

"L A U R A"

Screenplay

by

Jay Dratler

With revisions in this version

by

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* * *

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"LAURA"

FADE IN

- 1 FULL SHOT - EXT. SKY AND SUN - DAY
Veiled in mist, the sun gleams like a silver coin, giving a sense of intolerable heat. OVER SCENE comes the voice of Waldo Lydecker.

WALDO'S VOICE (narrating)
I shall never forget this weekend--the weekend Laura died...

- 2 FULL SHOT - (ESTABLISHING) - NEW YORK
The towers of the buildings are shrouded in mist. On the entire length of Fifth Avenue the only vehicle is a lone bus in the distance.

WALDO'S VOICE (narrating)
A silver sun burned through the sky like a huge magnifying glass...It was the hottest Sunday in my recollection. A heavy silence lay on the town. I felt as if I were the only human being left in New York. And in a sense it was true. For with Laura's horrible death I was alone - with only my crowding, poignant memories of her.

- 3 CLOSE SHOT - INT. WALDO'S DRAWING ROOM - VERY VALUABLE GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK
The CAMERA IS FIXED ON a beautiful grandfather's clock in which the sun and sky are reflected as they come through the slats of the Venetian blind. Typewriter SOUND comes over.

WALDO'S VOICE (narrating)
I, Waldo Lydecker, was the only one who knew her.

CAMERA BEGINS TO PULL BACK TO:

- 4 FULL SHOT - WALDO'S DRAWING ROOM - DAY
The cabinets are filled with priceless British and American glassware; it is an exquisite room -- too exquisite for a man.

WALDO'S VOICE (narrating)
And I had just begun to write Laura's story when:

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO:

5

WIDER ANGLE
showing MARK McPHERSON

WALDO'S VOICE (narrating)
... another of those detectives... came to
see me.

(a pause)
I had him wait...

6

FULL SHOT - DRAWING ROOM - ANOTHER ANGLE
Mark is an alert, intelligent-looking man, with a sleek, hard
look about him. His eyes are quick; his face unrevealing.
He looks at the glassware exhibits.

WALDO'S VOICE (narrating)
I could watch him through the half-open door.

Mark moves toward the grandfather clock.

WALDO'S VOICE (narrating)
I noted that his attention was fixed upon
my clock. There was only one other in
existence -- and that was in Laura's apart-
ment -- in the very room where she was
murdered.

Mark crosses to a shelf with a glass collection on it and
stretches out a hand to touch one of the priceless pieces.
And now, Waldo's voice changes from a faraway story-telling
sound to a dialogue-speaking sharpness.

WALDO'S VOICE
Careful there! That stuff's priceless!

7

FULL SHOT - MARK
Mark tries to find the source of the voice.

WALDO'S VOICE
Come in here, please...

CAMERA TRUCKS AHEAD OF MARK to:

8

FULL SHOT - INT. WALDO'S BATHROOM
It is the refuge of an eccentric with great means at the dis-
posal of his whims. There is a chaise longue against the
paneled wall. The plumbing out-Cranes Crane. In the wall
are book shelves, a telephone, a small bar, and a typewriter
that moves downward and rests on a board across the tub.
And in the tub is middle-aged WALDO LYDECKER, raconteur,
dramatic critic, man-about-several towns; and oft-misquoted
wit.
Mark enters and glances casually at Waldo.

MARK
Mr. Lydecker...?

(CONTINUED)

8 (Cont.)

Waldo nods noncommittally and puts on the shelf the notes on Laura's story. He shoves the typewriter into the wall. Then he indicates a very dainty chair. Mark straddles it, with its back to Waldo.

MARK

Nice little place you have here...

WALDO

It's lavish -- but I call it home. I suppose you're here about the Laura Hunt murder?

Mark nods and Waldo reaches into a drawer over the tub and takes out a piece of paper.

WALDO

Yesterday morning, after Laura's body was found I was questioned by Sergeants Schultz and McAvity. And I stated:

(reading)

On Friday night, Laura had a dinner engagement with me, after which she was ostensibly going out of town. She phoned and cancelled our engagement at exactly seven o'clock.

Mark has taken out his notebook and he now reads from it:

MARK (reading)

'You ate a lonely dinner, and then got into your tub to read.'

(quickly)

Why'd you write it down? Afraid you'd forget?

WALDO

I am one of the most widely misquoted men in America. When my friends do it, I resent it; from Sergeants Schultz and McAvity I should find it intolerable.

He puts the paper back on the shelf.

WALDO

Hand me that wash cloth, please.

9

FULL SHOT - ANOTHER ANGLE

Mark gets up, favoring his left leg. When he hands over the cloth, Waldo looks down at Mark's leg.

WALDO

The sofa might be easier on that leg.

Mark moves over to the sofa.

(CONTINUED)

9 (Cont.)

WALDO
Souvenir of action?

MARK
Babylon...

WALDO
Oh, yes. The Siege of Babylon, Long
Island. The gangster with a machine
gun. Killed three policemen.
(recalling)
I told the story over the air, and
wrote a column about it.
(looks at Mark sharply)
Are you the one with the leg full of lead?
The man who walked right in and got him?

Mark nods.

WALDO
(thinks hard)
... Your name is...ah...it's... let me
see...Mac...McPherson! Mark McPherson.
(then with an
air of triumph)
Hand me my towel, please.

Mark rises and gets a huge wrap-around towel from the rack.
(NOTE: The dialogue continues as Mark holds up the towel,
Waldo stands behind it, and then wraps himself in it.)

MARK
You've got a good memory.

WALDO
(suddenly a bit
more friendly)
I always liked that detective with the
silver shin bone.

10 CLOSE SHOT - WALDO
as he dries himself.

MARK'S VOICE (over scene)
Yeah. You like your men better if they're
not one hundred per cent, don't you,
Mr. Lydecker?

11 TWO SHOT - SCENE

WALDO
Have you any more questions?

MARK
Just one.

Waldo wraps himself in the towel and enters the bedroom.
Mark looks after him.

12

MED. CLOSE SHOT -

He pulls a newspaper clipping out of his pocket.

MARK

Two years ago in your May fifteenth column you started writing a book review -- but at the bottom of the column you switched over to the Harrington murder case...

WALDO (offscene)

Are the processes of the creative mind now under the jurisdiction of the police?

MARK

(ignoring the interruption)

... You said Harrington was rubbed out with a shotgun loaded with buckshot. The way Laura Hunt was murdered night before last.

WALDO'S VOICE

Did I?

Mark starts rising.

MARK

Yeah..but he was really killed with a sash-weight.

He walks into the bedroom.

13

FULL SHOT - INT. BEDROOM

The bed has bookshelves behind it, two telephones, a radio, piles of newspapers, magazines, letters. Waldo stands before the mirror, putting on his shirt.

WALDO

How ordinary! My version was obviously superior. I never bother with details, you know.

Mark pockets the clipping, then looks at his watch.

MARK

I do... Well, so long...

WALDO

Mind if I go with you?

Mark looks puzzled.

MARK

What for?

WALDO

(as he dresses)

Murder is my favorite crime. I write about it regularly. And I know you'll have to visit everyone on your list of suspects -- I'd like to study their reactions.

(CONTINUED)

13 (Cont.)

MARK

You're on the list yourself, you know.

WALDO

Good. To have overlooked me would have been a pointed insult.

MARK

(dry good-humor)

You're not the sort of man one would insult, Mr. Lydecker.

Waldo is at the mirror, putting on his tie. He looks thoughtful for a moment. Mark sits down on the bed. He takes out a puzzle. It's a small box with a glass cover. Inside are five steel balls that must be manipulated into separate pockets. He concentrates on it.

WALDO

Do you really suspect me?

MARK

Yes.

WALDO

McPherson, if you know anything about faces -- look at mine.

Mark looks up and then goes back to his puzzle.

14

TWO SHOT - ANOTHER ANGIE

There is a mocking smile on Waldo's face, and a mocking tone to his voice.

WALDO

How singularly innocent I look this morning. Have you ever seen such candid eyes?

He spots the puzzle and is annoyed at Mark's inattention. He comes closer to look at it.

15

CLOSE SHOT - THE PUZZLE - IN MARK'S HAND

WALDO'S VOICE

Something you confiscated in a raid on a kindergarten?

MARK'S VOICE

Takes a lot of control. Want to try it?

16

FULL SHOT - SCENE

WALDO

No, thanks.

Mark stares at him, now.

(CONTINUED)

16 (Cont.)

MARK

Were you in love with Laura Hunt,
Mr. Lydecker?

Waldo turns back to the mirror. He doesn't answer.

MARK

Was she in love with you?

WALDO

(knotting his tie)

She considered me the wisest, the wittiest,
the most interesting man she had ever met.
I was in complete accord with her on that
point.

(putting on his jacket)

She thought me also the kindest, the gentlest,
the most sympathetic man in the world.

MARK

Did you agree with her there, too?

WALDO

McPherson, you won't understand this -
but I tried to become the kindest, the
gentlest, the most sympathetic man in
the world.

MARK

Have any luck?

Waldo picks up his hat and his gold-banded walking stick.

WALDO

Let me put it this way. I should be
sincerely sorry to see my neighbor's
children devoured by wolves.

(he indicates door)

Shall we go?

Mark shrugs his shoulders as we

DISSOLVE TO:

17

FULL SHOT - EXT. PARK AVENUE - DAY
as a taxi rolls down the ramp and heads north from forty-
second Street. CAMERA STAYS ON IT as it recedes down the
avenue.

18

MED. CLOSE SHOT (PROCESS) INT. CAB
The top is down, and we are SHOOTING DOWN toward the backs
of Waldo's and Mark's heads. Waldo's hands are placed on
top of his gold-banded walking stick, which is prominently
displayed. Mark looks at his watch again.

WALDO

In a hurry?

(CONTINUED)

18 (Cont.)

MARK

I want to see the Yankees play Philadelphia this afternoon.

WALDO (cuttingly)

Are you solving this case from the bleachers?

MARK (mildly)

Delehanty's pitching. Besides, it's Sunday. Man's got a right to his day off.

19 MED. TWO SHOT - INT. CAB (PROCESS) - REVERSE ANGLE

WALDO

You seem to forget that a murder has been committed!

MARK

That's something you got pretty used to on the homicide squad.

WALDO

But I daresay this murder is a little different from your ordinary run of cases.

MARK

Sure, it's duller.

WALDO (witheringly)

I suppose you prefer a conventional gang killing with machine guns and black sedans and all the trimmings?

MARK

Yeah. At least there you're dealing with real, down-to-earth people.

WALDO

McPherson, you're a proletarian snob. Here you have one of the most unusual...

MARK (breaking in)

The only unusual thing about it is the addresses...Sutton Place and Park Avenue instead of Delancey Street or Flatbush. Outside of that, some two-timing dame gets murdered in her flat practically every day.

20 TWO SHOT - (PROCESS) - ANOTHER ANGLE

WALDO

Dame?! How dare you call Laura a "dame?"

MARK

What would you call her?

WALDO

(at a loss for a moment)

She was a woman of distinction.... of character! A lady.

(CONTINUED)

20 (Cont.)

MARK

A "lady" who gets knocked off generally turns out to be a "dame."

WALDO

Is that one of your better generalizations?

MARK

No. I was quoting from one of your columns.

Waldo beams suddenly -- the flattered writer.

WALDO

That's the second time you've mentioned my column. Do you like it?

MARK

No.

WALDO (his lips tightening)

Why not?

MARK

It's like the white part of a lemon pie... smooth and pretty but you can't get your teeth into it.

WALDO

You are speaking, I presume, as literary critic of the Police Gazette?

CAMERA MOVES IN on Waldo's face.

WALDO'S VOICE (narrating)

He called Laura a 'dame'....

21 MED. CLOSE SHOT - (PROCESS) - BACK OF CAB

WALDO'S VOICE (narrating)

He would have said it to her face if he had known her...And Laura might have liked it...

(a pause)

This is a hard man -- no fool.

DISSOLVE TO:

22 FULL SHOT - EXT. PARK AVENUE APARTMENT HOUSE - DAY

Waldo and Mark get out of the taxi. After Waldo has gone into the entrance, a man who appears to be waiting for someone - obviously a detective - gives Mark an almost imperceptible greeting. Mark goes inside.

DISSOLVE TO:

23

FULL SHOT - INT. TREADWELL LIVING ROOM

Waldo ensconces himself in an armchair. ANNE TREADWELL, a dark, intense woman of about 38, leads Mark into the room and indicates a chair. Mark sits down.

MARK

I've just taken over the case, Mrs. Treadwell. I've got all the reports -- but I have a few more questions...

ANNE

Certainly. I'll do anything I can to help.

MARK

(quietly, steady eyes
on Anne)

You were fond of your niece, Mrs. Treadwell?

ANNE (emotionally)

I adored her!

MARK

(after a moment, quietly)

I can quite understand your collapsing when you identified the body.

ANNE (with a shudder)

It was horrible.

MARK (after a moment)

A shotgun full of BB's at close range is not nice to look at. Her maid, Bessie - I suppose she was devoted to Miss Hunt?

ANNE (earnestly)

She adored her. Laura had her for years... I'll never forget her scream when she saw - poor Laura lying there.

WALDO

The guilty and the innocent crumple equally under the rage of heaven.

Anne looks at Waldo sharply. Mark doesn't turn.

ANNE

Is that supposed to mean anything, Waldo?

WALDO (with a grin)

I was communing with the eternal verities. It is my unfortunate habit to commune out loud.

(CONTINUED)

23 (Cont.)

MARK (to Anne)

Had she any enemies that you knew
of?

ANNE

(with feline sweetness)

I'm sure she hadn't...everybody adored
her. Naturally some women didn't quite
understand why men found her so attractive -
but she was. I'm quite sure she never hurt
anyone deliberately - poor darling!

24 MEDIUM SHOT

MARK

Did you approve of Laura's coming marriage
to Mr. Carpenter?

ANNE

Laura never asked anybody's approval.

He pauses, thoughtful. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO:

25 WIDER ANGLE

MARK (cont.)

But what I mean, Mrs. Treadwell -

He starts pacing up and down slowly, the others watching him.
He stops in front of Anne.

MARK (cont.)

What I mean is, how did you feel about
it - apart from anyone's asking you?

ANNE (uncertainly)

Why - shouldn't I approve?

MARK

(quietly, his eyes
on Anne)

I don't know ... You were fond of
Mr. Carpenter?

ANNE

(still a bit uncertainly)

Why of course.

MARK

In love with him?

Anne starts. Waldo's grin is almost a triumphant leer.

WALDO

This is beginning to assume fabulous
aspects.

Mark is looking at Anne for an answer.

ANNE

What are you driving at?

She rises abruptly, facing him for a moment, angrily.

(CONTINUED)

25 (Cont.)

MARK (mildly)
The truth, Mrs. Treadwell.
(more sharply)
Were you?

ANNE
(sitting down
again, hazily)
Why, no.
(more decisively)
I'm very fond of Mr. Carpenter, of course.
Everybody is.

WALDO
I'm not - I'll be hanged if I am!

ANNE (to Mark)
Isn't he horrible?

MARK
Mrs. Treadwell, did you give Mr. Carpenter
money?

Anne looks flustered.

ANNE
Why - what do you mean?

Mark produces a notebook and flips the pages.

MARK
(looking at notebook as
Anne watches him, shocked
and embarrassed)
A couple of checks went through your account
endorsed by Mr. Carpenter.
(reading from notebook)
'May 15th, two hundred fifty dollars ...
May 22nd, four hundred dollars.'

ANNE (somewhat relieved)
Oh, that. Why, I asked him to do some
shopping for me - that's all.

MARK
(still looking at notebook)
I see.

Anne looks relieved.

WALDO
Carpenter's a one-man ladies' shopping
bureau - by temperament and training.

(CONTINUED)

25 (Cont. 1)

MARK

(after a moment, to Anne)
For some time you've also been withdrawing various amounts in cash. Sometimes fifteen hundred and seventeen hundred at a clip.

ANNE

(a bit harassed now)
Why, yes - I - ah - needed that money.

MARK (quietly relentless)

The day you took out fifteen hundred dollars, Mr. Carpenter deposited thirteen hundred fifty. When you withdrew seventeen hundred, he deposited fifteen hundred fifty.

WALDO (sweetly)

Maybe they were shooting crap.

26

FULL SHOT - ANOTHER ANGLE

Anne turns her fear and rage on Waldo.

ANNE (to Mark)

Must I be insulted by him? I think...

She glares at Waldo. Mark gives Waldo a significant glance, and Waldo shrugs slightly and gets up. He steps off, wandering around the room.

MARK

I'm sorry, Mrs. Treadwell -- but I have to find out about these things.

ANNE

I understand.

(determinedly)

Shelby needed the money...and I, ah, lent it to him... After all, it's my money and I can...

MARK

Sure.

Waldo is picking up and examining the trademarks on pieces of glassware. But he's listening closely and looks at Anne and Mark every few seconds,

MARK (looking at notebook)

On Friday night, Mrs. Treadwell, you stayed home alone, all evening.

ANNE

Yes.

Waldo starts toward the dining room.

27

FULL SHOT - ANOTHER ANGLE - TOWARD FRENCH DOORS TO DINING ROOM

WALDO

(still listening and
keeping in touch)

Why didn't you go to the concert with
Shelby?

ANNE (hotly)

He didn't ask me!

SHELBY appears thru the French doors. He's a handsome, easy-going man with a soft southern accent. He's not a bit upset to see Mark and Waldo.

WALDO

We were just talking about you, Shelby!

(a pause)

How amazing to find you here!

ANNE (to Shelby)

This is Lieutenant McPherson.

SHELBY

How do you do, Lieutenant.

MARK

I didn't know you were here, Mr. Carpenter.

SHELBY (quietly)

I was lying down. I've hardly slept
since -

(he finishes with
a gesture)

Waldo is watching Shelby narrowly and hostilely.

WALDO (to Mark)

Is that a sign of guilt or innocence,
McPherson?

SHELBY (to Mark, casually)

Precocious, isn't he?

WALDO

(with malicious gusto)

I'm not joking, my dear fellow. The
admirable lieutenant suspects us all.

Shelby turns to look at Waldo curiously as Anne springs up.

(CONTINUED)

27 (Cont.)

ANNE

(violently, to Waldo)
How dare you say such a thing!
How dare you even imply it, you
malicious - zany!

(she covers her face
with her hands)

It's horrible! As if poor Laura's death
weren't enough -

Shelby crosses to her.

SHELBY (gently)

Don't let him upset you, my dear Anne.

Mark is watching the scene, poker-faced, but with concentrated
interest; Waldo sardonically.

WALDO (to Anne)

The voice was the zany's. The suspicions
are McPherson's. Isn't that correct,
Lieutenant?

Shelby turns to Mark, speaks before the latter can answer.

SHELBY

I am at your disposal, Lieutenant. I am
as eager to find the murderer as you are.
But what possible motive could I have - for -
(with distaste)
- killing Laura? Miss Hunt and I were
going to be married this week, you know.

WALDO (vehemently)

No, he doesn't know. And neither do I.
Or you. Or anyone else alive!

MARK (sharply)

What do you mean?

WALDO

(triumphantly, vehemently)
Laura had not definitely made up her mind
to marry him. She told me so herself -
Friday afternoon when she called up to
cancel our dinner engagement. As a matter
of fact, she was going to the country to
think it over. I tell you she was kind -
but I was sure she wouldn't throw her
life away for a -
(nodding toward Shelby)
- male Beauty in Distress!

SHELBY (to Mark)

I suppose you've heard losers whine before
- in your profession, Lieutenant.

(CONTINUED)

27 (Cont. 1)

Mark's eyes narrow thoughtfully.

SHELBY (cont.)

Would you like a bite of lunch, Lieutenant?

WALDO (recovered)

Now, that's thoughtful...the perfect host.
You'd almost think he was in his own home.

ANNE

Shelby knows how absent-minded I am.
Will you, Mr. McPherson?

MARK

(looking at his watch)
Thanks, Mrs. Treadwell...but I've got to
be going now.

Mark rises. Shelby looks surprised.

SHELBY

I rather thought you'd want to ask me
some questions.

MARK

No hurry. We'll make it some other time.

Waldo rises and starts out with Mark.

WALDO

The call of the ball park to the fan
transcends mere matters of life and
death.

SHELBY

There are a few points of information
I could give you that might help...
(with a significant
glance at Waldo)
...if you haven't solved the case already,
of course.

Mark stops short and looks at him.

WALDO (to McPherson)

Shall we ask him to join us?

(to Shelby)

Are you a Yankee fan, Shelby?

SHELBY

Is it all right, Lieutenant?

MARK

Okay.

As they start out, we

DISSOLVE TO:

- 28 FULL SHOT - (STOCK) - EXT. YANKEE STADIUM - DAY
The crowd is pouring toward it from every direction -- cabs, busses, even bicycles are out front. The heat has made the men peel off their coats.
- 29 FULL SHOT - GRANDSTAND - WALDO, MARK AND SHELBY
Mark and Shelby are side by side, with Waldo slightly behind them, looking incongruous with his hat on, his jacket buttoned, and carrying that gold-banded walking stick.
- 30 MOVING THREE SHOT - GRANDSTAND - WALDO, SHELBY AND MARK

WALDO'S VOICE (narrating)
Knowing Shelby, I could tell that, for all his casual manner he was pitifully eager to talk.

SHELBY
I want you to know, Lieutenant -- I own some shot-guns myself.

MARK
How many?

SHELBY
Two or three.

MARK
Two or three?

SHELBY
Well, two.

MARK
Where are they?

SHELBY
In storage. At O'Rourke's Warehouse.

WALDO
If you don't watch him, McPherson, he'll confess before we really get going.

Mark nods thoughtfully, as we

DISSOLVE TO:

- 31 FULL SHOT - GRANDSTAND - WALDO, MARK AND SHELBY
as they take their seats up front, with a number of typical baseball fans around them. They are near the aisle. Public address voices COME OVER, resounding without being intelligible.
- 32 FULL SHOT - THE FIELD - (STOCK)
showing the players taking their positions on the diamond. The murmuring of the excited crowd COMES OVER.

33 CLOSE SHOT - THE SCOREBOARD
featuring the inning sign. It's the beginning of the first.

34 FULL SHOT - WALDO, MARK AND SHELBY
Mark is watching avidly. Shelby can't keep his mind on the game; he keeps looking expectantly and anxiously at Mark. But Waldo, with his hat still on, his hands resting on the top of his walking stick, is looking at the game with an infuriating superior air.

