHES CAMERA and stops in a WAIST SHOT. She is smartly dressed, carries a handbag and a FOLDED NEWSPAPER. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL the whole store as Fran stands there for a moment waiting. Now she takes a couple of steps forward. In this full view of the store, WE SEE that both salesladies are busy with customers. CAMERA EASES OVER TO REVEAL Adamson, turning away from a showcase to observe the newly arrived "customer". He puts on a polite, bland, salesman's expression and strolls over to her, CAMERA MOVING with him and CLOSING IN to a TWO SHOT.

CONTINUED

307 CONTINUED

ADAMSON
May I help you, Madam?

FRAN
I'd like to see some bracelets.

ADAMSON
Any particular kind?

FRAN
Do you have anything with turquoise,
or perhaps pearls?

ADAMSON
(gestures)
This way please.

CAMERA RETREATS as they move, in a TIGHT TWO SHOT, until they reach a table showcase. He beckons her to a chair before the case, and he goes around it and pulls up a stool. As they sit down, CAMERA EASES DOWN, skimming the top of the table. Fran places the folded newspaper on the tabletop. We now have them FACE TO FACE IN PROFILE. Adamson leans forward, takes out a black velvet cloth, murmuring sotto voce:

ADAMSON
Anything wrong with the house guest?

Fran leans forward to look down into the showcase.

FRAN
(equally sotto voce)
He's fine. I gave him a very nice
lunch and a fresh bottle of wine.

Adamson, as he lays out a half dozen bracelets on the black velvet, says in a normal voice:

ADAMSON
Maybe one of these will appeal to you.

FRAN
(points to a bracelet)
Are those seed pearls?

308 BIG PROFILE - ADAMSON

ADAMSON
That's right.
(sotto voce, without
looking at her)
What are you doing here?

309 CLOSEUP - FRAN'S HAND

Picking up the twisted seed pearl bracelet and laying it over her wrist. OVER THE SHOT, WE HEAR her VOICE:

FRAN'S VOICE
These look like fresh water pearls.

310 BIG PROFILE - FRAN

Her eyes are looking down.

FRAN
(sotto voce)
The message has come through on KFAG.
They've located the stone we asked
for. In New York. Harry Winsten.
A hundred and twenty carats.

She glances up.

311 TWO SHOT - ADAMSON AND FRAN IN PROFILE

FRAN
(in a normal voice)
This one isn't bad. How much?

Adamson takes the bracelet, examines the tag.

ADAMSON
Three hundred and fifteen dollars
including tax.

Fran looks down at the bracelet thoughtfully.

312 BIG PROFILE - ADAMSON

He turns his head very slightly towards CAMERA as he puts the bracelet down OFFSCREEN.

ADAMSON
(sotto voce)
When do we make the pickup?

313 BIG PROFILE - FRAN

Still looking down at the bracelet.

FRAN
(sotto voce)
Tomorrow night. Nine o'clock.

CONTINUED

313 CONTINUED

ADAMSON'S VOICE

(sotto voce)

Good. Go on home.

314 TWO SHOT - ADAMSON AND FRAN IN PROFILE

She looks up at him, and in a normal voice, says:

FRAN

Would it be possible for you to
set this aside so that I can bring
my husband in to see it?

ADAMSON

(smiles)

Of course, Madam.

He starts to put the other bracelets away.

315 BIG PROFILE - FRAN

FRAN

(sotto voce)

Now for the bad news. Take a look
at this.

316 FLASH BIG PROFILE - ADAMSON

Glancing down as he puts the bracelets away, then leaning
further down.

317 HIS POINT OF VIEW

*

Fran's gloved hand. Her finger points to an item in the
folded newspaper which she had previously set down on the
showcase. When she moves her hand back, we read: "MAN DIES
IN FREAK HIGHWAY ACCIDENT -- A man identified as Joseph
Maloney, 39, of Castroville, California, was found dead off
Highway 22 in the burning wreckage of his car late Sunday
afternoon, etc."

318 LONG SHOT - THE STORE

WE SEE not only Fran and Adamson, but the other customers and
salespeople as well. On the CUT, Adamson, his head thrown
back, is laughing wildly, loud enough to cause the others in
the shop to turn and look at him. Fran smiles weakly, until
his laughter dies down.

319 BIG PROFILE - ADAMSON

His face dark with anger now, he looks across at Fran, speaks in a very low voice.

ADAMSON

The incompetent bastard. He blew it. Now we're going to have to eliminate those two ourselves.

320 BIG FULL FACE CLOSEUP - FRAN

A look of horror on her face.

FRAN

Ourselves?

321 BIG FULL FACE CLOSEUP - ADAMSON

He nods, and a strange smile comes to his face.

ADAMSON

(low)

Tomorrow night. Right after we return our guest.

322 BIG FULL FACE CLOSEUP - FRAN

FRAN

(hoarsely)

I can't.

323 BIG FULL FACE CLOSEUP - ADAMSON

ADAMSON

(still smiling)

You must...Share and share alike.

324 BIG FULL FACE CLOSEUP - FRAN

FRAN

(whispers fiercely)

Stop it! Stop it!

She starts to jump to her feet.

325 LONG SHOT - THE STORE

WE SEE Fran completing the rise to her feet, her sudden movement knocking over the chair on which she had been seated.

325 CONTINUED

Adamson quickly glances over his shoulder at the other customers, who have turned, startled, to look at Fran. She starts hurriedly for the door, CAMERA PANNING her towards it.

326 WAIST SHOT - ADAMSON

A VERY LOW CAMERA is SHOOTING UP on him, with the fallen chair in f.g. He is looking toward the entrance door with a faint cynical smile on his face as WE HEAR the DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE OFFSCREEN. He comes around the display case and bends down to straighten up the chair. His eyes, as he puts the chair back in place, go to the folded newspaper, still lying on the display case. CAMERA CLOSES IN ON the paper. Adamson's hand ENTERS THE SHOT, takes the paper, and CAMERA MOVES WITH IT as he carries it across the store and INTO HIS OFFICE. He flings the paper onto the desk, and CAMERA COMES TO REST on the flung paper FILLING THE SCREEN. We catch a glimpse of a folded, partial headline: "ARCHBISHOP RANSOM BELIEVED--"

327 EXT. CASTROVILLE CEMETERY - DAY

WE START CLOSE ON THE TWO HEADSTONES OF THE SHOEBRIDGE FAMILY which we saw earlier in the picture. CAMERA NOW PANS UP, REVEALING, IN LONG SHOT, the bare flat countryside cemetery. In the distance, a GROUP OF MOURNERS is standing around an open grave. The CAMERA NOW PANS RIGHT and COMES TO A STOP on a HEAD-AND-SHOULDERS SHOT of a WATCHING LUMLEY.

328 WAIST SHOT - THE GROUP AROUND THE GRAVE

A PARSON is intoning the burial service. His VOICE will CONTINUE, and be HEARD, during the scenes that follow, until it is appropriate to end the service.

PARSON

...But it was more than that, much more than that that you left behind as your precious gift to life. Yes, Joseph Maloney, you were a generous man. You gave of your heart and soul -- you gave the very best that was in you -- and no more than that can be asked of mortal man on this earth. You loved your wife truly, you bestowed on your dear mother and father all the care, all the patience, all the comforts that they needed in the sunset of their lives. And those of us who are left behind to grieve for you, Joseph, can only bow to the divine

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328 CONTINUED

PARSON (Cont'd)
judgement of our Lord, who has chosen
to take you from us in this cruel
accident. Sleep in peace, dear
Joseph, beloved son, husband and
friend, until that day when we shall
all be reunited in the eternal king-
dom of the Lord, Our God in Heaven.
Amen...(HE CONTINUES IN LATIN, BRIEF-
LY, TO THE END).

THE CAMERA THREADS ITS WAY through the heads of the mourners
and COMES TO A STOP on a HEAD-AND-SHOULDERS SHOT of MRS.
MALONEY, all in black. The others have their heads half bowed.
She, on the other hand, is staring off into the distance.

329 HER POINT OF VIEW

WE SEE half of the parson at SCREEN RIGHT, another mourner at
SCREEN LEFT, two mourners behind them, all slightly OUT-OF-
FOCUS. In the distance, WE SEE the small, sharp image of
the waiting, watching Lumley.

330 CLOSEUP - MRS. MALONEY

Staring off at Lumley as the burial service comes closer to
its end.

331 HER POINT OF VIEW

Lumley is taking a few steps forward in her direction and com-
ing to a stop, to stand there and watch her from his new
closer vantage point.