(NOTE: Throughout all these scenes at the ball game, the game sounds should be coming over -- the far cry of the umpire calling the balls and strikes; the public address system announcing the name of the batter at plate; the fans' reaction to strikes and balls, etc.; and even the cries of the vendors of peanuts, popcorn, cigarettes, and soda pop.)

MARK (to Shelby)

On Friday night -- you ate at a cafeteria,
then walked up Fifth Avenue and got a
twenty-five cent seat at the concert....

Shelby reaches into his pocket.

SHELBY (lightly)

When I'm alone, I can afford to live
within my means.

WALDO

A singularly convincing alibi.

Shelby holds out a ticket stub for Mark's inspection.

MARK

What made you keep the stub?

SHELBY

I just put it in my pocket without thinking.
I always do that.

Mark looks at the stub, nods without touching it, and Shelby slowly puts it back in his pocket.

MARK

What'd they play at the concert?

SHELBY

Brahms' First and Beethoven's Ninth.

There's the sharp crack of a bat, and the deep-throated roar of the crowd. Everyone leaps up, shouting. Mark jumps to his feet enthusiastically, Shelby follows more or less out of courtesy. Waldo remains seated -- unperturbed.

- 35 FULL SHOT - THE DIAMOND
as the runner rounds first.
- 36 THREE SHOT - MARK, WALDO AND SHELBY
Mark's face is glowing and alive. But the sight of Waldo
sitting there unmoved is too much for him. Mark looks dis-
gusted and sits down. The crowd quiets down. Shelby seats
himself, too.
- 37 CLOSE SHOT - THE SCOREBOARD
It's the fifth inning. Score -- New York 5, Philadelphia 1.
- 38 GROUP SHOT - WALDO, MARK AND SHELBY
They are relaxed now. Nothing exciting is happening on the
field. Shelby is waiting for Mark to ask more questions.

MARK

You took money from Mrs. Treadwell,
didn't you?

SHELBY

That's hardly the word I'd use. Mrs.
Treadwell has, on occasions, lent me
money.

WALDO

What did you put up for security? Your
family tree?

SHELBY (ignoring him)

Of course, I haven't borrowed from her
since I became engaged to Laura.

WALDO

That would have been improper.

SHELBY (to Mark)

I frankly don't go much for the conventional
ideas about money. When I had it I was glad
to help others. To me, money doesn't make a
world. It's people I like.

WALDO

An extremely one-sided relationship.

SHELBY

I can't imagine you winning a popularity
contest.

WALDO

I don't make a profession of being liked.

SHELBY

Lydecker, you've gone about far -

There is another crowd noise and a surge as a bat strikes
a ball. Mark stands up and follows the flight of a ball
hit high in the air. The crowd relaxes.

(CONTINUED)

38 (Cont.)

MARK (sitting down)
Little bit on the foul side.

WALDO (glancing at Shelby)
An excellent character sketch.

DISSOLVE TO:

39 CLOSE SHOT - SCOREBOARD

It's the seventh inning and the score is eight to two in favor of New York.

40 THREE SHOT - WALDO, MARK AND SHELBY

Mark keeps looking worriedly at the scoreboard. He seems to be far more anxious about the game than he is about Shelby's testimony. He talks to Shelby but he keeps looking at the game much more often than he did before.

MARK
Why did Laura want to go away this weekend?

SHELBY
For a rest -- and she had a new advertising campaign to work out.

MARK
Yeah? Just before the wedding. Isn't that kind of unusual?

SHELBY
No. She went up to her place in Connecticut every weekend. I didn't think anything of it..
(remembering)
I put her in the taxi, gave the driver Waldo's address, and -- next thing I knew, the police came and said she was dead.

MARK
(taking up the questioning)
Why did Laura lie to you?

SHELBY
Lie to me?

(CONTINUED)

40 (Cont.)

MARK

Yeah. She lied twice.

(he pauses)

First -- she said she was having dinner
with Lydecker. She didn't. Secondly --
she said she was leaving town for the week-
end. She didn't.

Shelby reacts to this grimly. There's the sound of a ball
striking the catcher's mitt -- and Mark looks up. Again
there are appropriate crowd noises, and Mark starts rising.
The crowd rises for a seventh inning stretch.

MARK

Third out. It's in the bag.

Shelby starts getting up. Waldo still sits there. He looks
up at Mark.

WALDO

Now -- may we go?

MARK

Yeah. How'd you like your first game?

WALDO

(rising)

Frankly, I'd prefer to see them use those
bats on each other...something more along
the lines of the old Roman spectacles.

DISSOLVE TO:

41 FULL SHOT - STREET EXT. YANKEE STADIUM

with Waldo, Shelby and Mark coming down the ramp with a
trickle of people leaving the game early.

MARK

(to Shelby)

You got a key to Miss Hunt's house in
the country?

SHELBY

I...ah...think there's a key at Laura's
flat.

MARK

(eyeing him)

O.K. Let's go up there.

42 FULL SHOT - STREET - EXT. STADIUM

as Mark signals for a cab, which leaves its station and
heads toward the curb nearby.

(CONTINUED)

42 (Cont.)

SHELBY

Oh, there's something else I wanted you to know...not that it has much bearing on the case.

MARK

Spill it...

SHELBY

Well, Laura carried an insurance policy with a twenty-five thousand dollar death benefit. She had it made out to me when we decided to get married.

Waldo and Mark look at Shelby sharply. The cab drives up and the cabbie flings the door open. Waldo steps inside.

MARK

I'll remember you told me...

SHELBY

Thank you.

Shelby gets into the cab. Mark is about to follow him, when he bends down, right in front of the open cab door, and picks up a discarded stub of a baseball game ticket. Waldo and Shelby see him do it.

43

THREE SHOT - INTO CAB

as Mark gets in, closing the door behind him. He hands the ticket stub to Shelby.

MARK

Maybe you want to keep this so you can prove you were at the ball game.

The cab pulls away as we

DISSOLVE TO:

44

FULL SHOT - EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE LAURA'S HOUSE - DAY

It has a carnival atmosphere -- street vendors, pushcarts, and a Good Humor man -- because a morbid crowd stands outside Laura's house. Two policemen near the doorway keep the crowd moving on.

When the taxi pulls up, the crowd bunches around it. Waldo, Mark and Shelby step out, and the policemen clear a path. In the crowd there is a man shielding his eyes from the sun with a newspaper. He holds the paper so that we can see the bold headlines: BACHELOR GIRL MURDER! Seek Romeo in East Side Killing.

WALDO'S VOICE (narrating)

Murder is the city's best free entertainment.

(a pause)

The instinct for violence makes them flock like vultures to the carrion.

45

FULL SHOT - INT. LAURA'S APARTMENT VESTIBULE - TOWARD DOOR
The door opens and Mark enters, followed by Shelby. Shelby stands there nervous, depressed while Mark glances around. A grandfather's clock -- the twin of the one in Waldo's apartment -- is in a prominent position. Waldo and Shelby look around trying to recapture Laura's presence, and subdued by the fact of her death.

MARK (half to himself)

The doorbell rang.

Shelby and Waldo shake themselves from their reveries.

SHELBY

What?

MARK

That's how it happened. As she opened the door, the shot was fired.

WALDO

And how do you deduce that?

MARK

She fell backwards. The body lay there...

He points toward the rug before them.

WALDO

I thought you weren't up here before?

Mark looks at him absently.

MARK

I saw the police photos...

He starts moving, looking around the apartment. Shelby moves away, too, and goes toward another room.

SHELBY

I'd better find that key...

Mark nods. Waldo sits down in an armchair, still staring at the spot where Mark indicated Laura's body lay.

WALDO (bitterly)

Why did she have to be photographed in that horrible condition?

Mark turns to look at him.

MARK (shrugging)

When a dame gets killed, she doesn't worry about how she looks.

WALDO

Why don't you stop calling her a dame?

He rises heatedly.

46 MED. FULL SHOT - ANOTHER ANGLE

WALDO

Look around! Is this the home of a dame?

He points to the furniture. Mark looks around the apartment with another attitude now. Waldo walks over to the portrait of Laura.

WALDO

Look at her!

47 MED. FULL SHOT - ANOTHER ANGLE - FEATURING PORTRAIT
It is done in the Speicher manner. There is a soft fawnlike quality about the face, but it has character and brilliance.

MARK

Not bad.

WALDO

Jacoby was in love with her when he painted it.
(he continues to stare at it)
But it lacks her vibrance...her warmth.

Waldo and Mark look at the picture.

WALDO

Have you ever been in love?

MARK

A doll in Washington Heights once got a fox fur out of me.

WALDO

Ever know a woman who wasn't a doll or a dame?

MARK

Yeah, one. But she kept walking me past furniture stores to look at the parlor suites.

Beneath the picture stands a console radio-phonograph; Mark idly flips the switch. The music begins to play: The theme song to be used throughout the picture.

48 FULL SHOT - ANGLING PAST MARK AND WALDO - TOWARD DOORWAY

WALDO

Would you mind turning that off?

Mark reaches for the switch. Shelby comes back.

MARK

Sure. Why? Don't you like it?

The music stops.

WALDO

No.

SHELBY

Laura liked it. That was one of her favorites.
Not exactly classical. But sweet.

Waldo and Mark turn toward Shelby, who comes forward.

49

THREE SHOT - WALDO, MARK AND SHELBY

MARK

You know a lot about music?

SHELBY

I don't know a lot about anything, but I know a little about practically everything. Music is one of my favorite ways of avoiding responsibility.

MARK

Yeah? Then why'd you say you heard Brahms' First and Beethoven's Ninth at the concert Friday night?

(a pause)

They changed the program at the last minute... played nothing but Sibelius.

Waldo, whose eyes have been drawn irresistibly back to the portrait, turns around, delighted at Shelby's situation. Shelby is momentarily ill-at-ease but manages to cover his discomfiture.

SHELBY

Well, I...

(disarmingly)

I suppose I should have told you in the first place. I'd been working on this ad campaign with Laura, you know...working so hard I just couldn't keep my eyes open. I didn't hear a note of the concert. I fell asleep.

Mark's expression doesn't change; he just nods as if he believed every word. Waldo looks incredulous.

WALDO (disgusted)

Next he'll produce photographic evidence of his dreams.

SHELBY

I know it sounds suspicious, but I'm resigned to that by now. I'm a natural born suspect just because I'm not the conventional type.

He eyes Waldo sarcastically.

MARK

Oh, I wouldn't worry about it, Mr. Carpenter.
(to Waldo)

I fall asleep at concerts myself. It sounds reasonable.

SHELBY

Thank you. It happens to be true.

Mark nods. Waldo is speechless.

(CONTINUED)

49 (Cont.)

MARK
Found that key yet?

SHELBY (relieved)
Not yet! It may be in the bedroom...

50 FULL SHOT - LIVING ROOM - ANOTHER ANGLE - TOWARD BEDROOM DOOR
Shelby starts toward the bedroom. Mark and Waldo slowly follow him.

51 INT. BEDROOM - FULL SHOT
Shelby goes to the bureau and begins to go through the top drawers as Mark and Waldo enter. Mark sits down, leaning back on the bed, and takes the puzzle from his pocket. He concentrates on it. Shelby suddenly reacts and pulls out a key.

SHELBY
Here it is....! I knew I'd seen it around!
He tosses it on the bed beside Mark who pulls his notebook out of his pocket, glances at it, and goes right on with his puzzle.

MARK
The police are very fussy about their inventories... The key isn't on the list of things that were in that drawer yesterday.

Shelby looks embarrassed.

WALDO
Then it's made a recent reappearance?
Mark doesn't look up.

MARK
(quietly to Shelby)
You put it in there, didn't you?

SHELBY
Well....I...
(pulling himself together)
It's only that I didn't want to give it to you while -- Waldo was present. I have private reasons that don't concern him.

52 THREE SHOT - ANOTHER ANGLE
Mark just leans back, balancing the puzzle, as Shelby and Waldo turn toward each other like fighting cocks.

WALDO (cuttingly)
Everything about Laura concerns me -- perhaps more than you. You have private reasons to lie about this key, no doubt --

(CONTINUED)

52 (Cont.)

SHELBY

(interrupting angrily)
For your own good, Waldo, I'm warning you
to stop implying that I had anything to do
with Laura's death.

WALDO

All right, I'll stop implying. I'll make
a direct statement.

Shelby lunges grimly at Waldo. But Mark puts up his leg,
barring the way.

MARK

(very calm - playing
with his puzzle)

I wouldn't.

53

THREE SHOT - CENTERING MARK

Waldo glares at Mark, furious at his indifference.

WALDO

(raging)

Will you please stop dawdling with that in-
fernal puzzle. It's getting on my nerves.

MARK (significantly)

I know. But it keeps me calm.

Waldo controls himself, breathing a little heavily. Mark
glances at his watch. He puts the puzzle away, pockets the
key. He starts out, the others follow.

DISSOLVE TO:

54

INT. MONTAGNINO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT - FULL SHOT

It has the intimate atmosphere -- the subdued lighting of a
speak-easy. The sort of place where voices are pitched low,
the waiters are unobtrusive, and the repertoire of the three-
piece orchestra includes only operatic and romantic music.
The tables have no cloths; the doors in the rear open to a
small back yard with a single ailanthus tree; the musicians
are playing the "theme" song. The CAMERA begins to move
toward Waldo, seated alone at a booth table at the rear.

WALDO'S VOICE (narrating)

That night, Montagnino's was filled with the
memory of all the times Laura and I had been
there together... Those long summer nights
when the heat was like a slow tide -- deep
-- sulphurous -- possessing us. Even time
floated upon its surface. Laura sat across
from me, leaning forward a little, smiling
...fingering the stem of her wine glass.
Her face seemed to swim out of the dimness
and the heat...

55

MED. SHOT - WALDO - AT TABLE

There is a distraught look on his face, a remembrance of things past.

WALDO'S VOICE (narrating)

I had just finished my dinner when I saw him coming toward me.

Mark approaches the table.

MARK

Hello. Mind if I sit down?

WALDO

Certainly not.

Mark sits down and Waldo pours him a drink. As Mark raises the glass, he notices something carved in the table-top.

WALDO (nodding)

This was our table -- Laura's and mine...

56

CLOSE SHOT - INSERT

On table-top, where we can see a crudely carved heart with the initials L.H. and W.L. set in it.

WALDO'S VOICE (offscene)

My handiwork. I could do that sort of thing without any loss of dignity...

DISSOLVE TO:

57

CLOSE SHOT - TABLE-TOP - HEART - IN CHAMPAGNE ROOM

Waldo's hand is just finishing drawing an initialed heart on the tablecloth. Laura's hand rests on the stem of her wine glass. The MUSIC of the "theme" song continues over scene. CAMERA PULLS BACK to MED. CLOSE SHOT - featuring Waldo. He is putting the finishing touches on the drawing. His expression is almost boyish, a little fatuous, but his manner as he looks up at Laura is carefully noncommittal, as though he were waiting to be guided by her response. CAMERA PANS SLOWLY around to Laura. She is the beautiful "finished" woman now.

WALDO'S VOICE (narrating)

Her smile accepted my sentimental tribute as though it were some charming and unusual gift. Laura smiled with her eyes as well as her mouth. She was a lovely woman.

CAMERA PULLS BACK.

WALDO'S VOICE (narrating)

But this was a far cry from the girl who walked into my life at the Algonquin five years before...

DISSOLVE TO:

58

MED. SHOT - WALDO AND LAURA - AT TABLE

WALDO

Well?

LAURA

(shiny-eyed, a little
breathless)

Mr. Lydecker...

(she rattles on as
though the speech
were rehearsed)

How do you do. My name is Laura Hunt,
and I'm with Bullitt and Company. You
know -- the big advertising firm -- and
I'd like to talk something over with you
if I may.

WALDO

(annoyed)

I scarcely need explain that I am
engaged in eating my lunch.

(CONTINUED)

58 (Cont.)

LAURA

Yes, I know -- I'm awfully sorry to interrupt like this, but it's so hard to get to see you the regular way, and this will only take a minute -- really.

She opens her brief case rapidly and takes out a rough mat of an ad.

WALDO

Either you have been raised in some incredibly rustic community where manners are unknown or you suffer from the common feminine delusion that the mere fact of being a woman exempts you from the rules of civilized conduct. Possibly both.

LAURA

(dimpling, hoping
to soften him)

Possibly. But here's what I wanted to show you.

(she thrusts the
ad in front of him)

It's for the Wallace Flow-Rite pen. I know my company will be glad to pay you five thousand dollars if you'll endorse the ad.

Waldo has glanced at it. He looks up in disgust.

WALDO

(spacing his words)

I don't use a pen. I write with a goose-quill dipped in venom.

LAURA

(gamely,
persuasively)

But this is a very fine pen, Mr. Lydecker -- the best on the market. Won't you at least consider endorsing it?

59 WIDER ANGIE - CENTERING WALDO AND LAURA
Other diners are looking their way now.

WALDO

(with crushing finality)

I'll neither consider, endorse, nor use the Wallace Flow-Rite pen. However, if your employers wish me to publish that statement in my column report back that I shall be tempted to oblige.

(CONTINUED)

59 (Cont.)

LAURA (dismayed)

Oh, no. You mustn't do that; don't
blame Bullitt and Company. They don't
know anything about this, Mr. Lydecker.
It was my idea to see you...

During this, Laura in her nervousness has dropped her brief-
case, retrieved it.

WALDO

(softly, not unlike a cat
poised for the kill)

Ah, indeed?

LAURA (appealingly)

Yes. Honestly.

Waldo resumes eating.

LAURA (continuing)

I know they'd give anything at the office
to get your endorsement, only they think
it was no use asking. So I - I had this
ad made up all on my own because I thought...
well, what's the harm in trying? There
was always a chance that you might, Mr.
Lydecker, and think what it would mean -

WALDO

(raising his voice)

Young woman, you seem to be completely
disregarding something more important
than your career.

LAURA (blankly)

What?

WALDO

My lunch.

The entire dining room is staring now, but Laura is con-
scious only of having heard an extreme of ego beyond her
credulity.

LAURA

Do you really believe that?

WALDO

Implicitly.

(CONTINUED)

59 (Cont. 1)

LAURA (dumbfounded)
I -- I never heard of anything so selfish!

WALDO
I have never discovered any subject as
worthy of my attention as myself.

LAURA
(with a smiling insistence)
But you write about people with such real
understanding and sentiment. That's what
makes your column so good.

WALDO
Sentiment comes easily at fifty cents a
word.

LAURA
If that's how you really feel, you must
be very lonely.

WALDO (exasperated)
Will you kindly continue this character
analysis elsewhere? You begin to bore me.

Laura picks up the ad.

LAURA
(with dignity and sincerity)
You poor man. I'm very sorry for you.

She turns and walks out rapidly, her head high, apparently
unconscious of the stares and whispers of the other diners.
CAMERA HOLDS on Waldo as he reacts with astonishment,
followed by the suspicion of a smile.

DISSOLVE TO:

60 FULL SHOT - EXT. OFFICE BUILDING
Waldo is walking along the sidewalk.

WALDO'S VOICE (narrating)
Naturally I was annoyed by the incident...
But she had something about her, that
girl. I had to speak to her again.

He looks up at a sign on the building and turns abruptly
into the entrance.

61 MED. FULL SHOT - INT. HALLWAY - OFFICE BUILDING - DAY
as Waldo opens the door marked 'Bullitt and Company,
Advertising.'

62 FULL SHOT - INT. RECEPTION OFFICE - BULLITT AND COMPANY
As Waldo goes toward a glass door, the office boy springs up and tries to intercept him. But at one glare from Waldo, the kid shrinks back in fear, and Waldo goes right on through.

 WALDO'S VOICE (narrating)

 I had to see her.

63 FULL SHOT - INT. SECRETARIAL ROOM
It is a large square room with about twenty desks. The secretaries look up in amazement as Waldo marches in, followed by the frightened office boy.

Laura seems to become completely absorbed in her work.

 WALDO

 Boy! Waldo Lydecker to see Miss Laura Hunt. Announce me...

The boy gulps.

 LAURA (without looking up)

 Johnny, tell the gentleman I'm busy.

The girls all stop work.

 WALDO (drawing up a chair)

 Miss Hunt, I have something to say to you.

 LAURA

 Mr. Lydecker -- you've already said it.

 WALDO

 I wish to point out that you caught me at my most difficult moment. Ordinarily I am not without a heart.

 LAURA

 Have you got the X-ray pictures to prove it?

 WALDO

 I want to apologize.

 LAURA

 Your apology is accepted. Good-day Mr. Lydecker.

The office boy has inched up, staring at Waldo, who turns suddenly.

 WALDO (sweetly to boy)

 If you come a little bit closer, my boy --
I can just crack your skull with my stick.

The boy flees. Waldo turns back to Laura.

64 MED. FULL SHOT - FEATURING WALDO AND LAURA AT DESK

WALDO

And now, for reasons which are too embarrassing to mention -- I'd like to endorse that pen.

Laura looks amazed...then nods shrewdly and reaches for the papers with a sudden warm, thoughtful look on her face.

LAURA

You're a strange man, Mr. Lydecker. You're really sorry for the way you acted, aren't you?

WALDO

Let's not be psychoanalytic, Miss Hunt.

(shrugs)

But, in a word -- yes.

LAURA

It's very kind of you, you know.

WALDO (icily)

I'm not kind! I'm vicious. It's the secret of my charm.

(a pause)

But if you choose to think I'm kind, I'll call for you at six.

As Laura smiles at him puzzled.

DISSOLVE TO:

65 LAURA - IN DEPARTMENTAL OFFICE
with other girls, working on a small newspaper layout.

WALDO'S VOICE (narrating)

Her career began with my endorsement of the pen. I secured other endorsements for her -- introduced her to important clients.

WIPE TO:

66 LAURA - IN A PRIVATE OFFICE
approving copy and drawings being submitted by an artist.

WALDO'S VOICE (narrating)

Her progress was swift. She began to make a name for herself in the advertising world.

WIPE TO:

67 LAURA - IN A HUGE, SUMPTUOUS OFFICE
replete with four telephones, an intercom, secretary, etc.
Now she is the career woman incarnate.

WALDO'S VOICE (narrating)
I gave her her start, but it was her own
talent and imagination that enabled her to
rise to the top of her profession -- and
stay there.

WIPE TO:

68 INT. MONTAGNINO'S - CLOSE SHOT - WALDO AND MARK
Waldo's eyes have a faraway emptiness. He isn't
looking at Mark as he talks, so he doesn't notice
Mark's expression. We see that Mark is almost volubly
eager for Waldo to continue.

WALDO
She had an eager mind -- always. She was
always quick to seize upon anything that
would improve her mind -- or her appearance.
Laura had innate breeding, but she deferred
to my judgment and taste.