332 WAIST SHOT - MRS. MALONEY

Her expression has become somewhat desperate. She glances
around at the other mourners, then starts to ease herself
away from the group. The heads of several mourners turn to
glance at her, and WE CAN SEE, by their sympathetic looks,
that they have misunderstood the reason for her move.

333 VERY HIGH SHOT - THE CEMETERY

WE ARE LOOKING DOWN on what is practically the whole cemetery.
On far RIGHT of screen, midway between top and bottom WE SEE
Mrs. Maloney moving away from the group around the grave and
going along a HORIZONTAL path from RIGHT TO LEFT. Lumley is

CONTINUED

333 CONTINUED

still standing at the BOTTOM RIGHT HAND CORNER OF THE SCREEN as we look down. After Mrs. Maloney has walked a dozen yards or so, she turns to her RIGHT into a VERTICAL path, moving in the direction of the top of the screen. At this moment, Lumley starts to move after her along his path in a HORIZONTAL direction near the bottom of the screen. His pace is much faster than hers. She turns her head, sees him moving after her, quickens her pace and turns into a HORIZONTAL path as Lumley swings RIGHT and now moves VERTICALLY, increasing his pace even more. At the same time, WE SEE the mourners at SCREEN RIGHT begin to break away from the grave site and move slowly down a wide path towards the entrance to the cemetery. As they go, several of the mourners look back in the direction of Mrs. Maloney, who has now turned into a VERTICAL path as Lumley, closing the gap between them, cuts into a HORIZONTAL path.

334 FULL FIGURE - MRS. MALONEY

SHOOTING ON HER BACK, WE SEE her come to a dead stop, and stand there without turning, as the SOUND OF LUMLEY'S HURRYING FOOTSTEPS COMES CLOSER OFFSCREEN.

335 REVERSE ANGLE - LUMLEY

Approaching at a fast pace, he quickly slows down as he looks off ahead, and CAMERA PANS WITH HIM until he comes to a stop behind the waiting Mrs. Maloney. We are now in a TWO-FULL-FIGURES SHOT.

MRS. MALONEY

(fiercely, without turning)

Can't you leave me alone? Isn't it enough that you killed him?

LUMLEY

(gently)

That's not so, Mrs. Maloney. You've got it all wrong.

She turns sharply to face him.

336 WAIST SHOT - LUMLEY AND MRS. MALONEY

SHOOTING PAST Lumley's back on Mrs. Maloney's face as she confronts him.

MRS. MALONEY

(bitterly)

Yes. You started it all, coming here, messing into things that

336 CONTINUED

MRS. MALONEY (Cont'd)
were none of your business. Now
go away, won't you please?

She starts past him TOWARDS CAMERA, which will now DOLLY BACK
as Lumley turns and follows her, a step behind her.

LUMLEY
I have to talk to you...

MRS. MALONEY
(hurrying on)
He's dead and buried. There's no-
thing more to talk about...

LUMLEY
(calling after her)
Why didn't he want me to look for
Eddie Shoebridge?

MRS. MALONEY
(fear in her voice)
I'm not listening. Get away from
me...

She makes a turn to the RIGHT. Lumley pursues her relentlessly.

LUMLEY
Your husband tried to kill me and
you were in on it, weren't you?

MRS. MALONEY
(a frightened cry)
No!

LUMLEY
That's why you're trying to run
away from me, isn't it?

MRS. MALONEY
No!

She turns LEFT. Lumley follows.

LUMLEY
Do you realize that you're an
accessory to attempted murder?

MRS. MALONEY
(in panic)
I don't know what you're talking
about. I had nothing to do with it...

CONTINUED

336 CONTINUED - 2

LUMLEY

(shouts)

You want me to go to the police
about you?

She stops abruptly, CAMERA STOPPING with her, and she turns
to Lumley. They are now TWO BIG HEADS IN PROFILE.

MRS. MALONEY

(low, trembling voice)

For God's sake, you wouldn't do that...

LUMLEY

Then tell me, where is Eddie Shoebridge?

MRS. MALONEY

(tortured)

I can't...

LUMLEY

Tell me.

MRS. MALONEY

(blurts it out)

There is no Eddie Shoebridge. He
went up in smoke twenty-five years
ago and came down in the city, and
now calls himself Arthur Adamson...

LUMLEY

(reacts)

Arthur...Adamson?...

MRS. MALONEY

(breaking into tears)

If he finds out I told you, he'll
kill me. Now go away and don't
ever come near me again...

Quickly she turns and starts away.

LUMLEY

But wait a minute...

She hurries away from him, sobbing and the CAMERA WHIPS BACK
to give us a MUCH WIDER SCENE. For the first time WE SEE that
we are back near the two Shoebridge headstones, which are at
SCREEN RIGHT. Mrs. Maloney moves with blind hysteria to the
headstones, viciously kicks at the Edward Shoebridge stone,
sobbing:

MRS. MALONEY

Fake!...Fake!...

The stone topples slightly to one side but doesn't fall over.

337 FLASH CLOSEUP - LUMLEY

Watching her with a small gleam of satisfaction in his eyes.

338 HIS POINT OF VIEW

Mrs. Maloney is hurrying away from the headstones towards the entrance to the cemetery.

339 WAIST SHOT - LUMLEY

He takes a pipe out of his pocket, puts it in his mouth and slowly walks forward, his eyes on the departing woman. He takes out a wooden match and almost without thinking, strikes it on a nearby headstone. As he lights the pipe, he looks off thoughtfully.

340 INT. BEDROOM OF BLANCHE'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

The bed is strewn with Lumley's trousers, jacket, shirt and tie. He is in his shoes, socks, shorts and T-shirt, listening with pained expression to the telephone in his hand while Blanche paces back and forth, watching and listening to him with annoyance. We START CLOSE ON BLANCHE, gesturing towards Lumley and saying:

BLANCHE

Tell him you're ill...

(L-21)

CAMERA REVEALS Lumley, shaking her off.

LUMLEY

(to Blanche)

Be quiet...

(to phone)

Boss...wait a--hey boss, will you
listen to me? Don't get so mad,
I was only asking...

(L-21)

(listens)

I know you got a waiting list.

Don't think I don't appreciate--

(listens)

No, that's not true, you're ex-
aggerating. Maybe I missed a couple
of days here and there, but that's
all...

BLANCHE

Tell him it's important...

LUMLEY

(to Blanche)

Will you be--?

CONTINUED

LUMLEY (Cont'd)

(to phone)

How do you know it was me that ran up all that mileage? It could have been Herbie or Al on the day shift...

(listens)

Yes, I understand...All right, I'll be there. Just don't get so mad, Mr. Silverstein. After all, it's only money, and you got all there is.

(hangs up, turns to Blanche)

He says no, I gotta work the shift tonight. Now don't give me a hard time, Blanche.

He starts for the closet, begins to get into his cabbie clothes during the following:

BLANCHE

You didn't put up much of a fight.

LUMLEY

Listen, after all the goofing off I've been doing in your behalf, I'm a gnat's eyelash away from losing my cab and getting kicked right out of the company.

BLANCHE

You won't have to drive a cab if we can get this thing over and done with and collect the money.

LUMLEY

If, if, I can't eat ifs while you and Julia Rainbird waltz around together in the great beyond. Now and then I gotta at least show up. I did get his name for you, didn't I?

BLANCHE

But the phone book is full of Arthur Adamsons.

LUMLEY

So all we have to do is find out which one of them is forty years old and trembles a little at the name Eddie Shoebridge. We'll do it tomorrow.

BLANCHE

Right now would be so much better, George. A bird in the hand...

CONTINUED

340

CONTINUED - 2

LUMLEY

The bird in my hand is gonna be a steering wheel, from four to midnight.

BLANCHE

Just when I was beginning to think you weren't impossible. Maybe I'll do it without you.

LUMLEY

The hell you will. This Shoebridge fellow has gone to an awful lot of trouble not to be found. You don't know what you'd be getting into.

BLANCHE

Well, whatever his reasons, he'll forget them when he hears about all the millions he's coming into.

Lumley grabs his jacket and gives Blanche a kiss on the cheek.

LUMLEY

You just sit on your pretty little ass and wait for me, and we'll map our strategy later tonight.

He pats her fanny and HURRIES OUT OF THE ROOM. Blanche looks after him, frustrated. The FRONT DOOR is HEARD SLAMMING SHUT. She picks up the open telephone book lying on the bed and glances down at it. On sudden impulse, she rips out a page, takes her hat and handbag from a nearby chair and steps to the mirror. She puts the hat on, talking to her reflection.

BLANCHE

Who needs him?