DISSOLVE TO:

69 INT. HAIRDRESSER'S SALON - DAY - FULL SHOT - BOOTH
Laura is seated at the dressing table while the hairdresser puts the finishing touches on her new coiffure.

WALDO'S VOICE (narrating)
I selected a more attractive hairdress
for her...

The hairdresser steps back triumphantly for Waldo's approval.

WIPE TO:

70 INT. DRESS SALON - DAY - WIDE SHOT - CENTERING WALDO AND LAURA
It is a Hattie Carnegie type of shop. Laura is modeling a new dress for Waldo's approval. The saleslady watches him hopefully.

WALDO'S VOICE (narrating)
I taught her what clothes were most becoming to her...

WIPE TO:

71 EXT. THEATER - NIGHT - WIDE GROUP SHOT - CENTERING WALDO AND LAURA
It is during intermission. Waldo and Laura are seen being greeted by people, admired, sought after.

WALDO'S VOICE (narrating)
Through me she met everyone -- the famous and the infamous -- And she captivated them all. She had warmth...vitality. She had authentic magnetism.

WIPE TO:

72 CUTS OF WALDO AND LAURA AT THE STORK, SARDI'S, EL MOROCCO
Laura is the cynosure of all eyes during this scene. The reactions of the others: men, women, headwaiters, etc. illustrate Waldo's narrative.

WALDO'S VOICE (narrating)
Wherever we went she stood out. Men admired her -- women envied her. She became as well known as Waldo Lydecker's walking stick and his white carnation.

WIPE TO:

73 INT. WALDO'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - MED. WIDE SHOT - CENTERING WALDO AND LAURA
A table for two is beautifully set. Before the fire Waldo is sitting at Laura's feet, reading to her. The "theme" song is being played on the phonograph. The CAMERA MOVES IN to a CLOSER SHOT of the two as

(CONTINUED)

73 (Cont.)

 WALDO'S VOICE (narrating)
But Tuesday and Friday nights we stayed
home, dining quietly, listening to my
records... I read my articles to her. The
way she listened was more eloquent than
speech... These were the best nights.

WIPE TO:

74 INT. MONTAGNINO'S - MED. SHOT - WALDO AND MARK - AT TABLE
Mark's expression is that of a man already half in love.
His eyes turn slowly and focus on Waldo as the latter speaks,
as though he were rousing himself from a reverie. Waldo's
face hardens as he remembers.

WALDO

Then, one Tuesday, she phoned and said
she couldn't come.

(he shrugs)

When it happened again the following
Friday I was disturbed.

75 WIDE SHOT - INT. WALDO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT
Waldo is pacing the floor, smoking a cigarette in a long
ivory holder.

WALDO'S VOICE (narrating)

I couldn't understand it. I felt betrayed...
and yet I knew Laura would never betray
anyone --

WIPE TO:

76 EXT. SIDEWALK - FIFTH AVENUE - WIDE SHOT - CENTERING WALDO -
NIGHT
Waldo walks by, bundled up. There is snow on the sidewalk.
Traffic is thin. The street lights distort his shadow.

WALDO'S VOICE (narrating)

I walked for a long time...

WIPE TO:

77 EXT. LAURA'S HOUSE - WIDE SHOT - CENTERING WALDO - NIGHT
as Waldo hurries along toward the house, looking up at the
window. The snow is deeper here -- not trampled down.

WALDO'S VOICE (narrating)

Then I found myself before her apartment
building... The lights were on. It pleased
me to know she was home... till I saw she
was not alone!

Two shadows are seen at one of the windows. Abruptly Waldo
hurries toward the stairs.

78 EXT. STAIRWAY - LAURA'S HOUSE - MED. SHOT - WALDO - NIGHT
as he goes up the stairs, faster and faster.

79 INT. HALLWAY - SHOOTING ON LAURA'S APARTMENT DOOR - MED.
WIDE SHOT

Waldo strides to Laura's door, and is about to ring the bell.
He stops suddenly. Over scene comes the SOUND of the "theme"
song. He turns slowly and trudges down the stairs.

80 EXT. LAURA'S HOUSE - MED. WIDE SHOT
Waldo stands near the steps, huddled against the snowfall.

WALDO'S VOICE (narrating)

But I waited. I wanted to see who he was --
(a pause)

He came down soon after that...

A good-looking, well-built man of thirty comes out of the
front door and down to the sidewalk. He pauses to light a
cigarette and his face is momentarily illuminated.

WALDO'S VOICE (narrating)

It was Jacoby, who had recently painted her
portrait. I'd never liked the man -- He
was so obviously conscious of looking more
like an athlete than an artist.....

DISSOLVE TO:

81 INT. WALDO'S BATHROOM - MED. CLOSE SHOT - NIGHT
Waldo is sitting in the tub, typing furiously, a look of
sadistic hatred in his eyes -- a man using the most savage
weapon at his command literally to annihilate an enemy.

WALDO'S VOICE (narrating)

I sat up the rest of the night writing a
column about him. I demolished his affec-
tations, exposed his camouflaged imitations
of better painters, ridiculed his more
vulnerable theories -- all in my most
amusing vein, of course....

DISSOLVE TO:

82 INT. LAURA'S APARTMENT - MED. WIDE SHOT - DAY
Laura is sitting in a chair, reading Waldo's column in the
paper, thoughtful, a little uneasy. Waldo stands nearby,
apparently casual but actually studying her reaction.

WALDO'S VOICE (narrating)

I did it for her, knowing Jacoby was un-
worthy of her... It was a masterpiece be-
cause it was a labor of love... She had no
reason to suspect my motive.

LAURA (smiling at a phrase)

Really, Waldo!....

(she looks up at Waldo appreciatively)

Poor Jacoby!

His triumph is complete as she breaks into laughter.

DISSOLVE TO:

83 INT. MONTAGNINO'S - TWO SHOT - WALDO AND MARK - NIGHT
Waldo is completely unconscious of Mark; he smiles at the recollection of his victory. Mark appraises Waldo in the light of his self-revelation.

WALDO

Naturally she could never regard him seriously again. There were others of course....

Mark lowers his eyes....

WALDO

But her own discrimination ruled them out before it became necessary for me to intercede again.

Mark looks up with an expression akin to relief.

DISSOLVE TO:

84 FULL SHOT - INT. TREADWELL APARTMENT - NIGHT
The place is jammed. Groups stand at the buffet table, the bar, the windows, on the terrace, etc. We can see dancers through the French doors.

WALDO'S VOICE (narrating)

...till one night at a party at Anne Treadwell's... It was one of her usual roundups of bizarre and nondescript characters, corralled from every stratum of society.

CAMERA PANS AROUND TO:

85 FULL SHOT - INT. TREADWELL APARTMENT - NEAR ENTRANCE
Two maids are taking hats and coats. A small group is waiting, among them Waldo, holding Laura's coat. Laura stands before a wall mirror, rearranging her hair.

86 FULL SHOT - ANGLING PAST LAURA
as Shelby Carpenter approaches, brimming over with charm.

SHELBY

Hello. You're Laura Hunt, aren't you?

LAURA (noncommittally)

Yes.

SHELBY

I'm Shelby Carpenter. Want to dance?

Laura points toward Waldo.

LAURA

I'm not alone.

Waldo is seen approaching behind Shelby.

SHELBY (with exaggerated pity)

You poor girl. He must still be doing the polka.

(CONTINUED)

86 (Cont.)

WALDO (icily)

Yes. Molly Pitcher taught it to me.

Shelby is embarrassed. Anne Treadwell comes up.

ANNE

Waldo... Laura... Hello, there.

(indicating Shelby)

I see you've met.

WALDO

Unavoidably.

ANNE (continuing)

Shelby was very nice to me in Louisville,
at the Derby. His family is from Kentucky.

Waldo takes Laura's arm.

WALDO (starting off)

Share-croppers, no doubt.

Anne looks wonderingly from Laura to Shelby as we

DISSOLVE TO:

87

FULL SHOT - TREADWELL LIVING ROOM

Shelby is at the piano, surrounded by a predominantly feminine group of the guests. He's playing and singing a soulful romantic number, and though his voice is a little more than pleasant, the reaction of the listening women can best be described as an adult form of Sinatraism. The two or three men in the group are eyeing their womenfolk nervously and are obviously there not to listen but to protect their interests.

When Shelby finishes the song, the requests for other numbers are almost simultaneous.

1ST WOMAN

How about "Stardust," Shelby?

2ND WOMAN

"As Time Goes By." For me, darling.

3RD WOMAN

No -- "People Will Say We're In Love."

SHELBY

If you can agree on one last number, okay -- but that's all. I've hogged the limelight long enough.

(CONTINUED)

87 (Cont.)

4TH WOMAN

All right, make it "Out Of My Dreams."

2ND WOMAN

No -- "As Time Goes By!"

1ST WOMAN

"Stardust!"

Shelby sees Laura passing by.

SHELBY

Let's put it up to Miss Hunt. I'll make
it whatever she wants.

Laura stops and turns to him at the sound of her name.

SHELBY

What would you like me to sing?

LAURA

Really, Mr. Carpenter - it doesn't make
any difference.Shelby's fans are horrified by her heretical attitude. But
Shelby smiles, closes the piano and stands up.

SHELBY

At last -- a discriminating critic.

88 TWO SHOT - LAURA AND SHELBY
as he comes up to her.

SHELBY

You saved me from a difficult spot.

LAURA (lightly)

I didn't say I didn't like your singing.

SHELBY (kiddingly)

I draw, too, but only on tablecloths.

LAURA

How versatile!

SHELBY

Shall I go on? I play polo, badminton,
poker -

LAURA (interrupting)

I'm overwhelmed. I can't bear any more.

She starts to exit.

(CONTINUED)

88 (Cont.)

SHELBY

(calling after her; grinning)
I rhumba fine. Dogs and babies are crazy
about me...

She has gone out of scene. Shelby stands looking after her
a moment, smiling. A woman comes up to him.

WOMAN

Let's dance, Shelby.

SHELBY

I'd love nothing better - but I have an
important rendezvous.

(as he starts to exit)

Later.

88-A MED. MOVING SHOT - SHELBY

Shelby makes his way through the guests towards kitchen,
CAMERA AHEAD. He goes through the butler's pantry and
stops at the open kitchen doorway.

SHELBY

(with mock seriousness)

For the last time, Louise, will you marry me?

89 INT. KITCHEN - MED. WIDE SHOT

Louise, the cook, is at the sink, facing toward Shelby,
grinning.

LOUISE

I won't - but I've saved some chicken
livers for you.

She gets a plate of chicken livers on toothpicks from the
stove, as Shelby enters scene and up to her.

SHELBY (during this)

Angel! I couldn't eat another mouthful.

He helps himself; she grins.

SHELBY

(indicating his lapel)

By the way Louise, can you get this spot
out for me? I can afford a blemish on
my character but not on my clothes.

Louise has dampened a cloth during this, and comes back to
him.

89-A WIDE ANGLE - SHOOTING TOWARD PANTRY

Shelby and Louise are in f.g. Laura appears in b.g. at the
open doorway between pantry and kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

89-A (Cont.)

LOUISE (eyeing lapel)
I'll bet it's rouge.
(she wipes at the spot)

SHELBY
I'm afraid it's liquor.

Both Laura and Shelby laugh. He turns, sees Laura for the first time.

SHELBY
I knew you'd come back.
(crossing to Laura)
I also read palms.

LAURA
(pleasantly, bantering)
I was looking for Anne. I didn't expect to find you here.

SHELBY
Louise and I are very good friends. She feeds me, humors me, repairs me and refuses to marry me, don't you Louise?

LOUISE
I do.

LAURA (smiling)
Louise has good sense.
(she starts to exit)

SHELBY
(starting after her)
Now, look here -
(back over his shoulder to Louise)
Thank you, Louise.

He continues on after Laura.

LOUISE (affectionately)
You're wasting your time! She's got good sense too.

SHELBY (exiting)
You're jealous.

WIPE TO:

90

EXT. TERRACE - WIDE ANGLE - NIGHT
Laura and Shelby are standing by the parapet. A few couples are strolling or seated. Music and conversation from the living room COME OVER.

90-A MED. CLOSE TWO SHOT
Their mood is one of normal, serious conversation.

LAURA

So you just sit back and live on the income
from your estate?

Shelby hesitates a moment, then smiles.

SHELBY

I did -- till the sheriff took it over ten
years ago.

(he lights a cigarette)

LAURA

Why maintain the fiction? Why not work?

SHELBY

I asked one of my friends for a job once.
Executive of a big company, 2500 employees.

He takes a puff, and looks away from her.

SHELBY

He could have pressed a button and done it.
But he just laughed. He thought I was joking.

LAURA

(skeptically)

Weren't you?

SHELBY

No. When I convinced him - he was embarrassed.
Said he'd phone me. That was months ago. Now
when he sees me he looks the other way.

91 FULL SHOT - LAURA AND SHELBY - ANOTHER ANGLE
Laura looks at him for a moment.

LAURA

Do you really want a job?

SHELBY

Yes.

Waldo enters scene; they turn to him.

WALDO (petulantly)

Laura, I can't stand these morons any longer.
If you don't come with me this instant --
I'm going to run amok!

LAURA (taking his arm)

All right, Waldo.

(to Shelby)

Ten-thirty tomorrow -- Bullitt and Company.
You've got a job.

(CONTINUED)

91 (Cont.)

Shelby's face shows his elation. Waldo pretends to ignore the fact of their being together and what he's overheard. Waldo and Laura exit toward living room.

91-A INT. TREADWELL LIVING ROOM
as Waldo and Laura enter from terrace, arm in arm, saying goodnight to Anne and the other guests.

 WALDO'S VOICE (narrating)
I concealed my annoyance with masterly
self-control.
 (a pause)
But I sensed a situation which would bear
watching....

DISSOLVE TO:

(Hoffenstein & Reinhardt)

934 REVISED - "LAURA" - 6/16/44

45.

92 EXT. LAURA'S OFFICE BUILDING - MED. WIDE SHOT - CENTERING
WALDO - NIGHT

The street is practically deserted, the building dark. Waldo
paces up and down, watching the entrance.

93 INT. LAURA'S OFFICE - MED. WIDE SHOT

Shelby is in his shirt sleeves, Laura putting on lipstick.
It's late and they're tired -- the good tired feeling that
people get when they've accomplished something. Shelby holds
up a poster ad showing a beautiful girl in a tub, using
"Markham's Soap."

SHELBY

Think it'll make people want to bathe
more often?

LAURA

It should. It's good, Shelby. Very good.
Who's the model?

SHELBY (offhand)

Girl named Diane Redfern. You hired her
last week yourself. Remember?

(putting down poster,
getting up)

Let's go, moon of my delight. I'm starved.

LAURA

You usually are.

94 EXT. BUILDING - MED. SHOT - WALDO

He is still pacing, watching the entrance.

DISSOLVE TO:

95 INT. RESTAURANT - MED. WIDE SHOT - CENTERING LAURA AND
SHELBY - NIGHT

The atmosphere is cosy, the clientele for the most part
young and attractive. Couples are dancing on the small
floor to the music of a four piece orchestra. Laura and
Shelby are seated at a table, side by side, animated, toy-
ing with their drinks.

95-A MED. CLOSE SHOT - LAURA AND SHELBY

SHELBY

I knew there was something on my mind.
Will you dine with me tomorrow night?

LAURA (smiling)

Maybe...

SHELBY

(with mock seriousness)

No. That isn't what's worrying me.
It's the next night.

(CONTINUED)

95-A (Cont.)

LAURA (highly amused)
But Shelby I -

SHELBY (interrupting)
Good! And what about three weeks from
tonight and all the nights in between?

LAURA
(kidding her own popularity)
Don't you think I have any other engagements?

SHELBY
And what about two months from now and the
month after that and -

LAURA
(interrupting, laughing)
What about next year?

SHELBY (taking her hand)
That's all settled. What about breakfast?

LAURA (laughing, getting up)
What about dancing?

They move onto the floor.

95-B CLOSE MOVING SHOT - LAURA AND SHELBY - DANCING

SHELBY (still mock serious)
And what about lunch - beautiful lunches -
day after day after -

LAURA (interrupting)
And what about work - beautiful work - day
after day after -

He smiles down into her upturned, laughing face. Their
eyes hold.

SHELBY (interrupting)
The way you talk, you'd think I was in
love with you....

They dance on out of scene. CAMERA PANS to Waldo, alone at
a table, stony-faced, watching them.

DISSOLVE TO:

96-97 OUT

98 EXT. LAURA'S OFFICE BUILDING - MED. WIDE SHOT - ENTRANCE -
EVENING

Shelby and Laura come out of the building with a crowd of other employees. Waldo is leaning against the cornice. He draws back to escape observation, but is close enough to them to overhear. They stop on the sidewalk.

99 CLOSE SHOT - SHELBY AND LAURA

SHELBY

Sure you won't have dinner with me?

LAURA(smiling up at him)

I'm sorry, darling. But I can't
disappoint Waldo again.

(with fond concern)

What are you going to do?

SHELBY

Starve, suffer, and sulk.

LAURA

(with a throaty little laugh)

I don't think there's any danger of
your starving!

SHELBY

Might as well face it - my appetite's
the only thing you'll never reform.

LAURA(kiddingly)

Why, Mr. Carpenter, I haven't tried
to reform you!

SHELBY

But you have, Miss Hunt. I'm a changed
man, and you'd better say you love him.

He takes her by the shoulders with a gesture of mock threat.

LAURA

(a little breathless)

Oh, I do...

He bends toward her.

SHELBY

One for now --

(he kisses her)

And one for the road --

LAURA

(laughing, embarrassed)

No!

She breaks away from him before he can kiss her again.

934 REVISED - "LAURA" - 5/29/44

47.

99-A WIDER ANGLE

As she hurries away from Shelby, Laura turns to wave goodbye.

SHELBY (calling after her)

Give my regards to Old Mother Hubbard.

She makes a laughing gesture of reproach and exits up the pavement, as we

DISSOLVE TO:

100

INT. WALDO'S APARTMENT - MED. WIDE SHOT - NIGHT

Laura sits on the couch smoking nervously. Waldo is marching back and forth, raging.

WALDO

Yes, I heard everything he said.
I went to call for you...

He turns and heads for his desk.

WALDO (continuing)

And that reminds me. Old Mother Hubbard
has something in the cupboard!

He opens the desk drawer and takes out a sheaf of papers,
returns to Laura.

WALDO

(brandishing the papers)

The results of my private investigation
of that sterling character, Shelby!

LAURA

By stooping so low you only degrade
yourself, Waldo.

101 CLOSE TWO SHOT - LAURA AND WALDO

WALDO (acidly)

Did you know he almost went to jail for
writing rubber checks, and was suspected
of stealing the hostess' jewels when he
was a house guest in Virginia?

LAURA (scornfully)

Naturally they'd suspect him because he
isn't rich. Those are only insinuations -
the cheapest kind!

WALDO

(thrusting the papers at her)

These aren't only insinuations. Go
ahead - read them!

She grabs the papers and flings them aside.

(CONTINUED)

101 (Cont.)

LAURA

What of it? I know his faults! A man can change, can't he!

(calmer, with scorn)

People are always ready to hold out a hand to slap you down, but never to pick you up! All right, I'm helping Shelby! His past is his own affair. I only care about the present!

WALDO

(casually; with a malicious smile)

Speaking of the changed Mr. Shelby in the present tense - he's running around with a model from your own office. Her name's Diane Redfern.

Laura springs to her feet.

LAURA

I'm closer to despising you than I thought I'd ever be!

(a pause, more quietly)

I should have stopped you long ago, Waldo. Shelby and I are going to be married -- next week.

Waldo reacts, then reaches in his pocket.

WALDO

I believe you presented him with a cigarette case on his last birthday...

(pulls cigarette case out of his pocket)

Rather valuable, isn't it?

LAURA (incredulously)

Where did you get it?

WALDO

From the pawn shop where Diane Redfern took it after he gave it to her.

(tosses it on couch)

LAURA (staunchly)

I don't believe it. He probably needed some money and was too proud to borrow.

WALDO (scornfully)

Shelby? Proud?

(with a cruel smile)

Perhaps that's why the pawn ticket was in her name.

102 WIDER ANGLE

LAURA
(moving toward phone)
Before this goes any farther, I'll --
(she dials a number)

WALDO
(calmly)
He's not at home.

Laura glances at him and then a little frantically at the phone, which rings and rings without answer. Laura begins to look confused and worried.

WALDO
(approaching her)
He's dining at your aunt's.

LAURA
But he can't be. He asked me to dinner.

WALDO
He would have cancelled his appointment with her if you had accepted.
(ironically)
He treats her rather badly these days.

Laura grimly begins to dial the phone again.

WALDO
I'm afraid she'll say he's not there.

Laura looks at him, and slowly hangs up.

LAURA
(piteously)
Waldo -- why are you doing this?

WALDO
(almost gently)
For you, Laura.
(a pause)
Shall we pay them a visit?

LAURA
(desperately)
He won't be there, Waldo! I know
he won't.

She starts away. Waldo points to the cigarette case on the couch.

WALDO
Don't you want to take this little
bauble along -- in case he is there?

As Laura takes the case, they exit.

DISSOLVE TO:

103 INT. TREADWELL DINING ROOM - MED. WIDE SHOT

Shelby and Anne are dining by candle light. Anne swings around and Shelby springs up as Laura and Waldo appear in the doorway.

SHELBY (approaching)
Well! Hello, darling! I didn't expect
to see you tonight.

WALDO
(triumphantly, to Laura)
There you are, my dear --
(witheringly, to Shelby)
In a moment of supreme disaster he's trite.

SHELBY
You've been reading too many melodramas,
Waldo.
(to Laura)
Come, sit down, angel. I was just telling
Anne about our getting married.

Laura's eyes are on him, deeply hurt. She turns, drops the cigarette case on the table beside him. As she turns and walks out we:

DISSOLVE TO:

104 TWO SHOT - INT. TAXI - LAURA AND WALDO - NIGHT
Waldo is leaning on his walking stick, animated and persuasive in his attempts to follow up his advantage. But Laura sits grim and frozen-faced, staring out of the window.

WALDO (narrating)
I tried to make her say she'd call off
the marriage but she wouldn't. She
promised to have dinner with me Friday;
she felt she'd make up her mind by then.

WIPE TO:

105 TWO SHOT - INT. MONTAGNINO'S - WALDO AND MARK

WALDO
I couldn't find out if she saw Carpenter
in the meantime. All I know is that
Friday she had lunch with Diane Redfern.

Mark is greatly interested by this information. He jots down a note.

DISSOLVE TO:

106 FULL SHOT - INT. WALDO'S DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT
Waldo's Filipino manservant is making the final preparations for an elaborately intimate dinner in front of the fireplace. Waldo hovers over him, supervising every move.

WALDO (narrating)
What came of it I hoped to hear that night. I alternated between moods of over-optimism and over-pessimism. When the phone rang I had a foreboding of disaster.

The Filipino starts toward the phone, but Waldo intercepts him and picks it up himself.

WALDO (narrating)
It was Laura saying she couldn't come.

The silent Waldo in the scene is crestfallen. He asks her a question.

DISSOLVE TO:

107 TWO SHOT - INT. MONTAGNINO'S - WALDO AND MARK

WALDO
It was the last time I ever heard her voice. I was sure she had too much pride to forgive him. But...

He shakes his head and sighs. Mark waits a moment to make sure Waldo isn't going to finish his sentence.

MARK
Where does this Redfern girl live?

WALDO (absently)
Brooklyn somewhere. It's in the phone book.

Mark takes out his notebook and writes it down. Waldo stares off into space.

MARK (rising)
Come on. It's late. Let's get going...

Waldo looks at him suddenly, and then starts rising.

DISSOLVE TO:

108 FULL SHOT - EXT. MONTAGNINO'S - SIDEWALK - NIGHT
as Waldo and Mark come out. Waldo is still emotionally disturbed and morose.

WALDO
(half to himself)
I'll never forgive myself for letting her become involved with Shelby. It's my fault. I should have stopped it -- somehow.

(CONTINUED)

108 (Cont.)

MARK

It's too late now.

Waldo turns and strides off.

MARK

Thanks for the wine.

Waldo doesn't answer.

109 FULL SHOT - REVERSE ANGLE - PAST WALDO

Waldo's face is in shadow as he approaches, and behind him stands Mark, watching. CAMERA MOVES IN PAST WALDO TO:

110 MED. CLOSE SHOT - MARK - STARING AFTER WALDO

As Mark's narration begins, CAMERA MOVES IN imperceptibly so that we are aware of the fact his lips are still.

MARK'S VOICE (narrating)

I never thought that he could care about anybody but himself. But when he talks about Laura you feel a heart goes with that stick and that carnation. Still plenty of guys have killed the woman they loved.

As he walks off, we:

FADE OUT

FADE IN

111 INT. LAURA'S APARTMENT - MED. WIDE SHOT LIVING ROOM -
 CENTERING MARK

He is sitting on the arm of a chair dialing a number on the telephone. A bottle of "Black Pony" Scotch is on the table beside the telephone.

 MARK'S VOICE (narrating)
 (as he dials)

The next morning I found that bottle of Scotch.
I had a hunch it might mean something.

 MARK (into phone)

Hello. Mosconi's? This is Lt. McPherson,
Homicide Bureau ... Laura Hunt bought her
liquor from you for several years, didn't
she? ... uh-huh ... Did she ever buy a brand
of Scotch called "Black Pony" ... uh-huh...
That's all I wanted to know. Thanks.

He hangs up, gets to his feet, picking up the bottle, looking at it thoughtfully. Almost simultaneously the other door opens and a policeman sticks his head in.

 POLICEMAN

She's here, McPherson - the maid.

 MARK

Okay.

He sets the bottle down.

112 MED. TWO SHOT AT DOOR - BESSIE CLARY AND POLICEMAN

The policeman jerks his thumb toward living room, indicating for Bessie to come in. She is a neat, prim, middle-aged woman. At the moment her face is set grimly as she marches into the room, CAMERA PANNING, eyeing Mark with distaste and belligerence.

 MARK

Hello, Miss Clary.

 BESSIE (grimly)

I was coming over here anyway this morning
to tidy up. I knew the place would be a
mess.

Her eye lights on a pile of letters, a diary, bills, etc., on a nearby table. She utters a gasp of dismay.

 BESSIE (outraged)

Her letters, and her private diary! You
been reading 'em, pawing over 'em ...

 (her voice rises)

It's a shame in the face of the dead -
that's what it is - it's a shame!

 MARK (quietly)

Sit down, Bessie.

(CONTINUED)

112 (Cont.)

BESSIE (quivering)
I'll stand on my own two feet, and don't
you go orderin' me around! I ain't
afraid of cops. I was brought up to spit
whenever I saw one.

MARK (quietly)
Go ahead and spit if it will make you feel
better.

Bessie measures him.

BESSIE
What do you want to know?

MARK
What we all want to know - who killed
Laura Hunt.

BESSIE
How would I know?

Mark is looking at her steadily; Bessie suddenly realizes
that he is hinting at the fact that she may have done it.

BESSIE (outraged)
You don't think I done it?

Her eyes follow him as he goes slowly toward the telephone
stand.

113 CLOSE SHOT - BESSIE

BESSIE
I know you cops get crazy notions, but
if you got any notion concerning me --
(a pause; with mounting
emotion)
Ask anyone, anyone who ever come to this
house! I would have washed, ironed, scrubbed,
done everything she wanted of me whether she
paid me or not. It wasn't only on account of
the thousand sweet things she done for me, it
was because she was so sweet herself...

114 CLOSE SHOT - MARK

BESSIE (o.s. continuing)
Because she was a real fine lady.
(her voice breaks
with emotion)
But you cops wouldn't know about that!

Mark picks up the bottle and moves to her, CAMERA PANNING.

(CONTINUED)

114 (Cont.)

MARK (as he moves)

But you did. All the more reason why you
should help me, Bessie.

115 MED. CLOSE TWO-SHOT

Bessie dabs at her eyes, somewhat mollified by Mark's tone:
in spite of herself, her defenses against him are crumbling.

MARK (holding up the bottle)

Do you happen to know how this got in her
liquor cabinet?

There is a gleam of fright in Bessie's eyes as she glances
at the bottle. She hesitates a moment, choosing her words
carefully.

BESSIE (almost defiantly)

I put it there.

MARK (casually)

But she never bought this stuff, Bessie.
Not a lady like Miss Hunt.

BESSIE

No.

MARK

When did you put it in the cabinet?

BESSIE (expressionlessly)

Saturday.

MARK

Before the police came... Was it here
Friday night when you left?

BESSIE

No.

She walks slowly out of scene, away from him. There is an
eager gleam in Mark's eyes as though a hunch he had were
proving true.

116 WIDER ANGLE - MARK AND BESSIE

MARK

Sure of that?

Bessie turns toward him; apparently she has made up her
mind to tell him the truth.

(CONTINUED)

116 (Cont.)

BESSIE

(she sits down slowly,
stiffly, in a chair)

I cleaned out the cabinet before I left
Friday and put the empties in the basement.

MARK

Then somebody was in the apartment with
her Friday night, someone who brought this
bottle! Who?

BESSIE (convincingly)

I don't know. But I didn't want anybody
getting any wrong ideas about her, God
rest her soul. That's why I took it out
of the bedroom and put it in the cabinet
before the police got here.

(with proud defiance)

And that ain't all I done. I washed out
the glasses and cleaned off the bottle,
too.

MARK

Do you know what happens to people who
destroy evidence?

BESSIE

I don't care. You ain't going to tell the
newspaper reporters are you, so they can
make up their nasty stories and drag her
name through the mud?

(Mark doesn't answer;

she jumps up)

Go ahead, but it won't do you any good.
I'll say you lied. Say -

MARK

(interrupting: approaching)

Take it easy, Bessie. Get some ice and
a set up, will you? Couple glasses.

BESSIE (slowly)

All right.

117

FULL SHOT

Bessie crosses toward kitchen. Mark looks at the bottle a
moment. The door opens and Anne and Shelby enter; Waldo,
seen behind them, lingers for a moment in the vestibule,
glances at the clock as though to check the time with his
watch, and then follows into the room. During this, Mark
sets the bottle down on the table behind him.

ANNE (coming in)

Good morning, Lt. McPherson.

(CONTINUED)

117 (Cont.)

SHELBY

Hello, McPherson.

MARK (a trifle annoyed)

Well, quite a delegation! It was you I wanted to see, Carpenter.

ANNE

Shelby's dropping me off at the hair-dresser's later, so I thought I might as well come along.

Waldo hears her excuse with amused disgust.

WALDO (to Mark)

My excuse is equally feeble. I just popped in to pay my dubious respects and inquire on the state of your health. Insipid, I trust.

MARK (after a pause)

I was about to pour myself a drink - care to join me?

ANNE

(a little nervous under
her smiling exterior)

What a nice idea. Wouldn't you like one, Shelby?

SHELBY

I'll get it.

(he starts toward liquor cabinet)

Bessie enters from kitchen with a tray containing ice, seltzer and glasses.

ANNE

Why, Bessie what are you doing here?

Bessie darts a look at Mark and sets the tray on top of the liquor cabinet. Mark picks up the "Black Pony" bottle and moves toward her.

BESSIE

I'm paid up for the week and I'm workin' regardless.

(to Mark)

I'll get some more glasses.

She exits. Everyone notices her deference to Mark and wonders about what she may have said.

118 CLOSE GROUP SHOT

MARK (to Waldo)

Join us?

WALDO

I see no reason to exclude myself if the
host provides Scotch.

MARK

(holds up the bottle)

That do?

WALDO (off-handedly)

I presume it'll have to.

MARK

How about you, Carpenter?

(he turns the bottle so that

Shelby can see the label)

It's cheap but it's potent.

Shelby hesitates just a moment too long.

SHELBY

(moistening his lips)

As a matter of fact I don't think I care
for anything. I'm not much of a daytime
drinker.

There is a glint of satisfaction in Mark's eyes as he turns
to pour the drinks. Bessie returns with two glasses.

MARK

(handing Anne her drink)

That will be all, Bessie. You can go
home now.

BESSIE

But I -

(she notes Mark's steady
gaze; her mouth snaps shut)

All right.

She exits toward the front door. The atmosphere is tense.
Mark silently hands Anne her drink. Striving to break the
tension she holds up the glass.

ANNE

I remember when Laura bought these glasses -
she loved them.

(glancing around the room)

She loved all her things so.

WALDO (off-handedly)

What are you planning to do, sell them?

(CONTINUED)

118 (Cont.)

ANNE (with a sigh)

I don't know... I suppose so. If I'm the executor of the estate, I think I shall probably just call in Corey and let him dispose of everything. It will be less gruesome, somehow.

MARK

Lancaster Corey, the art dealer?

ANNE

Yes. He was a friend of Laura's.

WALDO

Not quite everything, Anne. Two or three things in here belong to me.

(glancing around)

There is that vase for instance... and the fire screen... and of course the clock in the vestibule. I only lent them to Laura, you know.

ANNE

Well, really... Waldo.

WALDO

Yes, really. That vase is the gem of my collection and I intend to have it back - and the screen and the clock, too.

SHELBY (springing to his feet)

They aren't yours! You gave them to Laura. I won't permit it!

WALDO (cuttingly; to Mark)

Does an alleged fiance have any voice in this matter? I'll take the vase with me now and send someone to collect the other things this very day.

MARK (coldly)

Nothing is leaving here except you, Lydecker.

WALDO (tartly)

Is that your quaint way of indicating dismissal?

MARK

(setting down his empty glass)

We're all going anyway.

SHELBY (baffled)

Didn't you want to see me, McPherson?

(CONTINUED)

118 (Cont.1)

MARK

(menace beneath his words)

I'll be seeing you.

WALDO (stiffly)

I bid you good day.

He exits. Anne doesn't quite know what to say, but is anxious to escape. She moves toward the vestibule, followed by Mark and Shelby. Shelby hesitates as though he would like to say something to Mark.

SHELBY

Er... a... have you made any progress,
Lieutenant?

MARK (levelly)

We're doing all right.

The other two freeze to attention, staring at Mark questioningly.

ANNE (quickly)

Come along, Shelby.

As the three start to exit -

DISSOLVE TO:

118-A INT. INSPECTOR'S OFFICE - MED. FULL SHOT - DAY
The Inspector is seated behind his desk, studying Mark's typewritten report. Mark sits on the edge of the desk, dangling his leg, smoking thoughtfully. The Inspector pushes the report aside, looks up: there is obviously a friendly relationship between the two.

INSPECTOR

What have you got against bringing
Carpenter down here, Mac?

MARK

I got a hunch if he's got more to say,
he'll spill it where he is.

INSPECTOR

He'd better spill it quick... The D. A.'s
on my neck - so are the newspapers. I
don't have to tell you.

MARK

(with a wry smile, getting up)
Yeah.

INSPECTOR

What next?

MARK

I dunno. Think maybe I'll try to catch up
with that Redfern dame. She had lunch with
Laura Hunt last Friday.

INSPECTOR

Okay. Be seeing you, Mac.

Mark smiles, starts to exit as we

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENES 119 to 126 INCL. OUT

127. EXT. LAURA'S HOUSE - NIGHT - MED. WIDE SHOT (RAIN EFFECT)
It is raining in earnest now. Mark enters scene and reaches the steps in f.g. He stops, looking up at Laura's window as if coming out of a daze, hesitating.

 PLAINCLOTHESMAN
 (emerging from shadow)
Hello, Mark.

 MARK
Go get something to eat. I'll take over.

 PLAINCLOTHESMAN
Thanks.

 MARK
Take your time.

Mark nods and goes quickly up the stairs.

WIPE TO:

128 FULL SHOT - INT. LAURA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
Mark snaps on the lamp under the portrait and glances up at it as he takes his hat off and places it on the radio-phonograph.

(CONTINUED)

128 (Cont.)

MARK'S VOICE (narrating)

I felt as if I knew her.

He walks over to the desk, opens the drawer and pulls out an engagement book, some letters, and a bundle of papers bound by a rubber band.

MARK'S VOICE (narrating)

I did know her - from her letters, date-pads, canceled checks -- notes she'd made on all sorts of things. There was even a diary she'd written in from time to time. I knew things about her -- attitudes she had - that none of her friends knew...

CAMERA DOLLIES as Mark wanders aimlessly into the dressing room that separates the living room from the bedroom. CAMERA HOLDS as he takes a dress from the wardrobe and holds it up by its hanger. He replaces it and then subjects a bed-jacket to the same scrutiny. Then he pulls open a drawer full of lingerie, stares at it, starts to pull out a night-gown but puts it back abruptly with an expression of disgust at his own absurdity.

CAMERA DOLLIES as he continues into the bedroom, stops in front of her dressing table. He sniffs at a couple of bottles of perfume. Then he starts back to the living room.

129 FULL SHOT - INT. LIVING ROOM

Mark comes in and picks up a snapshot album, flips the pages purposelessly.

MARK'S VOICE (narrating)

But there was something missing. I wanted to hear her laugh, and maybe cry, too.

(a pause)

But portraits don't do that.

CAMERA MOVES IN TO:

130 MED. CLOSE SHOT - MARK

MARK'S VOICE (narrating)

I felt funny about the way I was thinking about her. So I got to work.

He reaches for the phone, and without dialing, jiggles it impatiently.

MARK

Fred? Hey...Fred! What's the matter - asleep? This is McPherson. Any calls come through?

(a pause)

Well -- keep listening --

(a pause)

No, nothing new. Who's tailing Lydecker? Okay... He wanders around at night.

(CONTINUED)

130 (Cont.)

He looks out the window and reacts.

MARK (into phone)

He's wandering right now... Yeah. So long.

He hangs up and peers out the window.

131 FULL SHOT - ANGLING PAST MARK - THROUGH WINDOW TO STREET

Down below, Waldo stands looking up. Another figure can be seen lounging against the lamp post.

132 FULL SHOT - INT. LAURA'S LIVING ROOM - MARK

MARK'S VOICE (narrating)

Poor sucker. He sure misses that dame.

He turns and looks at the portrait.

MARK'S VOICE (narrating)

No, not dame. She wasn't.

(then grimly)

But I have to stop thinking of her as if she were a date for tonight! She's been murdered -- and I've got to get the guy who did it.

133 FULL SHOT - ANOTHER ANGLE

As Mark lights a cigarette, and walks on toward the radio-phonograph and closer to the portrait.

MARK'S VOICE (narrating)

Maybe if I can remember it's just another job, I'll get an angle.

He's annoyed with himself and thinking hard as he goes over to the liquor cabinet and takes out a bottle of Scotch and a glass.

MARK'S VOICE (narrating)

Lydecker -- Mrs. Treadwell -- and Carpenter...

He comes back to stand before the portrait, where he pours his drink.

MARK'S VOICE (narrating)

How could she go for that lug?

He looks around as the doorbell rings.

134 FULL SHOT - TOWARD DOOR

As Mark goes to open it. Waldo comes in.

WALDO

I happened to see the light on. Have you sub-let this apartment? You're here often enough to pay rent.

MARK (closing door)

Any objection?

(CONTINUED)

135

FULL SHOT - TOWARD DESK

Waldo spots the packet of letters on the desk.

WALDO

Only one. I object to your prying into
Laura's letters -- especially those from me.

MARK

Why? Yours are the best in the bunch.

WALDO

Thanks. But I didn't write them to you.
Haven't you any sense of privacy?

MARK

Murder victims have no claim to privacy.

WALDO

You don't have to do this - you're just prying!

MARK

Strictly routine.

Waldo eyes him intently.

WALDO

Is buying the portrait strickly routine?

Mark looks flustered. Waldo smiles venomously.

WALDO

Lancaster Corey told me you've already
put in a bid for it.

136

FULL SHOT - ANOTHER ANGLE

Mark walks back and forth.

MARK

That's none of your business.

WALDO

Have detectives who buy portraits of
murder victims a claim to privacy?

Mark takes out his puzzle.

137

FULL SHOT - ANGLING PAST MARK TOWARD WALDO

WALDO (softly)

McPherson -- did it ever strike you that
you're acting very strangely? It's a wonder
you don't come here like a suitor, with roses
and a box of candy --

(a pause)

-- drugstore candy, of course.

MARK (at radio-phonograph)

Maybe she'd have liked it.

WALDO

Have you ever dreamed of Laura as your
wife? By your side at the policeman's
ball -- or in the bleachers -- or listen-
ing to the heroic story of how you got a
silver shin bone from a gun battle with
a gangster?

(CONTINUED)

137 (Cont.)

Mark can no longer concentrate on the puzzle. He slams it down.

WALDO (wryly)

I see you have.

MARK (hoarsely)

Why don't you go home? I'm busy.

Waldo shrugs mildly and reaches for his hat and stick.

WALDO

Er - perhaps we can come to terms. You want the portrait, perfectly understandable - and I want my possessions - my vase - my screen - my clock - also perfectly understandable - Now if you -

MARK (quietly)

Get going.

Waldo gets up, starts out, then stops in front of Mark.

138 MED. TWO SHOT - MARK AND WALDO - IN FRONT OF PORTRAIT
Waldo looks pityingly at Mark.

WALDO

You'd better take care, McPherson, or you'll end up in a psychiatric ward.
(going to door)
I don't think they've ever had a patient who fell in love with a corpse.

Mark's expression doesn't change as the door c.s. is heard quietly closing.

139 MED. CLOSE SHOT - MARK
Mark looks as if the thought of murder is not very far from his own mind.

MARK'S VOICE (narrating)

I hate his guts.... and I can't even fight back - yet. I'd like to see him burn in the chair. Nobody has hurt me like that since I was a kid.

He turns slowly to stare off toward the portrait.

140 WIDER ANGLE - MARK IN F. G. - SHOOTING ON PORTRAIT

MARK'S VOICE

(narrating, a little helplessly)

Nobody's ever hit me like Laura.

As he takes another gulp of his drink.

DISSOLVE TO:

141 FULL SHOT - INT. LAURA'S APARTMENT - TOWARD DESK
Mark's arm is on the desk near the half empty glass of liquor. His hand keeps pounding up and down rhythmically. Only the lamp under Laura's portrait is lit - and the picture is reflected in various sizes in the grandfather's clock, small mirror, the window, and the large glass bowl on the desk. Laura's image is everywhere, as in a nightmare. Rain is streaming down the window. CAMERA MOVES IN TO:

142 CLOSER SHOT
The movement of Mark's hand on the desk becomes slower, more irregular.

MARK'S VOICE (narrating)
I sat there - waiting. Waiting for what?
I don't know. The room, the rain, the
silence were alive with her - and her
ghost wouldn't let me go.

The CAMERA FOCUS begins to waver drunkenly and the scene begins to fade.

143 CLOSE SHOT - MARK
His arm falls limply, hanging down over the arm of the chair. His eyes are closed.

MARK'S VOICE (narrating)
It was after 10 ... and I began to fall
asleep ... or pass out ...

He doesn't stir. The scene begins to brighten. Then we HEAR a door being opened.

144 MED. CLOSE SHOT - DOORWAY
Laura Hunt is standing there. Only the dim light near the portrait illuminates her. She is carrying her hat in her hand; her face and clothes are wet. She takes a step into the room, then stops short in astonishment as she sees Mark o.s. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO:

145 MED. SHOT - LAURA AND MARK
Mark, slumped in his chair, is still asleep. Laura flips on the bright overhead lights, crosses to Mark, stands looking down at him. Mark opens his eyes slightly, then they widen as he reacts to the sight of her and tries to focus. He closes his eyes again, shakes his head to clear his befuddled brain. He opens his eyes again; stares at her in disbelief.

LAURA
What are you doing here?

Mark grips the arms of the chair, unable to believe what he sees, unable to speak. Mechanically his eyes search the room, as if looking for more illusions.

LAURA
(a note of fear in her voice)
What are you doing here?

(CONTINUED)

145 (Cont.)

He gets up, slowly.

MARK
(a statement rather
than a question)
You're alive.

He starts toward her. Laura's glance takes in the bottle,
the glass on the table.

LAURA (her voice trembling)
If you don't get out at once I'll call the
police.

MARK
You are Laura Hunt, aren't you?
She doesn't answer, staring at him as he advances on her.

MARK (louder)
Aren't you?

He stares at her incredulously, almost fearfully. She backs
away from him.

LAURA
(really frightened; weakly)
I'm going to call the police.

MARK (dazedly)
I am the police. Mark McPherson... Are
you all right?

LAURA (faintly)
Yes. What's this all about?

MARK
Don't you know - didn't you - Haven't you
seen the papers? Don't you know what's
happened?

LAURA
No.

MARK
Where have you been?

LAURA (weakly)
Up in the country. I don't get a paper.

MARK (still stunned)
No?... Haven't you got a radio?

LAURA
It was broken. What - ?

Her eyes follow him as he pulls himself together and crosses
abruptly to a newspaper on a chair. He brings it to her.
She takes it mechanically, eyeing him warily.