341

WAIST SHOT - BLANCHE - EXT. SMALL HOUSE - AFTERNOON

We are in a SIDE ANGLE, getting Blanche IN PROFILE, as she stands waiting before the entrance door of a small frame house. The door opens and a MAN of about eighty-five wearing a union suit APPEARS. He smiles at her.

MAN

Hello.

BLANCHE

(stares at him)

Are you Arthur M. Adamson?

MAN

I think so.

341 CONTINUED

BLANCHE

(sadly)

Oh dear, you wouldn't be forty years old, would you.

MAN

(grins)

I would if I could, lady.

342 CLOSE SHOT - APARTMENT DOOR - LATE AFTERNOON

The door opens and a WOMAN of about forty, bedecked in cheap costume jewelry, with a Siamese cat on her shoulder, looks PAST CAMERA and smiles.

WOMAN

Yes?

BLANCHE'S VOICE

(o.s.)

I'm looking for A. G. Adamson.

WOMAN

That's me. Adelaide Georgia.

BLANCHE'S VOICE

(very disappointed)

Thank you. I'm afraid you won't do.

The woman's face hardens and she SLAMS the door.

343 EXT. OPEN SHED - LATE AFTERNOON

WE SEE Blanche step over pieces of broken metal and old automobile parts strewn around the yard before the shed. She is APPROACHING a MAN of about thirty-five in a dirty beige mechanic's longcoat. He has his back to us as he BANGS away at an old car with a big hammer, cannibalizing it. Blanche comes up to him, shouts above the noise:

BLANCHE

Excuse me.

The man stops hammering and turns to her. By this time they are both in a WAIST SHOT.

BLANCHE

Mr. Adamson?

MAN

Right.

CONTINUED

343 CONTINUED

BLANCHE
(brightening)
Arthur Adamson?

The man calls out over his shoulder:

MAN
Art? Someone wants you.

From behind the battered car, where we had not seen him, ANOTHER MAN APPEARS and stands beside the first man. They are IDENTICAL TWINS, dressed identically.

SECOND MAN
So what can I do for you, lady?

344 CLOSE SHOT - BLANCHE

Dazed, looking from one to the other.

BLANCHE
Nothing. Absolutely nothing.

She starts to turn away.

345 THREE-SHOT - THE TWO MEN AND BLANCHE

She WALKS AWAY, leaving the twins standing there staring after her.

346 INT. KARATE STUDIO - LATE AFTERNOON

WE ARE VERY CLOSE on a YOUNG CAUCASIAN MAN in white tunic giving a similarly garbed man a violent karate chop. As they CLEAR THE PICTURE, we become aware of our surroundings. A karate class is in progress, and Blanche is being escorted through it by a CAUCASIAN STUDENT in white tunic. As they NEAR CAMERA, the student stops, looks PAST CAMERA and says:

STUDENT
Mr. Adamson, there's someone to see you.

347 HIS POINT OF VIEW

VERY CLOSE TO CAMERA and FILLING THE SCREEN is a square thick piece of LUMBER held on each side by two sets of hands belonging to two students. BELOW the piece of lumber WE SEE the torso of a WHITE-GARBED MAN moving swiftly towards the

CONTINUED

347 CONTINUED

wood. With a savage CRY he smashes the wood into two pieces with the edge of his hand, and his ORIENTAL FACE is suddenly REVEALED to us, coming RIGHT INTO CAMERA wearing a big toothy smile.

MAN

Here I am.

348 CLOSE SHOT - BLANCHE

Looking at him with a sickly smile.

349 INT. ADAMSON'S JEWELRY STORE - EVENING

WE ARE SHOOTING FROM INSIDE towards the entrance door and store window. Traffic, with headlights on, IS SEEN moving outside in the gathering dusk. Presently, Blanche APPEARS on the sidewalk outside the window, pauses as she looks up at what must be a sign above the store. Then she APPROACHES the door and ENTERS. She stands looking around helplessly, as though she has lost all confidence in her search.

350 REVERSE ANGLE

Mrs. Clay, the saleslady who, earlier on, had told Adamson the police were there to see him, APPROACHES Blanche, CAMERA PANNING WITH HER until the two women face each other.

MRS. CLAY

(pleasantly)

I'm sorry but we're just about to close.

BLANCHE

That's all right. Is Mr. Adamson around?

MRS. CLAY

No, I'm afraid not. But if you come back tomorrow...

BLANCHE

(sighs)

Oh well, all right. But just to be sure, I have the right Mr. Adamson, he is a gentleman of about forty, I trust.

MRS. CLAY

Yes, that's about right.

CONTINUED

350 CONTINUED

BLANCHE

(brightens)

That's the first encouraging news I've had all afternoon. Now isn't there someplace I might reach him without delay?

MRS. CLAY

You mean tonight?

BLANCHE

Yes.

MRS. CLAY

Well, he usually goes home directly from here, but tonight would be very bad because I believe he's giving a party or something. I know he left unusually early for some such reason. Is there anything I can tell him for you in the morning?

BLANCHE

No, this is rather personal.

MRS. CLAY

I see. Then perhaps you'd like to leave a note for him.

BLANCHE

A note?

MRS. CLAY

(gestures)

This way.

She leads Blanche towards the open office door, CAMERA PANNING WITH THEM, and they ENTER.

351 INT. OFFICE

The saleslady waits inside the doorway as Blanche APPROACHES the desk, which is in f.g. She takes a pen from the tray, picks up a white notepad which has been lying on top of a folded newspaper. As Blanche leans over to write, CAMERA CLOSES IN on her bent head.

352 INSERT - THE PAD

Blanche's hand is writing: "Dear Mr. Adamson: If by any chance the name Shoebridge means something to you, please telephone me

CONTINUED

356 REVERSE ANGLE - TWO SHOT

As the saleslady escorts Blanche to the front door, Blanche pauses and looks at her for a moment.

BLANCHE

You're a Capricorn, aren't you?

MRS. CLAY

(smiles)

No, I'm a Leo.

BLANCHE

(quickly)

That's what I thought.

She gives the woman a big smile, and GOES OUT.

357 RAKING SHOT - EXT. CANOPIED ENTRANCE TO LARGE HOTEL - NIGHT

At SCREEN RIGHT, a solitary DOORMAN is taking a few steps back and forth before the deserted entrance to the hotel. About a half dozen cabs are lined up along the curving driveway to the left, waiting for fares. Blanche's car IS SEEN entering the driveway at FAR LEFT OF SCREEN and very slowly cruising past the line of cabs.

358 CLOSE SHOT - BLANCHE - INT. CAR IN MOTION

She is peering anxiously out of her open window at the cabs she is slowly passing.

359 SIDE ANGLE - AT ENTRANCE

Blanche's car passes all the cabs in the line and comes to a stop near the doorman. Blanche pokes her head out of the window and looks up.

BLANCHE

Pete?

The doorman BENDS INTO THE PICTURE.

DOORMAN

Hello, there, Blanche baby...

BLANCHE

Have you seen George?

DOORMAN

Yeah. He just left a few minutes ago, but he'll be back. Took a party of four out to Mill Valley.

CONTINUED

359 CONTINUED

BLANCHE

(distressed)

Mill Valley? Oh dear, that's a
half hour each way.

DOORMAN

Easily. What's up?

BLANCHE

Would you give him a message for
me?

DOORMAN

Sure thing.

BLANCHE

Just tell him...I found him.

DOORMAN

(blankly)

You found him.

BLANCHE

That's right. He lives at One-fifty-
six Franklin.

DOORMAN

(repeating)

One-fifty-six Franklin.

BLANCHE

(repeating)

That's where he lives, and that's
where I'm going now.

DOORMAN

(repeating)

You found him, and that's where he
lives, and that's where you're going
now.

BLANCHE

Thanks, Pete.

DOORMAN

Any time, Blanche.

Blanche puts the car in gear.

360 FULL SHOT - BEFORE THE HOTEL

Blanche's car PULLS AWAY from the entrance and DRIVES OFF.
The doorman looks after it.

361 HEAD-AND-SHOULDERS SHOT - FRAN - INT. ADAMSON BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wearing her ransom-pickup outfit, including the colored contact lenses, and looking not particularly happy, Fran is seated before a dressing table mirror putting on the blonde wig. Her open handbag is on one side of the table next to her dark glasses. She picks up the glasses, takes a Kleenex tissue from a container, gives the glasses a perfunctory polish and puts them in the handbag. The CAMERA EASES BACK as Adamson COMES INTO THE PICTURE, stands beside her, and with his gloved hands silently gives her a small revolver. As she drops it into her handbag, Adamson shows her a map, saying:

ADAMSON

Do you want to go over the new pickup spot once more?