146 CLOSE SHOT - LAURA
reading, her face registering her horror and bewilderment.

147 CLOSE SHOT - LAURA AND MARK
He watching her as she reads. She looks up at him. The paper
falls limply to the floor.

MARK
Somebody was murdered in this room. Any
idea who it was?

LAURA
(shaking her head, faintly)
No.

MARK (after a moment)
No idea at all?

LAURA
No.

MARK
Who had a key to your apartment?

LAURA (with conviction)
Nobody.

MARK
Sure?

148 -

149 MED. SHOT - LAURA AND MARK

Laura nods. She begins to tremble.

LAURA
When did it happen?

MARK
(looking at her searchingly)
Friday night... You'd better have a drink.

He crosses to the corner cabinet. She turns mechanically to
watch him. He pours a drink, brings it to her. She takes it
automatically, drinks it. He takes the glass from her limp
hand.

LAURA
What are you going to do now?

(CONTINUED)

149 (Cont.)

MARK

Find out who was murdered.

Their eyes hold a moment.

MARK

Then find the murderer.

She is trembling again.

MARK (turning away, casually)

You'd better get those wet clothes off.
You'll catch cold.

In spite of its casualness, there is a note of gentle solicitude in his voice. Laura glances at him a moment in surprise, turns and goes slowly out of the room. Mark turns to watch her.

MARK'S VOICE (narrating)

I could hardly keep my hands off her. At the moment it didn't matter to me at all who was killed or who killed her. I was so relieved, so happy that it wasn't she.

150 MED. FULL SHOT - INT. LAURA'S BEDROOM

Laura is crossing slowly toward the bed, her face registering the astonishment, the bewilderment, the shock of her sinister homecoming. Automatically she lets her hat fall to the floor, sits down on the bed.

151 CLOSE SHOT - LAURA

Apparently whatever she is thinking terrifies her. Her eyes grow large with fear. She covers her face with her hands. She rises, starts out, CAMERA PANNING HER to clothes closet. She opens it, absently fingers dresses, then suddenly is arrested by the feel and sight of one. She takes it down on the hanger, stares at it with recognition and dismay. Like a somnambulist, she walks with it back to the bed, lays it down on the coverlet, starts to undress mechanically. She stops suddenly as her eyes light on something on the night-stand. She crosses to stand, picks up a handbag gingerly, with the same look of recognition and dismay. Suddenly she tugs at the fastener frantically, opens it, looks in. She glances about wildly, like a person looking for a hiding place, then lays the case momentarily down on the stand. She begins again to undress.

WIPE TO:

152 MED. FULL SHOT - INT. LAURA'S LIVING ROOM - SHOOTING TOWARD BEDROOM DOOR

Mark, running his hand through his hair, paces a few steps back and forth from the desk. He stops, absently pours a drink, starts it toward his lips, then as absently pours it back into the bottle. The bedroom door opens. Laura is standing there, Diane's dress over her arm. In the same hand she holds Diane's purse, in the other a copy of an illustrated women's magazine. TABLEAU. She comes into the room, walking slowly yet with a certain forced firmness toward him. She stops.

153

MED. CLOSE SHOT - LAURA AND MARK

LAURA

This is Diane Redfern's dress. I found it in my closet. This is her purse.

Tableau.

LAURA (Cont.)

They weren't here when I left. She was one of our models - just about my size.

She holds the magazine towards him. He takes it mechanically, his eyes on her, and glances at it.

154

CLOSEUP - DIANE'S PORTRAIT ON THE BACK OF THE MAGAZINE

Mark's hand holding it. His hand trembles a little.

MARK (offscene)

(vibrant and tremulous)

Beautiful, wasn't she?

LAURA (offscene)

Yes. Do you suppose ...

155

MED. CLOSE SHOT

Mark's hand is on the bag, in Laura's. Their eyes are holding. She releases it to him.

MARK

I saw this on your table beside the bed. I thought it was yours.

He turns, places bag and magazine on the desk, then with a nod -

MARK

Sit down, please.

Laura sits down, watches him quietly, her emotions under control.

MARK

This is Monday night. You left Friday. Rather a long week-end, isn't it?

LAURA (quietly)

Not necessarily. There is no rule about week-ends, you know.

MARK

What train did you take?

LAURA

The 7:26.

(CONTINUED)

155 (Cont.)

MARK

See anybody you knew on the train?

Laura shakes her head.

MARK

And then what?

LAURA

I got off the train at Norwalk -

MARK

Saw nobody you knew at the station either?

LAURA (shaking her head)

No.

Their eyes hold.

MARK

Go on.

LAURA

I went to the garage where I kept my car.
It's a private garage -
(she smiles wryly)
-nobody saw me there, either. Then I
drove to my house.

MARK (after a moment)

You were there four days. What did you do?

LAURA

Worked in my garden.

MARK

Didn't you go out in all that time?

LAURA (shaking her head)

No. I had everything I needed in the house.
I went there to be alone.

MARK

Nobody came to see you?

LAURA

Nobody.

MARK

The police were there Saturday and there
was no one in the house.

LAURA

Oh yes... I took a long walk Saturday - I
walked for hours - in the woods.

156

WIDER ANGLE

Mark paces up and down, stops, facing Laura.

MARK

You were going to marry Shelby Carpenter
this week - Thursday, if I'm not mistaken.

It is a statement, not a question, so she doesn't answer. But
he seems to be waiting for one.

(CONTINUED)

156 (Cont.)

LAURA

Yes.

MARK

Yet you went away, just before your wedding, for a long week-end -- to be alone.

LAURA

I was tired - I had been working hard.

157 MED. CLOSE SHOT

MARK

You know Shelby has a key to this apartment. Why didn't you tell me?

LAURA

(jumping up: hotly)

I know nothing of the sort! He hasn't!

MARK

How else could the girl have got into the apartment? You knew she was in love with Shelby - that he had given her your cigarette case. You know all that, don't you?

LAURA (vehemently)

I knew that she was in love with him. She told me so herself.

MARK (sharply)

When did she tell you?

LAURA

At lunch - last Friday. I also know that she meant nothing to Shelby. I understand him better than you do.

MARK (evenly)

She was found in your dressing gown and slippers. That's not the regulation costume for an impersonal chat between a man and woman who mean nothing to each other. Did you know - did you suspect that he would bring her here Friday night, Miss Hunt?

LAURA (flaring)

How could I? I don't know that he brought her here! Neither do you! You merely assume it!

MARK (same vehemence)

What other assumption is possible? Do you love this fellow Carpenter so much that you would risk your own safety to protect him?

(CONTINUED)

157 (Cont.)

LAURA (aghast)
My safety! Are you suspecting me?

MARK (levelly)
I suspect nobody - and everybody. I'm
trying to get at the truth.

158 WIDER ANGLE (SHOOTING TOWARD ENTRANCE HALL AND DOOR)
He turns from her, paces. Her eyes follow him, she takes
a step away from him in the direction of the desk. Her
expression changes as she sees the papers. She fingers them.

LAURA (thoughtfully)
I see you have been trying to get at
the truth. You've read things I never
meant anyone else to look at. You know
how I feel about things and people...
 (with a wistful smile
 at him)
It makes a kind of intimacy between us,
doesn't it - and yet I hardly know you.

MARK (steadily)
Yes. You hardly know me.
 (businesslike)
Well, I'd better be going. I'll see you
in the morning, Miss Hunt.

He doesn't go.

LAURA
Very well.

Her voice stirs him into action. He turns to go. Mark
picks up his hat on the way, Laura watching him. As he
reaches the entrance hall, he turns.

MARK
I must ask you not to leave the house -
and not to use the phone.

LAURA (crossing toward him)
But I've got to let people know I'm alive.

MARK
I must insist that you do as I say.

LAURA
Am I under arrest?

MARK (a pause)
No...but if anything happened to you this
time - I wouldn't like it.

Their eyes hold.

(CONTINUED)

158 (Cont.)

LAURA
(gently, a little intrigued
by the man)
All right, I promise.

MARK
Okay.

He takes another step toward the entrance hall, stops, turns back to her again.

MARK
(with a return to the
professional manner)
One more thing. You might as well know
what I know - some of it, at any rate.
It'll save time - a lot of unnecessary
fencing. You went away to make up your
mind about marrying Carpenter. What did
you decide? I want the truth.

159 CLOSE SHOT - LAURA
hesitating.

LAURA (quietly)
I decided not to marry him.

160 CLOSE SHOT - MARK
A look of almost incredulous relief flashes across his face.

MARK (gently)
I'll see you in the morning. Goodnight.

160-A MED. FULL SHOT TOWARD DOOR

LAURA (vaguely)
Goodnight.

He goes out. She stands a moment looking after him, then
glances numbly about the room.

WIPE TO:

161- OMITTED
162

163 FULL SHOT - INT. CELLAR PASSAGEWAY
Mark enters, walking briskly TOWARDS CAMERA and the open
door of a storeroom.

164 INT. STOREROOM (SHOOTING TOWARD DOORWAY) FULL SHOT
Fred Callahan, a plainclothesman, is seated on a crate with
a wire-tapping outfit in front of him. At the moment, his
headphones are off, lying on top of the crate, and he is
talking on an outside phone as Mark enters.

(CONTINUED)

164 (Cont.)

FRED

(into phone, excitedly)
Wow! Does McPherson know it?

Mark enters on this, halts.

FRED (hanging up)

'Bye. Say, Mac! Medical examiner's
report - It was not Laura Hunt.

(excitedly)

- It was Diane Redfern was bumped off
upstairs!

MARK

(approaching, casually)
Kinda balls things up, doesn't it?

FRED (surprised)

Yeah. You're not takin' it too hard.

Suddenly both men react to something they hear in the headphones - the SOUND of Laura dialing a number. Mark makes a grab for the headphones, holding one piece against his ear, letting the other dangle. He signals Fred for silence.

165-

CLOSE SHOT - MARK

166

He holds the headphone against his ear. We hear the telephone bell ring twice.

SHELBY'S VOICE

Hello?

LAURA

It's me - Laura. I've -

SHELBY'S VOICE (cutting in)

Don't say anything on the phone. Meet
me right away in front of my hotel.

There is a click as he hangs up, then Laura's receiver is heard being replaced.

FRED (incredulous)

Was that -- ?

Mark is slowly putting the headphone down on the crate. His face is grim.

MARK (nodding)

Yeah. Dames are always pulling a switch
on you. Stand by!

Fred stares after him open-mouthed, as Mark exits.

WIPE TO:

SCENES 167 to 176 INCL. OUT

- 177 MED. FULL SHOT - EXT. LAURA'S COUNTRY HOUSE - NIGHT
The house is dark. Shelby drives up the roadway, stops. He gets out and crosses porch to doorway.
- 178 CLOSE SHOT - SHELBY AT DOOR
He extracts keys from his pocket, fumbles for the right one in the dark, unlocks the door, enters.
- 179 FULL SHOT - INT. LIVING ROOM - LAURA'S COUNTRY HOUSE -
(SHOOTING TOWARD DOORWAY)
Shelby, in the open doorway, flips on the light, closes the door. The brightness of the room startles him. He crosses to a small table, turns on a softly shaded lamp, then back to door and flips off the wall lights. His manner is fearful, agitated. He takes off his coat and hat, tosses them on a sofa.
- 180 MED. FULL SHOT - REVERSE ANGLE
Shelby crosses to a sideboard, pours himself a drink from a decanter, gulps it down, pours a second one, takes a sip, sets it down. He crosses quickly to fireplace. There is a shotgun above the mantel.
- 181 CLOSE SHOT - SHELBY AT FIREPLACE
The gun above the mantel. He reaches for it. His hand is on the gun.

MARK (offscene)
(his voice cold, hard)
Are you taking it down or putting it away
Carpenter?

Shelby reacts in terror, his hands springing from the gun.
As he turns toward the VOICE, CAMERA PULLS BACK TO:

182 MED. FULL SHOT

Mark is standing in the open doorway. He closes the door without turning, then crosses with a kind of measured briskness toward Shelby, the two men's eyes holding. Mark takes down the gun, examines it.

183 MED. CLOSE SHOT

MARK

It's been fired. Lately.

Shelby pulls himself together. He is nervous, tense, but there is nothing cringing in his manner, nothing cowed - almost a kind of helpless gentleness.

SHELBY

I killed some rabbits with it.

MARK

When?

SHELBY

A while back. I don't know exactly.

Mark finds something on the stock of the gun. He examines it closely, looks into the barrels.

MARK

(looking into the
barrels)

You know about guns, don't you?

Shelby nods.

MARK

(facing Shelby)

How come you didn't clean it afterward?

SHELBY

I don't know. I forgot, I suppose.

Mark is looking at him sharply, dubiously.

MARK

(indicating stock)

These your initials?

SHELBY (nodding)

Yes. I gave it to Laura - for protection. She didn't want it - but I insisted. The house is rather isolated, as you see.

MARK

Did you teach her how to use it?

SHELBY

No.

CONTINUED:

183 (Cont.)

MARK

Does she know how?

SHELBY

I don't know. It didn't occur to me to ask.

Mark regards him for a moment with a wintry smile.

MARK

You're a vague fellow, aren't you, Carpenter?

SHELBY

(mildly, but with a certain winsome dignity)
I've spent very little time in observing my own character, Mr. McPherson.

The men's eyes hold a moment. Mark replaces the gun.

MARK

(with a nod towards it)
You haven't borrowed it lately, have you?
You didn't just bring it back tonight?

SHELBY

You followed me here. You saw me come in.
You ought to know.

Mark's manner changes abruptly. He becomes hard and brutal, his face dark, his voice raised.

MARK

Do you realize the spot you're in, Carpenter? You took that poor girl to Miss Hunt's apartment! You knew all along it was she who was murdered! Didn't you know Laura would come back any day and spill the whole thing? Or did you plan to kill her too - hide her body somewhere and cover up the first crime?

Shelby's hand trembles as he lifts it to his hair, but he forces a certain self-control. His voice is unsteady when he speaks, but there is something like disdain on his face as he faces Mark.

SHELBY

You're being fantastic, McPherson.

MARK

You brought a bottle of Black Pony to her house Friday night.

(CONTINUED)

133 (Cont. 1)

SHELBY (after a moment)
I brought a bottle there over a week ago.

MARK
Bessie says it wasn't there Friday night.
It was, Saturday morning.

SHELBY
I can't help what Bessie says.

MARK
(sharply - putting out
his hand)
Where is the key to the apartment?

SHELBY
I haven't got it -

MARK
(interrupting quickly)
What did you do with it - give it back
to her tonight?

SHELBY (recovering)
I never had one.

MARK (after a pause)
Okay. You didn't bring the Scotch Friday
night and you didn't have a key to her
apartment. How'd you get in?

SHELBY (sweating)
But I -

184 CLOSE TWO SHOT

MARK
(interrupting, sharply)
You had a key, and I know it! Come on,
Carpenter, spill it!

There is a moment's pause. Shelby looks down.

SHELBY
I - Laura kept a duplicate key in her
office... I went over and got it.

Mark looks at him for a second, indicates a chair; Shelby
sags into it. Mark pulls up one for himself, sits. Shelby
looks up, meets Mark's eyes. Mark nods a command to con-
tinue.

(CONTINUED)

184 (Cont.)

SHELBY

(his voice very low)

I had asked Diane to dine with me. I wanted to have it out with her, once and for all. You know, she thought - she thought she was in love with me.

(he makes a slight,
deprecatory gesture)

Well, we couldn't go on talking in a public place - she was too upset. I couldn't go to her room - I didn't want to take her to my hotel. So we went to Laura's.

There is a flash of lightning, a clap of thunder. Mark is listening impassively.

SHELBY

We talked for three hours. Then the doorbell rang and -

He pauses, glances around with a sort of mild desperation.

MARK

Go on.

SHELBY

Diane was frightened. But knowing Laura - as I've known her - I've learned to be surprised at nothing.

MARK (curtly)

What do you mean by that?

Shelby looks at him, rather surprised at the sharpness of his voice.

SHELBY

Her friends always came to her with their troubles at all hours of the day or night. I asked Diane to answer the door.

MARK

Why didn't you go yourself?

SHELBY

(with some firmness)

Suppose one of Laura's friends had found me there?

MARK

Why open at all?

(CONTINUED)

184 (Cont. 1)

SHELBY

Because they must have seen the light.

MARK

(grimly contemptuous)

But what about the girl - Diane? What about her reputation?

SHELBY

I asked her to say that Laura had lent her the apartment while she was away. Anybody who knew Laura would believe that.

Mark sits down, facing Shelby.

MARK

Go on.

185 MED. CLOSE TWO SHOT

SHELBY

The bell rang again. I heard Diane's mules - Laura's, they were - clattering on the bare boards between the rugs. Then there was a moment of silence, then a shot. It was - an awful explosion.

He covers his face with his hands, sits there a moment, uncovers his face.

SHELBY

By the time I reached her the door was closed and she lay there on the floor.

MARK

Didn't you go out to see who it was?

SHELBY

(shaking his head)

No. I was too confused, too horrified - incapable of doing anything. The room was dark. I saw only a vague heap lying on the floor. I don't think I - fully grasped the situation. I think I called her name, but I'm not sure. I remember kneeling on the floor, feeling her heart.

He closes his eyes, is perfectly still. Mark watches him a moment. Shelby opens his eyes, looks at Mark almost unseeingly.

SHELBY

My first instinct was to call the police.
(he stops again)

(CONTINUED)

185 (Cont.)

MARK

Why didn't you?

SHELBY

I don't know. Or, rather, I was afraid - not only for myself but for Laura. In a panicky sort of way I felt that I must keep out of this - to keep Laura out of it. I know now how foolish and hopeless it was. But -

(he makes a helpless
gesture)

- I had only one thing in mind - the safety of a person whose life was dearer to me than my own. Don't you understand?

He looks at Mark appealingly. Mark is looking off beyond him, his face a mask, as if he had not heard.

MARK

(huskily, not looking
at Shelby)

Did you think Laura had done it?

Shelby doesn't answer. Mark looks at him.

MARK

Did you?

SHELBY

(averting his gaze)

I don't remember what I thought.

Mark's eyes compel his.

MARK

Do you think so now?

SHELBY

(faintly, after a moment)

No.

MARK

(after a moment)

But you didn't?

SHELBY

(meeting his eyes)

No.

186

WIDER ANGLE

Mark rises, crosses to fireplace. He turns.

MARK

On Saturday when our men came to the hotel to tell you that Laura was dead, you seemed sincerely shocked.

SHELBY (earnestly)

I was. I had not expected that mistake.

MARK (grimly)

But you had your alibi ready, no matter who was dead. Yet you knew the minute Laura came back it wouldn't stick.

SHELBY

(after a moment)

I was incapable of thinking that far ahead. I was incapable of thinking at all. I was groping for some way to keep Laura's name out of this. I was heart-broken about Diane, and panic-stricken about Laura.

(almost to himself)

I haven't slept a full two hours since this thing happened.

Mark lifts his eyes from Shelby's face, looks off again, pondering moodily.

MARK

Let's get back to the present. What did you and Laura talk about tonight?

SHELBY (nervously)

Why I - I told her the whole story - just what I told you.

MARK

She phoned you, after she promised me she wouldn't call anybody. What did she want?

SHELBY

(still nervous)

It's perfectly natural she'd want to see me - especially after what's happened.

Mark's face hardens. He springs to his feet.

MARK

(breaking in, violently)

Why don't you tell the truth? She sent you up here to get rid of that gun!

SHELBY

(jumping up, vehemently)

She didn't! She doesn't even know I'm here! It was my own idea.

187

WIDER ANGLE

as Mark starts to pace the room, a harried look on his face. Shelby closes his eyes as if in exhaustion. Mark seems unaware of him as he moves back and forth with unseeing eyes. He stops and looks off blankly, thinking. Then suddenly his face changes to an awareness of his surroundings.

188

CLOSE SHOT - RADIO

Mark ENTERS SCENE, stands in front of it, staring down at it as if debating with himself, almost fearfully. He switches it on, his face tense with suspense. The expression changes to one of something like despair as the radio lights up, then warms up, then blares forth loudly with swing music that thunders through the room.

189

MED. FULL SHOT

Shelby, startled, looks toward the radio, his eyes wide and staring. For a moment Mark stands there, petrified, then switches it off. He turns to Shelby. The two men look at each other blankly.

MARK

(his voice sounding
strange and hollow)

Works fine, doesn't it?

SHELBY (puzzled)

Why, yes.

(almost mechanically,
without interest)

Did you think it wouldn't?

MARK

(crossing toward him,
bitterly)

I hoped it wouldn't.

Shelby looks at him uncomprehendingly as Mark takes the gun down, turns to him.

MARK

(almost absently)

All right. Let's go.

SHELBY

(after a moment, a bit
tremulously)

Am I under arrest?

MARK

(after a moment, as if
he had just heard him)

You're not to leave town. You'd be foolish
to try -

After a moment, Shelby turns and starts toward the door, Mark following. Both men pick up their coats and hats. Then, as an afterthought, Shelby crosses to table and turns out the lamp while Mark holds the door open for him. The SOUND of the rain COMES OVER. Shelby crosses to door, passes Mark without looking at him, exits. Mark follows, closing the door. CAMERA STAYS ON EMPTY ROOM. A sudden flash of lightening illumines it, followed by a crash of thunder. As the thunder dies away, we HEAR across it the SOUND of a car starting.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

190 FULL SHOT - INT. LAURA'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING
The sound of the buzzer COMES OVER. Laura enters from bedroom, looks off anxiously toward door, crosses to it.

191 MED. CLOSE SHOT - ENTRANCE HALL
as Laura opens the door, revealing an unsmiling Mark, his arms full of grocery bags.

MARK (curtly)

Morning.

LAURA

(somewhat taken aback)

Good morning.

(glancing at bags)

What's that?

MARK (coming in)

Breakfast. You didn't buy any food when you went out last night.

She shuts the door and follows, CAMERA PRECEDING them. She says nothing, and they do not look at each other as CAMERA PRECEDES them into kitchen and PULLS BACK TO:

192 FULL SHOT - KITCHEN
Mark puts the bags down on the kitchen table and starts to take out the groceries, Laura watching him with the same faint, enigmatic smile. Mark's face is impassive.

MARK

Where are the pots and pans? I'll fix the bacon and eggs. Can you make coffee?

LAURA

Suppose you set the table while I get breakfast... Do you always sound like this in the morning?

He eyes her as she produces pots and pans.

MARK (grudgingly)

Don't tell me you can cook?

LAURA (with a smile)

My mother always listened sympathetically to my dreams of a career - and then taught me another recipe.

They hear a key turning in the kitchen doorway.

MARK

(quickly - sotto voce)

Don't move!

- 193 FULL SHOT - SHOOTING PAST LAURA
as Bessie comes in and sees Laura. She puts her hands to her
face and lets out a hysterical scream.
- 194 FULL SHOT - TOWARD BESSIE
Mark hurries over to her and shakes her.

MARK

It's all right, Bessie. She's alive.

When Bessie doesn't stop screaming, Mark pulls her hands away
from her face and slaps her cheek. The shock quiets Bessie,
who still stares at Laura and crosses herself.

LAURA (gently)

It's all been a mistake, Bessie. I'm not
a ghost, really.

BESSIE (trembling)

I found you - and you were dead.

LAURA

But I'm alive, Bessie. Can't you see?

Bessie looks dazed.

LAURA

It was Miss Redfern whose body you found.
(then, shrewdly)
How about taking over here - fixing us
some eggs?

Now Bessie begins to react.

BESSIE

I never heard no ghost ask for eggs.

Laura puts an arm around her.

LAURA

I'm asking, Bessie.

Mark and Laura go toward the living room.

- 195 INT. LIVING ROOM - MED. WIDE SHOT
Laura and Mark come into living room. Laura closes the door
to kitchen.

LAURA

Poor Bessie! She should have been warned.

MARK

By the way, I asked Lydecker to come here.

LAURA

Did you tell him?

(CONTINUED)

195 (Cont.)

MARK

No.

LAURA

Why not? It's brutal!

MARK

I'm not doing it for fun.

She turns from him, sits down. He looks at her a moment, his face cold and impassive.

MARK (moving to her)

Why did you break your word and go out to see Shelby last night?

LAURA (coldly)

You forced me to give you my word. I never have been and never will be bound by anything I don't do of my own free will!

196

MED. CLOSE TWO SHOT

Mark takes out a cigarette, lights it.

MARK

Redfern was in love with Carpenter. You admitted that last night.

LAURA

May I have a cigarette?

MARK

Sorry.

(he offers her his pack,
lights her cigarette)

Laura chooses her words carefully.

LAURA

Thanks. I also told you he was wasn't in love with her.

The SOUND of the buzzer COMES OVER. Laura looks off, frightened.

MARK (a command)

Sit still!

He exits to outer door. Laura, who expects Waldo, tenses, gets to her feet as the door is heard opening offscene.

197 WIDE SHOT (SHOOTING TOWARD VESTIBULE - LAURA'S ANGLE)
Shelby enters.

SHELBY

(to Mark, as he brushes by)

Hello.

(as he crosses to Laura)

How are you, my darling?

Laura makes no move toward Shelby, but as he reaches her side she is conscious of Mark's astonished expression.

LAURA

(quickly, warmly)

Hello, dear.

They embrace as Mark moves almost mechanically to them.

198 CLOSE THREE SHOT

MARK

(as they break - to Laura)

It's on again, huh?

Laura winces.

SHELBY

(smoothly - superior)

Do I have to get a permit from the police department to kiss my fiancée good morning?

MARK

(with cold fury - to Laura)

So he made you change your mind!

SHELBY

Speaking of changing one's mind, McPherson, I've just come from my lawyer.

MARK

(with contempt)

Yeah? Did he tell you how much you'd get off for good behavior?

Shelby is slightly flustered, but he plows right ahead.

SHELBY

He told me that anything I may have said last night was said under duress and can't be used against me.

(turning to Laura for confirmation)

Besides, none of it was true.

(CONTINUED)

198 (Cont.)

MARK

(with icy fury)

Smart lawyer you got, Carpenter! Maybe he told you how that Scotch got in here Friday night - after you bought it at Mosconi's! Maybe it was the lawyer who brought Diane Redfern up here! Maybe -

Both Shelby and Laura are relieved as the buzzer SOUNDS. With a black look at Shelby, Mark strides to the door. There is the SOUND of the door being opened. Laura looks toward the door, petrified, as Waldo is heard entering.

WALDO (offscene)

Well, McPherson? Have you thought over the deal I suggested?

There is a moment's intense silence, broken only by the measured ticking of the clock, while Waldo apparently reacts to the sight of her. Laura forces a rather sickly smile, as though in reaction to the response she is getting from Waldo offscene.

LAURA (faintly)

Waldo...

There is the SOUND of a body falling offscene.

LAURA (a. scream)

Waldo!

199

FULL SHOT - LIVING ROOM

Waldo is down on his hands and knees, utterly dazed. His hat is on the floor and his stick is beside him. Mark is bending down to help him up as Laura crosses to him, followed by Shelby.

LAURA (broken-voiced)

Waldo -

MARK (to Shelby)

Get some brandy.

Shelby hurries to cabinet, pours brandy as Mark and Laura help Waldo to his feet, supporting him. Waldo is limp, eyes wide, mouth open. Shelby crosses to him with the brandy.

LAURA (to Waldo)

It's all right, darling. There's been a mistake. I'm alive and well.

Mark takes the brandy, holds it against Waldo's lips, but it just trickles down. An unintelligible sound comes from him.

MARK (to Waldo)

Want a doctor?

(CONTINUED)

199 (Cont.)

Waldo shakes his head.

LAURA (to Mark)

We'd better take him into the bedroom.

Mark and Laura, on either side, lead Waldo into bedroom,
CAMERA PRECEDING THEM. Shelby trails behind.

200

FULL SHOT - INT. LAURA'S BEDROOM

They place Waldo on the bed. Laura sits down beside him,
takes his hand. Waldo stares at her in a wide-eyed trance.

WALDO

What -

LAURA

Don't try to say anything, dear. Just be
quiet.

MARK

Laura Hunt wasn't killed, Lydecker. It
was Diane Redfern - perhaps by mistake.
Do you understand that? Perhaps by mis-
take.

Laura stands up quickly, takes Mark's arm.

LAURA

Come. We must let him rest.

She starts him toward living room, Shelby trailing. Waldo's
head turns slowly to look after them.

201

INT. LIVING ROOM - MED. WIDE SHOT - LAURA AND MARK
as Mark and Laura enter. She releases his arm, closes the
door quietly. She crosses, picks up Waldo's hat and stick
from the floor.

LAURA

(almost tearfully)

Poor darling!

202

CLOSE SHOT - MARK

There is a flash of jealous resentment in his expression.

MARK

Don't tell me you're in love with
him too!

203

CLOSE SHOT - SHELBY AND MARK

SHELBY (to Mark)

Look here, fellow! You're not to
talk that way to Miss Hunt!

(CONTINUED)

203 (Cont.)

MARK
Sit down and shut up!

He strides to Laura, CAMERA PANNING.

MARK (to Laura)
Why are you covering up for a guy
like that?

LAURA
You're out of your mind!

During this, Shelby enters scene.

SHELBY
Don't talk to him, Laura!

MARK (to Laura)
What story did he tell you on that
cab ride last night?

SHELBY
(sharply, to Laura)
Don't answer! Let him talk to our
lawyer.

MARK (to Laura)
Our lawyer? So you're covering up
for each other!

204 MED. SHOT - BEDROOM DOOR

It opens and Waldo appears in the doorway. He listens with
relish to the fracas o.s.

SHELBY (o.s.)
Look at him, Laura! He's cracking up!
Any lie to make an arrest so he can be
a big shot in the headlines!

MARK (o.s.)
I've got enough on you to make an
arrest right now!

WALDO
Quick, McPherson - the handcuffs!
Trundle him off to the hoosegow!

205 FULL GROUP SHOT - TOWARD BEDROOM DOOR
Waldo is in the doorway.

SHELBY (to Waldo)
You keep out of this!

WALDO
(to Shelby, coming in)
But you'll look nice in bracelets, Shelby.

(CONTINUED)

205 (Cont.)

SHELEY

Why don't you get down on all four again, Lydecker? It's the only time you've ever kept your mouth shut.

WALDO

(disregarding him -
moving to Laura)

You must forgive me a wee touch of epilepsy. It's an old family custom.

206 MED. GROUP SHOT

Waldo kisses Laura solemnly on both cheeks.

WALDO (huskily)

Welcome, wench. Tell us how it feels to return from the Great Beyond.

LAURA (with distaste)

Please, Waldo - don't -

WALDO

I'm sorry, my dear.

(to Mark - significantly)

Well, McPherson, what does Laura's resurrection do to you?

MARK

Too bad Diane Redfern can't be resurrected.

WALDO (to Mark)

I'm afraid I've interrupted what you gentlemen call a 'pinch'. Do your duty, McPherson.

Mark's eyes slowly turn and hold on Waldo.

MARK

(with a kind of grim relish)

You know, Lydecker, you've made me change my mind - for the moment.

WALDO

(with exaggerated lightness)

Well, then that gives us time for a little get-together.

(to Laura)

You'd better order some champagne, Laura - lots of it.

LAURA

What for?

(CONTINUED)

206 (Cont.)

WALDO

(expansively, as he takes
out a couple of bottles)
People are coming to celebrate your
return. Anne, and Bullitt, and Corey -
everybody.

Mark is flabbergasted.

207 GROUP SHOT - ANOTHER ANGLE

LAURA

Who asked them to come?

WALDO

(gesturing toward bedroom)
I did, when I was in there. I phoned
my man and he's calling everyone.

LAURA

Why did you do that, Waldo!

WALDO

A sense of the fitness of things!
Maybe our friend can weave all the
loose ends into a noose, eh, McPherson?

MARK

(a grim smile)
Sorry you went to all that trouble.
I've already phoned them -

DISSOLVE TO:

208 FULL SHOT - INT. LAURA'S APT. - LATE AFTERNOON

There are flowers in profusion. Between twenty and thirty
people, including the principals. A burble of conversation,
voices pitched a little too high, scattered laughter.
Shelby passes a tray of hors d'oeuvres. Waldo dominates a
group in b.g. Bessie is opening the door as Laura crosses
toward it. Mark and Lancaster Corey are chatting near the
mantel.

209 MED. WIDE SHOT - VESTIBULE

Bullitt and Florence (Laura's secretary) enter, their arms
full of flowers, as Laura steps into the vestibule. The
three friends embrace. Florence is a little tearful.

ALL

(ad lib - embracing)
Laura, my child!
Oh, Miss Hunt!
Hello, darlings!
Oh, what lovely flowers!

FLORENCE

This is from all the girls in the
office.

(CONTINUED)

209 (Cont.)

LAURA

How sweet of them!

BULLITT

Let me look at you! As pretty as ever!
And alive - that's the main thing!

LAURA

Thanks, Mr. Bullitt. Come and let me get
you a drink.

She hands Bessie the flowers and they move into living room.

BULLITT (as they move)

When are you coming back to work?

210 INT. LAURA'S LIVING ROOM - MED. SHOT - MARK AND COREY
Mark is holding a fragile vase.

MARK

Heavier than it looks.

COREY

That's the shot.

Mark tilts the vase, and buckshot runs out into his hand.

MARK

What's buckshot doing in this, Mr. Corey?

COREY (with a smile)

Weights it down.

Laura and Bullitt enter scene.

COREY

Hello, Bullitt.

BULLITT

Glad to see you, Corey. How are you,
Lieutenant?

MARK

(replacing shot and vase)

Hello, Mr. Bullitt.

LAURA (surprised)

You two know each other?

BULLITT

(amiably)

We've met. A very thorough detective -
Lieutenant McPherson.

COREY

Yes. I was just telling him a fragile
vase like this might be knocked over
if it weren't weighted with shot.

MARK

Do all collectors do that?

COREY

Yes, of course.

211

CLOSE SHOT - SHELBY AT BAR

He starts to mix a drink. Anne enters.

ANNE (with tender irony)

You're working yourself to death, darling!
I haven't had a moment with you all day.

SHELBY

It's a thirsty crowd, you know.

ANNE

But after all, it's not your homecoming.

SHELBY

Aren't you being a little nasty, Anne?

ANNE

I feel nasty - when I don't see you.

He smiles at her.

SHELBY

You look very sweet, Putzi. That's a
completely wonderful hat... Will you
excuse me? Laura wants a drink.

He has picked up the drink he has mixed. Anne's eyes narrow,
her smile is fixed. She takes the drink from his hand and
sets it down on the bar.

ANNE

So do I.

(with genuine sincerity)

Shelby, why don't you come to your senses?
You know it's all over between you and Laura -
or you soon will. But you haven't lost me.
Why don't we get married? Now.

SHELBY (gently)

But Anne, don't you realize the situation?

ANNE

Of course. That's why you need me. We'll
get the best lawyer money can buy. And
when it's all over we'll go away - anywhere
you want - and forget all this.

SHELBY

Thank you, Anne. But you see, Laura needs
me.

(he picks up the drink)

I'm sorry.

He exits. Her eyes narrow; she smiles enigmatically.

212

WIDE ANGLE - LIVING ROOM

Shelby, drink in hand, moves through the guests, looking for
Laura, who is seen in far b.g. on the terrace, alone with
Mark. After a moment Shelby spots them, registers annoyance,
and moves toward the terrace.

213

MED. MOVING SHOT - SHELBY

CAMERA MOVES behind him as he walks to Laura and Mark, close together, talking with interest and animation. Laura is smiling. As Shelby steps through the open French doors, they turn to him.

SHELBY

Your drink, Laura.

(to Mark, coolly)

If you don't mind, I'd like a word with Miss Hunt.

MARK (good-humoredly)

I don't mind. Talk to her as much as you like.

He exits casually to living room. Shelby looks after him, puzzled and annoyed.

SHELBY (to Laura)

I see he's taking a new tack.

214

CLOSE TWO SHOT

LAURA

What do you mean?

SHELBY

Trying to make you like him - to make you talk.

LAURA (slowly, steadily)

Shelby, why did you go to the cottage last night?

She takes a cigarette out of a box. Shelby looks at her incredulously.

SHELBY

Don't you know? I was afraid you wouldn't think of hiding that shotgun.

She looks up now, completely distraught.

LAURA

What shotgun?

SHELBY

The one I gave you. You don't have to lie to me, darling. I'll stick to you.

He strikes a match, holds it out for her. Laura stares at him, deeply shocked. Stony-faced, without a word, she turns and exits to living room. Shelby looks after her dazed, almost burns his fingers with the match.

215

INT. LIVING ROOM - WIDE GROUP SHOT

Laura crosses the room straight to her bedroom. Mark eyes her as she passes him; there is a faint smile of satisfaction on his face.

216

FULL SHOT - INT. BEDROOM

Laura comes in. Anne, at the vanity table, sees her and notices how upset she is.

(CONTINUED)

216 (Cont.)

ANNE

What's the matter?

LAURA

Oh -- I guess I'm just nervous --

ANNE

So am I. McPherson suspects Shelby.

LAURA

He seems to suspect me too -- and so do some of my 'friends.'

ANNE

You? Don't be absurd. You couldn't ever do a thing like that.

217 MED. FULL SHOT - INT. BEDROOM - TOWARD VANITY TABLE

LAURA

And Shelby?

ANNE

I don't think he did it...But he's capable of it.

218 MED. TWO SHOT - LAURA AND ANNE

ANNE

(looking at her in mirror)
Are you as interested in McPherson as he is in you?

LAURA

But, Anne! I only met him last night...

ANNE

That is more than long enough sometimes...
At any rate, he's better for you than Shelby.
Anybody is. Shelby's better for me.

LAURA (slowly)

Why?

219 CLOSE SHOT - ANNE

She turns back to the mirror with unseeing eyes.

ANNE

(tonelessly, almost a soliloquy)
Because I can afford him - and I understand him. He's no good, but he's what I want ...
I'm not a nice person, Laura - neither is he.
He knows I know he's a heel. He also knows I don't care.

(pause)

We belong together - because we're both weak, and can't seem to help it.

220

MED. FULL SHOT

Laura is touched. Anne slowly gets up to go.

ANNE

That's why I know he's capable of murder.
(going to door)
He's like me.

LAURA

Anne!

Anne turns around.

ANNE (dully)

No, dear. I didn't.
(she opens door)
But I thought of it.

She exits, leaving the door open.

221

CLOSE SHOT - LAURA

She stands looking after Anne, profoundly shaken. A burble of voices comes across from the living room. Then mechanically she starts toward it.

222

INT. LIVING ROOM - WIDE SHOT - SHOOTING ON BEDROOM DOOR

Laura appears in the doorway, her hand resting on the door jamb. She stares almost blankly at the group, then her eyes focus on Waldo. She moves toward him as he crosses hurriedly to her. Mark is sharply aware of her entrance. Several of the others follow her with their eyes, aware of a tension.

223

MED. CLOSE SHOT - LAURA AND WALDO

WALDO

(taking her hands)

What's the matter?

LAURA

Waldo - they found a shotgun at my cottage.

WALDO

What of it? Don't look so desperate, darling.

LAURA

But Shelby thinks I did it.

WALDO

Shelby never thinks, he merely twitches.
Don't let him upset you - and don't talk to McPherson so much.

LAURA

I'm not afraid of Mark.

WALDO

(with resentful lightness)

'Mark?' When was this innocent-trust born?
Don't let him fool you.

(CONTINUED)

223 (Cont.)

Mark enters scene. Waldo turns to him, but addresses Laura.

WALDO (continuing - venomously)
The man has a twisted mind. He could be
madly in love with you and still try to
send you to the chair.

Laura's eyes turn questioningly to Mark.

MARK
(quietly, grimly -
to Laura)
I don't always like my job.

WALDO
(raising his voice)
I don't care whether you're guilty or not!
I won't even ask you. I don't want to know!

224 FULL SHOT - ROOM - CENTERING LAURA, MARK AND WALDO
The general conversation dies down and all eyes are on the
trio.

MARK (quietly)
When you open blind, you ought to know the
stakes.

WALDO
I do. And they're much too high for you.

LAURA
Waldo, please...

WALDO (to Laura)
But he's really been playing beyond his means,
my dear. Did I tell you he offered Corey a
thousand dollars for your portrait?

LAURA
(startled, incredulous -
to Mark)
My portrait?

WALDO (with relish)
He was going to hang it in his room between
two Police Gazette beauties.

The telephone rings. Laura crosses hastily to it, answers.

LAURA (into phone)
Hello ... Just a moment.
(to Mark)
It's for you.

Mark goes to the phone. All the others watch him, ostenta-
tiously trying not to eavesdrop. Mark picks up the phone.

(CONTINUED)

227 INT. EXAMINATION ROOM, POLICE HEADQUARTERS - FULL SHOT (DAY)
It is a small bare room, furnished with a table, two chairs behind it and a single prisoner's chair on the opposite side. There are two large lamps on the table, so arranged that when they are lit their harsh light shines directly in the prisoner's face.

Mark enters and holds the door open for Laura, indicating with a curt nod that she is to come in. She does so, glancing at his hard, set face, uncertainly. He closes the door.

MARK

(indicating prisoner's chair)

Sit down.

She stiffens under his unyielding, professional manner, goes over and seats herself in the indicated chair. He crosses to one of the chairs on the other side of the table and sits down.

227A CLOSE TWO SHOT

For an instant they eye each other hostilely, then he turns on the blinding lights; involuntarily she gasps and her hands go up to cover her eyes.

MARK

All right now - let's have it! Look at me!

Her head jerks up defiantly.

LAURA(scornfully)

What are you trying to do - force a confession out of me?

MARK(matching her tone)

You've been holding out and I want to know why! It'll go a lot easier if you tell the truth.

LAURA

What difference does it make what I say? You've made up your mind I'm guilty!

MARK(relentlessly)

Are you?

LAURA

Don't tell me you have any doubts! Since you -

(she breaks off, covering her eyes with her hands, unable to maintain the pose any longer)

Oh, I can't - please -
(piteously)

Do I have to have the lights in my face?

A look of almost physical pain flashes across Mark's face, and then his expression becomes set and masklike again. He hesitates a moment, shuts off the lights.

(CONTINUED)

227A (Cont.)

LAURA

(lifting her head, quietly)

Thank you.

(calmly, straight at him)

No. I didn't kill Diana Redfern -- or anyone else.

There is a pause; Mark's eyes never leave her face.

MARK

Why did you tell me the radio in your country place was broken?

LAURA (surprised)

Because it was broken.

MARK

Not when I tried it.

LAURA

Just as I was leaving the village I asked the local handy man to fix it.

MARK

How did he get in?

LAURA

I always leave a key under the flower pot on the porch.

MARK

You're too intelligent to make up something I could check so easily.

Laura's face brightens.

MARK

But you're intelligent enough to have broken the radio yourself to strengthen your story.

Laura's face falls.

MARK

The main thing I want to know is why you pulled the switch on me about Shelby. You told me last night you'd decided not to marry him.

LAURA

(with less assurance)

Yes...I guess I did.

MARK

But today it was on again. Why?

(CONTINUED)

227A (Cont.1)

 LAURA
 (averting her eyes)
Well, I - changed my mind.

Mark jumps to his feet, leans across the table at her, pounding fist for emphasis.

 MARK (furiously)
What are you trying to hide? Don't
you realize you're involved in a
murder!
 (he sees by her expression
 he had made his point;
 straightens)
What went on between you and Shelby
when you saw him last night? Did he
persuade you to make up?

There is a pause; she moistens her lips, searching for the right words; he comes around the table, compelling her with his eyes.

 MARK (continuing)
Or did you agree to pretend you had?
 (getting a hint, from her
 expression, he is on the
 right track)
Was that it?

 LAURA
Well, we - that is, both of us thought -

 MARK
 (interrupting before
 she can hedge)
He convinced you that if you broke the
engagement now, people would think you
believed he was guilty?

 LAURA
 (in a small voice)
Yes...but I know now it was only because -
he thought I was.

 MARK
Did you believe he was guilty?

There is a pause.

 LAURA
No. I'm sure he isn't.

There is another pause.

(CONTINUED)

227A (Cont.2)

MARK

Are you in love with him?

LAURA (quietly)

I don't see how I ever could have been.

Their eyes hold; then Mark takes her arm, assists her to her feet.

MARK

Come on, Laura. You're going home.

LAURA (bewildered)

But I thought I was...

MARK (smiling)

That's what I wanted you to think - you, and a few others. I didn't even book you.

LAURA

You mean this was sort of - a game?

MARK (earnestly)

No. I was ninety-nine per cent certain of you, but I had to get rid of that one per cent doubt - and I did.

LAURA

(with a rueful smile)

Wasn't there an easier way to make sure?

MARK

I'd reached the point where I needed official surroundings, Laura.

Laura realizes this is an admission of his feeling for her.

LAURA

Then it was worth it, Mark.