FRAN

(shakes her head)

I know it by heart.

Adamson looks at her a moment with some concern.

ADAMSON

Are you all right?

FRAN

I will be.

ADAMSON

Sure?

Fran manages a wan smile. Adamson glances at his wristwatch.

ADAMSON

You've got to be there by 9:30.
Let's get going.

Fran rises. CAMERA EASES BACK. Adamson switches off the light and the two of them EXIT THE ROOM.

362 DOWN ANGLE - SHOOTING DOWN THE MAIN STAIRCASE

Fran and Adamson go down the stairs AWAY FROM CAMERA. The large crystal chandelier is very much in evidence at one side of the screen. Reaching the hallway, they turn and DISAPPEAR down the passageway OUT OF THE SHOT.

363 DOWN ANGLE - SHOOTING DOWN THE STEPS TO THE CELLAR

Fran and Adamson ENTER THE SHOT, descend the stairs to the cellar.

364 CLOSE RAKING ANGLE - THE BRICK WALL

Adamson and Fran come INTO THE SHOT and stop before the wall. Adamson's hands go up and he removes a brick. He hands it to Fran.

365 INSERT

The removed brick has laid bare the built-in speaker-microphone with its three-way switch labeled: "TALK" - "OFF" - "LISTEN", and a light switch beside it. Adamson's forehead, eyes, nose, and mouth COME INTO THE SIDE OF THE PICTURE. Then his finger IS SEEN, alternately moving the switch from "TALK" to "LISTEN". He speaks into the microphone.

ADAMSON

Your Eminence, it's time to go.

He switches to "LISTEN", and WE HEAR THE ARCHBISHOP'S VOICE through the speaker:

ARCHBISHOP'S VOICE

I'm just finishing the chicken.

ADAMSON

I'm sorry, Your Eminence. Now here's what I want you to do. Place the armchair in the center of the room, turn it facing away from the door and seat yourself in it. You will be comfortably put to sleep, but just for a short while.

ARCHBISHOP'S VOICE

Thank you very much. You're most considerate.

ADAMSON

Let me know when you're ready.

He LISTENS at the speaker. WE HEAR the FAINT SCRAPING of FURNITURE through the intercom.

ARCHBISHOP'S VOICE

By the way, may I take along the book you were kind enough to let me have? I haven't quite finished it yet.

ADAMSON

Certainly, Your Eminence.

ARCHBISHOP'S VOICE

Thank you. I'm ready.

CONTINUED

365 CONTINUED

ADAMSON

I'll be switching off your light now.

He flips the light switch off.

366 LOOSE TWO SHOT - FRAN AND ADAMSON

Adamson removes another brick, this one uncovering the Yale lock. He hands the brick to Fran. She sets both bricks down beside the foot of the stairs as Adamson takes out his keys and starts to unlock the brick door.

ADAMSON

(to Fran)

Better remove the jacket on that book.. We don't want fingerprints.

FRAN

You forget. You gave it to him with your gloves on.

ADAMSON

Of course.

He pulls gently on the key and the brick door swings out to REVEAL the darkened room beyond, LIT VERY FAINTLY by the reflected light of the cellar corridor. WE ARE SHOOTING THROUGH THE DOORWAY as the silhouetted figures of Fran and Adamson GO INTO the room and approach the seated figure of the Archbishop, his back to CAMERA. There is a movement of Fran's hand going to her handbag and coming out with something. Her figure leans over the Archbishop. There is a movement of her hand, and then a small WINCING CRY from the Archbishop. His head slumps gently to one side. Suddenly WE HEAR the front DOORBELL RING OUT from upstairs. Fran straightens up sharply. Adamson freezes. Then their silhouetted figures turn, APPROACH CAMERA and appear in the dim light of the doorway. There is reasonable consternation on their faces.

ADAMSON

(low, urgent)

We mustn't be late. See who it is.
And be careful.

Fran quickly EXITS THE SHOT. Adamson stares after her anxiously, turns and gives a quick glance back at the Archbishop, then looks up the stairs again as the doorbell RINGS once more.

371 CONTINUED

They stand frozen as the doorbell RINGS again. Adamson looks at Fran, then glances down towards the open brick door. They both look off in the direction of the front door. Finally there is silence. The bell has stopped sounding. Adamson gestures to Fran and she starts OUT OF THE SHOT toward the front door.

372 EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - NIGHT

Blanche is coming down the last two steps outside the entrance and is starting towards the side street WHERE HER CAR IS PARKED IN THE ENTRANCE TO THE GARAGE.

373 HEAD-AND-SHOULDERS SHOT - FRAN - INT. HALLWAY

She is turning away from the front door peephole, an expression of relief on her face. She looks off, calls out:

FRAN

She's going.

374 FLASH - HER POINT OF VIEW

Adamson, at the head of the stairs, calls out crisply:

ADAMSON

Good. Let's hurry.

375 HEAD-AND-SHOULDERS SHOT - FRAN

WE PAN HER dashing down the hallway towards the cellar stairs.

376 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Blanche is still walking along the sidewalk towards the corner. When she reaches the corner, she begins to formulate a thought.

377 WAIST SHOT - BLANCHE

The thought has taken over the expression on her face as she comes to a stop, turns and glances back towards the house. Now she raises her handbag and starts back towards the house, CAMERA DOLLYING WITH HER. During this, she rummages in her handbag and finally brings out a piece of folded notepaper. The CAMERA FOLLOWS HER up to the front door, still in a WAIST SHOT. She unfolds the piece of paper and glances at it.

378 BRIEF INSERT - THE PAPER

IT IS THE NOTE THAT BLANCHE HAD WRITTEN TO ADAMSON IN HIS JEWELRY STORE OFFICE.

379 WAIST SHOT - BLANCHE

She carefully folds the note again and slips it into the crack of the door. She then turns and EXITS THE SHOT.

380 THREE-QUARTER MEDIUM SHOT - OUTSIDE GARAGE - NIGHT

WE ARE SHOOTING ACROSS Blanche's car, getting the Adamson garage at SCREEN LEFT, Blanche's car in f.g. blocking the exit of the garage, and the small figure of Blanche in the distance, APPROACHING her car along the sidewalk. She comes CLOSER AND CLOSER TO CAMERA, finally becoming a BIG HEAD-AND-SHOULDERS. Just as she is bending down and ready to reach for the front door of her car, there is the VERY LOUD AND DISTINCT SOUND of TWO CAR DOORS SLAMMING SHUT from behind the closed door of the garage. Blanche's head jerks up. Slowly she starts to move around her car, her eyes fixed on the closed garage door.

381 CLOSEUP - THE ARCHBISHOP - INT. ADAMSON'S CAR IN GARAGE

The garage lights are off. Almost immediately, headlights are snapped on OFFSCREEN and WE SEE the Archbishop lying on the rear floorboard of the car, sleeping, HIS HEAD MOVING SLIGHTLY FROM SIDE TO SIDE. Now CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL Adamson behind the steering wheel and Fran beside him. Adamson STARTS THE MOTOR. Fran holds the remote-control door-opener and presses it.

382 THEIR POINT OF VIEW

The garage door rises, REVEALING Blanche's car blocking the exit, and Blanche herself, caught in the glare of Adamson's headlights, standing there directly in the path of his car. There are signs at the LEFT OF THE SCREEN that the garage wall is in the act of being painted.

383 CROSS SHOT - ADAMSON AND FRAN

He is in f.g., she in b.g., as they stare off through the windshield, dumbstruck at the sight of Blanche standing there.

ADAMSON

(low)

I thought you said...

CONTINUED

383

CONTINUED

FRAN
(perplexed)
I know...

ADAMSON
(with a head movement
towards the Archbishop)
Watch him.

He shuts off the motor, opens the door, his eyes still on Blanche, and starts out of the car.

384

HIS POINT OF VIEW (BECOMING A TWO SHOT)

Blanche, all smiles, starts into the garage, calling out:

BLANCHE
Oh, Mr. Adamson, how lucky I am not
to have missed you...

(CAMERA PANS HER INTO
THE GARAGE INTO A TWO
SHOT WITH ADAMSON ALONG-
SIDE THE CAR)
Apparently you didn't hear me at
the front door.

ADAMSON
(bland)
Apparently.

BLANCHE
(cheerfully)
I'm Madame Blanche Tyler, the
spiritualist...

As Fran, in b.g., casually gets out of the car on her side to stand watching and listening:

BLANCHE
(looking at Fran)
Good evening, honey.

Fran says nothing.

ADAMSON
Madame Blanche, I wonder if I could
ask you to move your car out of the
way? We're terribly late for an
appointment.