He grins, opens the door, takes her arm.

MARK

(almost light-hearted)

I'll get you a cab.

DISSOLVE TO:

228

FULL SHOT - INT. LAURA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Laura and Waldo are sitting on the couch. The room is still messed up from the party.

WALDO

It still doesn't make sense to me. He's playing some sort of a game with you, Laura.

LAURA

(shaking her head)

I don't think so.

(CONTINUED)

228 (Cont.)

WALDO

I don't deny he's infatuated with you -- in some warped way of his own. But he isn't capable of any normal, warm, human relationship. He's been dealing with criminals too long.

(a pause)

When you were unattainable -- when he thought you were dead -- that's when he wanted you most.

LAURA

But he was glad when I came back -- as if he were waiting for me.

WALDO (scornfully)

Do you know what he calls women? 'Dames!' A 'dame' in Washington Heights got a fox fur out of him. His very words.

LAURA

That doesn't mean anything. He isn't like that.

WALDO

(disgustedly)

Laura, you have one tragic weakness. With you, a lean strong body is the measure of a man. And you always get hurt.

Laura springs up nervously and turns away from him.

LAURA

No man is ever going to hurt me again. No one. Not even you.

Waldo slowly gets up and goes to her.

WALDO

I? Hurt you? Laura, look at me...

He turns her around, holding her arms as he speaks. CAMERA MOVES IN TO:

229 MED. TWO SHOT - WALDO AND LAURA

WALDO

When a man has everything in the world he wants -- except what he wants most -- he loses his self-respect. It makes him bitter, Laura. He wants to hurt someone, as he's been hurt.

He's hurting Laura's arm. Now, he relaxes his grip, pulling her closer.

(CONTINUED)

229 (Cont.)

WALDO

(tenderly)

You were a long time in finding out about Shelby. But now that's over...and we'll be together again...

His arms are around her, and his eyes are closed. Then he hears a knock at the door and a key in the lock.

230

FULL SHOT - TOWARD DOOR

Waldo and Laura separate as Mark enters.

WALDO (indignantly)

Haven't you heard of science's newest triumph -- the doorbell?

MARK

I don't like to remind her -- it was the murderer's signal.

WALDO

(as Mark approaches)

Did you eavesdrop, too...I hope.

Mark ignores him, returning Laura's glance.

MARK

I thought you'd like to know. We tested your shotgun. It isn't the one.

231

MED. FULL THREE SHOT

WALDO

Now that's what I call a typical move -- a real key to the man's character. First he tells you he knows you're innocent and then he proceeds to check up on you.

MARK

When I report I think she's innocent, that's a personal opinion. When I submit proof, it becomes the opinion of the whole department.

WALDO

(to Laura)

This entire maneuver could be a trick to get you off your guard.

Mark takes out his puzzle.

MARK (calmly)

It could be -- but it isn't.

LAURA

I believe you, Mark.

(CONTINUED)

231 (Cont.)

Furious, Waldo turns on Mark.

WALDO

Will you please put that thing down?

He walks over, grabs Mark's puzzle and smashes it down on the floor.

WALDO

It's the same obvious pattern, Laura -- the muscular man! You never see the sickness and duplicity and corruption underneath!

(venomously)

Remember Shelby? He used you, too!

Laura suddenly looks at Waldo in shock. She starts getting up.

232 CLOSE SHOT - LAURA

LAURA

You're right, Waldo! It's the same pattern, the same sickness and corruption! But they're in you -- you, Waldo! You've mocked and ridiculed every hope of love I ever had. You hate the men who like me. You find their weaknesses, and humiliate them in front of me....

(viciously)

You're the twisted one, Waldo! You're --

(she breaks off suddenly and utters an almost inaudible gasp, her eyes widening as she stares at Waldo)

233 MED. FULL SHOT - ANGLING PAST MARK

Mark moves to Laura's side. Waldo is staring at Laura, his mouth slightly open as though he were unable to believe what he has heard. Mark puts his arm around Laura's shoulder. Without a word Waldo turns, picks up his hat and stick and exits.

234 CLOSE SHOT - LAURA AND MARK

Laura looks bewildered, a little frightened. Mark tightens his grip on her arm. The outer door is heard closing.

LAURA

(moistening her lips)

I - I shouldn't have said those things.

Mark removes his arm.

MARK

Why not? It was all true, wasn't it?

(CONTINUED)

234 (Cont.)

LAURA (nervously)
I made him sound worse than he really is.

MARK (thoughtfully)
All we need is the gun...

Laura has gone farther than she meant. She tries to cover for Waldo.

LAURA
(with forced lightness)
I always exaggerate things when I'm tired. Would you mind very much if I booted you out rather unceremoniously so I can get some rest?

MARK
(with an understanding smile)
I do mind - but I'll go.

Laura moves toward door with him, CAMERA AHEAD.

LAURA
(an attempt at humor)
You're really very considerate -- sometimes.

They've reached the door and Mark checks to see that the night-latch is on. She looks at him quizzically.

MARK
(during this; smiling)
That's to make sure you'll be here tomorrow morning. Goodnight.

LAURA
Goodnight.

She starts to close the door; he pauses, thoughtful. She looks fearfully at his back.

MARK
(smiling back at her)
Pleasant dreams.

She smiles nervously, closes the door. The instant it is closed her smile vanishes, her eyes grow wide with horror, and she covers her face with her hands as though trying to shut out the image of her fear. The ticking of the clock impinges on her consciousness; she lifts her head and turns to stare at it. Then abruptly she races to it, bends and yanks open the door in the clock's base, and presses the spring of the false front inside. The secret door swings slowly outward, revealing a sawed-off shotgun in the recess. She sags against the clock for a moment, staring at the gun. Then with frantic speed, jerks the gun from its hiding place, closes both clock doors, and with sudden decision,

(CONTINUED)

234 (Cont. 1)

paces to snatch up her coat and purse from a chair just inside the living room door where she had flung them earlier. She tries two or three ways of concealing the gun under the coat, and finally satisfied, darts to the outer door, opens it, listens a minute and steps quietly out into the corridor. Her behavior seems to offer unmistakable evidence that she is the guilty one.

235 EXT. LAURA'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - MED. WIDE SHOT

Laura stands just outside the partially open door, the dim light in the vestibule outlining her figure. She listens tensely: the house is quiet. She shuts the door behind her carefully and then on furtive feet, crosses to the stairs and down two or three steps. She halts, frozen in her tracks as the outer door on the street floor is heard opening o.s.

235A LONG SHOT - LAURA'S ANGLE - SHOOTING DOWN STAIRS

In the faint pool of light drifting in from outside, a man's dark figure is seen entering the foyer. He slams the door noisily and then whistling softly, tunelessly, starts to ascend the stairs.

236 CLOSE SHOT - LAURA

Her eyes distend with fright as she listens, paralyzed, to the footsteps o.s. ascending the stairs. As they approach up the first flight, her terror gets the better of her. She turns and cuts back silently toward her apartment door.

237 MED. SHOT ON DOOR

Laura hurries to the door, fumbling frantically in her bag for her key. The footsteps, o.s., are approaching the level of the floor below by now. Like a trapped animal, Laura darts a look around for a hiding place. Her eyes light on the narrow flight of stairs, in the corner of the hallway, that lead to a storage attic. Swiftly, CAMERA MOVING with her, she scampers on tiptoe up the stairs, opens the door and starts to step inside. She freezes, her hand on the door knob, about to close it behind her, as she hears the door open on a floor below, and then slam shut.

238 CLOSE SHOT - LAURA

For an instant her eyes close and she looks as though she were about to faint with relief. The danger of her situation recalls her; she considers her next move for a moment, realizing that she doesn't dare risk going out in the street with the gun, and knowing that she can't replace it in the clock. She turns and stares into the dark storage room.

239 INT. STORAGE ROOM - WIDE SHOT

It is in almost complete darkness except for wan light sifting in through a distant window. The dark shapes of trunks and other impediments are indistinctly outlined in the gloom. Stealthily Laura approaches CAMERA, searching for something; she halts, bending over and feeling for something.

240 MED. SHOT - LAURA

Leaning against a couple of wardrobe trunks are a pair of skis and a golf bag. Laura fumbles; finds the bag, takes the gun out from under her coat and stuffs the weapon in among the golf clubs. Then she shoves the bag back into a corner and leans the skis against it; drawing a deep breath she makes her silent way back toward the door.

241 EXT. STORAGE ROOM DOOR AND STAIRS

Laura appears from the darkness inside the room, pauses, listens, staring down into the stairwell below. The only sound is the distant toot of a taxi. She steps out on the stairs, closes the door behind her and then glides down to the head of the stairs outside her apartment, CAMERA PANNING with her. As she starts to descend the stairs to the street,

WIPE TO:

242 EXT. LAURA'S HOUSE - WIDE ANGLE - NIGHT - SHOOTING
FROM ACROSS THE STREET

The front door opens and Laura steps out. She glances up and down the street, sees that the coast is apparently clear and then walks slowly down the stairs as though she were in no particular hurry, but her pace quickens slightly as she begins to walk away from the house. A figure emerges from shadows in f.g., McAvity; his eyes follow Laura and then he begins to walk along on his side of the street, going in the same direction as Laura, but keeping far enough behind in order to prevent her knowing she is being followed.

DISSOLVE TO:

243 EXT. WALDO'S APARTMENT - AT CURB

A taxi pulls up to the curb and Laura gets out, pays the driver and hurries in the entrance to the apartment. Laura's cab drives off. In a moment another cab drives up to the curb.

244 MED. SHOT - SECOND CAB - MCAVITY

He is staring out of the window toward the entrance, his expression thoughtful. Another plainclothesman comes up to him.

PLAINCLOTHESMAN

(nodding toward entrance)

Looked like she was in a hurry - huh, Mac?

MCAVITY (getting out)

Yeah.

(he pays the driver)

Lydecker home?

PLAINCLOTHESMAN

Yeah. Came in about ten minutes ago.

MCAVITY

I'm going to phone McPherson.

He exits toward apartment entrance.

WIPE TO:

245 MED. WIDE SHOT - INT. APARTMENT HOUSE - HALLWAY NEAR WALDO'S DOOR

Laura almost runs up to the door. She rings the bell, glances fearfully over her shoulder to see if anyone is watching the apartment, rings the bell again with more urgency, then knocks on the door.

WALDO'S VOICE

(from inside door)

Who's there?

LAURA

(in a low urgent voice)

Laura. Open the door!

The door opens inward quickly; Waldo stands there, relief and triumph mingling in his expression.

WALDO

Laura!

245A INT. WALDO'S APARTMENT - MED. SHOT - LAURA AND WALDO
Laura comes in quickly and shuts door.

WALDO

I knew you'd come. I knew you wouldn't even wait until tomorrow to tell me you didn't mean those cruel words.

(he holds out his arms)

Laura draws back so he can't touch her.

LAURA

You tried to kill me, Waldo.

WALDO (shocked)

You must be out of your mind!

LAURA

I think I am. I ought to let them take your life in payment for Diane Redfern's. But I can't. I've got to give you this chance to get away. You must, Waldo - right now! Mark may arrest you any moment.

246 WIDER ANGLE - WALDO

He moves into the room, away from her, a faint smile of amusement on his face.

WALDO

(during this, with light sarcasm)

How interesting. He's ransacked my apartment, examined and re-examined me and produced no proof. So he decides to manufacture evidence by sending you to urge me to attempt an escape -

(CONTINUED)

246 (Cont.)

LAURA (breaking in)
He didn't send me! He'd never forgive
me if he knew what I'm doing!

There is a pause, Waldo moves back to her, his manner now
one of grave sincerity.

246A CLOSE TWO SHOT

WALDO
Look into my eyes - into my heart, Laura.
What can you see there except your own
shining, unsullied image?

LAURA (violently)
Diane's face - after you destroyed it!

WALDO (deeply hurt)
I never expected you, Laura, would one day
try to convict me of murder on mere
intuition.

LAURA (almost hysterically)
It isn't intuition! I found the gun -
Waldo!

He stares at her; she interprets his reaction as one of in-
credulity rather than shock in the face of truth.

LAURA
You might have known I'd've found it there
sooner or later! Or Mark would. No - don't
worry. I put it away.

WALDO
Where?

LAURA
In the attic - in my golf bag -- it's safe
for tonight at least.

He suddenly covers his eyes with his hands; she tugs at his
arm as though trying to shake some sense into him.

LAURA (continuing)
But you aren't, Waldo! You've got to go
now - or -

He looks up, helpless, defeated, his arms hanging limply at
his side.

(CONTINUED)

246A (Cont.)

WALDO

(interrupting, tonelessly)
I don't remember getting the gun...I don't
remember coming back here. I slept very
peacefully...the awakening was utter horror...
It couldn't have been I - but it was.

LAURA

(pulls herself together;
matter-of-factly)
You must go at once.

WALDO (dazed)

Yes...I know...I've already made arrangements.
(pathetically, almost like
a small boy)
I'd better not tell you where I'm going, had
I?

LAURA

(ignoring his question)
Will you promise me to leave now - as soon
as I've gone?

WALDO

I promise.

Laura, tears in her eyes, looks at him a long moment, then
runs to the door.

247

WIDER ANGLE

Waldo takes a step or two toward her.

WALDO

Laura!

LAURA

(turning at door)
Goodbye, Waldo.

She exits, closing door.

248 CLOSE SHOT - WALDO

WALDO (whispers)

Goodbye.

Dazed, defeated, he moves toward his bedroom, CAMERA PULLS BACK AHEAD. As he passes a mirror he halts, glances at himself and then almost absently runs his hand across his eyes. He moves on toward bedroom.

249 MED. CLOSE SHOT - CHAIR NEAR BEDROOM DOOR

His hat and stick lie on the chair. Waldo's approaching footsteps and the measured ticking of the clock are heard. His legs enter scene, moving toward bedroom. He slows to a halt; in an instant his hand slowly reaches down, picks up the hat, then the stick. He suddenly bangs the stick on the uncarpeted portion of the floor beside the chair. a gesture that is violent, decisive.

250 WIDE SHOT - SHOOTING ON WALDO'S BACK

Stick in hand, wearing his hat, Waldo moves away from CAMERA toward the outer door.

CUT TO:

251 EXT. WALDO'S APARTMENT - SIDEWALK - MED. SHOT

McAvity and Plainclothesman are lounging in the shadow near entrance. As McAvity bends to light a cigarette the other nudges him.

PLAINCLOTHESMAN

Your pigeon.

McAvity looks quickly toward entrance.

252 WIDE SHOT - ENTRANCE AND STREET

Laura runs out to the curb signaling for a taxi. As one swoops up and stops, Mark jumps out, almost colliding with Laura, who hasn't seen it was occupied.

LAURA

(rattled, dismayed)

Oh! Mark!

He grabs her arm roughly.

MARK

Walking in your sleep; huh?
(to driver)

Hold it.

He yanks Laura onto sidewalk.

253 MED. TWO-SHOT

MARK

Talk fast, and don't tell anymore bedtime stories!

(CONTINUED)

253 (Cont.)

LAURA
(wincing under his grip)
Mark!

MARK (furious)
I ought to sock you!
(he releases her)
Why did you come here?

LAURA
I insulted Waldo. He was my best friend
and I wanted to apologize. I had to, Mark.

MARK (stony faced)
Now let's have the straight goods.

LAURA (patiently)
I told you -

254 WIDE ANGLE - SHOOTING TOWARD APARTMENT FOYER - LAURA AND
MARK IN F.G.

MARK :
(interrupting, furious)
He's not your friend! He's your worst
enemy, and we're both sure of it now!
But it's right in line with your cock-
eyed notion of generosity to help him
escape.

LAURA
That's ridiculous!

During this, Waldo comes out of the elevator in b.g. and into
foyer, looks off, spots the two, turns swiftly and darts
down the basement stairs, as a couple of people from the
street enter the foyer.

255 CLOSE TWO-SHOT - LAURA AND MARK

MARK (scornfully)
Yeah? You think it's ridiculous he might
take another crack at the job he muffed?
What's the matter with you anyway - are
you crazy?

256 EXT. REAR SIDEWALK - MED. SHOT - SHOOTING DOWN BASEMENT STEPS
The dim outlines of a furnace, or perhaps an engine room of
the apartment are seen at the foot of the stairs in b.g.
Waldo darts up the stairs, keeping back in the shadow. He
glances quickly up and down the street before emerging.
CAMERA BEGINS TO PULL BACK. A knot of pedestrians go by the
stairs; Waldo falls into step with them; CAMERA PULLS BACK
TO WIDER ANGLE; more pedestrians cross through scene. Waldo
disappears up the street.

257 EXT. SIDEWALK NEAR FRONT ENTRANCE - MED. CLOSE SHOT -
LAURA AND MARK

LAURA (earnestly)
It's the first time I'd ever spoken that
way to Waldo.
(with nervous lightness)
I knew I couldn't sleep until I told him I
was sorry.

MARK
Your smile's on crooked.

LAURA
(still nervous lightness)
Maybe you're looking at it from the wrong
angle.

MARK (roughly)
Come on - you're going home.

He grabs her arm, leads her toward cab, CAMERA PANNING.

MARK (Cont.)
And you're going to stay there if I have
to lock you in and tie you down. I want
you alive, understand?

LAURA
All right.

Mark puts her into cab, shuts the door.

LAURA
(masking her dismay)
Aren't you coming with me?

MARK
Nope.

LAURA
(stalling for time;
appealingly)
I wish you would... I might change my mind
about going home....

MARK
No you won't.
(calling over his
shoulder)
McAvity!

258 MEDIUM SHOT
Laura's smile fades as McAvity enters scene.

MARK
The lady wants company. Hop in.

(CONTINUED)

258 (Cont.)

McAvity gets in; Mark slams the door.

MARK

(during this, to driver)

Five-seventeen East Sixty-first Street.

He turns abruptly and exits toward entrance; as the cab drives away Laura's anxious eyes follow Mark.

WIPE TO:

259 EXT. STREET, SIDEWALK - WIDE SHOT - SHOOTING TOWARD LAURA'S HOUSE FROM CORNER

The street is deserted except for a milk truck that rattles by. Waldo enters scene in f.g. and glances around. With almost catlike rapidity, he covers the distance to the house, keeping back in the shadows. He scurries up the steps and disappears through the door.

WIPE TO:

260 INT. CORRIDOR - WALDO'S APARTMENT - SHOOTING ON DOOR

Mark enters scene, rings bell; he waits a moment, rings again. He listens at the door; suspicion flashes across his face; he whips out a pass key, unlocks the door and enters. The lights are on - everything just as Waldo left it.

Only the measured ticking of the clock is heard. Mark strides into the room, glancing rapidly around, then on into the bedroom; he then hurries back into the living room to phone.

261 MEDIUM SHOT - MARK AT PHONE

He dials a number.

MARK (into phone)

Gimme Davis... Hello, Davis? McPherson. Nab Lydecker. Cover the ports - stations - the works! Flash the cars to pick him up if they spot him. Marty may be tailing him, but I'm taking no chances. And put an extra man on with Mac at her house. Get going!

He hangs up. His expression darkens with anger and exasperation as he moves toward the outer door, CAMERA TRUCKING AHEAD. As he comes alongside the clock he pauses, checking the time with his wristwatch. He takes a few steps toward the open outer door, halts: his eyes revert to the clock. He takes out his notebook, flips the pages, studies one item, as he moves back to the clock. Replacing his notebook he opens the door of the clock base and stoops to rap on the curved inner door. The resulting sound is inconclusive as to whether or not there is a further recess. Unsatisfied, Mark runs his hand over the false front, but fails to discover the hidden spring. He shrugs, straightens, starts to push the door

261 (Cont.)

closed with the toe of his shoe, then on a sudden impulse, kicks at the hidden door and the porcelain shatters. The gleam of triumph in his eyes fades quickly when he sees the recess is empty. Then a thought flashes into his mind and takes shape - he remembers the twin of this clock, in Laura's apartment, which Waldo tried to reclaim. Mark snaps his fingers, grinning sardonically; he strides, with speed and purpose, toward the apartment door. As it slams behind him

DISSOLVE TO:

262 INT. HALL OUTSIDE LAURA'S APARTMENT - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT - WALDO AT DOOR - NIGHT

Waldo is standing there irresolutely, an obvious struggle going on within him. He lifts a finger to the buzzer, drops it; with sudden resolution he starts to press it but his hand is arrested by the sound of the street door opening below.

MCAVITY

(offscene, indistinctly)

I'll see you to your door.

Waldo crosses silently to the stair railing; looks down.

LAURA

(offscene, more clearly)

That's very kind of you, but really it isn't necessary -

MCAVITY

(offscene, jovially)

My duty - and my pleasure.

LAURA (offscene)

How nice.

Their footsteps are heard ascending the staircase. Waldo's head pivots from side to side, speculating frantically on a hiding place.

263 WIDER ANGLE

Waldo darts into a dark corner where he is only partially concealed. The approaching footsteps offscene grow louder.

MCAVITY

(offscene, jovially)

They sure save on the light bills in your place, Miss Hunt. But don't worry, if anyone's hiding in these dark corners he'll have to reckon with me.

LAURA (offscene)

I'm sure he will.

(CONTINUED)

263 (Cont.)

Waldo steps out of the shadow again, demented with fear; his eyes light on the narrow staircase leading to the storage room. Half crouching he streaks on silent feet, climbs the stairs and disappears behind the door of the attic.

264 INT. STORAGE ROOM AT DOOR - MED. CLOSE SHOT - WALDO
Panting with relief, he leans against the door, listening; then moves forward into the dark room.

265 MED. SHOT - LAURA'S TRUNKS
The golf bag and skis lean against the trunk just as she arranged them earlier. After a moment, Waldo enters scene and stumbles against one of the skis. He freezes in his tracks, glancing back over his shoulder, waiting to see if anyone has heard the slight noise the ski made.

266 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE LAURA'S APARTMENT - MED. WIDE SHOT
The circle of McAvity's flashlight plays around the wall as they enter scene at head of stairs and cross to the door. As Laura takes out her key and unlocks the door, pushing it inward, McAvity snaps off his flashlight.

MCAVITY (cheerfully).
Now you stay put this time, lady.

LAURA (with a wan smile)
Thanks again... Goodnight.

MCAVITY
'Nite.

She nods and closes the door. McAvity snaps on his flashlight again, playing it along the walls, into dark corners, and exits scene down the stairs.