CONTINUED

384 CONTINUED

BLANCHE

When you hear why I've come, Mr. Adamson -- or should I say Shoe-bridge--?

(she chuckles)

--You won't mind being late at all.

ADAMSON

My dear woman, I know exactly why you've come here...

BLANCHE

(smiling)

Come now. How could you?

ADAMSON

...And exactly why you and your friend, George Lumley--

BLANCHE

You know George?

ADAMSON

--Have been sniffing along my trail like eager little bloodhounds these last few weeks...

BLANCHE

(pleasantly surprised)

I had no idea...

ADAMSON

Well all right, Madame Blanche, you've found me--

BLANCHE

(brightly)

Music to my ears.

ADAMSON

--And I'm perfectly willing to listen to your demands, whatever they are, but not right now.

BLANCHE

(interrupts)

Demands, Mr. Adamson? Oh no, hardly that. Julia Rainbird wants nothing from you except the privilege of making you the heir to the entire Rainbird fortune, the whole lovely millions and millions of it...

(ADAMSON AND FRANK EX-
CHANGE STARTLED EXPRESSIONS)

(L-23)

CONTINUED

384 CONTINUED - 2

BLANCHE (Cont'd)

If she made any demands at all, they (L-23)
 were on me to find you, through psychic
 means, of course. If she ever found
 out about Mr. Lumley assisting me,
 it could cost me the ten thousand
 dollar fee.

ADAMSON

(after another glance
 at Fran)

Let me get this straight. Is this
 the only reason you and Lumley have
 been, shall we say, investigating me?

BLANCHE

(nodding vigorously)

And don't think it's been easy, Mr.
 Adamson. You've given George and
 me the devil's own time of it tracing
 you from a foundling baby to a young
 boy named Shoebridge to a man named
 Adamson. But here you are, and
 here I am, and it's a happy moment (L-24)
 for us all, isn't it?

ADAMSON

(with a secret smile)

You have no idea. (L-24)

He starts to laugh. He looks at Fran and she starts to laugh
 with him. Their relief and their laughter grow and grow.
 A little bewildered, Blanche decides to get into the spirit
 of the moment, and joins in the laughter. Perhaps if they
 hadn't been laughing so loud, they might have become aware
 even sooner of the SUDDEN SOUND OF THE REAR CAR DOOR SWINGING
 OPEN, THE RUSTLE OF VESTMENTS, AND THE THUD OF A BODY HITTING
 THE STONE FLOOR OF THE GARAGE. Blanche turns and her mouth
 opens in astonishment.

385 BLANCHE'S POINT OF VIEW

The rear car door has swung open and the red-and-gold robed
 Archbishop has half-fallen onto the garage floor, his head
 turning in a semi-conscious manner, his legs still in the car.

386 FLASH BIG HEAD CLOSEUP - ADAMSON

Turning, looking down, calling out:

ADAMSON

Fran!

387 FLASH BIG HEAD CLOSEUP - BLANCHE

Looking down, wide-eyed.

388 FLASH PAN ACROSS TOP OF CAR

Fran is running around the back of the car.

389 HIGH COMPREHENSIVE TABLEAU SHOT

Fran comes around to the fallen Archbishop. Adamson leans over him. Together they quickly bundle him back into the car. During this, Adamson gives Fran a command in a low voice. We do NOT HEAR what he says. In f.g., Blanche's HEAD AND SHOULDERS move around to the RIGHT and CLOSER to the Archbishop until she is IN PROFILE, staring down, as the DOOR IS SLAMMED SHUT on him.

390 CLOSEUP - BLANCHE

She straightens up, realization and amazement on her face.

BLANCHE

(to Adamson)

It is the Archbishop, isn't it...

391 WIDE TWO SHOT - ADAMSON AND BLANCHE

Leaning against the side of the car and facing her, Adamson nods slowly, without expression. Then he turns his head sharply to Fran, who stands in b.g., biting her lower lip nervously.

ADAMSON

(sternly)

Will you do as I say?

Fran hesitates a moment, then starts to move around the car, ultimately to reach into her open front window.

BLANCHE

(somewhat dazed)

You two...the kidnappers, aren't you?

ADAMSON

(quietly)

Does anyone know you've come here?

CONTINUED

391 CONTINUED

BLANCHE

(stalling and stepping
back in fear, not knowing
what to say)

Anyone know...anyone know...come
here...No, not a soul. Not even
George. So you've got nothing to
worry about, Mr. Adamson. I pro-
mise you I won't breathe a--

She stops, interrupted by THE OMINOUS RUMBLE OF THE GARAGE
DOOR STARTING TO CLOSE behind her. She turns in alarm.

392 HER POINT OF VIEW

WE SEE the garage door BANGING SHUT and the overhead lights
going out, leaving only the glare of headlights against the
closed door.

393 WIDE TWO SHOT - ADAMSON AND BLANCHE

He slowly advances towards Blanche, who is speechless, staring
at him, and CAMERA CLOSES IN and TURNS until it has BLANCHE
IN FULL FACE, staring at Adamson IN PROFILE, lit by the re-
flected headlights.

ADAMSON

(with a cold smile)

Fran, Miss Tyler is looking a little
tired. I think she's going to need
some rest.

Blanche turns her head, fear in her eyes.

394 WAIST SHOT - FRAN

She is COMING SLOWLY TOWARDS CAMERA with her shoulder hand-
bag, but there is uncertainty in her manner, and her lips are
trembling.

ADAMSON'S VOICE

(a harsh command, o.s.)

Take it out!

Fran's hand goes into the handbag, comes out with a hypo-
dermic syringe.

395 TWO BIG HEADS - BLANCHE AND ADAMSON

Blanche is staring down in the direction of the approaching
syringe, with Adamson IN PROFILE watching her. Suddenly,

395 CONTINUED

she tries to make a break to escape. Adamson quickly seizes her and she begins to struggle violently, HER HEAD AND SHOULDERS WEAVING ACROSS THE SCREEN.

396 INSERT - A QUICK FLASH

Blanche's feet kick out desperately at Adamson's legs. Behind her feet are some old partially used PAINT CANS, paint brushes, a painter's grimy DROPCLOTH, and the foot of a ladder. Her struggling feet accidentally kick over a couple of cans, and WE HEAR THEM THUD ON THE STONE FLOOR.

397 TWO BIG HEADS - BLANCHE AND ADAMSON

He fights to contain her violently struggling body, turning his head sharply to look PAST CAMERA towards Fran, OFFSCREEN:

ADAMSON

Do it!

Blanche's eyes look down in terror.

398 FLASH BIG HEAD CLOSEUP OF FRAN

Lips trembling, MOVING INTO CAMERA.

399 BIG CLOSEUP

The needle is having difficulty locating the struggling arm of Blanche.

400 INSERT

Blanche's hand, holding the straps of her own beige leather handbag, relaxes and loosens its grip as WE HEAR her little MOANING SIGH OFFSCREEN. The bag falls into the folds of the grimy dropcloth on the floor, CAMERA PANNING DOWN TO FOLLOW IT. And in the SAME SHOT, WE SEE Blanche's feet turning over in a state of collapse.

401 BIG CLOSEUP OF HANDBAG

A splash of blood falls on it.

402 FULL SHOT - ADAMSON'S CAR - EXT. FIELD IN COUNTRY -
MOONLIT DAY FOR NIGHT

WE ARE SHOOTING ACROSS THE CAR, which is parked in the moonlight on a little dirt road between two wooded areas. It is pointing towards SCREEN RIGHT. Fran is standing NEAR CAMERA by the open right rear door of the car. The rear floorboard is visibly empty now. Adamson is standing on the far side of the car. Both of their faces are tilted upward looking off into the night sky at SCREEN LEFT toward the RECEDING CHOPPER SOUNDS OF A DISAPPEARING HELICOPTER. They wait for a few moments as the SOUNDS GROW FAINTER. Then, without any comment at all, Adamson turns and gets into the car. Fran SLAMS the REAR DOOR SHUT, gets in on her side and SLAMS her DOOR. The MOTOR STARTS and the car DRIVES AWAY.

403 MEDIUM SHOT - LUMLEY'S CAB - EXT. STREET BEFORE ADAMSON
HOUSE - NIGHT

WE ARE SKIMMING THE TOP OF THE CAB as the driver's door opens at the BOTTOM OF THE PICTURE and Lumley EMERGES CLOSE TO CAMERA, his eyes riveted on something he has just seen across the street.

404 HIS POINT OF VIEW.

The CAMERA SLOWLY ZOOMS IN across the street until Blanche's yellow car FILLS THE SCREEN. It has been moved, and is now parked in the extreme righthand side of the driveway of the Adamson house, pointing toward the closed garage door.

405 DOWN ANGLE HEAD-AND-SHOULDERS SHOT - LUMLEY

He starts off toward the front entrance of the house, CAMERA FOLLOWING. As IT FOLLOWS HIM, THE CAMERA EASES OUT TO A LOOSER SHOT, until Lumley arrives at the entrance to the house, at which point he is a FULL FIGURE, mounting the steps to the front door. Through the window above the door, WE CAN SEE a hallway light on..

406 CLOSE ANGLE - AT FRONT DOOR

In f.g. is Blanche's note, stuck in the door, unnoticed by Lumley, who presses the doorbell. WE HEAR the BELL RING inside the house. Lumley waits. He presses the doorbell again. After another RING, he turns away and looks off toward the street, puzzled. He turns back to the door again for a fourth RING, and now his attention is caught by the note. He leans out, and with a cautious glance around him, removes the notepaper, unfolds it, and glances down at it.

407 FLASH INSERT

Blanche's note to Adamson.

408 CLOSE SHOT - LUMLEY

He looks up from the note, puzzled. He turns and starts down the steps, stuffing the note in his pocket. As he goes, CAMERA RETREATS FAR ENOUGH BACK TO REVEAL the whole facade of the house. Lumley turns and makes his way thoughtfully along the sidewalk, turning the corner and walking towards Blanche's car.

409 CLOSER ANGLE - LUMLEY

He ARRIVES at Blanche's car, goes to the open driver's window and leans in.

410 FLASH INSERT

Blanche's car keys CAN BE SEEN dangling from the ignition switch.

411 CLOSE ANGLE - LUMLEY'S HEAD AND SHOULDERS

As he pulls his head out of the car and straightens up, CAMERA PULLS BACK TO A LOOSER ANGLE. He begins to circle the car slowly, moving around to the rear, puzzled, deep in thought. Now he leans with both his hands on the right side of the car. Suddenly, out of the corner of his eye, he reacts to something in the driveway near the front end of the car that has caught his attention.

412 HIS POINT OF VIEW

A RIVULET OF WHITE PAINT has seeped out onto the driveway from underneath the garage door close to the right wall. The wet paint has congealed, but still glistens in the light from a nearby street lamp. The CAMERA STARTS to DOLLY CLOSER TO the rivulet of paint. When CAMERA IS CLOSE and STILL MOVING CLOSER AND DOWN, WE SEE Lumley's SHADOW APPEAR, and at the bottom of the screen, his hand going down to the white paint. His forefinger reaches out and touches it.

413 HEAD-AND-SHOULDERS SHOT - LUMLEY

From a bent down position, he straightens up, CAMERA RISING with him. His hand comes up INTO THE PICTURE, REVEALING fresh white paint on the tip of his forefinger. He looks at it thoughtfully, looks down again, then glances up, half turns, looks to the right of the garage door.

414 HIS POINT OF VIEW

WE SEE a PUSHBUTTON on the wooden upright just to the right of the garage door. Lumley's forefinger COMES INTO THE PICTURE, wipes the paint off on the wood, and then presses the button.

415 FULL SHOT - EXT. GARAGE

WE SEE Blanche's car, the whole facade of the garage, and Lumley standing there waiting expectantly as the garage door slowly opens and the lights go on inside.

416 TWO SHOT - ADAMSON AND FRAN - INT. ADAMSON'S CAR IN MOTION - OUTSKIRTS OF CITY - NIGHT

Adamson is driving with his left hand, turning over in his right hand, with admiring gaze, a huge uncut diamond. Fran, sitting beside him, has removed her various disguises and is her dark-haired self again. Her expression is strained. Now Adamson reaches over and holds the gem in front of her, until finally she takes it from him. He leans over, plants a kiss on her cheek, and looks ahead at the road with a pleased smile on his face. Fran does not smile.

417 DOWN ANGLE - CLOSE SHOT - BLANCHE'S HANDBAG - INT. ADAMSON GARAGE - NIGHT

CAMERA CLEARLY SHOWS the dried blood on Blanche's beige handbag as it lies in the folds of the painter's dropcloth. Now CAMERA WHIPS UP to a HEAD-AND-SHOULDERS SHOT OF Lumley, staring down with a startled expression. He leans down OUT OF THE PICTURE, comes back up with the bag in his hands. Staring at the bloodstain with horror and pain, he murmurs:

LUMLEY

Oh, God...Blanche...

He looks about. Then his glance goes down to the garage floor.

418 HIS POINT OF VIEW

CAMERA ZOOMS DOWN to THREE OR FOUR SPOTS OF BLOOD in a vertical line going away from Lumley. CAMERA WHIPS UP in a direction led by the spots of blood to the closed door at the top of the three wooden steps at the rear of the garage.

419 THREE-QUARTER-FRONT WAIST SHOT - LUMLEY

He dashes over to the steps and up to the door, CAMERA WHIPPING with him. He tries the doorknob, tugs on it with force. The door is locked. He turns, comes down the steps slowly, still carrying the bag. CAMERA PULLS BACK until he is a solitary figure in the middle of the garage. He stands there for a moment, glancing about reflectively. Then he makes a decision. Quickly he goes over to the dropcloth, puts the bag back where he had found it and hurries OUT OF THE GARAGE, CAMERA RETREATING STILL FURTHER. He presses the pushbutton on the front of the garage, and the door slowly CLOSES with a THUD.

420 WAIST SHOT - LUMLEY

He stands there for a moment, glancing about uncertainly. He looks off and his attention is arrested by something he sees. He starts moving towards it, and CAMERA PANS HIM over to it -- an alleyway that runs behind the house just beyond the garage door. As Lumley turns into the alley -

421 FULL FIGURE - LUMLEY IN ALLEYWAY

He goes down three or four stone steps at the entrance to the alleyway and proceeds farther in, looking up at the house as he goes, eyes searching for a way in. He comes to a stop and looks down.

422 HIS POINT OF VIEW

WE SEE a small oblong wooden-framed window with wire netting in its frosted panes, muddy and cobwebbed, untouched for many years. It is at ground level, obviously leads to some sort of cellar, from which very faint light is coming through.

423 HEAD-AND-SHOULDERS SHOT - LUMLEY

WE ARE SHOOTING UP AT HIM as he looks down at the window thoughtfully, and makes a decision.

424 CLOSE SHOT - THE WINDOW

Lumley's foot COMES INTO THE SHOT and starts to kick at the wooden frame of the window (INTERCUT WITH CLOSE SHOTS OF LUMLEY'S DETERMINED EXPRESSION). At first the window doesn't give. Finally, with a sharp thrust of his foot, Lumley snaps the inner lock and the window swings back loosely on its upper hinges.

425 HEAD-AND-SHOULDERS SHOT - LUMLEY

He looks about furtively, then lowers himself to the window, CAMERA MOVING DOWN WITH HIM. He starts to crawl through, head first.

426 INT. CELLAR

SHOOTING TOWARDS THE WINDOW, which we now discover is just below the cellar's ceiling level, WE SEE Lumley COMING THROUGH. Having no purchase, he falls to the stone floor.

427 CLOSE SHOT - LUMLEY

Still on the floor, he picks up a small piece of broken metal from the window lock, puts it in his pocket. CAMERA PANS WITH HIM as he gets to his feet, reaches up on tiptoe and carefully closes the window again. He turns.

428 FULL SHOT - THE CELLAR

On the LEFT is the brick wall with its hanging garden implements and the garden hose that hangs from a peg on the concealed brick door, which is closed and invisible. On the RIGHT are a hot water BOILER and another boiler for the oil burner next to it. In f.g. on the RIGHT is the balustrade of the stairway leading up into the house proper. The cellar is dimly lit from the light coming from the hallway above. Lumley looks about for a moment, getting his bearings, then STARTS SLOWLY FORWARD.

429 SIDE ANGLE - LUMLEY

He cautiously makes his way across the cellar to the stairway. The brick wall in the b.g. is very close to him as he goes. He stops and peers up OFFSCREEN towards the increasing light from the stairway. Directly behind him now WE SEE the hanging garden hose that indicates that he is at the secret brick door. But he is totally unaware of its existence. He continues on, CAMERA PANNING WITH HIM. He mounts the steps to the house above.

430 HIGH FULL SHOT - THE HALLWAY

The slightly elevated CAMERA is near the front door of the house, SHOOTING DOWN TOWARDS the rear of the house, the bottom of the crystal chandelier TIPPED IN at the TOP OF THE SCREEN. Lumley APPEARS at the head of the cellar stairs, turns into the main hallway, stops and looks about. The only illumination comes from the lights of the chandelier above him.

CONTINUED

430

CONTINUED

Now Lumley crosses to the kitchen, pokes his head and an arm inside. WE SEE the kitchen light go on, HEAR his loud WHISPER:

LUMLEY'S VOICE

Blanche?...

No reply. He switches the light off, WITHDRAWS, crosses the hall and DISAPPEARS behind the staircase that leads up to the second floor. WE SEE a LIGHT GO ON, HEAR him CALL OUT again:

LUMLEY'S VOICE

Blanche?...

The light goes off. CAMERA PANS SLIGHTLY to the RIGHT and is now SHOOTING THREE-QUARTERS on the open doorway of the darkened sitting room. In the darkness WE HEAR:

LUMLEY'S VOICE

Blanche?...

Then Lumley APPEARS in the doorway, lit by the hallway light. He turns, switches on the sitting room light, goes back into the sitting room, glances about, then turns the light off and comes into the hallway. CAMERA PANS LEFT with him as he goes to the closed door to the dining room. He opens it, peeks into the room, which is dimly illuminated by the hall light. He WITHDRAWS, closes the door, moves across to the stairs. CAMERA PANNING WITH HIM. He starts cautiously up to the second floor.

431

MOVING CROSS ANGLE - ADAMSON AND FRAN - INT. ADAMSON'S CAR IN MOTION - EXT. FRANKLIN STREET - NIGHT

WE ARE SHOOTING THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW of the moving car, getting Fran in f.g. and beyond her, Adamson at the wheel. He makes a wide sweeping turn with the wheel. The b.g. swings by, and at the same time, THE CAMERA PANS OFF the car and POINTS AHEAD. At SCREEN LEFT is the hood of the car, and beyond it, lit by the headlights of the car, WE NOW SEE the closed door of the Adamson garage, about thirty feet away and drawing closer.

432

HIGH SHOT - INT. HALLWAY OF ADAMSON HOUSE

CAMERA IS SHOOTING DOWN onto the complete hallway from a vantage point above the front door. At SCREEN LEFT, Lumley is just EMERGING onto the second floor BALCONY from the darkened front bedroom. He starts along the balcony towards the rear, when suddenly he HEARS the RUMBLE and THUD of the GARAGE DOOR OPENING.

433

BIG HEAD-AND-SHOULDERS SHOT - LUMLEY

He freezes, listens, and OVER THE SHOT WE HEAR CAR DOORS OPENING AND SLAMMING SHUT, and the RUMBLE AND BANG of the GARAGE DOOR CLOSING AGAIN. Lumley starts moving hurriedly along the balcony, and CAMERA ZOOMS BACK AND DOWN to a FULL SHOT that includes the balcony at THE TOP OF THE SCREEN and the rear hallway of the ground floor at the BOTTOM OF THE SCREEN. Lumley makes his way quickly to the short balcony at the head of the stairs, partially lit by the hallway chandelier. As he stands there, he HEARS the CONNECTING DOOR from the garage to the kitchen OPENING, and Fran and Adamson ENTERING and TALKING. WE SEE the light go on in the kitchen and WE HEAR THEIR CONVERSATION. During it, WE HEAR Fran opening the refrigerator, taking out ice cubes, turning on the sink faucet, making herself a drink, while Adamson is HEARD opening a drawer to get some Scotch tape. The moment they start talking, Lumley moves closer to the railing and leans over and down to HEAR their words. (AT THE APPROPRIATE MOMENT, WE WILL CUT TO A HEAD-AND-SHOULDERS SHOT OF LUMLEY, reacting with astonishment to what he hears).

ADAMSON'S VOICE

If I'm talking too much, maybe it's because you're not talking at all...

FRAN'S VOICE

It's my stomach, Arthur. Murder doesn't agree with it.

ADAMSON'S VOICE

Do you think I look forward to it? If Joe Maloney had been more efficient, they'd both be dead by now...

FRAN'S VOICE

Which would leave us where?

ADAMSON'S VOICE

Home free...Unsuspected...

FRAN'S VOICE

(voice rising)

You mean free to pull another kidnapping, and another and another. Constantine wasn't enough for you. The Archbishop isn't enough for you, I can see that. You're determined to be caught, and the sad thing is, you don't even realize it.

ADAMSON'S VOICE

(lightly)

Would I do a thing like that to you, honey?

CONTINUED

433 CONTINUED

FRAN'S VOICE

You can have my share, Arthur. You can keep both diamonds all for yourself if you'll just end it.

ADAMSON'S VOICE

Tell you what. You help me get Sleeping Beauty out of the cellar and into her car and off to some deserted road where a suicide can take place, and I promise you we'll really talk about it. Okay?

FRAN'S VOICE

And what about George Lumley?

ADAMSON'S VOICE

Look, if she knew where to find us, you can be sure he does, too. He'll walk right into our hands.

FRAN'S VOICE

Your hands, Arthur, not mine.

ADAMSON'S VOICE

If that's what your little heart desires. You know I'll do anything to make you happy, sweetheart...

434 HEAD-AND-SHOULDERS SHOT - LUMLEY *

Still listening at the balcony railing. WE HEAR Adamson COMING OUT INTO THE HALLWAY.

435 LUMLEY'S POINT OF VIEW

SHOOTING DOWN into the hallway, WE SEE Adamson APPEARING from beneath the balcony. As he turns LEFT and goes INTO PROFILE near the foot of the stairs -

436 HEAD-AND-SHOULDERS SHOT - LUMLEY *

He swiftly backs away to a closed bedroom door behind him. He opens it quickly, goes inside and closes the door. He waits a while, then opens it a slit and peers out.

437 LUMLEY'S POINT OF VIEW *

Adamson is EMERGING from the sitting room and goes toward the hall.

438 VERY CLOSE SHOT - LUMLEY THROUGH SLIT

His eye widens at what he sees.

439 LUMLEY'S POINT OF VIEW *

Fran now APPEARS at the BOTTOM OF THE PICTURE, starting up the stairs with her wig and some disguise clothing in her hands.

ADAMSON

(from the hall)

Don't you think you ought to go down and look her over? We've been away from her a long time, you know.

FRAN

(flatly)

You do it.

She continues up the stairs and goes along the balcony to the last bedroom on the right and ENTERS. She turns on the lights, leaving the door open.

440 VERY CLOSE SHOT - LUMLEY THROUGH SLIT

His eye moves from Fran's bedroom back to Adamson.

441 LUMLEY'S POINT OF VIEW *

Adamson starts down the hallway.

442 LONG SHOT - HALLWAY AND BALCONY *

Adamson IS SEEN moving along the hallway in the direction of the kitchen. Lumley quietly opens the door and EMERGES from his hiding place, his eyes fixed to his right on Fran's open bedroom door.

443 WAIST SHOT - LUMLEY

His eyes look down toward the departing Adamson, then quickly to the bedroom door.

444 FRAN'S BEDROOM DOOR - FROM LUMLEY

In the POINT OF VIEW SHOT, WE SEE the open door, and through it, a glimpse of Fran moving about.

445 WAIST SHOT - LUMLEY (CRANE SHOT)

Lumley starts down the stairs very cautiously, his eyes still on the open bedroom door, CAMERA MOVING AHEAD OF HIM.

446 FLASH MOVING POINT OF VIEW

Fran's bedroom door. No sign of Fran.

447 WAIST SHOT - LUMLEY

He reaches the bottom of the stairs, looks up cautiously, then very slowly looks around the bend of the stairs towards the rear of the hallway.

448 LUMLEY'S POINT OF VIEW

Adamson has just CLICKED ON the cellar LIGHTS below. WE SEE just a glimpse of his back and shoulders as he starts to descend the cellar stairs.

449 MEDIUM SHOT - LUMLEY

He swiftly crosses to the left wall of the hallway under the balcony and slithers along the wall to the rear of the hallway. WE HOLD ON THIS SHOT until he reaches the far end and crosses over to the top of the cellar stairs.

JUMP CUT TO:

450 CLOSE SHOT - LUMLEY

At the top of the stairs he bends down, removes his shoes, holds them in one hand and tiptoes down several steps.

451 REVERSE ANGLE

SHOOTING UP at Lumley, WE SEE him bend down and peer over the balustrade into the cellar down below.

452 LUMLEY'S POINT OF VIEW

SHOOTING DOWN, WE SEE Adamson at the wall removing the brick that conceals the speaker-microphone and light switch to the right of the hanging garden hose. He SNAPS ON the LIGHT SWITCH, goes to his left and removes the brick that conceals the lock in the door. He puts both bricks down on the floor,

CONTINUED

452 CONTINUED

takes a key from his pocket, inserts it in the lock, turns it and slowly pulls open the brick door, LEAVING THE KEY IN THE LOCK. He goes into the secret room which is lighted now. From upstairs WE HEAR:

FRAN'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Are you down there?

453 CROSS ANGLE - LUMLEY ON STAIRS

WE ARE SHOOTING AT HIM IN PROFILE as his head goes up in alarm in the direction of Fran's voice. WE HEAR Adamson call out from within the secret room:

ADAMSON'S VOICE

(o.s.)

She's still under.

Now Lumley quickly goes down the stairs in his stockinged feet, the CAMERA FOLLOWING HIS MOVEMENTS. As he turns to go past the open cellar door, the CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSER FOR A BRIEF GLIMPSE of the inside of the secret room behind him, with Adamson bending over Blanche's inert body on the bed. CAMERA PULLS BACK, DOLLYS LEFT and PANS RIGHT to SHOW Lumley hurrying over to the boilers in the far corner of the cellar and DISAPPEARING FROM VIEW.

JUMP CUT TO:

454 CLOSE SHOT - ONE OF THE BOILERS

Half of Lumley's face comes around cautiously INTO VIEW.

455 LUMLEY'S POINT OF VIEW

Adamson EMERGES from the secret room, comes around the open brick door and removes THE GARDEN HOSE that hangs from the peg on the outside of it. He turns and goes up the cellar stairs with the hose, leaving the brick door open.

456 MEDIUM SHOT - LUMLEY

He comes out quickly from behind the boilers and hurries across the cellar on his stockinged feet to the secret room, leaving his shoes behind the boilers.

457 INT. SECRET ROOM

Lumley ENTERS and crosses to the bed where Blanche is lying with her face turned away from him, CAMERA PANNING WITH HIM and CLOSING IN so that WE END IN TWO HEADS-AND-SHOULDERS as he leans over her. WE SEE a little dry blood on the sleeve of Blanche's dress. Lumley takes her chin in his hands, pulls her face towards him and starts to slap her cheeks vigorously.

LUMLEY
(very low)
Blanche...Blanche...

At the SOUND of HIS VOICE, Blanche turns her head sharply with startling suddenness and opens her eyes wide. Lumley reacts with surprise. Blanche quickly lifts a finger to her lips and whispers:

BLANCHE
Shhh...

458 INT. GARAGE

The lights are on, and WE SEE that Adamson is now in the garage with Fran. She is holding the garden hose taut with both hands, while Adamson, using a pair of shears, cuts completely through the hose. He takes the shorter piece of hose, holds up the cut end.

ADAMSON
This end goes into her exhaust pipe,
and the other end through the window.
Then it will look like suicide.

Fran looks at him without expression, says nothing. He puts down the shears and, with the piece of hose in hand, walks to the front of his own car, CAMERA PANNING WITH HIM. He leans in the front window, takes up the remote control, points it towards the garage door, which is OUT OF THE PICTURE, and presses the control.

459 EXT. GARAGE

WE ARE SHOOTING PAST BLANCHE'S CAR, on SCREEN RIGHT, towards the garage door, which is opening. Adamson EMERGES from the garage, walks toward Blanche's car, carrying the hose and the remote control. In b.g., Fran can be SEEN winding up the larger piece of hose and putting it away. CAMERA CLOSES IN on Adamson as he arrives at Blanche's car. He glances cautiously up and down the street, then with a deft movement, throws in the prepared hose through the open window. He turns, goes back into the garage, holds up the remote control. The door starts to close.

460 INT. GARAGE

As the door BANGS SHUT, Adamson puts the remote control back into his car and turns to Fran.

ADAMSON

We better go get her now.

Fran looks away, nods, tight-lipped. They go toward the stairs at the rear of the garage and mount the steps, Adamson saying:

ADAMSON

I'll drive her in her car. You follow in ours.

She nods briefly. They ENTER the house, leaving the door to the kitchen open.

461 INT. HALLWAY

SHOOTING TOWARDS the rear of the hallway, WE SEE Adamson and Fran COME OUT of the kitchen, cross the hallway and start down the stairs to the cellar.

462 REVERSE ANGLE

SHOOTING UP FROM WITHIN THE DOORWAY OF THE SECRET ROOM, WE SEE Adamson and Fran descend the cellar stairs, make the turn at the bottom and COME TOWARDS CAMERA, WHICH NOW RETREATS INSIDE THE SECRET ROOM. The recumbent figure of Blanche, her eyes closed, APPEARS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SCREEN. Adamson comes towards the bed and approaches Blanche's head.

ADAMSON

(to Fran)

You take the feet.

Fran goes to Blanche's feet, and Adamson tugs on Blanche's arms, but she seems stuck.

463 INSERT

Blanche's hand clutching the side of the bed.

464 LOOSE SHOT

Adamson tugging away at Blanche.

ADAMSON

Christ, she's heavy.

CONTINUED

464 CONTINUED

Just for a moment he releases his grasp. And in that moment Blanche instantly starts to spring to life.

465 REVERSE ANGLE

We are fairly CLOSE ON Blanche and Adamson, with Fran at the EDGE OF THE PICTURE, as Blanche springs from the bed with bewildering suddenness and dashes TOWARDS THE CAMERA, WHICH IS NOW MOVING BACK. She GAINS ON THE CAMERA, and IN A BIG HEAD yells out:

BLANCHE

GEORGE!...

She dashes by the CAMERA OUT OF THE SHOT, and we are left with Fran and the startled Adamson staring after her, Adamson now rushing forward TOWARDS THE CAMERA, which is STILL MOVING BACK. As he GETS CLOSE to the RETREATING CAMERA, the brick door suddenly swings INTO THE SHOT and SLAMS SHUT in his face, REVEALING Lumley, in a WAIST FIGURE, clinging to the outside of the door -- and incidentally, REVEALING that THE CAMERA IS NOW OUTSIDE THE DOORWAY IN THE CELLAR. Lumley quickly turns the key in the lock, pulls it out, leans back against the door, and a smile comes to his face as he looks off.

466 FLASH - LUMLEY'S POINT OF VIEW

Blanche is flopping, exhausted, onto an oil barrel lying on its side under the stairs.

467 TWO SHOT

*

Lumley at the door and Blanche sitting on the oil drum. They look across at each other with a smile of satisfaction.

LUMLEY

(breathlessly)

Well, we've got those two, but we don't have the stones -- and that's the fifty thousand dollar reward.

468 CLOSE SHOT - BLANCHE

She is still a little woozy from the hypodermic prick in her arm, but slowly a strange expression comes over her face. Is she going into a trance? Somehow it is almost the same expression she used at the beginning of the picture, except there is something real about it. She RISES.

469 CLOSEUP - LUMLEY *

Looking at her, slightly bewildered.

LUMLEY
What is it Blanche?

470 MEDIUM SHOT *

THE CAMERA IS ON BLANCHE. She RISES and STARTS TO MOUNT the stairs, THE CAMERA RETREATING BEFORE HER. She comes to the top of the stairs and, almost like a somnambulist, walks down the main hallway. She turns and starts up the main staircase. WE ARE VERY CLOSE TO HER. She comes to a stop, then slowly raises her arm and points. THE CAMERA MOVES IN, FOLLOWING HER ARM, ACROSS HER HAND and ACROSS HER POINTING FINGER. THE CAMERA MOVES ON until IT COMES TO REST on the TWO DANGLING DIAMONDS hanging from the chandelier.

471 CLOSE SHOT - LUMLEY *

He's staring up. THE CAMERA WHIPS HIM UP as he dashes toward Blanche. He looks in the direction of her pointing finger.

472 BIG CLOSEUP - THE TWO HANGING DIAMONDS *

Lumley hugs her.

LUMLEY
Blanche, you did it. You are psychic.

He squeezes her to him. Blanche's eyes flutter. They are now in a BIG TWO SHOT. She looks at George, then down at her feet.

BLANCHE
What am I doing here on the stairs?

LUMLEY
It's no fake, Blanche. You actually found them. Look!

He points again. She slowly turns her head.

BLANCHE
I did?

LUMLEY
I've got to get to a phone. First the police -- then Miss Rainbird, to tell her her bad news and our good news.

THE CAMERA PANS HIM OUT OF THE PICTURE, then the few steps into the living room. WE SEE him pick up the phone.

473

CLOSE SHOT

*

THE CAMERA MOVES INTO A BIG HEAD OF BLANCHE, still standing there on the stairs. She is wearing the trance-like expression that we opened the picture with.

THE END