267 INT. STORAGE ROOM - MED. CLOSE SHOT - WALDO AT TRUNK
He is still rigid, listening. The indistinct sound of McAvity's footsteps dies away. Considering his next move, still alert and tense, Waldo's head slowly turns toward the skis. His eyes light on the golf bag behind them, propped against one of the trunks. He takes a step toward it, stretches out his hand and feels for the gun. His eyes light with something akin to relief when he feels it, still safely undiscovered. Then a subtle change takes place in his expression - it becomes sly, speculative, touched with growing madness as he slowly withdraws the gun from its hiding place. He holds it in his arms a moment as though it were a living thing, fascinated, rubbing its stock. As his head raises, he stares through the darkness toward the door, a mad smile of joy on his face. He starts toward the door, all caution forgotten, his measured footsteps echoing on the wooden floor; CAMERA TRUCKS AHEAD.

- 268 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE LAURA'S APARTMENT - WIDE SHOT
Carrying the gun, Waldo opens the storage room door, and without bothering to close it comes down the steps and crosses to Laura's door. Without hesitation, without glancing around, he presses the buzzer firmly.
- 269 CLOSE SHOT - WALDO
He steps back from the door a few paces, the gun held across his body, not yet aimed, his whole, insane attention centered on the door.
- 270 MED. SHOT - WALDO - SHOOTING ON DOOR
There is the SOUND of Laura's running footsteps offscene, muffled by the heavy carpet and the door; then the door is flung open inward, revealing Laura in the dim light of the vestibule. The bright lights in the living room have been turned off.

LAURA

(a joyful question, as she
flings the door open)

Mark?...

Waldo takes a step forward.

LAURA (a gasp)

Waldo!

Her eyes take in the gun, then fly back to his face, utterly terrified, unable to utter a sound.

WALDO

The best part of myself! That's what you are! Do you think I'm going to leave it to the vulgar pawing of a second rate detective who thinks you're a dame?

Slowly he starts to raise the gun into position.

LAURA

(a low strangled cry)

No - don't -

WALDO

Where could I go without feeling his feet trampling me down, his coarse hands strangling me, if I went away and left you behind?

LAURA (a scream)

Waldo! Don't!

She glances about wildly, but fear and indecision keep her rooted to the spot.

WALDO

Goodbye, Laura!

Laura starts toward him, her arms outstretched as if to ward off the danger.

(CONTINUED)

270 (Cont.)

LAURA (frantically)

Waldo!

WALDO

Goodbye, my love!

The gun is in position. Laura screams and covers her face with her hands. Suddenly Waldo becomes aware of rapid footsteps on the stairs behind him and whirls, as Mark dashes into scene. But before Waldo can turn full around to face his adversary, Mark is upon him, struggling to pinion his arms. Laura screams again as the two men battle desperately for a moment; the gun goes off, shattering the face of the clock. Mark twists the gun from Waldo's hand, it falls to the floor as McAvity and Fred rush in. The detectives overpower Waldo, place the cuffs on him. He is breathing hard, but the madness has gone out of his face.

MARK (to McAvity and Fred)

Get him out of here.

WALDO

(in his normal, sarcastic voice)

You're an ungrateful fellow, McPherson.

(lightly)

I just provided you with the opportunity to save her life. That should cement what promises to be a disgustingly earthy relationship.

McAvity puts his hand on Waldo's shoulder, to lead him out; Waldo shrugs it off, turns to Laura who is staring at him, numb, paralyzed. Mark's arm is around her shoulders.

CAMERA PANS slowly away toward clock.

WALDO'S VOICE (continuing)

Thank you for everything, my dear...

You're all I'll be thinking of -- till

Time stands still - for me. Goodbye, Laura.

On this last, CAMERA holds on the shattered face of the clock.

FADE OUT

T H E E N D

(CADDY)

934 ADDED SCENES AND RETAKES - "LAURA" - 7/15/44

1.

NEW ENDING "LAURA" - PICK UP AFTER SCENE 227-A,
PAGE 107 - EXAMINATION AT HEADQUARTERS

EXT. LAURA'S APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT - MED. SHOT
A cab drives up to the curb and Laura and Mark get out.
Mark leaves the cab door open.

MARK

Goodnight. I'll see you tomorrow.

LAURA

Goodnight, Mark.

He climbs back into the cab, shuts the door, and the cab
drives away. Laura enters the building.

DISSOLVE

INT. WALDO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SHOT ON DOOR
Mark opens the door and enters. The lights are on, every-
thing just as Waldo left it. Only the measured ticking of
the clock is heard. Mark closes the door, looks around the
room thoughtfully, then begins an aimless saunter around the
room, moving from object to object of the ornate furnishings.

NEW CLOSE-UP TO BE SHOT HERE

MED. CLOSE SHOT ON CLOCK

Mark begins examining the clock, opens the outer lower door,
finds the inner one locked, tries to open it, can't and
finally kicks out the partition, revealing the hidden com-
partment inside. It is empty. For a moment, Mark stares at
it, a look of triumph on his face. Then he turns and hurries
toward the door.

DISSOLVE:

BACK TO SHOT 228, IN PREVIOUS SCRIPT AS SHOT. PLAY THROUGH
TO SHOT 231, TO WALDO'S SPEECH BEGINNING "THAT'S THE SAME
OBVIOUS PATTERN, LAURA." RESHOOT THIS SPEECH AND CONTINUE
AS FOLLOWS:

WALDO

It's the same obvious pattern, Laura.
If McPherson wasn't muscular, and handsome
in a cheap sort of way, you'd understand
him --- see through him in a second.

Mark is about to respond, but Laura stops him with a
pathetic little gesture and turns to Waldo.

LAURA

Waldo, I mean to be as kind about this as
I know how, but I must tell you. You're the
one who follows the same obvious pattern.
First it was Jacoby, then Shelby, and now....

(CONTINUED)

WALDO
(surprised and hurt)
Laura, I ---

LAURA
I don't think we should see each other
again.

WALDO (concerned)
You're not yourself, darling ---

LAURA
Yes, I am. For the first time in ages
I know what I am doing;

Waldo stares at her for a moment. Unconsciously, she draws closer to Mark as if for moral support. Waldo catches a sly grin on Mark's face and bridles angrily.

WALDO
Very well. My congratulations, McPherson.
(to Laura)
I hope you will be very happy in Brooklyn,
wearing a fox fur, and shopping for parlor
suites--in the credit establishments. And
never regret what promises to be a disgust-
ingly earthy relationship.

He turns, picks up his hat and stick and stalks out. Mark goes to Laura and places an arm around her, sympathetically.

INT. CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE LAURA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MED.
SHOT (LOW KEY)

The corridor lights have been dimmed, and the place is bathed in an eerie half light. Waldo comes out of the apartment, still bitterly angry. He closes the door behind him, and as if that marked the end of a particularly tragic chapter in his life, he suddenly loses his grip on himself. His shoulders slump, and his facial muscles relax from their anger and sag, wearily. Slowly, hardly aware of what he is doing, he walks to the staircase leading down. CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM. He reaches the stair, takes one step down, then stops---and a new transformation comes over him. His eyes light slowly with a murderous, maniacal gleam. His thin lips set cruelly and his grip on his walking stick tightens so that his knuckles quiver. For a moment he stands there, as the mood to murder grows upon him, then, turning deliberately, he steps back up the one step and starts CAMERA RIGHT---toward the rear of the corridor, and the servant's entrance.

INT. LAURA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MED. SHOT

Laura is standing where she was, and Mark has removed his arm from around her shoulder, and is staring at her, broodingly.

LAURA

That was the most difficult thing I've ever had to do in my whole life.

Mark looks at her, then crosses to the clock.

MARK

All I need is the gun.

He stares at the clock for a moment, then drops to his knees and opens the outer door, easily. Then he begins working on the inner door. Laura watches, fascinated.

LAURA

What are you doing?

MARK

Do you know the combination on this thing?

LAURA

I didn't know it had one.

REVERSE - OVER THEIR SHOULDERS

SHOOTING into the clock's hidden compartment, we see the murderer's gun. Mark, squatting beside the clock, looks up significantly into Laura's horrified face. Without a word he reaches into the clock and removes the gun, handling it carefully with a handkerchief.

TWO SHOT as Mark straightens and faces her, holding the gun carefully.

MARK

Ever see this before?

LAURA (horrified)

No.

MARK

Waldo gave you the clock, didn't he?

LAURA

Yes.

Gesturing with the gun, he moves about, reconstructing the crime, apparently oblivious to Laura, who follows him, watching his face, thoughtfully.

(CONTINUED)

MARK

The doorbell rang. Diane Redfern came to the door in your negligee. She opened the door. The room was dark. Waldo saw a girl, and assumed it was you... if he couldn't have you, he was going to make sure no one else could, so he let her have it, right in the face with both barrels. She fell - here. Waldo heard Shelby running in from the next room, so he hid in the stairway, outside. Shelby was so scared he ran out as fast as he could. Then Waldo came back and placed the gun in the clock ---

During this, Laura's tension has been increasing beyond endurance, and suddenly she collapses into a chair, burying her face in her hands and sobbing. Mark looks up, quickly, lays the gun on the table and crosses to her.

LAURA

(fighting to control herself)

I knew it! I've felt it, ever since I came home. But I didn't want to believe it. I couldn't make myself believe that Waldo - Waldo --- was a murderer.

MARK (simply)

Well -- he is.

CLOSE SHOT - LAURA

She looks up at him, and her sobbing ceases, as a strange, wild new thought strikes her.

LAURA

He didn't really kill Diane Redfern. I killed her.

CLOSE SHOT - MARK

His mouth sets grimly.

MARK

Stop talking foolish.

TWO SHOT

She gets to her feet and crosses to him, anxious to have him see her viewpoint.

LAURA

I did, Mark. I did. As surely as if I had pulled the trigger myself.

MARK (impatiently)

That's nonsense - forget it!

(CONTINUED)

LAURA (earnestly)

No, Mark, I can't. I'm just as guilty as he is. Not for anything I did, but for what I didn't do. But I couldn't help myself. I owed him too much.

MARK (exasperated)

You don't owe him a thing.

LAURA

I owe him everything I am.

MARK (impatiently)

Just because he endorsed that pen five years ago, for a nice fat check----

LAURA

He told you that story, too?

MARK

It's true, isn't it?

LAURA (shaking her head)

You see, Mark, you simply don't understand Waldo. He dramatizes everything. To him, I, like everything else, am only half real. The other half exists only in his own mind. The story he told you about the pen was one he had written for his column. Once he writes something, he believes it. Do you know where he actually first found me? In a night court. I had been picked up for vagrancy.

Mark reacts as from a physical blow.

MARK

Vagrancy?

LAURA

Oh, I wasn't guilty. It was just something that happens every day, I suppose. I came to New York, looking for a career. Highest honors in art school back home--the usual background. But I couldn't get a start. One night I found myself locked out of my room. They picked me up on a bench in Central Park.

She shakes her head unhappily at the memory.

(CONTINUED)

LAURA

The judge wouldn't believe my "hard luck story." But Waldo believed me. He was in court, gathering material for his column. He came forward and paid my fine. Then he called Bullit and Company, and got me a job. I went to work the same day.

(she looks up
at him)

It isn't easy to forget anything so wonderful as that.

Mark is touched by the story, but still puzzled.

MARK

I can understand that, Laura. But what I can't understand is why you've tried so hard to protect Shelby these last few days?

LAURA

I was nearly frantic for fear you would arrest Shelby. I knew Shelby wasn't guilty -- he hasn't courage enough to kill a fly. But Waldo was doing everything he could to incriminate him. It was his way of getting rid of Shelby, just as he did Jacoby.

Mark shakes his head resignedly.

MARK (gently)

Well, I must say for a charming, intelligent girl you've certainly surrounded yourself with a remarkable collection of dopes.

(as he reads this
line he smiles and
pats her gently on
the shoulder)

He crosses to the table, picks up the gun and carefully breaks it at the breech, extracting two shells, one fired, the other loaded. These he drops into his pocket, then replaces the gun in the clock and closes the inner and outer doors. Then he turns back to Laura.

(CONTINUED)

MARK

Don't touch the clock. Fingerprints will be important. I'll have it picked up tomorrow.

He starts for the door.

LAURA

What are you going to do?

MARK

Arrest Waldo.

LAURA

Mark---

MARK (gently)

It can't be helped.

He opens the door and clicks the night latch to test it, smiling at her as he does so.

MARK

This is to make sure you won't be disturbed. If the doorbell rings, don't answer it. I'll phone you in the morning.

LAURA

Goodnight, Mark.

He kisses her gently.

MARK

Get some sleep. You must forget the whole thing like a bad dream.

He exits, closing the door behind him. The latch catches with an emphatic click.

INT. CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE LAURA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MED. SHOT (LOW KEY)

Mark tries the door, assures himself that it is locked, then goes down the stair.

INT. LAURA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MED. SHOT

Laura stands briefly at the door, staring at it as if still staring at Mark. Then, wearily, spent with emotion, she passes a hand over her face and starts across the room. She stops and looks at the clock and shudders a little. Then, slowly, she crosses to one lamp and snaps it off. CAMERA FOLLOWS HER as she crosses to another, and snaps it off, then to a third, and a fourth and so on until the entire room is in darkness, lighted only by the street lights coming in at the window. Wearily, Laura walks to her bedroom door and opens it. The light inside silhouettes her for an instant, as she stands in the doorway, contemplating the interior of the bedroom, lost in thought. Then she steps into the bedroom closing the door. The living room is again in

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

complete darkness. CAMERA PANS SLOWLY BACK ACROSS THE LIVING ROOM until it reaches the swinging door into the kitchen. Slowly, it begins to open, inch by inch, until finally, Waldo steps into the room. He has abandoned his hat and stick. He moves slowly, mechanically, as if his body obeys the impulses of his brain without conscious thought. The kitchen door swings closed behind him, silently. For an instant he stands there and an almost pathetic look crosses his face as he stares around the room, remembering all the happy memories it holds for him. Then, his expression settles once more into its fanatical look of mania, and slowly, with cat-like stealth, almost consciously cunning, he crosses to the clock. He stands there contemplating it, as its swinging pendulum slowly and ominously ticks off the seconds. Then he kneels and silently begins working the mechanism on the clock.

INT. LAURA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - MED. SHOT

Laura has changed into a lovely negligee and is pouring herself a drink of water from a carafe on a night table.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LAURA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSE SHOT

Waldo, opening the clock, inadvertently allows the mechanism to click, ever so softly. He stops and looks around wild-eyed, waiting for some reaction from Laura's bedroom.

INT. LAURA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - CLOSE SHOT - LAURA

She has heard the click and stops with the glass of water half-way to her lips. She decides it was nothing but her imagination, and drinks the water. Then she flips on the bedside radio, sits at a dressing table and begins combing her hair. After a moment Waldo's voice comes out of the radio, soft, suave, persuasive.

WALDO'S VOICE

--thus, as all history has proved, love is eternal. I close this evening's broadcast with some favorite lines from Dowson---

INT. LIVING ROOM - LAURA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSE SHOT - WALDO

He gets the inner compartment open, and silently lifts the gun from inside. As quietly as possible, he breaks open the gun, but even his superb caution cannot prevent a slight click. He again stops, listening.

INT. LAURA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - CLOSE SHOT

Laura is still combing her hair, but, hearing the click in the next room, she stops, frozen in fear. She is almost positive she heard something this time. But Waldo's voice, coming over the radio, reassures her somewhat and she tries to shake off what she believes is nerves.

WALDO'S VOICE

They are not long, the weeping and the laughter,
Love and desire and hate.
I think they have no portion in us after
We pass the gate.

EXT. LAURA'S APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT - MED. SHOT

Mark comes out of the building and crosses to MacAvity, who is lolling near the curb.

MARK

Who's tailing Lydecker?

MACAVITY

I was going to--when he came out.

MARK

(surprised)

He left five minutes ago.

MACAVITY

(positively)

He didn't come out this way.

MARK

Must have gone out the back way.

He turns and starts sauntering toward back of building, obviously not greatly concerned.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LAURA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSE SHOT - WALDO

From his pocket he takes two unfired shotgun shells. Silently, he fits them into the breech of the gun, then cautiously closes it, but this time it emits an even more pronounced click. This time, however, his dementia has worked him to a point where he is no longer conscious of the need for extreme caution. He starts slowly toward Laura's bedroom.

INT. LAURA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - MED. SHOT

Laura has heard the click of the gun closing and is shuffling into some mules. Waldo's voice continues coming over radio.

WALDO'S VOICE

They are not long, the days of wine and roses,
Out of a misty dream.
Our path emerges for a while then closes
Within a dream.

(CONTINUED)

She turns toward the bedroom door, but as she does, Waldo appears in the doorway, the shotgun half raised, his eyes shining with maniacal frenzy.

WALDO

That's the way it is, isn't it Laura?

As she stares at him, terrified, we hear the voice of an announcer.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

You have heard the voice of Waldo
Lydecker by electrical transcription.
This is WROX signing off at twelve
o'clock, midnight.

The radio goes silent as Laura, staring at Waldo, takes one step toward him.

LAURA

Waldo----

WALDO

Laura---Laura----

LAURA

(desperately)

Waldo--you've taken one life--
isn't that enough---

He raises the gun a few inches, as if not hearing her.

INT. STAIRWAY - APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT - MED. SHOT
Mark, MacAvity and the third detective race into scene and
rush down the corridor.

INT. BEDROOM - LAURA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MED. SHOT
Waldo has paused with the shotgun raised almost, but not
quite, to firing position.

WALDO

(hoarsely)

The best part of myself. That's what
you are. Do you think I'm going to
leave it to the vulgar pawing of a
second rate detective who thinks you're
a dame?

LAURA

(hysterically)

No---don't---

(CONTINUED)

He raises the gun another inch.

WALDO

Do you think I could bear the thought
of him holding you in his arms, kissing
you, loving you? No, Laura, Not in a
million years.

INT. CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE LAURA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MED. SHOT
Mark, MacAvity and the other detective race into scene and
Mark pushes the door buzzer furiously. There is no response.
He begins calling out, meanwhile pushing the door buzzer
frantically.

MARK

Laura -- Laura -- open the door --

INT. BEDROOM - LAURA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MED. SHOT
OVER SHOT comes the insistent buzzer, and Mark's muffled voice.

MARK'S VOICE

Laura -- Laura -- are you all right?

WALDO

(wildly)

There he is now -- he shall find us to-
gether, Laura -- as we always have been--
as we always should be--as we always
will be----

He raises the gun now to firing position. Suddenly, Laura
finds her voice, which has been choked by hysteria, and she
lets out a wild scream, and with a sweeping gesture picks up
the water carafe and hurls it at Waldo. He fires, and the
shot goes wild, striking the window and shattering it. Like
a flash, Laura darts around him and rushes into the living
room. Waldo grimly cocks the second barrel of the shotgun
and turns to follow.

INT. CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE LAURA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MED. SHOT
Horrorified by the scream and the shot, MacAvity and the third
detective hurl themselves at the door, which resists, but
shows signs of breaking. Mark turns and races toward the
kitchen door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LAURA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - FULL SHOT
Laura is running for the door, and Waldo rushes in from the
bedroom and follows her half across the room before raising
the gun to shoot. As he does, Mark bursts in from the kitchen,
and leaps in front of Laura, protecting her with his
own body.

MARK

(shouting)

Waldo! get hold of yourself, man!

(CONTINUED)

Waldo takes aim and is about to pull the trigger, when the other door crashes in and MacAvity and the third detective rush in. Waldo half turns and fires his shotgun, simultaneous with the roar of MacAvity's revolver as MacAvity shoots him. Waldo's shot goes wild, striking the clock and shattering its face, but Waldo slumps to the floor; mortally hit. Laura hysterically, goes into Mark's arms, and they look down at Waldo.

CLOSE SHOT - WALDO

Waldo looks up toward Laura. He is dying, and in his eyes there is something almost pitiful.

WALDO

Thank you for everything--my dear. You're
all I'll be thinking of, until time stands
still for me. Goodbye, Laura.

CAMERA PANS AND HOLDS ON THE SHATTERED FACE OF THE CLOCK.

FADE OUT

THE END

(Cady)
934

RETAKE #1 - "LAURA" - 7/17/44

IN SHOT 27, ON PAGE 16, PLAY THE OLD SCENE DOWN THROUGH
SHELBY'S LINE "I RATHER THOUGHT YOU WOULD WANT TO ASK ME SOME
QUESTIONS." AFTER THIS SCENE RESHOOT AS FOLLOWS:

MARK

Oh yes. What did they play at the concert
Friday night?

SHELBY

Brahm's First, and Beethoven's Ninth.

MARK

(ignoring his question)
Have you got a key to Laura's house in
the country?

SHELBY

Why no. But I think there is one in her
apartment.

MARK (nodding)

I'll have a look.

SHELBY

Perhaps I can help you.

MARK

All right. Come along.

Mark, Shelby and Waldo start for the door.

DISSOLVE:

(Cady)
934

RETAKE #2 - "LAURA" - 7/17/44

IN SHOT 106, PAGE 51, USE THE FILM ALREADY SHOT OF WALDO WALKING TO THE PHONE, BUT ELIMINATING THE CHINESE SERVANT AND DUBBING THE NARRATION TO COVER WALDO'S WALK AS HE PICKS UP THE PHONE.

CUT TO:

INT. LAURA'S APARTMENT - MEDIUM SHOT - NIGHT

Laura is talking on the phone. She is wearing the same white outfit she will be wearing when she returns from the country. She is greatly distraught and clearly indicates the extent of her nervousness as she talks.

LAURA (into phone)

I called to tell you Waldo, I'm fright-
fully sorry -- I can't have dinner with
you. No, no, I'm not sick, but I'm
dreadfully nervous -- I'm going to the
country for a few days. Yes, I'm afraid
it's about Shelby -- no, please there's
nothing you can do. I've got to think
this thing out for myself. I'm sorry.
I will call you when I get back. Goodbye.

She hangs up the receiver and stands there thoughtfully for a moment, then starts for the door.

DISSOLVE:

(Cady)

934

RETAKE #3 - "LAURA" - 7/17/44

ON PAGE 76, THIS SHOT SHOULD BE NUMBERED 166A and 166B

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT - RAIN - FULL SHOT

A car pulls up in front of the building and stops. CAMERA PANS TO SHOW a second car stop and parked unobtrusively some distance behind. From the first car, Laura alights identifiable by her white outfit.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Mark and another detective are in the car. The other detective is behind the wheel. Shooting through the windshield. We see Laura alighting from the car ahead and starting across the sidewalk, as the car pulls away.

MARK

Follow her. I'm going to tail that car.

The other detective opens the door and slides out from under the wheel. Mark gets behind the wheel and throws the car into gear.

DISSOLVE: