

" M A R N I E "

Screenplay by
Jay Presson Allen

Based on the novel by
Winston Graham

PROD. #9403

FINAL
Sept. 24, 1963

MARK RUTLAND

MARK RUTLAND is the American equivalent of an aristocrat. That is to say he has the rather uncommon twentieth-century grace of identity. He is, however, too intelligent to settle for this. He has probably always been in rebellion against his stultifying background, but his kindness and generous insight would have, of necessity, made this rebellion a quiet, insidious sluffing off of classic traditions and lines of thought.

He has great humor and is not without considerable arrogance. Having quietly, successfully broken so many of the rules and taboos of his own family and society, he would not hesitate long over breaking rules or even laws of a more general nature if he felt justified in his judgment. He is rather slow to act but quick to assume the responsibility for his actions. He feels competent.

He likes games, but basically his greatest motivations are curiosity and empathy. He wants always to know how it feels.

He is greatly at ease with himself...emotionally and physically. I see him as a tall man who moves quietly and - normally - rather slowly. When the occasion demands speed, his swift change of gait is almost shocking.

He is a lucky man who has never known the agony of seriously failing himself.

He is a HERO for chrissake.

MARNIE EDGAR

MARNIE EDGAR is twenty-five years old; she has a delicate blonde beauty and a controlled, soft-spoken manner that enables her to pass as a lady. Her intelligence and humor are quick, but she has little insight into herself or others. Relying rather too much on the swiftness of her intelligence, she is likely to act on impulse.

She is an absolute loner. It is doubtful that she has ever had a real friend...she has certainly never loved, nor even sought love from anyone but her mother whose coldness and apparent rejection have almost fatally frozen her daughter's emotions.

Beginning with the first compulsive fantasy of her young childhood...i.e., that the night of trauma never happened... she has lived only in fantasy. One result is that she has evolved into an excellent actress, able to improvise quite brilliantly in almost any situation. She has assumed, perfected and discarded so many roles, that to act (to lie) is as natural to her as putting one foot before the other.

Instinctively she fears and distrusts...therefore hates... anyone who tries to get near her, who threatens her fantasy. She translates these feelings...these terrifying, anxiety-provoking feelings...into more acceptable and ego-sustaining terms...fastidious aversion, disgust, contempt. And she has never known who was not eventually and conveniently...in her eyes...deserving of her defensive obloquy.

She is creative and ambitious; she has taste, instinctive and cultivated. These are the traits in her that respond to MARK. She responds intuitively to the outward quality without knowing anything at all of the depth of excellence, grace, and spirit that must lie beneath its surface. She is attracted to his looks, manners, ease, his cool and initially undemanding attitude. But when she finds herself confronted and threatened with his love, she is instantly enabled to lump him with all the despicable others. She learned early and well that she is unlovable. Consequently anyone who loves her, is contemptable and expendable.

CONTINUED

MARIE EDGAR (cont'd)

Her habitual manner with people is quick, quiet, watchful, but under pressure she becomes verbal, vivacious, spontaneously laying a false trail in any direction that is open to her. If the pressure goes on too long, she will erupt briefly in openly displayed anger. If finally pushed too far, she will withdraw totally into a state bordering on trance.

Her quick and active intelligence, her vital young energy, are expended almost totally in her battle not to know the truth about herself.

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!!!

FADE IN

1 EXT. UPPER PLATFORM RAILROAD STATION - DUSK - CLOSE-UP

The screen is filled with a bulky yellow handbag held under a woman's arm. The CAMERA MOVES along with her for about ten or fifteen seconds. Then the woman begins to gain on the moving CAMERA until she is waist high and we see that she is hatless with very dark brown hair hanging almost to the shoulders. Slowly the CAMERA comes to a stop. The young woman who continues walking is consequently completely revealed to us. She is carrying, in addition to the yellow bag, a rather heavy suitcase. The CAMERA remains stationary as the young woman continues to walk. She walks to the far end of the platform until she is just a tiny figure in the distance. Through the whole of her walk, the yellow handbag stands out - the only spot of color in the general grayness of the scene. Finally the girl comes to a stop and looks expectantly in the direction of an oncoming train which we only HEAR approaching. Through all this we have never seen her face.

2 INT. INNER OFFICE OF STRUTT & CO., TAX CONSULTANTS - DAY - CLOSE-UP

From the railroad station we now CUT QUICKLY to a gaping, empty wall-safe in the office of SIDNEY STRUTT. The frantic hand of a man pushes demonstratively into the safe, slaps its empty floor, side-walls and top. During this we HEAR dialogue.

STRUTT (o.s.)

Empty! Cleaned out! Nine
thousand nine hundred and sixty-
seven dollars! Precisely as I
told you over the telephone!

In the middle of this we CUT TO:

3 CLOSE-UP

The face and upper body to which the hand belongs. This is SIDNEY STRUTT. His face is flushed and angry; his short body agitated. His hand now points to OFF SCREEN.

4 CLOSE SHOT

In the foreground are two plain clothes detectives. Beyond them, standing in the doorway, is a youngish woman; obviously an employee. She cringes a little as if STRUTT's hand and finger in the foreground were a loaded gun pointed directly at her.

STRUTT

And that girl did it! Nobody else! She took it and just lit out!

FIRST DETECTIVE

(puzzled, looks askance at secretary)

Her?

5 MED. SHOT - STRUTT AND DETECTIVES

STRUTT

(fairly screaming)

No damn it! That's Miss Croft! I told you people over the phone! Marion Holland! She's the one! Marion Holland!

One DETECTIVE takes a notebook out as his partner crosses the foreground toward the safe.

DETECTIVE

Can you describe her, Mr. Strutt?

STRUTT

Certainly I can describe her!

(his little eyes narrow in bitter-sweet memory)

Five foot five. One hundred and ten pounds. Size eight dress. Blue eyes. Black hair...wavey. Even features. Good teeth...

As he writes the DETECTIVE begins to grin.

STRUTT (cont'd).

What's so damn funny? There's been a grand larceny committed on these premises!

DETECTIVE

(straightens his face)

Yes sir. You were saying...

(reads from notes)

'Black hair, wavey...even features,



5 CONTINUED

STRUTT
(clears his throat)
Yes. That's right. And she
dressed well...very quietly.
(this last thought
infuriates him
even further)
Oh yes! Indeed she did! Very
quietly! Pussy-footed around...
never batted an eyelash at any
of the men in the office...

DETECTIVE
She was in your employ four
months?

6 CLOSE-UP

MISS CROFT in the doorway as she watches the scene. From
a distant door that opens into the main office we see the
figure of a man come through. He comes forward behind MISS
CROFT without making her aware of his presence. He is wearing
an overcoat, muffler and gloves, but no hat. His age, due to
his particular kind of lean, hard good looks, is quite in-
definable. His manner is easy, contained. He does not speak;
silently takes in the scene.

7 MED. SHOT

From his P.O.V. we see the DETECTIVES and STRUTT.

DETECTIVE (cont'd)
What were her references, Sir?

There is a pause during which the CAMERA MOVES gently forward
to include a

8 CLOSE-UP OF STRUTT ONLY

STRUTT
(this one really hurts)
Well...as a matter of fact...her
...uh...yes, I believe...
(lamely)
...she had references, I'm sure.

He looks about him self-consciously. Over this we hear
MISS CROFT's voice.

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED

MISS CROFT (o.s.)
(impulsively)
Oh, Mr. Strutt, don't you
remember? She didn't have
any references at all!

9 CLOSE SHOT - STRUTT AND THE DETECTIVES

STRUTT stiffens with indignation at this betrayal. The
DETECTIVE sighs with weary cynicism.

DETECTIVE
(tactful deadpan; his
eyes on his notes)
Mr. Strutt, would you describe
this Marion Holland as a very
pretty girl?

STRUTT
Uh, objectively, yes. Very
pretty, yes.
(clears his throat)
About her uh...poor references,
she worked the copying and
adding machines...no confidential
duties, you know.

He looks off suddenly.

10 CLOSE SHOT

FROM HIS P.O.V., MISS CROFT is making an exit past the new
arrival. She looks at him with some recognition. She puts
her hand to her mouth awkwardly. Over this we HEAR Strutt's
voice.

STRUTT (o.s.)
Mr. Rutland! I didn't know
you were in town! We've been
robbed! Almost ten thousand
dollars!

11 CLOSE-UP STRUTT

As he finishes this last speech, he makes his way over to
MARK, as he says,

MARK
(solemnly)
So I gathered. By a very pretty
girl with no references

11 CONTINUED

STRUTT
(lets this pass
in his excitement)
You remember her! The last time
you were here...I pointed her out!
She worked in back on the machines.
Marion Holland! You said something
about how I was improving the looks
of the place!

MARK
(gives a low whistle)
That one? The brunette with
the legs?

12 CLOSE-UP THE TWO DETECTIVES

are all ears.

13 CLOSE SHOT

STRUTT has a thought for his dignity. He looks across to
the DETECTIVES.

STRUTT
Excuse me a moment, men.
Mr. Rutland is a client.

STRUTT guides MARK to outer office.

14 INT. OUTER OFFICE - CLOSE SHOT

As STRUTT escorts MARK away from the inner office, he stares
down at MISS CROFT who is now seated at her typewriter. He
moves MARK away from her hearing. We now have the two men in

15 TIGHT CLOSE SHOT

MARK
(tries not to
smile at Strutt's
impotent fury)
I can see you've got no time
for business today, Strutt...
crime wave on your hands...

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED

STRUTT

(clutches at him)

No! No! Always time for
Rutland business. You know
that! How is everything in
Philadelphia? The little
bitch! I'll have her put away
for twenty years! I knew she
was too good to be true...
always eager to work overtime,
never made a mistake...

(bitterly)

...always pulling her skirts
down over her knees as if they
were some kind of a National
Treasure! And I'm the one who
hired her. Me! Nobody's going
to let me forget that.

(sighs heavily)

But she seemed so nice, so
efficient, so...

MARK

(smiling)

So resourceful?

The CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE on MARK, until his knowing, amused
face fills the screen.

16 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY - CLOSE-UP .

The yellow bag again fills the screen. The CAMERA MOVES with
it. The figure gains on the CAMERA and we are in the same
BACK VIEW that we saw at the opening of the picture. The
same dark hair and the same clothes. There is a difference
this time, however. As the figure moves away from the CAMERA
which is slowly coming to a halt, we see that our girl now
carries parcels from a department store; and this time she is
accompanied by a bellhop who is carrying a new suitcase still
wrapped in brown paper.

17 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY - MED. SHOT

To the left of the screen is a medium length figure of our
girl. To the right is the bed on which rest a number of
things, i.e. empty boxes, tissue paper, the new suitcase, etc.
The CAMERA MOVES IN SLOWLY and begins to examine meticulously
everything that is laid out on the bed. Up by the head of the
bed are the empty department store boxes and tissue paper.
Hanging on a corner is the new suit, and carefully laid out

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED

on the edge of the bed are new stockings, girdle, bra, etc. The CAMERA MOVES a little beyond these articles to show the new suitcase open and now filled with carefully folded new clothes. The CAMERA SWINGS over to show the old suitcase with discarded clothes carelessly bundled into it. On the edge of the screen is the robe worn by our girl. There is the movement of her hands and arms and from the top of the screen comes the discarded bra which is thrown into the old suitcase. The hands now move down and we get an impression of a girdle being removed and discarded so ruthlessly that the stockings are not even unhooked. We follow the girdle and stockings down to her feet, then into the old suitcase. She now takes up the old blouse, and picking up a razor blade from the bed, proceeds to cut out the label. The CAMERA MOVING IN VERY CLOSE to observe this. Once the label is free, she plucks away the spare strands of cotton and drops it into an ashtray which contains many other labels which have obviously been cut away from various other garments. Her hands are now upon the yellow bag which is also lying on the bed. She fumbles around for a moment; then takes out a book of matches. During this action we observe a large quantity of money inside the bag. Her hand strikes a match and sets fire to the labels in the large ashtray. We watch the labels burn. Then her hands go back to the yellow bag and she takes from the wallet a social security card on which we can read, 'Marion Holland'. This is torn up and added to the burning debris in the ashtray. Now her hands pick up the compact. She takes a nail file from the bag and prys the mirror away from the compact to reveal a number of social security cards which she removes and fans open. They fill the screen as her fingers select a new one whose name is 'Martha Heilbron'. This card she places behind the cellophane window in her wallet. The rest are put back into the compact and the mirror clicked back into covering position. She replaces both the wallet and the compact in her bag giving us another opportunity to examine the vast quantity of bills nestling inside. Now her hand picks up the still smouldering ashtray and we follow it to the bathroom. The CAMERA discreetly remains outside the half-open bathroom door. We hear it being tapped on the side of the toilet and then the SOUND of flushing. Now we hear the SOUND of running water. We stay on this for a while and then we decide to go in.

18 INT. BATHROOM - CLOSE-UP

We CUT straight to the LAVATORY BASIN which is filled with water. This water is slowly turning dark as it is filled with the dye from the hanging hair. After a moment or two of this we see the hair rise.

19 CLOSE-UP

The hair is flung back and now, for the first time we see the FACE OF MARNIE, wet and shining. We HOLD on this for a moment as she smooths back the dripping hair, now very much lighter; then we

CUT.

20 INT. PENNSYLVANIA STATION - DAY - CLOSE-UP

The screen is filled with the legs and the lower part of MARNIE'S skirt, flanked by the two suitcases; one old, one new. We travel this way for a few steps, finally coming to a stop in front of a bank of lockers. There is a pause and MARNIE'S hand comes down and inserts a coin in one of the larger lower lockers. The old suitcase goes in; the door is slammed shut and the key extracted. Now we follow the key, and it is photographed in such a way that the key held in her fingers is in the foreground and beyond her skirt is the other suitcase being carried. We go this way for a little while until we arrive at a grating in the floor of the station. We see the fingers open and the key is dropped. The CAMERA ANGLE takes care to show that the key drops through the grating. NOTE: During this whole scene it should be very carefully observed that there is a pattern of shadows of other people passing, but more than that we hear all the SOUNDS that give us a very clear indication that we are in PENN. STATION. These are the sounds of the public address systems announcing the arrival and departure of trains, and voices of passengers whose words are of such a nature that they indicate arrivals and departures and the seeking out of particular trains for journeys.

21 EXT. COUNTRY RAILWAY STATION - DAY - CLOSE-UP

One suitcase is deposited on the concrete floor of the platform. Behind it, coming down the steps from the coach, are the legs and feet of MARNIE. On the other side of the deposited suitcase are the legs of a porter. When her feet reach the platform the porter's hand comes into the picture from above and takes the handle of the suitcase. This is the same suitcase that we have seen in the hotel room and in Penn. Station. The CAMERA RETREATS ahead of the suitcase as the legs of the porter and the legs of MARNIE walk toward us. The CAMERA RISES and now we get a waist shot of the porter and MARNIE. We see her - blonde, neat, self-assured. We SLOW the CAMERA sufficiently to allow her to occupy the screen alone. Finally the CAMERA RETREATS from her until it goes over the hood of a smart STATION WAGON, polished and shining. The MAN in charge approaches her. He is neatly dressed, middle-aged.

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED

RALPH
Miss Edgar! Let me have your
bag.

MARNIE
Hello, Ralph. I didn't see
you at first.

During this MARNIE tips the porter well enough to receive a warm acknowledgement from him. Her bag is taken and put into the back of the station wagon as the driver says,

RALPH
Why you know I'd be here to meet
you, Miss Edgar.

He starts to help her into the back seat of the station wagon

MARNIE
Oh Ralph, I'll sit up front if
you don't mind. I always think
I can see more from the front seat...
(grins happily)
I'm on the lookout for trees...
real trees. Maybe even some wild
life! You know, something wilder
than city poodles!

22 LONG SHOT - VIRGINIA COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

A spectacular scene of a country road along which the shiny station wagon is moving with rapid purpose.

23 EXT. RED FOX INN - DAY - MED. SHOT

The station wagon pulls up outside a very well appointed country inn. RALPH jumps out and opens the door for MARNIE. He hurries around the back and takes out her bag. He follows her into the Inn.

24 INT. LOBBY OF INN - DAY - MED. SHOT

Not a large room, and not at all like a hotel except for the presence of a registration desk. The ceiling is beamed. Around a fireplace there are comfortable chairs, tables with newspapers, magazines. There are good rugs on the highly waxed, wide-board floors. MARNIE moves directly to desk where she is met by the welcoming smile of a tweedy, crop-haired, middle-aged woman, MRS. MAITLAND-BOYCE. RALPH moves up staircase with MARNIE's suitcase.

CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED

MRS. MAITLAND-BOYCE
(smiles, turns the registration book toward MARNIE;
her speech is Britishy)
So nice to have you back, Miss Edgar.

MARNIE
It's nice to be back, Mrs. Maitland-Boyce. Do I have my same room?

MRS. MAITLAND-BOYCE
Indeed you do, Miss Edgar.

MARNIE
(as she signs register)
Oh...can Ralph drive me over right away?

MRS. MAITLAND-BOYCE
(laughs)
Indeed he can! We knew you'd be in a pet to get to Garrod's. Ralph will be ready any time you are, Miss Edgar.

MARNIE
(smiles delightedly)
Good.
(moves quickly toward stairs)
As soon as I change...
(takes a few steps, turns back; brilliant smile)
...it's really marvelous to be back!
(races up stairs)

25 EXT. STABLES - DAY - SEMI LONG SHOT

The same station wagon that we have seen before pulls into the foreground of our picture on the right hand side. We are close enough to it so that when MARNIE steps out she is in full figure and in riding clothes - boots, buff pants and sweater or shirt. From the corner of the stables a MAN is seen approaching her. The CAMERA SPEEDS UP until we have her in WAIST SHOT and we follow her in just the same manner as we have always followed her from the back. She comes face to face with the man and shakes hands with him. He is MR. GARROD.

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED

MR. GARROD
How-do there, Miss Edgar.
Good to have you back.

MARNIE
Hello, Mr. Garrod! Where's my
darling?

MR. GARROD
(laughs; starts moving
toward rear of stables)
That big old spoiled baby of
yours is right around back...
he knows something's up...
(cheerfully)
Tried to bite me twice already
this morning.

MARNIE eagerly passes him. The CAMERA follows her until she turns the corner of the stables. Beyond her is a big black hunter. He is almost too large for a woman to ride, too powerful, too high-strung and wilful. MARNIE continues right up to him, her back to us. She lays her cheek fondly against his neck. The CAMERA MOVES until we have a BIG HEAD of the HORSE and the affectionate attitude of MARNIE.

MARNIE
Oh, Forio...

The horse responds to her with little snorting neighs of pleasure; he turns his head, gently nuzzles at MARNIE, disarranging her hair. She laughs, speaks to him.

MARNIE
Tried to bite Mr. Garrod, did
you? If you want to bite some-
body, bite me!

26 MED. CLOSE SHOT

MARNIE moves away from FORIO'S head and swings herself effortlessly onto the great height of the animal's back. She and the horse move superbly together. She gives one quick smile of delight to GARROD and then canters away from us.

27 CLOSE-UP MARNIE'S EXULTANT FACE

The breeze drives through her hair epitomizing the ecstasy of her movement. At this time the MUSIC should rise to the CRESCENDO of the MARNIE THEME - - very romantic, melodic, full of nostalgia, warmth, expressive of the real MARNIE whom we have never seen until this moment. This is the MARNIE THEME.

27 CONTINUED

It should even surpass the quality of the 'Spellbound Theme'. Suddenly the MUSIC CUTS OFF, as though the ecstasy was immediately past.

28 EXT. BALTIMORE STREET - DAY - LONG SHOT

HIGH SHOT of street, a long row of identical block houses, red brick, and each with its three steps of clean but yellowing chipped marble. In the distance where the street ends in water (too far actually for us to see), are the outlines of ships and their masts, etc. On one of the corners is a cheap little neighborhood grocery. Its sign reads, 'South Baltimore Market'. We see a taxi moving down the street and coming to a stop at a distant house.

29 LONG SHOT

A LOW CAMERA with its LENS LEVEL with the nearest steps rakes the whole street, and from this angle we are able to see the perspective of the steps of each house as they go away from us. We see the taxi come to a stop and the tiny figure of MARNIE steps out carrying the same suitcase that we saw at the Inn. She approaches the driver to pay him.

30 MED. SHOT

Playing in front of the house is a group of little girls, not urchins, but certainly not middle-class. MARNIE, having paid the taxi driver, turns to approach the house. She is wearing the smart gray suit and, in addition to the suitcase, she is carrying a bunch of chrysanthemums. The little girls are jumping rope, chanting:

CHILDREN

(chanting)

'...call for the doctor,
Call for the nurse,
Call for the lady with
the Alligator purse.

'Measles, said the doctor,
Mumps, said the nurse,
Nothing, said the lady
with the Alligator purse.'

MARNIE, half-hearing the chant as she stands in front of number 116, smiles faintly. Her brief, appraising glance momentarily meets the inquisitive eyes of one of the little girls. This is a child of about eight, with a pretty head of blonde hair. MARNIE takes up her suitcase and mounts the stairs.

31 SEMI CLOSE-UP

At her ring, the door is promptly opened by a woman...early-middle-aged, but thin and haggard, looking older than she is. The woman is well-groomed and more handsomely turned out than one might reasonably expect from the neighborhood. She leans heavily on a cane. When she sees MARNIE her face lights up. JESSIE'S speech is border-state southern, rural, lower-class. This does not mean that it is very different from middle-class southern speech. The principal difference is more in voice quality than in actual pronunciation.

JESSIE

Marnie!

MARNIE smiles as she quickly embraces the woman.

MARNIE

Hi, Mama. Mr. Pemberton gave me a few days off.

JESSIE

(as she pulls away, awkward in the embrace)

Not a word! Not a phone call! Just pop up like the devil... Well, Miss...

(examines her critically, but with pleasure)

...come on in the house.

When JESSIE walks, she painfully drags one leg from the hip down.

32 INT. BALTIMORE HOUSE - DAY - MED. SHOT

The living room, indeed all of the rooms of this house, are marked by the diligence of the housekeeping. The rooms are ugly and stiff and utterly parochial, their principal aura one of relentless respectability. In the living room there are doilies and meager but carefully nurtured pot-plants of the African violet variety. The mantel and cupboard shelves are repositories for pridefully displayed bits of bad china... cups, plates, figurines. The only book in the living room is a Bible which lies open on a table near a window. There are two pictures on the walls, Landseer's Dignity and Impudence and Millet's The Angelus. Wherever in the room a bit of metal shows, it is polished to a regimental sheen.

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED

JESSIE

I just can't take it in the way
you keep jumping around all over
the place...one day a letter
says you're in Boston, Massachusetts;
and the next one comes from some
little old place in New Jersey I
never even heard about.

MARNIE

Elizabeth. Elizabeth, New
Jersey. It's a big town.

33 CLOSE-UP

MARNIE'S attention is arrested by something in the room
and she stops short, holds her breath.

34 MED. SHOT

FROM HER P.O.V. she sees a vase of red gladioli standing
on a table in front of a white curtained window. For the
moment the screen seems to be suffused with a RED GLOW which
almost immediately dies away. MARNIE frowns slightly. The
CAMERA PANS her over to the table and she quickly takes up
the flowers she has brought.

MARNIE

I brought you some chrysanthemums...

She removes the gladioli from their container and replaces
them with her own chrysanthemums as she says,

MARNIE (cont'd)

I'll get rid of these.

JESSIE comes into the picture.

JESSIE

Get rid of them! They're brand
fresh! Miz Cotton brought them
home just last night!

MARNIE

They're ugly. I never could
stand gladiolas.

JESSIE

(spiritedly)

Well, I could!

(sharply)

Here! Mind the dripping...

I'll do it myself

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34 CONTINUED

JESSIE takes the discarded flowers herself and moves painfully toward the kitchen. MARNIE follows her.

JESSIE
(grumbling as
she walks)
I swan, Marnie. Sometimes
you can act as notional as
a little ole kid!

35 INT. KITCHEN - MED. SHOT

MARNIE
(eager to change
the subject)
That's a nice dress...that
shade of blue is very becoming.

JESSIE
(easily diverted
by clothes-talk)
You like it? Twenty-five
dollars at .
I don't let myself go...no
matter what, fair or foul, I
keep up appearances.
(eyes MARNIE's suit)
That wasn't cheap.

MARNIE
No, but I got it on sale.
Do you like it?

JESSIE
(her eyes miss no
detail of the ob-
viously expensive
tailoring)
HMMMMMM.

MARNIE
(defensively)
Mr. Pemberton gave me another
bonus.

JESSIE
(puts gladioli in
another vase)
I told Miz Cotton, my daughter's
private secretary to a millionaire
and he's as generous with her as
if she was his very own daughter.

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED

JESSIE (cont'd)
(eyes MARNIE'S
hair; frowns)
You've lighted up your hair.

MARNIE
A little. Why? Don't you like it?

JESSIE
No. Too blonde hair always looks
like a woman's trying to attract
the men.

MARNIE
Well, I'm not.

JESSIE
Men and a good name don't go
together.

MARNIE
(smiles)
So you've told me.

JESSIE
(grimly)
Jes give 'em a sweet word and an
orange, Miss. A sweet word and
an orange.

MARNIE laughs and JESSIE relaxes somewhat; smiles.

JESSIE (cont'd)
I know you're a decent girl,
Marnie. That's what I raised
you to be and that's what you
are. Decent. And that's all
in this world matters to me.
(looks in ice-box)
Lord only knows what I'm gonna
feed you tonight, Miss. I just
had in mind macaroni for Miz
Cotton and Tommy Jean...

MARNIE
Mama, you know, it really irked
me when you wrote you'd taken in
a new roomer...and one with a kid
at that!

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED

JESSIE

(turns a burner on
under coffee pot,
gets out two cups
and saucers)

Well, I might not have, except
Miz Cotton's a real nice woman,
not what you usually get these
days. You know what they're like
mostly...common as pig tracks,
trashy. Miz Cotton's a decent,
hard-working woman with a little
girl to raise...put me in mind of
me and you, Marnie, all on our own
without anybody to care or do for
us. I remember how hard you and
me had it...after the accident.

JESSIE indicates result of said 'accident' by lowering herself
painfully into chair at table; takes up coffee cups. MARNIE
puts her hand on her mother's...feels its swollen joints,
picks it up, and in a sudden, simple gesture, kisses the hand.
JESSIE immediately withdraws it. We see that she is loathe
to show, or allow MARNIE to show, any physical sign of
affection. (MARNIE'S attitude toward her mother should be
almost one of courtship, from which JESSIE invariably retreats)

JESSIE

(crossly)

This side of the street don't
get the afternoon sun. My
finger joints always swell from
the cold...

MARNIE

(jumps up)

I brought you something...

MARNIE runs from the room. We FOLLOW HER into the living room.

36 INT. LIVING ROOM - MED. SHOT

MARNIE goes to her suitcase, opens it and removes a gift-
wrapped package; turns to go back to kitchen with it, but her
mother has followed her and is standing in the doorway.
MARNIE goes to her, holding out the package.

MARNIE

Here. Maybe this will make up a
little for no afternoon sun.

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED

JESSIE
(querulously)
Now what have you thrown good
money away on? I swan, Marnie...

Eagerly MARNIE helps JESSIE unwrap the package. It contains
a fur neckpiece...not the old-lady kind with glassy little
eyes, but something au courant...possibly a ring of mink
skins, rich and full and smart.

JESSIE
I jus' swan!
(she fingers
it lovingly,
sensually)
How do I wear it?

MARNIE
(fixes the fur
around her
mother's neck)
Like this...very high under
the chin...that's the way
they're wearing them in New
York...
(stands back)
Smart. Very, very smart.

JESSIE
You shouldn't spend all your
money on me like this, Marnie...

MARNIE
That's what it's for, isn't it?
To spend?
(lightly)
Like the Bible says, 'Money
answereth all things'.

JESSIE
(severely)
Don't scoff at sacred words,
Margaret Edgar. I won't have
that kind of talk in my house
and you know it!
(as a punishment, starts
to remove scarf)

MARNIE
(moves to her; refastens
scarf; gently)
Don't pay any attention to me,
Mama. You know what a smart

36 CONTINUED

MARNIE (cont'd)
 aleck I've always been. You
 look so pretty, Mama...
 (teasing)
 There! You look like a lady of
 leisure...pampered, bored,
 dripping furs...some old man's
 darling...

MARNIE laughs, even forces a grim snort from JESSIE.

JESSIE
 (fingers the fur)
 No man ever give me anything
 so good...no man ever did for
 me like what you do, Marnie.

MARNIE
 We don't need men, Mama. We
 can do very well for ourselves...
 you and me...

JESSIE
 (with some complacency)
 That's what I've told Miz Cotton.
 I say, 'I tell you as a friend,
 Miz Cotton, my Marnie don't get
 herself mixed up with men...none
 of 'em! She's too smart for that...

MRS. COTTON
 Somebody takin' my name in vain?

MRS. COTTON has entered the room quietly while MARNIE and
 her mother are talking. At her side, the little girl we saw
 in SC 30. MRS. COTTON is a faded old-young woman, plain
 and, as JESSIE has insisted, 'decent'.

MRS. COTTON (cont'd)
 I didn't know you was expecting
 company, Miz Jessie...we'll just
 go right on up...

JESSIE
 Marnie, this is my roomer, Miz
 Cotton. This is my girl, Marnie.

MRS. COTTON
 Now you know, that's just what I
 thought...I thought this couldn't
 be anybody but Miz Jessie's Marnie...

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED

MRS. COTTON (cont'd)
(to MARNIE)
This here's my little girl. Tommy
Jean.

to the CHILD)
I don't guess you could say hello
could you, honey?

TOMMY JEAN
Hello.

JESSIE
(smiling)
All right now, Tommy Jean. You
run get your hairbrush.

Obediently the child runs from the room.

JESSIE (cont'd)
You ever see such hair, Marnie?
It puts me in mind of how yours
was when you was little...the
color...

MRS. COTTON
What 'in the world you got on there,
Miz Jessie? Around your neck?

JESSIE
(proudly)
Marnie brought it to me...what
is it, Marnie? The kind of fur?

MARNIE
Mink.

JESSIE
(to MRS. COTTON)
Mink.

MRS. COTTON
Well, I never!

JESSIE takes it off and hands the fur to MRS. COTTON who
gingerly, reverently, handles it. TOMMY JEAN comes back into
the room and ritualistically assumes the position for JESSIE
to brush her hair.

JESSIE
Here we go, Tommy Jean! We'll
make it shine like anything.

She brushes the child's hair.

37 CLOSE-UP MARNIE

watches, hypnotized by the movement of the brush through the almost electric shine of the child's blonde hair...what she sees...her vision...should be played out against the background sounds of the voices of the others...low, soft, inconsequential, but maintaining for the audience the condition of the present in counter-point to MARNIE's visual fall into the past.

38 MED. SHOT - FROM MARNIE'S P.O.V.

We see the child having her hair brushed by JESSIE. The child is leaning against her. There is a CLICK and suddenly the SCENE HAS CHANGED from the interior of the room to the

39 INT. TEN-CENT STORE

This scene washes the color from the screen. What we are seeing now is a memory of MARNIE'S and we will depict it in rather SHARP BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPHY. The only thing that has not changed is the physical attitude of the child; but the FACE HAS CHANGED. It is not TOMMY JEAN, but the LITTLE MARNIE of the past.

40 CLOSE-UP MARNIE (SCENE 37)

We see her expression has become rather remote. Her hand goes instinctively to her hair. As her finger tips reach her head, we

CUT TO

41 MED. SHOT - THE CHILD IN THE TEN-CENT STORE

Her hand is also going up to her hair and she starts to scratch her head vigorously.

42 INT. TEN-CENT STORE

A sort of drowning in the shine of the hair...dissolve into another head of hair...just as blonde and of similar quality, but disorderly and far from clean. This CHILD MARNIE is grubby in clothes too small for her scrawny, pre-adolescent frame. She is in a five and ten-cent store, slowly cruising an aisle, greedily eying the merchandise. She has come to a stop in front of a perfume display. The clerk at this counter is busy with a customer. Quickly, CHILD MARNIE glances around to see if she is under surveillance from any other quarter. The coast seems clear, and in a flash she reaches out and grabs a

CONTINUED

42 CONTINUED

bottle of perfume, slip it into her pocket, and casually makes her way out of the store. We see what she has not seen...three other little girls of the same age who are partially hidden by the height of the candy counter. One of them has witnessed CHILD MARNIE'S act and she signals the others. They follow her out.

QUICK CUT TO:

43 EXT. ALLEY - DAY - SENE LONG SHOT

CHILD MARNIE running at top speed comes around alley's corner. She finally comes to a stop in the foreground; feeling safe, she catches her breath, grinning triumphantly as she pulls the perfume from her pocket and looks proudly at it. Sniffs. Under this action, the VOICES of JESSIE and MRS. COTTON and TOMMY JEAN.

JESSIE (o.s.)

Precious little time I ever had to fix and brush Marnie's hair...having to work all the time and leave her alone...lucky she didn't grow up wild as a march hare...

TOMMY JEAN (o.s.)

What's a march hare, Miz Jessie?

JESSIE (o.s.)

A march hare...well, a hare's a rabbit, of course...and a march hare's...I declare, I never thought about it...I don't know as I can rightly say...

MRS. COTTON (o.s.)

Miz Jessie just means she's glad her little girl wasn't naughty.

TOMMY JEAN (o.s.)

If she was naughty would you of whipped her?

JESSIE (o.s.)

(grim satisfaction at duty properly carried out)

Oh, I whipped her all right, plenty of times...isn't that right, Marnie?

The CHILD MARNIE is startled to see the other girls as they too round the corner, almost colliding. When the children speak, their VOICES DROWN OUT the ones we have been listening to.

CONTINUED

43 CONTINUED

FIRST GIRL

We saw you, Marnie! We saw
you take that perfume.

She yanks the bottle out of MARNIE'S hand, looks at it.

MARNIE

You give that back! That's for
my mother!

SECOND GIRL

You shoulda swiped some shampoo
for yourself.

FIRST GIRL

(delighted with this
witticism, laughs)

That's right! Yeah! Why didn't
you swipe some shampoo for your-
self?

The sally convulses the girls.

THIRD GIRL

What did the school nurse do?
Pick 'em out and crack 'em? Let's
see your hair!

MARNIE

(raging)

She didn't do nothing!...
Nothing! There's nothing
wrong with my hair!

SECOND GIRL

Oh yeah? Then how come Miz
Carlson sent you to the nurse?
She said it was a disgrace.
Everybody knows you've got nits
in your hair!

MARNIE

I do not! I do not!

FIRST GIRL

Let me see...

She tries to examine MARNIE'S head, but MARNIE pulls
violently away.

MARNIE

You're a liar!

CONTINUED

43 CONTINUED

FIRST GIRL
Don't you call me a liar.

MARNIE
LIAR!

FIRST GIRL
Okay, if I'm a liar, prove it.

Swiftly she grabs a fistful of MARNIE'S hair and cruelly pull her head down to examine it. Quickly, with a squeal of delight, she picks something from MARNIE'S head...holding the little insect gingerly between thumb and forefinger.

FIRST GIRL (cont'd)
Now who's a liar!

MARNIE
You are! You never found nothing in my hair! You never! You just took something nasty out of your own hair...

MARNIE starts to attack her tormenter, but the other two girls grab her arms and twist them behind her.

FIRST GIRL
Take that back. Take that back or I'll slap your face.

MARNIE
I won't take it back! You're the one with nits and you're the liar!

At this the girl lets go and gives MARNIE a good swinging slap. Both girls are surprised and for a moment they stand dilent, staring at each other.

FIRST GIRL
(menacingly)
I said take it back.

MARNIE
No!

FIRST GIRL'S face gets a funny look as she realizes that she is going to enjoy this. She gives MARNIE'S other cheek an equally hard slap.

THIRD GIRL
Go on! Go on! Make her cry!

FIRST GIRL now sets to with a will, raining slaps on MARNIE.

44 CLOSE-UP - THE CHILD MARNIE'S FACE

raging, defiant, dry-eyed. Under the last bit of action and the close-up, we once more HEAR the VOICE of TOMMY JEAN.

TOMMY JEAN (o.s.)
When you whipped her, did she
cry a lot?

JESSIE (o.s.)
Well,...no, I can't say she did,
Tommy Jean. Marnie never was
much of a one for crying...

45 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY - MED. SHOT

The SCENE CLICKS BACK to JESSIE and TOMMY JEAN.

JESSIE (cont'd)
There. As pretty as brushing
can make it.

46 CLOSE-UP MARNIE

She interjects.

MARNIE
(grimly)
And shampoo...don't forget
shampoo...

47 SEMI CLOSE-UP - JESSIE AND TOMMY JEAN

JESSIE
Well naturally shampoo. I
shampoo Tommy Jean's hair for
her every Saturday, regular.
Don't I, Lollipop?

MARNIE (o.s.)
(grimly)
Times do change.

JESSIE
(truculently)
Now just what's that supposed
to mean, Miss?

48 CLOSE-UP MARNIE

She shrugs her shoulders and mutters:

48 CONTINUED

MARNIE

Nothing, said the lady with the
alligator purse.

(sighs)

I'm tired, Mama. I think I'll
go up and lie down for a little
while...I just seem to be...

(shakes her head)

...all tired out.

MARNIE rises and the CAMERA PANS her over to the door.

49 CLOSE-UP TOMMY JEAN

watching her as she goes through.

50 INT. MARNIE'S BEDROOM - BALTIMORE - NIGHT - CLOSE-UP

CAMERA is focused on a BIG CLOSE-UP - the acorn at the end of
a blind cord. Above it the window is partially open, causing
the wind to blow the shade and, in consequence, the little
wooden knob to tap repeatedly against the window pane. There
is the slate blue color of night outside and beyond it, a
brick wall and a lit window. The CAMERA PANS DOWN and OVER
to a BIG CLOSE-UP of MARNIE asleep on a bed. She is still
dressed as we saw her last. Her sleep is restless, unhappy.

MARNIE

(muttering in
her sleep)

No...I don't want to Mama...

no...

The CAMERA PANS away from MARNIE, around the room until it
comes to rest on an open doorway. There, standing in silhouette
watching her, is JESSIE. Behind JESSIE is the dim glow of a
hall light. She speaks in a low voice.

JESSIE

Marnie. Wake up, Marnie.

51 SEMI CLOSE-UP MARNIE

slowly opens her eyes but she does not see anything in
particular. There is a pulsation of a RED SUPPRESSED GLOW over
the whole picture.

MARNIE

Don't make me move, Mama...

...it's too cold...

CONTINUED

51 CONTINUED

We hear JESSIE'S low, monotone voice off.

JESSIE (o.s.)
Wake up, Marnie. You're still
dreaming. Get washed up.
Supper's ready.

The RED PULSATION continues.

MARNIE
Oh.
(shudders)
I was having that old dream...
the tapping...then...then

52 MED. SHOT

JESSIE in the doorway. We are close enough now to see her
impassive, enigmatic expression.

JESSIE
I said supper's ready.

She pauses for a slight moment and then turns, makes her
way down the stairs. We HEAR her dragging hobble on the
linoleum steps.

53 MED. SHOT - MARNIE

MARNIE
(struggling to
remember)
...it's always when you come
to the door, Mama...that's
when the cold starts...
(she shivers)

54 MED. SHOT - THE OPEN DOOR, AS THE RED PULSATIONS FADE.

From it the SOUND of the hobbling JESSIE as she reaches the
bottom of the stairs.

SLOW FADE OUT.

55 EXT. BUS STATION - ANY TOWN - DAY - MED. SHOT

This is the outside of a busy bus terminal. By the quantity
of people passing to and fro across the CAMERA at a very brisk
pace, we should feel that we are in a fair size city. Emerging
from the bus station we see the figure of a girl carrying a

CONTINUED

55 CONTINUED

suitcase. She is looking from side to side in the manner of a newcomer to the city. Her clothes are of a very modest order, and in coming toward the CAMERA we see once more that it is MARNIE. But this time, as she gets closer and closer, we see that she is a REDHEAD, and we are given adequate demonstration of this fact by her COMING SO CLOSE to us that the SCREEN IS FILLED with the RED HAIR. The CAMERA PANS down to a CLOSE-UP of a large bag under her arm. It is flat and not bulging.

56 INT. MOTION PICTURE THEATRE - NIGHT - LONG SHOT

We are standing at the back of the orchestra which is dimly lit with overhead lights. Behind we see the silhouetted heads of the people in the orchestra and beyond them, the screen. A movie is in progress. It is a cowboy film with considerable action. An usherette comes up the aisle towards us, and at the same time two figures, a man and a woman, move into our foreground from behind the CAMERA. A redheaded usherette approaches the couple. It is MARNIE. She moves straight up the aisle toward the waiting couple. The man whispers, 'Two please', and she turns, leads the couple down the aisle, indicates two vacant seats with her flashlight. The couple moves into the seats.

57 MED. SHOT

The CAMERA is now half-way down the aisle with its back to the screen. MARNIE, having seen the couple into their seats, glances up toward the screen. She sees:

58 SEMI LONG SHOT

The action on the movie screen. It shows the climax of a chase wherein a horse trips and falls painfully; rolls over a cliff.

59 CLOSE-UP MARNIE

Her face tenses with horror and her eyes close convulsively. Hurriedly she turns away and moves swiftly back up the aisle, anxious to escape even the noise of the sound track.

60 MED. SHOT

At the cross aisle at the top of the orchestra, we see MARNIE cross, obviously still distressed by what she has seen, and pass through the doors of the lobby, the CAMERA PANNING HER.

61 INT. MAIN LOBBY - NIGHT - MED. SHOT

MARNIE crosses this lobby which is empty, with just the candy stand which is now closed down. She passes into the outer entrance to the movie house.

62 INT. OUTER LOBBY - CLOSE SHOT

MARNIE emerges from the main lobby past the ticket taker and comes into CLOSE-UP. Her expression is distressed, withdrawn. But now, anew sound penetrates her consciousness. The look on her face changes from concern to narrow-eyed concentration. The CAMERA RETREATS, leaving the figure of MARNIE diminished in the upper right-hand corner of the screen. The CAMERA has now ANGLED BACK to leave the domination of the scene to the theatre's box office in the foreground of the lower left of our picture...it is from this area that the SOUND is coming to MARNIE. This SOUND is the tinkling of coins as two more couples buy tickets to the show. They hurry toward the ticket taker.

63 CLOSE SHOT - MARNIE

From behind her comes a heavy-set man.

GUTTERMAN

Martha...

MARNIE turns; startled.

MARNIE

Oh...Mr. Gutterman...

GUTTERMAN

I'm going to tell Lucille to close up. I think we've had it for tonight. You can help me take the cash upstairs...

(moves on to cashier's
box, opens the door,
lets himself in)

A PROFILE OF MARNIE follows the manager down to the booth. The CAMERA goes with her. She waits, Presently the manager emerges from the cashier's booth and places some of the money into MARNIE'S arms. He carries the rest. The CAMERA DOLLIES the two of them back across the outer lobby, past the ticket taker, into the interior lobby.

64 INT. INNER LOBBY - LONG SHOT

We see them cross the inner lobby and mount the stairs. We wait awhile until we LOSE SIGHT of them.

65 INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - NIGHT - MED. SHOT

MARNIE and the manager carrying the money move along and then enter the manager's office.

66 INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - NIGHT - MED. SHOT

The CAMERA PANS them over to his desk. The money is dumped on top of it.

GUTTERMAN

Okay, Martha...

MARNIE turns and exits from the office.

67 INT. OUTSIDE OFFICE DOOR - MED. SHOT

MARNIE looks purposefully about. She moves down corridor to curtained entrance to balcony.

68 CLOSE-UP

MARNIE by the curtained opening looks and sees:

69 LONG SHOT - BALCONY

Balcony practically empty save for one necking teen-age couple.

70 CLOSE SHOT

MARNIE by curtains. She stoops down and picks up two full coke bottles. She takes from her pocket an opener. She opens each one. She puts the opener back into her pocket; takes out two rolled up stoppers of Kleenex with which she plugs each bottle. Now she takes two lengths of black electricians tape from her pocket. She makes her way OUT OF THE PICTURE. She goes down the stairs toward the front of the balcony and moves to the far side aisle.

71 CLOSE SHOT

She lays down both bottles on top of balcony ledge, about two feet apart, and seals each of them to the balcony rail with the black tape.

72 CLOSE-UP

The first bottle held with the black tape as she fastens down the second one. Her hands come into the picture. They hold for a moment.

73 CLOSE-UP

MARNIE looks over and down.

74 CLOSE-UP

One of her hands gradually eases out the Kleenex stopper a tiny fraction. We see the brown fluid begin to soak its way through the Kleenex.

75 MED. SHOT

MARNIE hurrying away up the side aisle as the CAMERA PANS her to the back of the balcony.

76 CLOSE SHOT

MARNIE arrives at back of balcony in original position, conceals herself behind the curtains. The CAMERA DOLLIES IN until she is in CLOSE-UP. We now HEAR the beginnings of a commotion below. The scene on the movie screen is a quiet one with just a tremulo of MUSIC. The angry voices can be HEARD in protest against the dripping coke. Now she hears another voice coming from the lobby. It is the voice of an irate man. We hear the word 'Manager' interspersed with his protests. MARNIE draws back a little bit as her fellow usherette hurries along the top corridor and puts her head in the manager's office. There is a pause and the two of them hurry along.

77 CLOSE SHOT

MARNIE waits for them to go by and then hurries out.

78 INT. BALCONY CORRIDOR - MED. SHOT

MARNIE emerges from the curtained entrance, watches the departing manager and usherette. The CAMERA PANS MARNIE over to a small staircase that leads to the Manager's Office. She ducks in.

79 INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - MED. SHOT

MARNIE crosses quickly to the filing cabinet. She takes out an old glove, gropes inside it and finds the key to the safe. She immediately bends down and inserts the key, swings the safe open.

REHE
Sept. 24, 1960

80 INSERT

HER HAND starting to extract the piles of bills from inside the safe.

81 INT. BALCONY - LONG SHOT

The MANAGER hurries from the curtained entrance down the step of the aisle, to the front of the balcony. He is followed by the usherette.

82 CLOSE SHOT

He sees the two coke bottles and angrily rips them off, turns around.

83 SEMI LONG SHOT

FROM HIS P.O.V., the necking couple.

84 CLOSE-UP

The MANAGER moves purposefully out of the picture.

85 LONG SHOT

He crosses to the couple.

86 CLOSE SHOT

MANAGER upbraiding the necking couple.

MANAGER

Do you think it's funny ruining
somebody's good clothes? Huh?
You think that's funny? Ya punks -
out! Whatever you've got to say,
I don't want to hear it! Out!

CAMERA PANS necking couple out, up the aisle, hustled by the manager and the usherette.

87 INT. BALCONY CORRIDOR

The outraged young couple emerge, followed by the usher who now has the two coke bottles. The manager is behind them, and we PAN HIM over to the small staircase and up to his office.

88 MED. SHOT

As he places his hand on the door knob of his office, we see the PROJECTIONIST come out from his booth and join the manager. We have the two in

89 CLOSE SHOT

as the PROJECTIONIST asks:

PROJECTIONIST
(to MANAGER)
What's the trouble?

MANAGER
Damn kids! Figured a new balcony stunt...why can't they stick to plugging up the fountains and defacing the walls? Like we used to do.

PROJECTIONIST
By the way, Mr. Gutterman! If this machinery don't get fixed right or replaced, I quit! I told you that two days ago!

A look of weary resignation comes over Gutterman's face as he prepares to endure the harangue.

PROJECTIONIST (cont'd)
When I run the title on a picture, no matter which machine I run it on...either one...it will be one side or the other...will be out and that's the way it's been for six weeks...that kid you had come in to fix it...it's no better than it was... Just because his lens flattened it out a little better don't mean it's fixed. He's got a super cinephon lens... but we don't. We got these lenses here right off the ark! You got yourself a curved screen, Mr. Gutterman, and these lenses was ground for a flat surface, see? I tried movin' the machines every which way and it don't help...I even took the lenses out and put stops in...that just lost light and I still don't get a focus...

89 CONTINUED

During all this we CUT now and again to the MANAGER'S hand on the door knob. At last the PROJECTIONIST'S tirade is interrupted by the SOUND of the telephone in GUTTERMAN'S office ringing insistently.

GUTTERMAN
(delighted)
Oh oh! There goes the phone...
I'll have to catch it, Mike.
(opens door and
escapes into
his office)

90 INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - MED. SHOT

GUTTERMAN shuts and locks the door behind him, turns into room. It is empty, exactly as he left it. We PAN HIM over to phone; he answers it.

GUTTERMAN
Yeah? ...Oh, hi, Marty...yeah,
pretty big day. I haven't finished
counting up yet...trouble with some
cruddy kids...I'll call you back in
about twenty minutes when I've got
the total.
(smiles happily)
I think we stole a couple of
bucks today.

QUICK CUT TO:

91 EXT. OPEN FIELD - SUNLIGHT - CLOSE-UP

MARNIE (once more a blonde) riding FORIO. Her face is open, free, ecstatic.

92 EXT. BROAD STREET STATION, PHILADELPHIA - DAY - LONG SHOT

This is a distant view of the outside of the columned entrance to Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

93 CLOSE SHOT

CAMERA is looking into the station where the taxis drive up. In the foreground is the base of one of the huge columns. We see MARNIE emerge and just as in the previous scene when

CONTINUED

93 CONTINUED

she got the job at the movie house, (SC 55) she comes right into our foreground until her HAIR FILLS THE SCREEN. She now has pale brown hair. As usual, she is looking from one direction to another as though undecided which way to go. The CAMERA PANS DOWN to a new large handbag - again flat and not bulky.

94 CLOSE-UP

THE NEWSPAPER held in her hand. It is folded but it is sufficiently clear to us that it is the Philadelphia Enquirer.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

95 CLOSE-UP

The CAMERA starting on the head of the HELP WANTED COLUMN. The CAMERA sweeps down the column rapidly. We have no time to read any particular ad. There is a

SLOW DISSOLVE
during this and we come to:

96 INT. WARD'S OUTER OFFICE, RUTLAND & CO. - DAYLIGHT

MARNIE, seated in office. Behind her is a glass panel beyond which we can see an enormous room filled with desks and workers. Naturally they are out of focus. The CAMERA EASES AWAY From MARNIE to reveal that we are in a glass enclosed office with two desks, file cases, ledgers, etc. One of the desks is unoccupied. At the other sits a young woman... thirty-one or two...SUSAN CLABON. She is neither plain nor pretty, but pleasant looking, rather untidy, open. She is moderately busy with various papers and ledgers, but not too busy to be quite openly curious about what is going on in Mr. Ward's office. SUSAN actually is seated at a desk which is facing MARNIE so that she is able to look right at her. When SUSAN'S interested glance meets that of MARNIE, the latter smiles shyly.

97 MED. SHOT

SHOOTING ON TO MARNIE we see on the other side of the glass partition a young man peering down at her. He raises appreciative eyebrows and starts to make his way around to the entrance door for a better look. However, before he reaches his goal, we see the expression on his face change

CONTINUED

72 CLOSE SHOT

MARNIE waits for them to go by.

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FROM HIS P.O.V., the necking couple.

79 CLOSE-UP

The MANAGER moves purposefully out of the picture.

80 LONG SHOT

He crosses to the couple.

81 CLOSE SHOT

MANAGER upbraiding the necking couple.

MANAGER

Do you think it's funny ruining
somebody's good clothes? Huh?
You think that's funny? Ya punks -
out! Whatever you've got to say,
I don't want to hear it! Out!

CAMERA PANS necking couple out, up the aisle, hustled by the
MANAGER and the usherette.

82 INT. BALCONY CORRIDOR

The outraged couple emerge, followed by the usherette who now
has the two coke bottles. The MANAGER is behind them and we
PAN HIM over to the small staircase and up to his office.

83 MED. SHOT

As he places his hand on the door knob of his office, we see
the PROJECTIONIST come out from his booth and join the
manager. We have the two in

84 CLOSE SHOT

as the PROJECTIONIST asks:

PROJECTIONIST

(to MANAGER)

What's the trouble?

MANAGER

Damn kids! Figured a new balcony
stunt...why can't they stick to
plugging up the fountains and
defacing the walls? Like we used
to do.

PROJECTIONIST

While you're here, Mr. Gutterman!
If this machinery don't get fixed
right or replaced, I'm getting an
ulcer! I told you and told you!

A look of weary resignation comes over MANAGER'S face as he
prepares to endure the harangue.

CONTINUED

84 CONTINUED

PROJECTIONIST (cont'd)
When I run the title on a picture,
no matter which machine I run it
on...either one...it will be one
side or the other...will be out and
that's the way it's been for six
weeks...that kid you had come in to
fix it...it's no better than it was...
Just because his lens flattened it
out a little better don't mean it's
fixed. He's got a super cinephon lens...
but we don't. We got these lenses
here right off the ark! You got your-
self a curved screen, Mr. Gutterman,
and these lenses was ground for a
flat surface, see? I tried movin'
the machines every which way and it
don't help...I even took the lenses
out and put stops in...that just lost
light and I still don't get a focus...

During all this we CUT now and again to the MANAGER'S hand
on the door knob. At last the PROJECTIONIST'S tirade is
interrupted by the SOUND of the telephone in the MANAGER'S
office ringing insistently.

MANAGER
(delighted)
Oh oh! There goes the phone...
I'll have to catch it, Mike.
(opens door and
escapes into
his office)

85 INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - MED. SHOT

MANAGER shuts and locks the door behind him, turns into
room. It is empty, exactly as he left it. We PAN HIM over
to phone; he answers it.

MANAGER
Yeah?...Oh, hi, Marty...yeah,
big day. I haven't finished
counting up yet...trouble with
some cruddy kids...I'll call you
back in about twenty minutes
when I've got the total.
(smiles happily)
I think we stole a couple of
bucks today.

86 EXT. OPEN FIELD - SUNLIGHT - CLOSE-UP

MARNIE (once more a blonde) riding FORIO. Her face is open, free, ecstatic.

CUT TO:

87 EXT. BROAD STREET STATION, PHILADELPHIA, - DAY - LONG SHOT

This is a distant view of the outside of the columned entrance to Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

88 CLOSE SHOT

CAMERA is looking into the station where the taxis drive up. In the foreground is the base of one of the huge columns. We see MARNIE emerge and just as in the previous scene when she got the job at the movie house (SC 57) she comes right into our foreground until her HAIR FILLS THE SCREEN. She now has pale brown hair. As usual, she is looking from one direction to another as though undecided which way to go. The CAMERA PANS DOWN to a new large handbag - again flat, not bulky.

89 CLOSE-UP

THE NEWSPAPER held in her hand. It is folded but it is sufficiently clear to us that it is the Philadelphia Enquirer.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

90 CLOSE-UP

The CAMERA starting on the head of the HELP WANTED COLUMN. The CAMERA sweeps down the column rapidly. We have no time to read any particular ad. There is a

SLOW DISSOLVE

during this and we come to:

91 INT. WARD'S OUTER OFFICE, RUTLAND & CO. - DAYLIGHT

MARNIE, seated in office. Behind her is a glass panel beyond which we can see an enormous room filled with desks and workers. Naturally they are out of focus. The CAMERA EASES

CONTINUED

91 CONTINUED

AWAY from MARNIE to reveal that we are in a glass enclosed office with two desks, file cases, ledgers, etc. One of the desks is unoccupied. At the other sits a young woman... thirty-one or two... SUSAN CLABON. She is neither plain nor pretty, but pleasant looking, rather untidy, open. She is moderately busy with various papers and ledgers, but not too busy to be quite openly curious about what is going on in Mr. Ward's office. SUSAN actually is seated at a desk which is facing MARNIE so that she is able to look right at her. When SUSAN'S interested glance meets that of MARNIE, the latter smiles shyly.

92 MED. SHOT

SHOOTING ON TO MARNIE we see on the other side of the glass partition a young man peering down at her. He raises appreciative eyebrows and starts to make his way around to the entrance door for a better look. However, before he reaches his goal, we see the expression on his face change from one of wolfish intent to one of serious, business-like concentration. He turns and walks away across the office to a distant exit. The CAMERA holds for a moment and then moves along, and we now see the reason for the young man's sudden change of direction. The CAMERA comes to rest on the face of MARK RUTLAND, who is in the act of opening the glass door into the outer office. As he does so, he glances in MARNIE'S direction.

93 MED. SHOT - MARNIE FROM HIS P.O.V.

She looks up briefly without recognition; modestly lowers her eyes. One gloved hand pulls her skirt down over her knees. At this gesture, his glance, at first merely cursory, intensifies.

94 CLOSE SHOT

As MARK closes the door behind him we see that his expression is one of unfocused memory. He looks back at MARNIE, narrow-eyed. We PAN HIM across the office, past the desk of MISS CLABON.

MARK
(nods briefly to her)
Miss Clabon.

MARK stops at WARD'S door and looks back at SUSAN.

MARK (cont'd)
Is Mr. Ward in his office?

94 CONTINUED

SUSAN (o.s.)
Yes, sir. He's interviewing
for the new office assistant.

At this moment WARD'S door opens and the CAMERA EASES BACK to permit us to see a woman emerge. She is brisk, efficient looking, in her late forties. We see WARD on the inside of the door to his office.

WARD
...as I told you before, Miss
Blakely, Rutland and Company is...
(spots MARK)
Oh. Mr. Rutland...

MARK
Ward.

WARD
This is Miss Blakely, Mr. Rutland...

MARK nods pleasantly, noncommittally.

WARD (cont'd)
(when MARK doesn't
pick up the cue)
Well, thank you, Miss Blakely.
You'll hear from us...I'm sure...

MISS BLAKELY
Thank you for your time, Mr.
Ward. Good day, Mr. Rutland...
Mr. Ward.

MARK nods and moves into WARD'S office.

WARD
Good day, Miss Blakely...

WARD, pleased, he follows MARK.

WARD (cont'd)
Well, I guess that does it...
she seems to...

95 MED. SHOT

SHOOTING OVER MARNIE'S SHOULDER: She is looking toward the closing door of Ward's office. She turns her head and looks questioningly at SUSAN, who shrugs. Before SUSAN can speak,

CONTINUED

95 CONTINUED

the door reopens and WARD, frowning, sticks his head out. The CAMERA SWINGS off SUSAN as we hear the SOUND of the door opening. We are still SHOOTING OVER MARNIE'S SHOULDER. She again looks in the direction of the door out of which WARD has appeared.

WARD

Oh.

He glances at his watch, annoyed at having to acknowledge this final petitioner.

WARD (cont'd)

You're Miss....?

MARNIE

Mrs. Taylor.

WARD

Yes, yes, of course...I, uh...
I'll be with you in a moment,
Mrs. Taylor.

WARD closes door behind him.

96 MED. SHOT - SUSAN

SUSAN

(in a low voice)

Honey?

97 MED. SHOT - MARNIE FROM HER P.O.V.

looks across.

98 MED. SHOT - SUSAN

SUSAN (cont'd)

Mazzletof.

99 MED. SHOT - MARNIE

looks at her questioningly.

100 SIDE ON SHOT OF SUSAN

showing her seated at the desk.

100 CONTINUED

SUSAN (cont'd)
That's kosher for 'good luck'.

We HEAR WARD'S door opening. SUSAN turns her head and the CAMERA SWINGS OVER to include the door only. WARD appears. He is somewhat impatient.

WARD
Come in, Mrs. Taylor. Come
in for a moment, please.

CAMERA SWINGS over to MARNIE who rises without undue haste and goes over to the door. She glances at SUSAN as she goes.

101 INT. WARD'S OFFICE - DAY - MED. SHOT

The CAMERA is now in WARD'S office looking out toward the outer office. WARD and MARNIE are entering. As WARD closes the door, the CAMERA moves over to reveal MARK seated casually on a long side table, his back and head resting easily against the wall. His expression is curious and anticipatory as he watches the two cross the room.

102 MED. SHOT - FROM HIS P.O.V.

We see WARD approach his desk which is to the right. MARNIE moves around the front of the desk and comes to a halt in such a position that she is framed by the wall safe.

103 CLOSE-UP MARK

His eyes are on MARNIE only.

104 MED. SHOT - FROM HIS P.O.V.

We see MARNIE framed by the safe. OFF SCREEN we hear WARD'S voice.

WARD (o.s.)
Sit down...sit down, Mrs. Taylor.

MARNIE
Thank you.

MARNIE moves away from the safe as we see her seat herself out of the picture. The CAMERA remains on the safe alone for a brief moment.

105 CLOSE-UP

MARK'S eyes turn from the safe and down into the direction of the seated MARNIE. He gives a very slow, very faint smile to himself.

106 MED. SHOT - FROM HIS P.O.V.

We see WARD glancing down at some papers on his desk. MARNIE looks about her, catches sight of the safe behind her; then she becomes conscious of the presence of MARK and speedily returns her attention to WARD.

WARD

Well, Mrs. Taylor, I have here your Pittsburgh references...

(sternly)

reference, that is...Kendall's... yes. Is this the only reference you have to show us?

MARNIE

(perkily)

Well, Mr. Ward, I have good training, but I've had very little actual experience. Kendall's was my first real job. After I finished school I was married. My husband was a C.P.A. and he helped me keep up with my training. And I learned a great deal more from him...accounting, cost-price, even something about computers...

107 CLOSE-UP MARK

listening to all this with a solemn expression.

MARNIE (cont'd) (O.S.)

...many things that I hadn't been taught in school.

108 MED. SHOT - MARNIE AND WARD

WARD

(a world of doubt in his tone)

I see.

CONTINUED

108 CONTINUED

MARNIE

When my husband died...very
suddenly last November...
(pauses sensitively)
...well...

(shrugs, straightens
her shoulders bravely)
He left me a little money, but
I felt I needed work. Good,
hard, demanding work.

A slightly questioning pause...'surely, Mr. Ward - more
than most men - can understand the felicity of hard work?

MARNIE (cont'd)

I got the job at Kendall's
but it was...

(smiles, deprecating
for modesty's sake,
her obviously rich,
unplumbed qualifications)

...well, it wasn't a very exacting
position, and there didn't seem
much immediate chance for anything
else at Kendall's...I don't mean
pay...the salary is not the most
important thing with me...but more
interesting work, Mr. Ward...
something that will keep me busy...

(a delicate hint
of wanness)

...occupied. I don't care how
much work I'm given or what hours
I work.

She looks pleadingly for his understanding.

109 CLOSE-UP

MARK'S enigmatic expression. He throws the ball right back
to WARD.

110 MED. SHOT

WARD turns back to MARNIE and sighs.

WARD

When you left Kendall's, ...
why did you leave Pittsburgh,
Mrs. Taylor?

110 CONTINUED

MARNIE

After my husband died...I
just...

(shrugs; implies
emotions too
delicate to reveal
at this occasion)

WARD

(one last effort)

Mrs. Taylor...this is a post
of some confidence...and this
is a very slender reference.

MARNIE

Please let me have a chance
to prove myself, Mr. Ward.

WARD frowns and once more consults the presence of MARK.

111 CLOSE-UP

MARK gives WARD a brief, commanding nod.

112 MED. SHOT - MARNIE AND WARD

WARD is astonished, but disciplined. He rises, resigned to
MARK'S silent command.

WARD

Very well, Mrs. Taylor...I
think you might do.

(a short bitter glance
into the back of the room)

I suppose you might as well
report to work on Monday.

MARNIE, with a delighted smile at WARD, rises too. WARD
escorts her to the door, the CAMERA PANNING THEM into MARK'S
vicinity. He gives no notice.

WARD (cont'd)

(sourly)

Our Miss Clabon...in the outside
office...

(opens door for her,
indicates that she
is to go through)

...will brief you. I'll be out
in a moment.

CONTINUED

112 CONTINUED

MARNIE exits. WARD shuts the door on her, turns to MARK.

WARD (cont'd)
I don't get it.

MARK
(his eyes on the safe;
a small contemplative
smile on his lips)
You're not supposed to get it.

WARD'S unappeased curiosity, frustration shows on his face as he leaves the unmoving MARK alone in the office.

CUT TO:

113 INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY - MED. SHOT

WARD enters from his office. SUSAN and MARNIE are standing together. Just at this moment a young girl enters. She is about 19 or 20, casually, even carelessly dressed, but good-looking in a scrubbed, open-faced way. Her eyes are bright and her expression is lively and intelligent. She has enormous self-assurance, and she is extremely good-humored and high spirited. She grins at WARD, looks with open, friendly curiosity at MARNIE.

LIL
Hi, Miss Clabon. Hello,
Mr. Sam. How's the curmudgeon
business?

WARD smiles, blushes with pleasure. LIL is obviously privileged.

WARD
Oh...Miss Marshall!

LIL
Is Mark in there? I'm looking
for a free lunch and somebody to
cash a check for me. I thought
I'd stick Mark for the lunch and
you for the cash.

WARD
Go right on in, Miss Marshall....

She does so, with a pat for WARD'S arm and a dazzling smile for MARNIE. The CAMERA goes over with LIL into the doorway.

114 INT. WARD'S OFFICE

She looks around and spots MARK. We see her whisper to him, with a look back to the outer office.

LIL
(whispering)
Who's the dish?

115 INT. OUTER OFFICE - MED. SHOT - WARD, MARNIE AND SUSAN

WARD
Miss Clabon will show you around,
Mrs. Taylor. She's been with us
seven years.
(dryly)
I believe she has found the work...
exacting...enough. Good day, Mrs.
Taylor.

116 CLOSE-UP

MARNIE watches WARD go toward his door.

117 MED. SHOT - FROM HER P.O.V.

He stops short of the door, stares at it in annoyance, turns back. He comes back to SUSAN'S desk, takes key from chain, unlocks a lower desk drawer, opens it and spends a moment in squint-eyed concentration on something within the drawer. He closes and relocks drawer, pockets key, nods again absently toward MARNIE, goes into his office. MARNIE watches him go the few quick steps into his office and start to turn the combination to the safe. The door closes...obviously at the hand of MARK.

118 CLOSE SHOT - SUSAN

She looks toward the door; then to the vaguely puzzled MARNIE.

SUSAN
(irreverently)
Ha! Old infallible.

119 INT. WARD'S OFFICE - MED. SHOT

WARD is at the open safe getting some money. LIL is standing by his side.

WARD

Just a ways off, MARK is asking, with extreme casualness,

MARK

(to WARD)

What happened about that robbery at Strutt's? Did they ever catch the girl?

WARD

No...nothing ever happened.
She disappeared completely.

WARD turns, hands the cash to LIL, and as he closes the safe, she says:

LIL

Thanks, Mr. Sam.

(teases)

I'll try not to do anything
sensible with it.

120 INT. OUTER OFFICE

The CAMERA PANS the group through the door and across the outer office. LIL smiles broadly at SUSAN.

LIL

Bye, Miss Clabon...

(turns her smile
to include MARNIE)

Bye....

From MARK, only a nod in passing. They are through the door and gone.

121 CLOSE-UP - SUSAN AND MARNIE

MARNIE

Who's the girl?

CONTINUED

121 CONTINUED

SUSAN

Oh, that's Lil Marshall. Mr. Rutland's sister-in-law. His wife dies about a year and a half ago. Some kind of heart thing...imagine, only 29! Well, anyway, she kind of brought Lil up. She lived with them and old Mr. Rutland out at Wykwyn.

(grins)

And I get the feeling she plans to stay on. Permanently...know what I mean?

Both girls look up.

122 FROM THEIR P.O.V. - ARTIE

The young man whose previous attempt at entrance was detoured by MARK, comes through the door. The CAMERA PANS HIM over to the two girls until we have a group of three.

SUSAN

(noticing ARTIE)

You. I wondered how long before you'd come sniffing around. Mary Taylor...Artie Nelson...Sales Department.

ARTIE

Ward hired her? Wha' hoppen? He slip up and eat a piece of meat or what?

SUSAN

(her head gestures the departed MARK RUTLAND)

I doubt it. It looked more like orders from higher-up to me.

ARTIE looks around over his shoulder in the direction of the door. He turns back, raising his eyebrows to MARNIE.

CONTINUED

122 CONTINUED

ARTIE

Rutland! You mean I'm up
against whatdy-call-it?
(an approximate
pronunciation)
...Droit de seigneur?
(leans on MARNIE'S desk)
Know what I mean? Like has
Rutland got you all staked out,
or is there any chance for us
rabble?

MARNIE

(smiles coolly)
To answer all of your questions,
Mr. Nelson...I have never met
Mr. Rutland. He does not know me.
He does not have me 'staked out'.
And no. There is no chance for
the rabble.

SUSAN is delighted with the foregoing exchange. She makes
a face at ARTIE who is good-naturedly simulating an icy
shiver.

SUSAN

Well Artie, looks like you just
got yourself filed under 'C'...
for 'cool it'.

DISSOLVE:

123 INT. MAIN OFFICE - DAY - LONG SHOT

The CAMERA takes a very HIGH VIEW of the large office
furnished with many desks and lots of active clerical
workers. There is a fair amount of movement from mail
boys, etc. The CAMERA begins to descend and make its way
toward the glass enclosed outer office connecting with WARD'S.
As the CAMERA descends, it seems to fly over the top of the
glass partition and come down to MARNIE who is seated at
her desk. The movement becomes a semi-circular one until
we are facing the way we came but have come very close and
now far enough down to be level with MARNIE. Although she
is typing, she is not looking at her work. She is staring
straight ahead.

124 MED. SHOT - FROM HER P.O.V.

Through the open door of WARD'S office we see SUSAN busy at the open safe.

125 CLOSE-UP MARNIE

She is still watching but the CAMERA rises above and beyond her and through the glass partition we see MARK RUTLAND listening to some dialogue from one of the employees. He is paying only partial attention. His eyes keep straying in MARNIE'S direction. The conversation ends and MARK and the employee move off, in different directions...MARK to the right, the employee to the left.

126 MED. SHOT

SUSAN emerges from WARD'S office and returns to her desk. She looks across at MARNIE.

SUSAN

Well, anyway, like I was saying...
Old Mr. Rutland...Mark's father...
they say he's never even been inside
the place! This business was really
headed into the ground when Mark
took over. They say the first week
he was here he retired...
(giggles)

127 CLOSE-UP MARNIE

listening to all this.

128 MED. SHOT - SUSAN

as she continues.

SUSAN (cont'd)

...retired: ...three board members,
the acting president, the president's
secretary, and the secretary's
secretary.

129 MED. SHOT - ARTIE (MARNIE'S admirer)

who over hears the last of this speech, appears in the doorway lounging in a way that is hopefully seductive.

ARTIE
Coffee time, ladies.

130 MED. SHOT - MARNIE AND SUSAN

Both girls look up, MARNIE with cool courtesy.

131 CLOSE SHOT - ARTIE

He comes into the room and places himself between the two desks, the CAMERA PANNING HIM. He turns to MARNIE, brushing fussily at his clothing.

ARTIE (cont'd)
Please! Please, Mrs. Taylor,
I've asked you repeatedly...do
not throw yourself all over me
during office hours!

MARNIE does not rise to the bait; continues typing. SUSAN gets up from her desk.

MARNIE
(still working)
Would you mind bringing me a
cup?

SUSAN
Just coffee? Doughnut?
Danish?

ARTIE
(passionately
to MARNIE)
Oh, lady! Have I got for
you a Danish!

MARNIE
(answering
SUSAN'S question)
Just coffee, Susan.

MARNIE frowns at pen she is working with, picks up bottle checks contents. She says to SUSAN.

CONTINUED

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131 CONTINUED

MARNIE

Oh...I'm out of red ink...
do you have any?

SUSAN

Sure.

SUSAN picks up a bottle from her desk and brings it over to MARNIE. MARNIE takes the ink bottle. The lid is loose and when she moves, it comes off and a good bit of the ink spills onto MARNIE'S white blouse. THE SCREEN IS ONCE AGAIN SUFFUSED WITH A RED GLOW. For a moment MARNIE stares dumbly at the red stain on her blouse. Then, without a word to SUSAN, she moves rapidly out of the office.

132 INT. COMPOUND

MARNIE walks at top speed, almost a run - through the compound where the bulk of the office workers are. A few look up at the blindly rushing girl...moving compulsively through their midst. MARNIE, her eyes still fastened with horrid fascination on her blouse, reaches the hall leading to the Women's Washroom.

133 INT. HALLWAY

MARK is coming down the hall toward her. She does not notice him. He sees her blouse, the stain; he stops.

MARK

Mrs. Taylor? Are you hurt?

MARNIE does not hear him or see him, but moves blindly past and pushes her way into the washroom.

MARK (cont'd)

Mrs. Taylor?

MARK turns to stare concernedly at the door through which she has disappeared.

134 INT. WOMEN'S WASHROOM AT RUTLAND'S

MARNIE stands in her slip (or bra) washing the sleeve of her blouse, under a gushing faucet of water. Her face is a mask of concentration as she scrubs ferociously at the stain. SUSAN enters.

CONTINUED

134 CONTINUED

SUSAN

Mary? Are you all right?

MARNIE

(starts)

What! Of course I'm all right.
I just spilled a little ink on
my blouse.

SUSAN

Well, the way you rushed out
of the office! Mr. Rutland's
standing out there! I swear
I thought he was about to come
in here! When he saw me he
said he thought you were hurt...

MARNIE

(coolly)

Well, I'm not.

(laughs at SUSAN'S
dubious look)

Good heavens...what is all
this? You saw what happened...
I just spilled a little ink.

But she continues to scrub relentlessly at the stain.

MARNIE (cont'd)

What a lot of excitement over
nothing...

SLOW DISSOLVE:

135 INT. WARD'S OFFICE - DAY -MED. SHOT

WARD is fiddling with the combination of the safe; and then,
with an exasperated expression, turns and makes his way to
the door leading to the outer office. His mood is almost
militant...

136 INT. OUTER OFFICE - MED. SHOT

SHOOTING OVER THE SHOULDER OF MARNIE who is now dressed
differently from the previous scene, we see WARD without
comment approach the drawer in SUSAN'S desk. He takes out
the key from his pocket, unlocks the desk drawer and peers
concentratedly into the interior of the desk drawer. After

CONTINUED

136 CONTINUED

a moment he closes the drawer, relocks it, and we see him looking thoughtful, and trying to murmur something. Suddenly the PHONE RINGS from his office. He turns and hurries in, closing the door behind him.

MARNIE

(to SUSAN when WARD
is safely out of hearing)
Why in the world does he keep lock-
ing and unlocking that drawer?

137 MED. SHOT - SUSAN

She giggles.

SUSAN

He never can remember the safe combination. It's kept locked up in that drawer. Mr. Rutland and I have keys to it too...for emergencies...in case any two of us go senile on the same morning, I guess...it's only five numbers for Pete's sake.

138 CLOSE SHOT - MARNIE

listening to SUSAN. Her expression is deliberately non-chalant as though she were not really interested. Over her face we hear the SOUND of the door opening. She looks from SUSAN to the door.

139 MED. SHOT - FROM MARNIE'S P.O.V.

WARD has come out, obviously after the phone call.

WARD

Mrs. Taylor?

140 MED. SHOT - FROM HIS P.O.V.

MARNIE looks at him.

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141 CLOSE SHOT - WARD

WARD (cont'd)
I've just had a call from Mr.
Rutland, Mrs. Taylor.
(Ward is suspicious
of, and dislikes
this entire maneuver)
He remembered your saying you
were willing to work anytime.
He wondered if you would be
prepared to work on Saturday.

142 CLOSE SHOT - MARNIE

MARNIE
Saturday? Of course, Mr.
Ward. What time?

143 CLOSE SHOT - WARD

WARD
(shortly)
Two-thirty.
(short beat of
silent hostility)
I'll advise Mr. Rutland that
you are available.

He turns to go back in his office and then a blank look
comes over his face which changes to a touch of exasperation.
He takes out key and goes back to the drawer again. He opens
it and looks in, memorizes the combination, relocks the desk
drawer and passes back into his office.

144 CLOSE SHOT - SUSAN

Stifles a giggle at WARD'S exit; then turns to MARNIE. Her
eyes light up speculatively.

SUSAN
(deadpan)
You ever notice how in the
movies it's always the cool,
lady-like type turns out to
be the sex-pot?

MARNIE, inscrutable, merely goes on with her work.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

145 EXT. RUTLAND & CO. - DAY - LONG SHOT

This is a HIGH SHOT showing RUTLAND'S factory, the big sign across the building; in the distance the complex of other buildings in the area including a passing train. Right in the immediate foreground is a completely empty car park, save for one automobile which is parked near the entrance door. There are one or two trees lining the front of the building. A tiny figure crosses the car park. It is MARNIE. We see her enter the building and for a moment she is lost to sight.

146 INT. RUTLAND MAIN OFFICE - DAY - LONG SHOT

We see MARNIE going down the side of the main office and then turning, crossing the back. The office is completely empty.

147 INT. OFFICE CORRIDOR - DAY - MED. SHOT

SHOOTING DOWN this corridor we see MARNIE going away from us and then come to a stop by a door.

148 MED. SHOT

On the door we see the name 'MR. RUTLAND'. MARNIE stands in front of it for a second and then knocks.

MARK (o.s.)
Come in, Mrs. Taylor.

MARNIE opens the door and crosses into MARK'S office.

149 INT. MARK'S OFFICE - DAY - MED. SHOT

MARNIE comes in, closes door behind her. She looks straight at MARK and smiles at him.

MARNIE
Good afternoon, Mr. Rutland.

She starts to advance into the room, the CAMERA BACKING UP in front of her. Her eyes take in the office from one side to the other.

150 MED. SHOT

The CAMERA MOVES forward in MARNIE'S place. It starts centered upon MARK and then swings from one side to the other (During this shot MARK looks around the room in tune with MARNIE'S observations). Finally when the CAMERA comes to a stop in front of the desk, we

CUT TO:

151 CLOSE-UP - MARNIE

MARNIE

I've never seen an office like
this...with so many things...

152 CLOSE SHOT - MARK - FROM HER P.O.V.

MARK

When my maternal grandmother
died, her estate included over
two hundred broken electric
light sockets.

153 CLOSE SHOT - MARNIE

MARNIE

(smiles)

Waste not, want not?

Her eyes go over to a cabinet.

154 CLOSE SHOT - MARK

MARK

Something like that.

(observes her attrac-
tion to the pre-
Columbian artifacts)

Are you interested in pre-
Columbian art, Mrs. Taylor?
Those were collected by my
wife. They're the only things
of hers I've kept.

At this MARNIE discreetly turns away.

155 CLOSE-UP - A PHOTOGRAPH OF A SMILING JUNGLE CAT

156 CLOSE SHOT - MARK AND MARNIE

His eyes follow her look.

MARNIE

Goodness! What is that dangerous looking animal?

MARK

(smiles)

Sophie? She's a jaguarundi.
I had her in South America a few years ago.

(with some pride)

I trained her.

MARNIE

Oh - what did you train it to do?

MARK

To trust me.

MARNIE

Is that all?

MARK

That is a great deal...for a jaguarundi.

157 CLOSE-UP MARNIE

gazing at the picture of the cat. MARK'S VOICE breaks the moment's silence. The CAMERA WHIPS BACK as he says:

MARK (cont'd)

Shall we get to work? You can use the typewriter over there... I want an original and one copy of this...if you can't decipher any of it, speak up. I typed it myself...

(grins)

...and I'm a very creative typist.

During this he has crossed to his desk and hands her a sheaf of papers. MARNIE turns and looks for the typewriter. The CAMERA DOLLIES her over in PROFILE as she reads:

CONTINUED

157 CONTINUED

MARNIE
(reading as she
moves toward
the typewriter)
'Structural and Functional
Organization of the Predator
Cortex.'

Reaching the desk and the typewriter, she looks back
questioningly at MARK.

158 MED. SHOT - FROM MARNIE'S P.O.V.

MARK in the act of seating himself.

MARK
Before I was drafted into
Rutland's, Mrs. Taylor, I
had notions of being a
Zoologist. I still try to
keep up with my field.

159 SEMI LONG SHOT

MARK seated at his desk and MARNIE at a small side table upon
which rests the typewriter. They are perhaps several yards
apart, across the room.

MARNIE
Zoos?

MARK
(smiles)
Instinctual behavior.

MARNIE
Oh. Does Zoology include
people, Mr. Rutland?

MARK
In a way. It includes all
the animal ancestors from
whom man's instincts derive.

MARNIE
(mocking smile)
Ladies' instincts too?

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160 MED. SHOT - MARK AT HIS DESK

MARK
(straight-faced)
Well, ladies are more...
mysterious, aren't they?
That paper...
(indicates the
paper she holds)
...deals with the instincts
of predators, what you might
call the criminal class of
the animal world. Lady
animals figure very largely
as predators.

161 CLOSE SHOT - MARNIE

as she listens to this.

162 CLOSE SHOT - MARK

He smiles questioningly.

163 CLOSE SHOT - MARNIE

She does not pick up the challenge, only smiles vaguely.

164 SEMI LONG SHOT - THE TWO

MARNIE begins to type. MARK watches her. The room has
become quite dark. Suddenly at the windows there is a
flash of lightning, followed shortly by thunder.

165 CLOSE-UP MARNIE

stops typing and, looking toward the windows, gives a
sharp intake of breath.

166 SEMI LONG SHOT - MARK FROM HER P.O.V.

MARK
Did that startle you?

There is a second brief show of lightning.

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167 CLOSE SHOT

MARNIE rises from her seat in alarm. We hear MARK'S VOICE.

MARK (o.s.)
Put on the overhead light if
you like. The switch is by
the door.

The CAMERA PANS an almost stumbling MARNIE as she hurries to
the light switch. She is HELD at the door in

168 CLOSE-UP.

When she has turned the switch on, she stands trembling, her
eyes wide, staring.

169 CLOSE SHOT

MARK watching her.

170 SEMI LONG SHOT - FROM MARK'S P.O.V.

The full figure of MARNIE pressed against the door. Over
it we HEAR MARK'S VOICE.

MARK (o.s.)
Sit down, Mrs. Taylor. If the
storm worries you that much,
I'll get you something to drink.

She doesn't answer but still stands, staring out.

171 CLOSE SHOT - MARK

His curiosity changing to concern.

MARK (cont'd)
Mrs. Taylor?

He rises, moves toward her. The CAMERA RISES with him and
starts to PAN HIM towards her.

172 CLOSE -UP - BIG HEAD OF MARNIE

173 SEMI LONG SHOT - FROM HER P.O.V.

We see MARK leaving his desk to approach her. Behind him the lightning flashes again and almost subliminally it seems to turn RED.

174 CLOSE-UP - BIG HEAD OF MARNIE

as she screams. We only see her open mouth because over her scream we HEAR a big crack of thunder.

175 CLOSE SHOT

MARK reaches her. We have TWO BIG CLOSE-UPS on the screen. The two heads move as MARK guides her away from the door. The CAMERA PANS them and EASES OUT sufficiently for us to see him seating her on a sofa. The CAMERA CLOSES IN on her face. We just get an impression of MARK'S PROFILE.

176 SEMI LONG SHOT - FROM MARNIE'S P.O.V.

The window and another flash of lightning interspersed with the subliminal RED FLASHES again.

177 TWO BIG HEADS - MARK AND MARNIE

MARK

Mrs. Taylor...the building is
grounded...you're quite safe
here...the lightning won't...

MARNIE

(covering her eyes
with her arms)

The colors! Stop the colors!

MARK looks out in the same direction that she is looking.

MARK

What colors?

Before he can get any answer from her there is another tremendous flash over their faces.

178 SEMI LONG SHOT - FROM THEIR P.O.V.

There is a deafening crash of thunder and through the window along the wall against which they are pressed, the branch of a tree comes tearing through with a tremendous racket of the splitting tree. It causes, in addition to the shattering of glass SOUND, the cabinet containing the pre-Columbian art objects to fall crashingly to the floor.

179 MED. SHOT

MARNIE scrambles up from the sofa. Her eyes looking wildly toward the tree, she turns and starts to move frantically in blind panic. MARK jumps up and follows her. The movement of the CAMERA, as it follows her with MARK almost stumbling after her, is as wild as MARNIE. MARK is able to bring her to a halt by the door. She whimpers into his shoulders and almost unconsciously his hand moves up to her head to stroke it soothingly as he would a child or an animal. There is a further flash of lightning and more thunder. Then, as he holds her to him, there is a silence. The rain finally begins to fall. The CAMERA MOVES IN even closer as MARK holds the trembling girl. MARK is conscious of the frightened and vulnerable body in his arms. Almost without volition he lightly presses his cheek against her hair. The action that follows has almost the effect of slow motion. For a brief moment, MARK'S eyes close, then open to an awakening of what is happening to him. His eyes look across the room. He sees:

180 MED. SHOT - FROM MARK'S P.O.V.

The CAMERA SLOWLY MOVING and coming to rest upon the scattered objects of his wife's collection.

181 CLOSE-UP - TWO BIG HEADS

As MARK stares at the debris, he slowly and deliberately moves his hand up to MARNIE'S burrowing head. His eyes go down to her, then gently he moves her head out of his shoulder and back far enough to enable him to look into her face. Her eyes are still closed tight against the besetting terrors. He bends his face to her forehead. The CAMERA MOVES IN EVEN TIGHTER and PANS HIS LIPS which start on her forehead, over her eyes, down her cheek to her mouth. His open lips just HOLD onto it...as if to do no more than awaken her...he kisses her mouth. Then, his mouth eases away.

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182 CLOSE-UP - MARNIE'S EYES ONLY

They open, disoriented, shocked.

183 BIG CLOSE-UP MARK

MARK

It's over...all over. You're
all right.

184 BIG CLOSE-UP MARNIE

Like someone slowly awakening from a nightmare, she becomes
aware of MARK and moves away from him, the CAMERA EASING AWAY
to bring MARK'S eyes into the picture as well.

MARK (cont'd)

Okay now?

She nods, self-consciously.

MARK (cont'd)

Would you like a drink? Some
brandy?

MARNIE

(shakily)

No thank you. I'm...I'm
awfully sorry...

She looks out toward the room as she says this.

185 MED. SHOT - FROM MARNIE'S P.O.V.

The debris on the other side of the room.

186 MED. SHOT - THE TWO

MARK

Don't be silly.

(thoroughly hooked
with curiosity)What is it about colors that
bothers you so?

MARNIE

(frowns blankly)

Colors?

CONTINUED

186 CONTINUED

MARK

You seemed to be terrified
of some sort of colors.

MARNIE

(matter-of-factly)

What I'm afraid of is thunder
and lightning.

MARK

You know...I shouldn't have
pegged you for a woman who
could be terrified of anything.

187 CLOSE SHOT

MARNIE doesn't deign to answer this. She moves away from him and crosses to the debris, the CAMERA GOING WITH HER. She kneels, picks up broken pieces of an Olmec figure...she turns and holds it out for him to see. She is obviously distressed by its ruin. MARK comes into the picture, standing over her.

MARK (cont'd)

(dead-faced appraisal
of the ruins)

Well, we've all got to go
sometime.

He looks back at MARNIE and smiles. MARNIE does not smile, but rises, obviously fatigued in body and spirit.

MARK (cont'd)

Look...this place is wrecked and
you're in no state to work.
Suppose I drive you home. You
can do the job some other time.

MARNIE

Thank you...I'm sorry but...I
really don't think I'm...

MARK

(dismissing gesture)

Get your things.

CONTINUED

187 CONTINUED

He leads her across the room to the small table with the typewriter; helps her gather up her purse and gloves, and leads her to the door, the CAMERA FOLLOWING - IT CLOSES IN ON THEM. MARNIE looks back with concern at the rain beating in through the broken window, over the wreckage.

MARK (cont'd)
(gives the remains
a short look)
Come along...it's cold and
damp in here.

He throws open the door and they move out. The door closes on them.

188 INT. MARK'S CAR - CLOSE-UP - THE WINDSHIELD, LOOKING OUT.

The wipers are swinging from side to side.

189 CLOSE SHOT - MARK AND MARNIE

MARK is peering ahead. We see the signs of the rain-covered windshield on their faces. Both MARK and MARNIE show signs of having got a soaking. MARNIE breaks the silence between them.

MARNIE
(her voice low,
tentative)
I'm really sorry about the
cabinet...

MARK
Why should you be?

MARNIE
(confused)
You said it was all that you
had left of your wife...

MARK
I said it was all I had left
that had belonged to my wife.

MARNIE
(as if reprimanded)
Oh.

MARK leans forward.

190 CLOSE-UP - HIS HAND

turns on the radio.

191 CLOSE-UP - MARK AND MARNIE

Suddenly we hear the SOUND of the race results coming over the radio. MARK leans forward again to change the station.

MARNIE

No...please. I'd like to hear.
(listens attentively)

MARK

(quick interest)
You like racing?

MARNIE

(a bit livelier)
I like horses. I go to
the races when I can.

MARK

Was your husband a track fan?

MARNIE

...yes.

MARK

And you go alone now?

MARNIE

Yes.

MARK

(after a moment of
concentration on
driving)
Atlantic City Track will be
open until the end of the
month. If you'd like we could
drive out next Saturday.

MARNIE, only a moment's hesitation. MARK is aware of it.
He looks at her, questioningly.

MARNIE

(finally)
All right.
(returns his look)
Are you fond of horses?

CONTINUED

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191 - CONTINUED

MARK
(smiles broadly,
candidly, looking
ahead)
No. Not at all.

He turns, with a challenging smile toward her.

DISSOLVE:

192 EXT. RACE TRACK - DAY - LONG SHOT

This is a comprehensive view of a race track between races. There are no horses to be seen but the grandstand is filled with track-goers.

193 CLOSE SHOT

A section of standing devotees in the grandstand. The CAMERA SLOWLY ZOOMS in to a BIG HEAD of a MAN who is intensely watching some particular thing.

194 MED. SHOT - FROM HIS P.O.V.

We see a section of the Turf Club with its luncheon tables against the rail which borders the track itself.

195 CLOSE-UP

THE MAN rolls up his racing form and holds it to his eye like a telescope.

196 CLOSE SHOT

Through the paper (the makeshift telescope) we see the object of his attention. It is a picture of MARNIE and MARK seated at one of the luncheon tables.

197 CLOSE-UP

THE MAN lowers his paper and starts to move away.

198 CLOSE SHOT

MARK and MARNIE seated at their table.

MARNIE
(indicates position, privilege)
I like it here...like this.

MARK grins and hands her the Racing Form.

MARK
You're the expert...what do you like in the next race?

MARNIE takes the paper from him, scarcely looks at it.

MARNIE
Lemon Pudding. He's finished third his last three times out. He's got a good jockey up today.

MARK
Lemon Pudding it is.
(looks at tote board)
The board closes in five minutes. Your horse is four to one...I'll get on him.

MARK rises and leaves the picture. We stay on MARNIE ALONE. She looks wistfully after him. Over this we HEAR A VOICE.

MAN (o.s.)
Pardon me, but your're Peggy Nicholson, aren't you?
Remember me?

MARNIE looks up.

199 CLOSE-UP

The head and shoulders of the MAN we have previously seen, standing over her.

200 MED. SHOT - THE TWO

MARNIE
I'm sorry...what did you say?

CONTINUED

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200 CONTINUED

MAN

I said aren't you Peggy Nicholson?

MARNIE

(remotely)

No, I'm not.

MAN

(doubting)

Yeah? I was pretty sure you
were. When I first saw you
down here...

MARNIE

(wants to get rid of
him before MARK returns)I'm sorry, but you've made a
mistake. I am not Miss Nichols.

MAN

Nicholson.

MARNIE

(impatiently)

Nicholson.

He will not be put off. The more he looks, the more certain
he is.

MAN

Don Weaver introduced us a
couple of years ago in
Detroit...Don Weaver...you
remember Don.

MARNIE

I do not know anyone named Don
Weaver. I have never known anyone
named Don Weaver. I have never
been in Detroit. Now will you please
go?

MAN

(begins to smile)

Come on, honey...you're trying
to pull my leg, aren't you?

We HEAR A VOICE, OFF.

CONTINUED

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200 CONTINUED

MARK (o.s.)

Now, why should any young
lady want to pull your leg?

The CAMERA EASES BACK to show MARK standing behind the MAN.
The MAN turns to face him.

MAN

Oh...sorry...I thought I
recognized this lady...

MARK

(to MARNIE,
dead-pan)

Did he recognize you?

MARNIE

No.

MARK

(to the MAN)

You did not recognize her.

MAN

(thoroughly
flustered)

I said I thought I
recognized her...I said
I'm sorry...

MARK

Good for you. You've
apologized nicely. You
may go.

The MAN leaves as MARK approaches his chair at the table.

201 MED. SHOT

MARK drops into his chair as MARNIE says,

MARNIE

You came back so quickly.

MARK

Who's your fan?

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202 CLOSE-UP MARNIE

MARNIE
(shrugs)
I seem to have one of
those faces.

203 CLOSE-UP MARK, WATCHING MARNIE.

We hear MARNIE'S voice.

MARNIE (o.s.)
(quickly changing
subject)
Look! They're at the gate...

204 CLOSE-UP MARNIE

She holds binoculars up to her eyes.

MARNIE (cont'd)
There he is...the bay.
(almost a whisper)
Oh you Lemon Pudding...you
pretty thing!
(lowers binoculars,
confidently smiles
at MARK)
He'll win.

The CAMERA DOLLIES IN to a

205 BIG HEAD OF MARNIE.

She is looking out toward the track. She turns her head
and looks past the CAMERA.

206 CLOSE-UP

THE MAN looking down at her.

DISSOLVE:

207 CLOSE-UP MARNIE'S PROFILE

She looks again past the CAMERA.

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208 CLOSE-UP

THE MAN looking down at her.

DISSOLVE:

209 CLOSE-UP MARNIE

turns once more and looks past the CAMERA.

210 CLOSE-UP

THE MAN still looking at her.

DISSOLVE:

211 CLOSE-UP MARNIE

turns and looks past the CAMERA.

212 CLOSE-UP

THE MAN stares at her.

DISSOLVE:

213 MED. SHOT - MARK AND MARNIE

still at their table. MARK delightedly examines a number
of pari-mutual tickets.

MARK

Lady! You have a wondrous
rare talent! Five out of six!
Your take comes to...(figuring swiftly)
...almost two hundred.

MARNIE

My take?

MARK

We go halvers on the swag,
old bean.

CONTINUED

213 CONTINUED

MARNIE

Oh, no thanks. I don't bet.
I like to handicap, but I
don't like to bet. Ever.

MARK

Why not?

MARNIE

(smiles, dismissing
the subject, per-
haps facetiously,
perhaps not)

I don't like to lose...can we
go to the paddock? I want to
see Telepathy. I've been watch-
ing him ever since I saw him
work-out once as a two-year old.

They start to rise from their table.

214 CLOSE-UP

THE MAN watching. His head moves around in a semi-circle.
He is obviously watching the movements of MARNIE and MARK.
His head does a 180° turn.

215 EXT. PADDOCK, RING - LONG SHOT

A HIGH SHOT OF THE PADDOCK showing the crowds watching the
parading race horses.

216 CLOSE SHOT - MARK AND MARNIE

watching the horses being paraded.

MARNIE

(her eyes bright
with pleasure)

How can you not love horses?

MARK

I can read their minds.

MARNIE

(points to horse)

What's he thinking?

CONTINUED

216 CONTINUED

MARK

(squints at horse)
He's thinking that if he can
ease over against the railing,
he can pretend to stumble and
with a little luck break the
jockey's leg.

MARNIE laughs, dodges slightly from a bee. With a lightning-
swift movement, MARK'S hand sweeps the air in front of
MARNIE'S face and captures the bee. He holds it in his hand.

MARNIE

(moves back)
Let it go! It'll sting!

MARK puts his folded hand up to his ear, listens to the
buzzing within, smiles.

MARK

Not if I don't squeeze.
Listen.

MARNIE

(shudders away)
That's a bumble bee!

MARK

Don't be frightened...

MARNIE, curiosity overcoming her fright, stares fascinated
at MARK'S fist. He smiles, holds his arm up high away from
her, releases the bee.

MARK

(smugly)
They like it.

MARK points out a horse in the center of the ring. The
jockey has just mounted it.

217 CLOSE SHOT - MARK AND MARNIE

MARK

I believe that's your old friend,
Telepathy.

(consults program)

...number eight Telepathy.

(looks back up at

horse and rider)

Lanky looking piece of business...

218 CLOSE-UP MARNIE

She is staring at the horse.

219 MED. SHOT - FROM HERP.O.V.

We see the jockey on the horse leaning down talking to the trainer. The colors are white with red polka dots. Again the SCREEN IS SUFFUSED WITH A RED GLOW which quickly FADES subliminally.

220 CLOSE-UP MARNIE - IMMOBILE

MARK (o.s.)
What is it? What's the
matter?

Immediately MARNIE turns her back to us. The CAMERA EASES OUT as she does so. MARK looks at her. MARNIE, still with her back to us.

MARNIE
Don't bet him.

MARK
Why not?

MARNIE
(curtly)
He's wall-eyed.

She quickly turns and starts to walk away.

MARNIE (cont'd)
Let's go back.

MARK follows her, his interest once more thoroughly piqued. He turns to take one last inquisitive look over his shoulder. What was wrong? ...What did she see?

221 CLOSE-UP THE MAN

Again his head is turning and watching them depart from the paddock.

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222 MED. SHOT - LUNCHEON TABLE - MARK AND MARNIE

Seated at table. MARK has a highball, MARNIE is pouring a coke into a glass, her equanimity seemingly quite restored. MARK watches her with undisguised curiosity. She only sips her coke and smiles at him.

(DURING THE WHOLE OF THE FOLLOWING SCENE WE SEE THE PARADE OF HORSES MOVE ALONG BEHIND THEM AND AT ANOTHER TIME THEY GALLOP PAST AND DURING THE WHOLE OF THE ENSUING SCENE WE HEAR THE SILENCE AFTER THE 'OFF' AND THE BUILDING UP OF THE CRESCENDO OF SOUND AS THE RACE REACHES ITS CLIMAX.)

MARNIE tastes her coke; sighs contentedly.

MARK

What a paragon. You don't
drink, smoke or gamble...
(he smiles)

He reaches into his jacket pocket, and once again pulls out the winning tickets.

MARK (cont'd)

Just this once? For luck?

MARNIE

(shakes her head)
I don't believe in luck.

MARK

What do you believe in?

MARNIE

(grimly)
Nothing.
(softens this
answer with a
small shrug
and a smile)
Oh...horses maybe. At least
they're beautiful and...
nothing in the world like
people.

MARK

(nods in solemn,
teasing agreement)
Oh yes, people...a thoroughly
bad lot.

CONTINUED

222 CONTINUED

MARNIE
(casually)
Generally.

MARK
Did you have a tough childhood, Mrs. Taylor?

MARNIE
(smiles faintly,
her armor is not
to be penetrated)
No, not particularly.

MARK
(a beat, during which
he thoughtfully rejects
her answer. He leans
back, quietly challenges her)
I think you did. I think you've
had a hard, tough climb...but
you're a smart girl, aren't you?
The careful grammar...the quiet good
manners...
(his easy, encouraging
smile takes some of
the sting out of his words)
...where did you learn them?

MARNIE
(her smile
matches his own)
From my betters.
(sips her
coke calmly)
What about your tough childhood,
Mr. Rutland?

MARK
(shrugs)
The old, sad story...
promising youth blighted,
dragged down by money, position,
noblesse oblige...

MARNIE laughs.

CONTINUED

222 CONTINUED

MARK (cont'd)

By the time I came along, the company was hanging on the ropes. We had over one thousand employees who were about to go down for the count.

MARNIE

How about the Rutlands?
What would have happened to your family?

MARK

Oh, nothing ever happens to a family that traditionally marries at least one heiress every other generation.

MARNIE

(smiles)

Which generation are you?

MARK

(smugly)

I lucked out. Dad married mummy.

MARNIE

(between laughter
and outrage)

You mean for money?

MARK

But of course.

(leans forward
confidentially)

She was from Chicago!

(blandly leans
back, places
some money on
the table)

Let's drive in and have dinner at Bookbinders.

We have reached the CRESCENDO OF SOUND as the winner passes the finish line. MARK rises, looks over his shoulder toward the track, and says with a wry smile.

CONTINUED

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222 CONTINUED

MARK
You shouldn't have chickened.

MARNIE looks questioningly at him.

MARK (cont'd)
Your wall-eyed reject won...
by four lengths.

MARNIE doesn't respond.

MARK (cont'd)
Let's go.

They start to move. MARK follows MARNIE out.

223 CLOSE SHOT

In the stands we have a CLOSE SHOT again of the MAN. He is just finishing off a bottle of beer. As he lowers the empty bottle, his eyes catch sight of something -- the approaching MARK and MARNIE. The CAMERA EASES UP as MARK and MARNIE come into the picture. The MAN begins to approach them. MARNIE turns for a moment and sees him. She quickly turns away and moves on. The MAN and MARK come face to face. MARNIE'S BIG HEAD is in the foreground.

MARK
You're pressing your luck,
old boy.

MARK joins MARNIE and they move away. The CAMERA MOVES IN to a:

224 BIG HEAD OF THE MAN

watching them. For a moment he holds his look and then turns away as though dismissing the whole subject.

225 EXT. WYKWYN - DAY - LONG SHOT

A HIGH SHOT in front of an extremely handsome, massive Eighteenth Century stone house. The area in front of the house is open in the English country manner, giving the impression not of surrounding gardens, but of a park. We see MARK'S car drive swiftly toward the front door. It stops on the graveled drive.

226 MED. SHOT

As the CAR comes to a stop, MARK gets quickly out and opens the car door for MARNIE. The CAMERA MOVES with them up the steps toward the front door so that they are in CLOSER SHOT. We are on their backs.

MARK

Come on. We'll have a cup of tea with Dad, then I'll show you the damn stables.

MARNIE

(a little flustered)

Your father? You should have told me.

She begins to pull frantically at her clothes.

MARK

You're all right. Dad goes by scent. If you smell anything like a horse...

(indicates her shoes, grinning)

You're in.

MARNIE tries to scrape her shoe soles on the steps they are mounting...MARK drags her up. He pushes open the front door and ushers her across the threshold.

227 INT. WYKWYN - DAY - CLOSE SHOT

MARNIE comes through the door as MARK closes it behind her. She stands for a moment looking ahead.

228 LONG SHOT - FROM HER P.O.V.

We see the casual, even ugly magnificence of the place... its vast entrance hall, polished parquetered floors, graceful stairway, its totally personal, undecorated accumulation of furnishings.

229 MED. SHOT

MARK leads MARNIE across to a door at the side. Before they can pass through, MARK'S father can be seen in the background descending the stairs. MARK turns. They wait for him as he descends the last step.

CONTINUED

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229 CONTINUED

MR. RUTLAND
(he obviously
means MARNIE)
Who's this?

MARK
Her name is Mary Taylor.
Mary, this is my father.

MARNIE
How-do-you-do, Mr. Rutland?

MR. RUTLAND
(peers curiously
at her)
A girl is it?

MARK
It's allright, Dad. She's
not really a girl. She's a
horse fancier. How are
chances for some tea?

MR. RUTLAND smiles charmingly at MARNIE, takes her arm and
moves toward the library.

MR. RUTLAND
Lil's in the library...she'll
give us some tea...

230 INT. LIBRARY - DAY - SEMI LONG SHOT

The three enter the room. A low fire is burning and tea is
being laid out by a maid. LIL MARSHALL, in riding pants and
stockinged feet, is comfortably stretched out on a full
length sofa. At the SOUND of their entrance, she smiles,
raises her head, sees MARNIE, sits up slowly, wide-eyed,
curious.

MARK
Mary, this is my sister-in-law,
Lil Marshall. Mary Taylor.

LIL
Hi.

As they shake hands,

CONTINUED

230 CONTINUED

LIL (cont'd)
I've seen you at Rutland's,
haven't I?

Before MARNIE can do more than smile in assent, MR. RUTLAND interrupts.

MR. RUTLAND
(to LIL)
It bewilders me what any of
you can find to do at Rutland's.
I want my tea.

MR. RUTLAND critically examines the tray of goodies; LIL starts to rise, then with a little cat-eyed look at MARNIE, sinks back. The CAMERA has moved in to bring the group into a TIGHT FOUR.

LIL
Oh, dear...I think I rather
sprained by wrist this afternoon.
(holds it up to
demonstrate)
...there's sure to be droppage
and spillage...
(turns to MARNIE,
pleads graciously)
Would you mind awfully?

LIL indicates that she wishes MARNIE to pour. MARNIE looks in dismay at the elaborately set cake stand and the tray with its wealth of china and...to her...unidentifiable accoutrements.

MR. RUTLAND
Well somebody pour. I don't like
cold tea.
(to MARNIE)
Strong please. No milk. Four
lumps of sugar. The meals in this
house are shocking bad but I do
insist on good Horn and Hardart
cake at tea.

During MR. RUTLAND'S speech, MARK gives a sharp, knowing look at innocent-faced LIL, then watches with the determined detachment of a Dr. Spock-spooked mother as MARNIE hesitatingly lowers herself in front of the elaborate tea-tray and bravely attempts to fill MR. RUTLAND'S order. LIL watches with clinical interest.

CONTINUED

230 CONTINUED

MARK

You take yours with lemon, don't
you, Lil? Just lemon for Lil,
Mary. Strong, with a dash of
rum for me.

MR. RUTLAND, as he receives his cup from MARNIE...

MR. RUTLAND

(scornfully)

Spinster's tea...mucking up
tea with strong drink.

(disapproving
look at MARK)

Something sneaky about it...

LIL takes cup from MARNIE.

LIL

Thanks. What's your opinion,
Miss Taylor? Do you think our
old Mark here is a sneaky one?

MARNIE

(faint smile)

Possibly.

LIL

(raises her
eyebrows)

How do you take your tea,
Miss Taylor?

MARNIE

(smiles blandly)

Usually with a cup of hot
water and a tea-bag.

MARK laughs; relaxes. MARNIE will do.

MR. RUTLAND

(cluck)

Lazy habit, my dear. I'll have
quite a large piece of that
butter cake, please.

(speculative
eye on MARNIE)

I understood Mark to say you
ride.

CONTINUED

230 CONTINUED

MARNIE

A little.

MR. RUTLAND

Best thing in the world for
the inside of a man or a
woman is the outside of a
horse. Shouldn't think you'd
find old Mark very interesting.
Doesn't hunt...doesn't even
ride. Sheer affectation.
Always been a bit out of step,
don't you know. Went to
Columbia University.

(leans forward
confidentially
as if MARK were
nowhere near)
In New York City?

MARNIE

Really?

LIL

(darkly)

And he's a registered Democrat.
(smiles)

I don't suppose he let that
drop.

MARK

(amused by his
father's serious-
ness, Lil's catty,
exploratory hostility
to MARNIE, and MARNIE'S
own unflappable facade)

Not yet. I was hoping to lead
up to it gently. I thought it
might go down better if I showed
her the horses first.

He stands up and pulls MARNIE to her feet.

MARK (cont'd)

Swill that down or bring it
to the stables with you!

CONTINUED

230 CONTINUED

MR. RUTLAND

(to LIL)

Mark's trying to behave as if
he brought Miss Taylor out to see
the horses, but he really brought
her to see me.

LIL'S quick look observes the flush that this remark brings
to MARNIE'S cheeks.

LIL

Really? Whatever for?

MR. RUTLAND

Showing off.

(complacently)

I'm quite a presentable old
party, you know.

LIL

(with a rather
dangerous smile)

Oh? Do you think so?
If I had a young man, I
wouldn't subject him to you
unless I were trying to
scare him off.

MARK, edging MARNIE in the direction of the door.

MARK

Come along, Mary. I'll give
you the horse tour. You can
praise their proud equine
beauty, and I will point out
their manifest flaws of character.

Unconcerned, MR. RUTLAND goes contentedly on with his tea;
LIL, as a matter of course, rises to accompany them. She
quickly looks around for her boots, hurriedly thrusts her
feet half-way into them, and begins to hobble after MARK
and MARNIE, trying to pull on boots as she travels.

MARK

(turns to LIL;
smiles urbanely)

Lil, I'm sure your sturdy young
wrist has recovered enough to
slice Dad another piece of cake...

CONTINUED

230 CONTINUED

MR. RUTLAND

(roused)

Yes...I think I will have
another slice, m'dear. Not
too thin please, and more tea
if you will.

LIL, as she understands that the wily MARK is ruthlessly
abandoning her, protests pitiously, holding up for exhibit
her limp wrist.

LIL

I can't!

MARK, as he and MARNIE disappear through the door,

MARK

(mocking)

'When duty whispers low,
Thou must,
Then youth replies,
I can!'

MARK and MARNIE make their escape out of the room, leaving
LIL and MR. RUTLAND. As they exit, the CAMERA MOVES UP to a

231 CLOSE-UP OF LIL ALONE

The outraged LIL, standing in the middle of the room, the
empty feet of her boots on their sides giving her the
grotesque appearance of a paper doll, brutally bent at the
ankles to make it stand. She is still holding in evidence
her sprained wrist, which we now see begin to lend firm
support to a fist which she shakes bitterly in the direction
of the door.

LIL

Rat-fink! And you misquoted.

232 INT. STABLES - DAY - CLOSE-UP

We see MARK and MARNIE enter. They stop for a moment.

233 LONG SHOT - FROM THEIR P.O.V.

We see the long line of stalls. There are perhaps ten horses,
and more stalls.

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234 CLOSE SHOT

MARK and MARNIE start to walk, the CAMERA GOING BACK WITH THEM. The CAMERA comes to a stop and they pass out of the picture.

235 LONG SHOT

MARK and MARNIE walking down the long aisle past the stalls. Their figures become quite small as they reach the end. They turn into the last stall. THE SCENE REMAINS EMPTY FOR A MOMENT.

236 CLOSE-UP

MARNIE'S HEAD lays back upon the wall of the stall. MARK is just in the act of kissing her. She gently breaks free and rolls her head away from him. He watches her. Then, quietly, he asks:

MARK
(gently brushes
back a strand
of her hair)
Will you come out and spend
next weekend with us?

For the first time since the kiss, MARNIE looks at him briefly. One quick look is enough to send a tremor of tension through her body. She moves uneasily; her face, which she once more turns away from his gaze, is suddenly and strangely - rather bewildered and pained. MARNIE hesitates until MARK presses his point.

MARK (cont'd)
You can bring your tea bags
and have your pick of the
horses.

She relaxes a little and faces him. They smile at each other. She nods.

MARK (cont'd)
Good girl.

He takes her arm lightly and guides her out of the box.

PROD. #9403 "HAWAII"REVISED FINAL
October 9, 1963

237 EXT. STABLES - DAY - MED. SHOT

Outside, MARK stretches out his hand and rests it lightly on her far shoulder as they stride companionably toward the house.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

238

239 INT. RUTLAND'S, WARD'S OUTER OFFICE - NIGHT - MED. SHOT

MARNIE, her face wears a blank, unseeing expression. She is putting on her coat. She moves slowly, deliberately. At the door, already on her way out, is SUSAN.

SUSAN

I've got to run on...see
you Monday...
(grins)
...that is if you're dopay
enough to come back from
Wykwyn.

She is gone. Beyond MARNIE, we see the main part of the office. Stragglers are leaving this section. We see perhaps a half-dozen separate movements. MARNIE completes her dressing, picks up her handbag and starts to move toward the CAMERA. The CAMERA BACKS UP as she comes toward it. It continues with her as she walks from WARD'S outer office to the main office. The CAMERA continues until it is in the corridor that leads to the Women's Washroom. MARNIE stops by the door which is clearly marked "WOMEN". She goes in.

240 INT. WOMEN'S WASHROOM - NIGHT

The CAMERA picks MARNIE up on the inside. Her image on the screen is the same side we left before. The CAMERA EASES back and then passes along the row of toilet booths. She goes into the last one. In the background we see other girls taking their exit with 'good nights' to others who are at the hand basins.

241 INT. TOILET - NIGHT

MARNIE closes and locks the door, stands inside. Her image is about waist high. She waits and listens. Inside the main washroom we can HEAR the flushes going, hand washing, voices of the girls talking, and then with 'good nights' making their way out.

BACKGROUND DIALOGUE (o.s.)

'It's a new shade...Pink
Champagne. Want to try it?'

'Look at that lousy soap dispenser...
this is the third day it's been
empty...'

CONTINUED

241 CONTINUED

BACKGROUND DIALOGUE (o.s.)

'Here. There's plenty here'.

'You know what she had the gall to tell me? She said, 'oh, you'll love him, Shirley! He's your type. He's real executive material'. Executive Material! You should have seen the executive way he shoved those nickles in the automat!'

'Bye now'.

'Come on, will you? We're going to miss our ride!'

'See you Monday, Jill. Take it easy, now.'

Through all this MARNIE waits. The SOUNDS lessen until within the washroom there is silence. The only other sounds we are able to pick up are those from the main office. We can HEAR faint 'good nights', a slam or two, and even from that distance it becomes silent. Now we remain with MARNIE for quite a time. The silence remains unbroken. Finally she starts to unbolt the door as silently as possible.

242 INT. WASHROOM - NIGHT

We see MARNIE cautiously emerge. She crosses casually to the row of hand basins and stands and listens, obviously prepared to cover up her presence there so late. After a beat or two she goes to the door, opens it cautiously.

243 INT. MAIN OFFICE - NIGHT

On the other side of the door we see MARNIE'S FACE, peering out.

244 LONG SHOT - FROM HER P.O.V.

the empty office.

245 MED. SHOT

MARNIE emerges and then casually, almost nonchalantly, walks back to the main office. Her head turns from side to side, and we know, although we don't see her face, that she is looking around the large empty office for signs of life. There are none. We follow her across the main office through to WARD'S outer office. She takes a key from her purse. CAMERA CLOSSES IN. We see her unlock the famous drawer.

246 CLOSE-UP

MARNIE bends her head down in just the same manner that we have seen MR. WARD do it.

247 CLOSE-UP

At last we, too, view the reason for the locked drawer. Pasted on the inside with scotch tape is a strip of paper on which are written five separate numbers.

248 CLOSE-UP

We see MARNIE repeating these numbers to herself. We see the drawer close and once more locked.

249 MED. SHOT

MARNIE puts the key back in her handbag, then turns and goes into WARD'S office. On the distant wall we see the safe. With a final quick glance around, MARNIE closes the door.

250 LONG SHOT

We now have a full view of the outer office. We see through the glass partitioned office the closed door to WARD'S office on our right. On the left hand side of the screen is the big empty office with its desks, chairs and cabinets. There is an aisle between the outer office and the main office. After a long pause a figure appears in the distance. It is a CLEANING WOMAN. She is occupied in sweeping the floor. Her back is to us. She comes nearer and nearer to the CAMERA. When she is level with the beginning of the glass partitioned office, we

CUT TO:

251 INT. OUTER OFFICE - CLOSE SHOT - MARNIE

Her bag bulging, she opens the door from WARD'S office, and gives a cautious look out. She turns and as she is about to pull the door to, she looks off left of CAMERA and sees:

252 MED. SHOT

Just above the wood partition and beyond the glass, is the bent head of the preoccupied CLEANING WOMAN.

253 CLOSE-UP

MARNIE closes the door behind her carefully. She begins to calculate her next move. She glances once more in the direction of the woman and then turning further, looks past the CAMERA.

254 LONG SHOT

MARNIE'S goal beyond the glass partition office - we see two openings in the far wall. One on the right leads to the staircase and one on the left, to the corridor that contains the Women's Washroom, but beyond it is an 'L shaped' turn to the left. At the turn of this corridor in the far wall, is a door to another office.

255 CLOSE SHOT

MARNIE looks back again to the woman. The CAMERA EASES OUT. She puts her bag down on the desk for a moment and takes off her shoes. She stuffs one shoe into each pocket of her coat. She picks up her bag and once more glances at the woman.

256 MED. SHOT

We see now that the cleaning woman has gained a few feet and is ahead of MARNIE on the other side of the partitioned wall.

257 CLOSE SHOT

MARNIE'S STOCKINGED FEET beginning to walk as the CAMERA RETREATS.

258 CLOSE-UP

One of the shoes in her pocket does not seem to be quite as secure as it should be. The CAMERA moves along with it and it begins to work its way loose. We are now approaching the door of the glass partitioned office. The shoe is getting freer and freer. Suddenly to the left of the screen we see the back of the cleaning woman with the shoe in the foreground.

259 CLOSE-UP MARNIE'S FEET

260 CLOSE-UP

MARNIE, oblivious to the shoe problem that is about to break, glances in the direction of the woman.

261 CLOSE SHOT

THE SHOE finally works its way out and drops to the floor with a light clatter.

262 CLOSE-UP

THE SHOE hitting the floor.

263 CLOSE-UP

A FROZEN MARNIE who has come to a halt and looking down at the shoe. Her head turns in the direction of the woman.

264 MED. SHOT

THE CLEANING WOMAN has not turned and appears to be oblivious to the sound.

265 MED. SHOT

MARNIE anxiously watches the woman, then quickly bends and picks up the shoe. She now hurries away past the CAMERA.

266 MED. SHOT

We see her hastening toward the door that has the stairway. At the very moment she reaches the door, the NIGHT WATCHMAN appears coming around the 'L shaped' corridor. He would have seen her but for the fact that he is making his way toward the door at the end of the corridor which he opens and puts his head in. As he closes the door, MARNIE has now reached the staircase. She starts her descent as the WATCHMAN comes through the corridor, into the main office. We swing the CAMERA with him to the CLEANING WOMAN. He shouts at her in the manner of a man who knows she is deaf.

WATCHMAN

You're sure making time
tonight, Rita. What's the
big rush?

RITA

(scarcely looks up)
I wanta get to bed, that's
what's the big rush.

267 EXT. GARROD'S FARM - DAY - CLOSE-UP

Back again to the motif of the BLONDE MARNIE on her horse, the wind blowing through her hair as she again experiences the ritual post-robbery ecstasy.

268 LONG SHOT

MARNIE galloping 'round the open meadow. She gallops in a wide circle and then bears down toward the CAMERA. The gallop goes into a canter and as she comes closer and closer to the CAMERA, she pulls the horse up with a sudden start. The CAMERA ZOOMS into her face. It is full of shock.

269 MED. SHOT

A monolithic figure stands waiting for her. It is MARK.

270 MED. SHOT

A HIGH ANGLE SHOOTING ACROSS MARNIE'S FACE past her body to the ground below. MARK enters the picture from the right. He looks up at her.

CONTINUED

270 CONTINUED

MARK
(conversationally)
Please get down...You will
walk back to the stable.
I will ride.

MARNIE'S FACE is blank with shock; she obeys. Easily, MARK swings himself into the saddle. What follows gives the effect that he is herding her before him.

MARK (cont'd)
My car is at Garrod's. Are
you staying at an Inn...
(cruelly)
or have you friends among
the Gentry?

MARNIE still cannot take in what is happening to her. She turns to stare at MARK, who - incongruously garbed in a business suit - rides FORIO easily, confidently, in firm control of the high-strung, fractious animal. MARNIE, utterly disoriented, speaks, looking up at him.

MARNIE
You said you didn't trust
horses...

MARK
I don't. But they trust me..
(only a hint
of a grim smile)
Which brings us directly to
our relationship, Miss Edgar.

271 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY - CLOSE SHOT

MARNIE and MARK are crossing the lobby. The CAMERA is behind them. They reach the desk. MARNIE hangs back a shade as MARK leans over and addresses MRS. MAITLAND.

MARK
Hello. I'm sorry but Miss
Edgar will be checking out.
Would you mind making up
her bill?

MRS. MAITLAND looks questioningly at MARNIE.

CONTINUED

271 CONTINUED

MARK (cont'd)
Miss Edgar is my secretary.
(turns back; smiles
charmingly at MARNIE)
This was to be her little holiday,
but we find that we're hopelessly
short without her.

MARK holds out his hand for the key, which MRS. MAITLAND
somewhat reluctantly gives him. As he takes MARNIE'S elbow
and guides her toward the stairway...

MARK (cont'd)
I'll come upstairs with you,
Miss Edgar, while you get your
things.

272 INT. INN BEDROOM - MED. SHOT OF THE TWO AND CLOSE-UPS OF EACH.

Fumbling, still dazed, MARNIE is attempting to pack the
pieces of clothing that MARK is throwing at her from the
closet and drawers.

MARK
Edgar. Is that your real
name?

When she hesitates,

MARK (cont'd)
It will save a good deal of
time and make for better
feeling all around if you
tell me the truth.

Still she does not answer. Patiently he repeats the question.

MARK (cont'd)
Is Edgar your real name?

MARNIE still does not answer. She goes on packing. MARK'S
eyes narrow dangerously.

MARK (cont'd)
Don't crowd me, lady! I'm
fighting a powerful impulse
to beat the hell out of you.

CONTINUED

272 CONTINUED

A quick defensive look from MARNIE as she throws her head up.

MARK (cont'd)
Ah! At last! We communicate.
(with the
utmost threat)
For the third and last time.
Is Edgar your real name?
And don't bother to lie...
I'll check you out in every
detail.

MARNIE
(frightened)
Yes. Edgar. Margaret Edgar...

MARK
Where are you from?

MARNIE
(blinks, hesitates
only a fraction of
a moment; we must
see that the somnambul-
istic state has passed
and she is beginning to
think)
California.

MARK
Where in California?

MARNIE
Los Angeles.

MARK
Where is the money?

MARNIE
Here.
(indicates
suitcase)
Some of it.

MARK
Give it to me.

She hands him packet of money. He does not count it.

CONTINUED

272 CONTINUED

MARK (cont'd)
Where is the rest?

MARNIE
Don't worry. It's safe...

MARK
(smiles grimly)
Safe at some pari-mutual
window? ...or gone for an
operation for your sick
old mother...?

Sudden indrawn breath as MARNIE swings around to face him.

MARK (cont'd)
...Perhaps you're putting a
kid brother through school?

Slowly, weak with relief, MARNIE lets out her breath. She
almost smiles.

MARNIE
I...don't have a kid brother.
Or a mother. I don't have
anybody.

MARK
Not even Mr. Taylor? You
know, I wouldn't be a bit
surprised to hear that the
rest of the haul is with
your late husband, Mr. Taylor!
Somewhere around these parts
I expect to find Mr. Taylor,
happily reincarnated, the
pockets of his good blue burial
suit bulging with Rutland money.

MARNIE
The rest of the money is in a
registered package addressed to
me at a post office box in New
York. You can pick it up there
by tomorrow.

(takes key from
her purse)
Here's the key.

MARK
I'll also take the registra-
tion receipt.

CONTINUED

272 CONTINUED

Reluctantly, she hands him this too. He examines it.

MARK (cont'd)
Thank you, Miss Edgar. This receipt and the unopened letter are as good as a signed confession. You understand that?

She nods.

MARK (cont'd)
All right. Now. Where does Mr. Taylor come in?

MARNIE
There's no such person. I've never been married.

She puses to blow her nose...trying to gain time, to make her story straight.

MARNIE (cont'd)
Mrs. Taylor was an old friend of my mother's. The name just came to my mind.

MARK
I see. And when you applied at Rutland's it just came to your mind.

MARNIE
I have a cousin...Jessie. She's no good. I was afraid if...if she knew about the insurance money she'd try to get part of it...make trouble for me.

MARK
What insurance money?

MARNIE
Mrs. Taylor's...she died...

MARK
Mrs. Taylor died? Pity. And is it this naughty cousin who's working with you now?

CONTINUED

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272 CONTINUED

MARNIE

Nobody's working with me!
You talk as if this was...
some kind of a regular
thing I do...did...all
planned out in cold blood!

MARK

And it wasn't?

MARNIE

No!

MARK

(hard)

You are not from Los Angeles,
baby. Insurance is pronounced
insurance only in the South
and that's where you're from.
Where? Around here?

She does not answer.

MARK (cont'd)

My dear, you are a cold,
practiced, little method-
actress of a liar.

MARNIE

I can't help it!

MARK

No. It would seem not.

MARNIE

I don't mean that...I mean,
I wasn't born in California.
I was born in...Richmond,
Virginia. My father deserted
us when I was a baby. My
mother and I lived in Richmond
til I was seven. Then we moved
to California...

(an inspiration)

...where mother could get work
in the airplane factories. That's
the truth. I swear it. She died
when I was ten and I was brought
up by Mrs. Taylor out there.

CONTINUED

275 CONTINUED

She looks to MARK for understanding. His face is inscrutable as he continues to regard the road before him. MARNIE sighs

MARK

Go on. You still have my attention.

MARNIE

I just went to school and took care of Mrs. Taylor until she died. She left me her house and five thousand dollars in insurance. I sold the house... it had a mortgage, so I only got six thousand cash...but there I was with eleven thousand dollars. Me! I could do exactly what I wanted to with it. And what I wanted was to live...even for a short time...like a lady. Not like I always had...grubbing, hungry for everything, nobody...

MARK

(cynically)

All right, all right. I get the picture.

She takes a deep breath, flicks her eyes toward MARK to see how all of this is going down.

MARNIE

I didn't want to stay in California. I was...afraid of Jessie, my cousin. She'd been in prison...something bad -- I decided to get out. I went to Washington, D. C. I had enough to live -- really live -- for at least two years...live like a lady.

MARK

Why Washington?

MARNIE

Well...it wasn't Richmond...I didn't want to go back there...and it was near race-tracks and hunt country. I'd always wanted a horse...more than anything in the world.

(pause)

There isn't much more. I bought Forio.

CONTINUED

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275 CONTINUED

MARK

Forio?

MARNIE

My horse, at Garrod's. I had two wonderful years. Then last November it was all gone...so I had to get a job. I went to Pittsburgh and took the job at Kendall's, until I could look around for something better.

MARK

But why leave Washington? They catch you casing the U. S. Mint?

MARNIE

(on her dignity)

I just wanted to go someplace else. I was...restless.

MARK

(gives her a long, weighing look, then takes a deep breath and dives in)

All right. Let's try again now. Let's back up and see if you can turn that Mount Everest of manure into a few facts. One...your dates are all wrong. Two years ago you were employed by the firm of Strutt and Coombs.

She stares at him in horror.

MARK (cont'd)

I saw you there once. Mr. Strutt is the tax consultant for Rutland and Company. He pointed you out to me. Some months later he pointed out your absence under rather dramatic circumstances.

MARNIE

(shock piled on shock)

You mean you knew all about... all that...when you hired me?

CONTINUED

275 CONTINUED

MARK

No, I wasn't positive. But
I thought it might be
interesting to keep you
around.

(grimly)

As indeed it was.

(businesslike)

All right. We have established
that you are a thief and a liar.
Now. What is the decree? Are
you a compulsive thief...a
pathological liar?

MARNIE

What difference does it make?

MARK

Some. It makes some difference.
To me.

MARNIE darts a quick, questioning look at him.

MARK (cont'd)

Have you ever been in jail?

MARNIE

(her look is one
of honest outrage)

Certainly not!

(chokes back
her rage)

I know you'll never believe
me now and it's my own fault...
it's true about Strutt...I did
it. I don't know why...I just
kind of went crazy I guess...
and Mr. Strutt was so...I hated
him!

MARK

Like you hate me?

MARNIE

Oh no! Not you....

(begins to
sob dryly)

CONTINUED

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275 CONTINUED

MARK slows the car up off the highway and it comes to a stop. He turns the engine off, turns to her.

MARK
Clean up your face.

He does not offer her a handkerchief. She is forced to dig for her own. He watches her for a moment as she scrubs her eyes and face.

MARK (cont'd)
Come on.

276 EXT. HOWARD JOHNSON'S - DAY - MED. SHOT

MARNIE gets out on her side and follows MARK into the HOWARD JOHNSON'S RESTAURANT.

277 INT. HOWARD JOHNSON'S RESTAURANT - CLOSE SHOT

A WAITRESS stands by as they seat themselves and look at the menu.

WAITRESS
What'll you folks have?

MARNIE
(shortly, to
WAITRESS)
A hotdog and a coffee, please.

MARK
(smiles faintly)
The same for me.

WAITRESS
Okay-doke.
(leaves with menus)

THE CAMERA MOVES IN til MARNIE and MARK FILL THE SCREEN.

MARNIE
(after a moment)
Where are you taking me? Can't
you see you're torturing me?

CONTINUED

277 CONTINUED

MARK

Well, I'm certainly trying.
Let's go on with our little
discussion. The chronic use
of an alias is not consistent
with your story of sudden tempta-
tion and unpremediated impulse.

MARNIE

(wearily)

My cousin Jessie found me in
Washington...that's why I left.
I just changed my name...I don't
really know why I did it...

MARK

(equitably)

Why a second change of names
for Rutland and Co.?

MARNIE

What if you'd stolen almost ten
thousand dollars? Wouldn't you
change your name? I was afraid
to go back to my own name! What
if the police had found out what
it was? What if they had sent
out...things...saying 'Margaret
Edgar' sometimes known as Marion
Holland, wanted in connection
with robbery of...' -- Oh, what's
the use! Why should I even try
to make you understand!

MARK

I'm not only trying to understand,
I'm even trying to believe you.

MARNIE

Why?

MARK

Because, damn it, I want to!
Can you understand that?

WAITRESS

(brings food)

Here you are, folks. You want
anything else just lemme know.

CONTINUED

277 CONTINUED

MARK

Thank you.

There are several long moments of silence between MARK and MARNIE. They both bite into their hot dogs, but after one bite, MARK stops and watches MARNIE, whose energies have been ruinously spent, and to whom a feeling of dimly gathering hope has lent appetite. She ravenously attacks her food, and it is several moments before she notices the silence of MARK. As for MARK, he has been watching HUNGER. This ferocious, urchin hunger has moved him more than all of MARNIE'S story-telling; now, as she reads the expression on his face, she is prompted to try again.

MARNIE

Mark...the reasons for what I
did...at Rutland's...

(sensing his weakening
toward her, she digs in)

...they were so mixed up...what I
wanted to say before.

He gives her no help.

MARNIE (cont'd)

...I needed to get away...
(boldly, but still
using a euphemism)
...away from Rutland's.

Still no answer from MARK.

MARNIE (cont'd)

(desperately)

Don't you see?

(takes a deep breath)

Things were...we were...

(seems to struggle
helplessly)

MARK

So we were. Was that any
reason to run away?

MARNIE

(vehemently)

Yes! I thought it was time I
got out...before I got hurt.
I mean why kid myself.

CONTINUED

277 CONTINUED

MARK

(takes a moment to
digest this informa-
tion and its pathetic
implications)

Are you called Margaret?

MARNIE

(hesitates)

Marnie.

MARNIE raises her eyes beseechingly to him...essays a
tremulous half-smile...He only gazes at her, his expression
quite unreadable. Desperately, she presses...

MARNIE (cont'd)

I've told you everything. I
swear, everything! ...If you're
not going to turn me in...

MARK

Did I suggest in any way that
I was not going to feed you to
the cops?

MARNIE

(hurriedly, before he
can pursue this line,
she suddenly flares up)

I don't care what you do!

(puts her head
down on her arms)

MARK

(when her eyes are off
him, his expression
softens to pity)

Marnie...I don't want to give you
to the police. But I've got to
know where I stand...If I don't
let the law have you...I'm responsible
for you.

MARNIE

(for the first time,
real hope)

Oh, God, Mark...if you'll let
me go, I swear to you I'll never...

CONTINUED

277 CONTINUED

MARK

(shakes his head)

I can't let you go, Marnie.
Somebody's got to take care
of you and help you. If not
the law...then somebody. You
can't just be turned loose.
If I let you go, I'd be criminally
and morally responsible.

MARNIE

(puzzled)

Then what...

MARK

Marnie.

(smiles)

It suits you. All right, Marnie.
This is the way it's going to be.
I'm driving you back to
Philadelphia. We'll go to the
farm tonight and tomorrow you
return to Rutland's. You will
see that Susan's key finds its way
back into her purse.

MARNIE

(all attention)

How can I? How can I go back
to Rutland's?

MARK

You're covered. I replaced the
money. When I went to pick you
up yesterday and found you'd
pulled out, I knew instantly what
had happened. I went to Rutland's,
checked Ward's safe, figured the
loss and replaced it. Then I set
out to find you.

(looks at her)

Remember that first day at the
races when you were all hot for a
horse called Telepathy?

MARNIE

(vaguely)

The one I told you not to bet.

CONTINUED

277 CONTINUED

MARK

That's the one. I remembered
you said you'd watched him
training as a two-year old.
That was all I had to go on.
I looked him up and found he'd
been bred by a Major Marston of
Virginia. I phoned Marston, and
asked if he knew of any place
around here that had horses for hire.
He gave me the names of three. I
drove to The Plains yesterday and
checked out the stables. No luck.
But the man at the last place said
why didn't I try Garrod's over by
Middleburg.

MARK signals the WAITRESS for the check. She approaches
and starts to make out the check.

MARNIE

It was just as if you'd come by
out of the ground...

WAITRESS

(hands MARK the check)
You folks be sure and come
back, now.

MARNIE

(as soon as the
waitress leaves)
Why are you taking me back to
Wykwyn?

MARK

Because I don't trust you not
to run away.

MARNIE

How can I run away? You've got
the receipt, the post office key...
(bitterly)
...my name...

MARK

(eyes her)
Margaret Edgar. You're sure that's
all the name you've got? You're
sure you haven't misplaced an old
husband or two somewhere in your
travels?

CONTINUED

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277 CONTINUED

MARNIE

I told you. I've never been married.

MARK

Near misses?

MARNIE

No. And no lovers, no steadies, no 'close friends', no beaus, no gentlemen callers. Nothing.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK as MARK gives her a long curious look, shakes his head in wonder, stands up. MARNIE follows his lead. They walk toward the Cashier. On the way, MARNIE spots the Ladies' Room. Her eyes narrow.

MARNIE

Mark...

He turns, questioningly.

MARNIE (cont'd)

Mark, I need to go...

(indicates

Ladies' Room)

...freshen up a little.

MARK quickly calculates the possibility of escape from the place; then shakes his head.

MARK

You're fresh enough.

(cuts short her

quick frown)

Come on.

He quickly pays check and guides her out of restaurant.

278 INT. CAR - DUSK - CLOSE SHOT

MARK

(starting up car)

Incidentally, Marnie, since you're so interested in how ladies live and behave...it is extremely bourgeois to beat around the bush about 'freshening up'. Ladies tend to be rather outspoken.

CONTINUED

278 CONTINUED

MARNIE
You can go to hell.

MARK
(grins)
You might make it yet.

He guides car swiftly into the traffic of the big highway, turns, takes a quick, consuming look at her. She moves uneasily away.

MARK (cont'd)
I can't believe you, Marnie;
there must have been a great
many men interested in you.

MARNIE
(sullenly)
I didn't say men weren't
interested in me. I said I
wasn't interested in them.

MARK
Never?

MARNIE
No.
(considers the possibilities of this line of thought. She glances quickly up, then down)
That is...not until...
(shrugs hopelessly, implying that he knows the answer)

MARK
Why me?

MARNIE
(trying desperately to suggest a love-sick girl)
You were...different, Mark.

MARK
(shakes his head)
It won't wash, Marnie...

CONTINUED

278 CONTINUED

MARNIE

(trying hard)

It's true...I really liked
you.

MARK

Yes, I think you did...but don't
try to make it sound like more
than that. You're a smart girl,
Marnie. Don't tell me you don't
know when a man is just swimming
around with his mouth wide open
for the bait. If you'd felt any-
thing for me you could have hooked
me easy...and I weigh in at con-
siderably more than seven thousand
dollars.

(can't help smiling)

You know, Marnie, I suspect you of
being rather prudish and unwordly.

There is a long moment of silence as MARK drives on, his
eyes narrow in thought. At last he gives an almost impercept-
ible shrug. His expression is that of a gambler who has
decided to shoot the wad. When he finally speaks, it is in
an apparently normal, casual voice. It is, in fact, an
almost superhumanly controlled voice.

MARK (cont'd)

When we get to the farm, I'll
explain that we had a lover's
quarrel, that you ran away and
that I went after you and brought
you back. That will please Dad.
He admires action. I'll say that
since we plan to be married before
the week is out, you will stay on
at Wykwyn...that I can't bear to
have you out of my sight. He also
admires wholesome animal lust.

MARNIE stares at him as she would at someone taken mad in the
streets...dangerously mad.

MARK (cont'd)

We'll be married as soon as the
law allows, and catch an outbound
boat. Where do you want to go?
Ever been to the South Seas? They've
got a bunch of women on one of the
islands who sing giant turtles up
out of the sea...

CONTINUED

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278 CONTINUED

MARNIE

(cowering back from him)
What are you trying to pull?

MARK

I'm trying to 'pull' a proposal.
How should I phrase it? Let's
see. How about... 'Will you be
mine?'

MARNIE

You're crazy! You're out of
your mind!

She has no time to think, only blind instinct drives her
to fight the net she feels slipping over her.

MARNIE (cont'd)

You know what I am! I'm a thief
and a liar and ...

MARK

It seems to be my misfortune to
have fallen in love with a thief
and a liar.

MARNIE

(sees that he is
quite serious)

In love?

(there is
hope in this)

Oh! If you love me you'll let
me go! Just let me go, Mark!

Please! Mark, you don't know me!
(desperately)

Listen to me, Mark! I am not
like other people! I know what
I am!

MARK

I doubt that you do, Marnie. In
any event, we'll just have to deal
with whatever it is that you are,
and whatever you are... I do love
you, Marnie...

(shakes his head
in awful wonder)

I know it's horrible, but I do
love you.

CONTINUED

278 CONTINUED

MARNIE
(driven always
to the same
conclusion)
You're crazy.

MARK
That is a definite possibility.

MARNIE
(her voice is low,
almost a hiss of
accusation)
You don't love me...I'm just
something you've...caught...
you think I'm some kind of
animal you've trapped!

MARK
That's right. You are. And
I've caught something really
wild this time, haven't I?

MARNIE
(bursts out)
Go buy yourself a God-damned
Zoo! Let me go!

MARK
(shakes his head)
I've tracked you and caught
you, and by God, I'm going to
keep you. And, Marnie...when
we get home, no cute ideas about
absconding with the Wykwyn silver.
Just get a grip on yourself for
one short week...after that you
can take legal possession.

MARNIE
(darkly)
Like you? Like you take legal
possession?

MARK
(eyes ahead on the road)
If you want to put it that way,
yes. Somebody's got to take on
the responsibility for you, Marnie.
It narrows down to a choice of me
or the fuzz, old girl.

279 CLOSE-UP OF MARNIE'S FRIGHTENED, FURIOUS FACE.

280 EXT. FRONT OF WYKWYN - DAY -

MARK'S car is in the driveway. The double front doors of the house are thrown open on MARK and MARNIE, as they come through the door. They are dressed for traveling. MARK holds MARNIE's hand, pulls her gaily forth under a shower of rice which is being thrown by the servants who follow in the wake of LIL, MR. RUTLAND, REV. GILLIAN, an Episcopal minister, and COUSIN BOB. COUSIN BOB is a young-old man, rather prim, a born bachelor.

MARK
(to the rice throwers)
Hold your fire a minute! Cousin
Bob...I almost forgot. Have you
got the old necessary?

As the exchange takes place between COUSIN BOB and MARK, MR. RUTLAND kisses MARNIE. She then shakes hands with the minister. This is in the background of COUSIN BOB and MARK. We also see LIL, who merely watches, mostly MARNIE.

COUSIN BOB
(reaches into inside
pocket, pulls out two
envelopes, hands them
to MARK)
Traveller's checks in here...
letter of credit in here.

MARK
(takes envelopes
from BOB)
Thanks, old man...
(to MARNIE)
Darling, Bob is our banking
cousin...handy fellow. Oh...
could you see to getting my car
picked up at the airport, Bob?

Assuming the willing efficiency of BOB'S service, MARK turns, grabs MARNIE, pulls her toward the car. LIL steps forward, stops MARK, puts her arms around his neck and kisses him on the mouth, hard.

CONTINUED

280 CONTINUED

MARK
(gently releases
himself, pats her
cheek, speaks gently)
Take care, Lil.
(kisses her again...
this time on the cheek)
We'll send you a noble savage.
Okay?
(turns to his father,
smiles)
Goodbye, Dad. Thank you, Dr.
Gillian. It wouldn't have been
legal without you.

He waves to everyone, puts MARNIE into the car and drives away as everyone waves them out of sight. The others left standing break up into groups. The servants return to the house. MR. RUTLAND and DR. GILLIAN turn toward BOB. LIL stands somewhat alone, still watching after the bridal couple.

MR. RUTLAND
Damn nice girl.

BOB
Well, Uncle Vic...I never expected
you to have a company wife in your
family.

MR. RUTLAND
Company wife? What does that mean?
Company wife?

LIL
(moves in)
It means a wife who will be good
for the company.

MR. RUTLAND
(bewildered)
What company?

COUSIN BOB
Why Rutland and Company, Uncle
Vic!

CONTINUED

280 CONTINUED

MR. RUTLAND

Why on earth should Marnie...
or any wife...be good for a
company? Sounds absolutely
filthy!

(takes REV. GILLIAN'S arm)

Let's go back and finish the
champagne and cake before they
spirit it away from us.

They move toward door.

MR. RUTLAND (cont'd)

Really splendid cake. Tended
to that myself, you know. I've
made the acquaintance of one of
those excellent Horn and Hardart
executives...

MR. RUTLAND and DR. GILLIAN are gone. MR. RUTLAND'S last
speech is played under MEDIUM CLOSE-UPS of LIL and BOB who
both seem to want to linger after the lost sight of the
honeymooners.

COUSIN BOB

(slit-eyed)

That engagement ring must
have been almost five carats.

LIL

(not looking at him
but in the distance)

Six and a half. Blue-white.
Perfect stone.

COUSIN BOB

His mother left perfectly good
jewelry. It's just sitting there
at the bank in safety deposit.

LIL

He said he wanted her to have
something that had never belonged
to anyone else.

COUSIN BOB

But six and a half carats!
(tutorially)

You understand, Lil, that while
Uncle Victor is quite well off,

CONTINUED

290 CONTINUED

COUSIN BOB (cont'd)
Mark is not what one would
call rich. And now he's acting
like a...a Bohemian. Cashing
in a bond to pay for a ring.

LIL
(suddenly very alert)
But he didn't pay for it. He
charged it. I helped him pick
it out. It cost \$42,000.00
dollars. Plus tax.

COUSIN BOB
(stares dumbfounded at
her; states flatly)
The man's deranged. Did you say
\$42,000 dollars?

LIL nods. He moves closer, lowers his voice.

COUSIN BOB (cont'd)
Do you know what he did to me last
Saturday? He got me off the golf
course! Broke up a foursome...
older men! ...came out to the club
waving a check for seven thousand
dollars, and insisting that I break
up the game, go open the bank, and
hand over to him seven thousand
dollars! Didn't offer the slightest
excuse...just calmly said he thought
he'd be needing 'about seven thou,
old man'. Then he drew out...well,
let's just say, enough...for this trip,
plus the letter of credit. Then he
cashed that very nice bond -- against
my advice! Made me get the money...
ten thousand...in small bills. When I
asked him what he wanted with ten
thousand in small bills, he said, 'well,
old man, I'm being blackmailed and they
specified small bills'.

(bitterly)
I know that most people find Mark's
'humour' charming. I do not. There
is nothing 'charming' about running
through...

(quickly adds it all up)
...counting the unpaid bill for a ring...
that's approximately \$55,000 dollars in
one week.

CONTINUED

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LIL has followed this recital with almost quivering attention. When he stops speaking to brood, she frowns, moves restlessly.

COUSIN BOB (cont'd)
(he has worked himself
into a fury...a well
modulated fury, but
nevertheless, a fury)
And what about this loony honey-
moon to those nasty islands?
Three quarters of the way around
the globe at luxury prices.
(his eyes narrow meanly)
A five or six thousand dollar
honeymoon...conservatively speak-
ing...a 42,000 dollar ring! All
of that money to celebrate what?
This meagre, furtive little wedding?
He didn't even ask Mother. I'm sure
I shouldn't have been included except
that Mark, with his famous 'humour',
is amused to have the second vice-
president of the third largest bank
in Philadelphia as an errand boy!

LIL, distracted by all this information, absently pats his arm. Suddenly his frenzy is burned out. His face crumples sadly.

COUSIN BOB (cont'd)
I simply fail to see, what's
the matter with Bermuda!

THE CAMERA MOVES IN on LIL'S enigmatic smile.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

281 INT. UPSTAIRS HALL, WYKWYN - NIGHT

LIL, in dressing gown, opens her bedroom door onto the hall. It is quiet, empty. She moves down hall to another door, opens it, enters a room, quietly closing door behind her.

282 INT. MARK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

LIL goes to MARK'S desk and starts opening drawers. In the third one, she finds what she is looking for. It is MARK'S personal checking account book. She opens it, turns to date she is looking for. Reads. Check made out to cash, seven thousand, November 20th. There is no indication of what it was for. Next she finds under deposits, 'five thousand cash' ...and a note that reads 'remainder in safe deposit - in case'. Then, under deposits, ten thousand notated 'bond'; this is followed immediately by a withdrawal of ten thousand. Beside this withdrawal, she finds another notation. It reads, 'pay off Strutt'. THE CAMERA MOVES IN until the insertions fill the screen. Over this we hear LIL whisper.

LIL (o.s.)
'Pay off Strutt'. Strutt?

283 CLOSE SHOT - LIL

She leans over and takes a piece of note paper from the rack. It is of a blue color with the address of Wykwyn in the top right-hand corner. She writes down the name 'STRUTT'.

284 INSERT - THE PEN WRITING THE WORD 'STRUTT' ON THE BLUE PAPER.

285 CLOSE SHOT -LIL

She folds it and puts it away in her pocket; puts her elbows on the desk and settles down to dig through the accounts in a more determined, searching way.

286 INT. CABIN - NIGHT - CLOSE-UP

THE SCREEN IS FILLED with a large display of flowers. Stuck in among them is a stick upon which is hanging a folding card with a silver inscription on the outside and two tiny silver wedding bells. The CAMERA LOWERS until we see the water in the vase holding the flowers. We HOLD ON THIS WATER and we see that it tilts slowly from one side to the other. The CAMERA EASES AWAY and reveals on the chest of drawers, other gifts for the departing...fruit, more flowers, liquor, etc. We are now revealing the sitting room of a luxuriously appointed cabin. This is further confirmed as we see the two square ports which reveal the moonlit sea beyond. We now come upon MARK who is fixing himself a drink. He is wearing only his pants and shirt. He moves away with his drink and the CAMERA SWINGS HIM over to the door leading to the bedroom, and we see the ends of the twin beds beyond. MARK leans against the doorframe and talks through this open door.

CONTINUED

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286 CONTINUED

MARK

Booze?

There is no answer from the bedroom.

MARK (cont'd)

Shall I fix you a drink?

There is still no answer.

287 CLOSE SHOT

MARK steps a little forward and looks into the bedroom.

288 MED. SHOT - FROM HIS P.O.V.

The bedroom is empty.

289 CLOSE SHOT

MARK crosses and taps on the bathroom door.

MARK (cont'd)

I said would you like some
bourbon to brush your teeth?

MARNIE (o.s.)

(her voice scarcely
audible behind the door)

No, thank you.

MARK moves back from door, sits on bed, the CAMERA FOLLOWING.
He continues to speak, not altogether as a means of quieting
a nervous bride...we must feel that he, too, is not completely
at ease in this situation.

MARK

The battle ground of marriage is
not, contrary to the movies and
The Ladies' Home Journal...I repeat,
is not the bedroom. The real field
of battle is the bath. It is in the
bath and for the bath that the lines
are drawn and no quarter given. Now
it seems to me that we are getting
off to a dangerously poor start,
darling. You have been in the bathroom...
(consults his watch)
...exactly forty-seven minutes.

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292 CONTINUED

MARNIE
(hoarsely)
I can't! I can't! I can't!

THE CAMERA WHIPS AROUND as she jumps up. It PANS HER flight over to the door into the living room. She disappears.

293 MED. SHOT

THE CAMERA is in the sitting room looking into the bedroom. MARK jumps up from the bed and comes over until he is in--

294 CLOSE SHOT

He sees -

295 INT. CABIN LIVING ROOM - MED. SHOT - FROM MARK'S P.O.V.

The empty flower decked sitting room and the huddled figure of MARNIE on the settee against the wall under the porthole.

296 CLOSE-UP

MARK stands in the doorway looking at her in utter bewilderment.

MARK
For God's sake, Marnie...

297 MED. SHOT

The same view of MARNIE in the corner.

MARNIE
I can't stand it! I'll die!
If you touch me again I'll die!

(The remainder of this scene must be played to reveal MARK, the pragmatist, the man whose patience and sensitivity are equal even to this challenge. The casualness with which he plays this scene is only to conceal the depth of concern and sympathy he is capable of feeling.)

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298 SEMI LONG SHOT - THE WHOLE ROOM

At her outburst MARK stares at her, and she, like a cornered animal, glares back at him. For a long moment they are face to face...utterly estranged...without any possibility of communication. Finally, MARK moves, slowly, cautiously, not toward her, but parallel, until he finds a place to sit. A place from which he can watch her and talk without frightening her any further. THE CAMERA CLOSES IN ON THE TWO.

MARK

I won't touch you. I promise
I won't touch you. Just get
out of that goddam corner.
Please.

After a moment, MARNIE straightens herself. She sits up, tense, poised for instant flight.

MARK (cont'd)

Now suppose you just tell me
what this is all about? Is it
your own little way of saying
you don't find me particularly
attractive?

MARNIE

I told you not to marry me!
I told you!

(a small agonized
sound caught in
her throat)

Oh, God...why couldn't you
just let me go?

MARK

(moves impulsively
forward in a
gesture of sympathy)

Marnie...

MARNIE

(immediate
withdrawal)

Don't! Please...please don't!

MARK

Let me fix you a drink.

MARNIE

(dully)

I don't want a drink.

CONTINUED

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298 CONTINUED

MARK

I think a brandy...

MARNIE

I don't want it! Just leave
me alone!

MARK

(patiently,
but firmly)No, I can't leave you alone...
not 'til I find out what's the
matter with you and find some
way to help you...

MARNIE

The only way you can help me
is to let me alone. Can't
you understand? Isn't it plain
enough? I cannot bear to be...
handled.

MARK

By anybody, or just me?

MARNIE

You. Men!

MARK

(a beat of silence,
then...composed,
casual)Really? You didn't seem to
mind that day in my office...
at the stables. All this last
week...I've 'handled' you...
I've kissed you.(cannot help smiling
slightly at himself)...eight times this last week.
I kept count. Why didn't you
break out in a cold sweat and
back into a corner then?

MARNIE

I...I thought I could stand
it...I had to...

CONTINUED

298 CONTINUED

MARK

I see.

(contemplates her
for a moment)Have you always felt like
this?

MARNIE

(passionately)

Always! Yes!

MARK

Why? What happened to you?

MARNIE

Happened? Nothing. Nothing
ever happened to me. I just
never wanted anybody to touch
me.

MARK

Have you ever tried to talk
about it? To a doctor...some-
body who could help you?

MARNIE

No. Why should I? I didn't
want to get married! I was
doing all right the way I was...

MARK

(mildly)

Oh, I wouldn't say that. If
I hadn't caught you, Marnie,
you would have kept on stealing...

MARNIE

No...no, I wouldn't...

MARK

Yes, you would...again and again.

MARK gets up and strolls toward the other end of the room,
careful not to alarm her, THE CAMERA PANNING WITH HIM. On
his way, he picks a few grapes from one of the fruit baskets
and chews on these.

CONTINUED

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301 MED. SHOT - MARK

He sees that she is in a totally irrational state. He sighs, leans back.

MARK

Look, Marnie...I don't think either one of us is in any condition to hash this out tonight. Let's try to get some rest...we'll talk it all out tomorrow.

302 CLOSE SHOT - MARNIE

MARNIE

There's nothing to talk out!
I've told you how I feel.
I'll feel the same tomorrow
and the day after and the day
after that!

In a violent impulse to escape even the sight of him, MARNIE turns...it is a wall she faces...she makes a small, hopeless gesture...her fist against its solid, unyielding expanse.

303 MED. SHOT - MARK

He steps forward into a CLOSER ANGLE.

MARK

(moved to pity)

Marnie...listen, Marnie. We won't talk about it until you want to, but we're going to be on this damn boat for eight days and nights...let's just drop the whole thing for the present and try to get through this bloody honeymoon cruise with as much grace as possible...let's try at least to be kind to one another...

304 CLOSE SHOT - MARNIE

still in the same attitude.

CONTINUED

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304 CONTINUED

MARNIE
(bitterly)
Kind!

We hear MARK'S voice over.

MARK (o.s.)
All right. If that's too
much...I'll be kind to you
and you be polite to me.

305 CLOSE SHOT - MARNIE

Still in the same attitude.

MARNIE
You won't...bother me?

306 CLOSE SHOT - MARK

MARK
No. I won't 'bother' you,
Marnie.

307 CLOSE SHOT - MARNIE

turns with a doubting look on her face.

308 CLOSE SHOT - MARK

MARK (cont'd)
I give you my word.

309 CLOSE SHOT - MARNIE

Draws a deep, shuddery breath.

310 CLOSE SHOT - MARK

Speaks kindly but casually as he crosses toward the bedroom
door. He turns back to her.

CONTINUED

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314 CONTINUED

empty bed. THE CAMERA comes to rest in the doorway between the two rooms, then SWINGS OVER to the still brightly lit sitting room. MARNIE is still in the far corner, but now slumped over in disorderly sleep, an arm flung over her face to shield off the bright lights in the room.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

315 INT. SHIP'S DINING ROOM - EVENING - MARK AND MARNIE
seated at a table for two.

MARK
(appreciatively
eyes MARNIE'S dress)
Very smart, darling...
Trousseau?

MARNIE
(coolly)
If you mean did you pay for
it, yes.

MARK
My pleasure. You're going to
bring a little bezazz down to
the old farm, my dear. I noticed
before we left that Dad was
pulling out his silk shirts.
(smiles)
I don't think bezazz was the
particular specialty of my
mother.

MARNIE
(coolly)
Your Mother, the Heiress?

MARK
(nods agreeably)
That's right, cement and gravel,
Chicago. Nice girl I'm told,
but more in the line of barns
than bezazz. Of course I never
really knew her. When I was six

CONTINUED

315 CONTINUED

MARK (cont'd)
weeks old she turned me over
to a nurse and rejoined the
hunt. She must have been
feeling enormously liberated
that morning. She outstripped
not only the other riders but
the hounds as well. She passed
the hunt; she passed the pack;
she overtook the bloody fox it-
self and her horse tripped over
it.

(dramatic pause)
I was the only boy in my crowd
whose mother was buried in her
boots.

He gets a look of narrow-eyed suspicion from MARNIE before
she returns her indifferent attention to her dinner.

316 EXT. SUNDECK OF SHIP OVERLOOKING SWIMMING POOL - DAY -
MARK AND MARNIE DRESSED IN SPORT CLOTHES.

MARK
I keep thinking how good you're
going to be for all of us, Marnie.
Dad's perked up enormously and
Lil very much needs another woman
around.

MARNIE
And I'm such an excellent example
of course.

MARK
Don't underestimate yourself.
The human animal has long since
proved its genius for adaptation.
You can be anything you want,
Marnie.

MARNIE
(smiles cynically)
I had assumed I would become a
society hostess.

CONTINUED

317 CONTINUED

MARK (cont'd)

In Africa...in Kenya...there's quite a beautiful flower... coral colored with little green tipped blossoms rather like a hyacinth. But if you reach out to touch it you will discover that the flower is not a flower at all. It's a design made up of hundreds of tiny insects called Fattid bugs. They escape the eyes of hungry birds by living and dying in the shape of a flower... a flower, incidentally, the Fattid bug seems to have invented as there is none other like it in nature. Even the flower the bugs imitate is singular.

MARNIE sighs. Does not even look up. MARK, frustrated, kills the rest of his drink.

MARK (cont'd)

As singular as I am, Marnie...
as singular even as you.

She turns her head away.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

318 INT. CABIN SITTING ROOM - NIGHT - CLOSE-UP

THE SCREEN IS FILLED WITH AN OPEN BOOK. The title on the spine shows that it is about some obscure zoological subject. THE CAMERA EASES OUT sufficiently to bring MARK'S eyes into view. It only PULLS BACK FAR ENOUGH to get the forehead at the top of the screen. His eyes are not looking at the book. They are looking over and beyond it.

319 MED. SHOT - FROM HIS P.O.V.

We see the open door into the bedroom. Faint shadows on the door indicate the movements of MARNIE in the bedroom.

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320 CLOSE-UP

MARK'S EYES again - narrowed a little.

321 MED. SHOT - THE BEDROOM DOOR AGAIN.

MARNIE appears. She is wearing night apparel, very covered up.

322 SEMI CLOSE-UP

MARK is taking a sip from his drink, seeming to pay no attention to her appearance. Over this we HEAR MARNIE'S VOICE.

MARNIE (o.s.)
I'll close the door if you
don't mind. The light bothers
me.

MARK looks up with mock surprise. For the first time, there is a hint of danger in his tone. He holds up book for her to see title. It is a volume on Ichthiology.

MARK
What's that, dear? Oh, the
light...of course...you've been
an absolute darling about my
sitting up reading so late these
nights...I'm boning up on marine
life since Entomology doesn't
seem to be your subject...and I
am eager to find a subject...
(narrow-eyed)
...any subject, Marnie.

323 MED. SHOT - MARNIE IN THE BEDROOM DOORWAY

MARNIE
(suddenly speaks out)
All right. Here's a subject.
How long? How long do we have
to stay on this boat...this
trip? How long before we can
go back?

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324 SEMI CLOSE-UP - MARK

MARK
(now with openly
hostile irony)
Why, Mrs. Rutland. Can you
be suggesting that these
halcyon, honeymoon days and
nights just the two of us
alone...together...should ever
end?

325 MED. SHOT - MARNIE STILL IN THE DOORWAY

She gives him a short piercingly hostile look, turns back
into the bedroom, smartly slamming the door.

326 SEMI CLOSE-UP - MARK IN ROBE AND PAJAMAS

At the insulting SOUND of the slammed door, MARK is instantly
on his feet. THE CAMERA WHIPS him over to the bedroom door.
He swings it wide open and enters.

327 INT. BEDROOM - MED. SHOT

MARK'S precipitous entrance instantly alarms MARNIE who has
removed her robe and is about to get into bed. She whirls
around to face him. For a brief moment they face each other...
on the ready.

MARNIE
(the more defen-
sive of the two)
If you don't mind...I want
to go to bed...I told you
the light from the sitting
room bothers me.

MARK
Well, we certainly can't have
anything 'bothering' you, can
we?

He steps back enough to reach through doorway and flip off the
principal sitting room light. This leaves them with only one
light in the room; this is the bedside lamp near the bed. He
continues to stand where he is.

CONTINUED

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327 CONTINUED

MARNIE
(who has not moved
so much as a muscle)
If you don't want to go to bed...
please get out.

MARK
But I do...want to go to bed...

He moves slowly toward her, the CAMERA CLOSING IN until it is looking at MARK ALONE, as he says:

MARK (cont'd)
Marnie...I very much want to
go to bed...

328 CLOSE-UP - HEAD AND SHOULDERS OF MARNIE

Her hands come up from the bottom of the picture to ward him off. Her voice rises in slight volume as she draws out the word -

MARNIE
NO!

329 BIG CLOSE-UP MARK

The violence of her rejection triggers an equal, long-controlled violence in MARK.

330 CLOSE-UP MARNIE

MARK'S HANDS come up into the picture and with one cruel and brutal movement his hands grab the shoulders of her night dress and tears it apart. There is no sound from her as she stands bare shouldered.

331 CLOSE-UP MARNIE'S FEET

The robe just completing its fall around her ankles.

332 LONG SHOT

For a brief moment we see a tableau of the scene. MARK standing before a nude MARNIE. The front of her body is in deep

CONTINUED

332 CONTINUED

shadow caused by the bedside lamp. There is a pause of shock, then MARK slowly takes off his own robe and covers her with it.

MARK
Marnie...I'm sorry...

333 CLOSE-UP MARNIE

She does not move from her icy stance as we see his hands pulling the robe close around her neck. Gently, but compulsively, he pulls her to him, softly, coaxingly covers her face with kisses...it is not just his desire that has finally overflowed, but his very real love for her. And it is love that dictates the manner in which he takes her...not simply using her, but courting, caressing, desperately urging her response. MARNIE, her fear and revulsion manifest in her frozen face and body, yields only to his superior weight and strength and will. Then MARNIE'S head slowly moves into a downward and upturned position. We get a vague impression of the bed and pillow coming up behind her. Finally her head comes to rest on the pillow. Her face is a blank, staring blindly at the ceiling above her. It is completely exposed to us, and on it is written ...nothing. There is no flicker of expression, of emotion. It simply...endures. THE CAMERA HOLDS onto her in this manner for a moment or two and then moves away from this waxen, lifeless face, across and upwards to the porthole, through which we see the night and the phosphorescent sea. As the CAMERA HOLDS this view, we slowly become conscious of a time lapse as the sky gradually fades into the murky gray of pre-dawn. Now the CAMERA returns to the beds. What we see: The sleeping form of MARK ALONE on the bed. Beyond it, MARK'S bed, turned down, but untouched. The CAMERA DRAWS BACK, enlarging our view enough to include MARNIE'S torn gown on the floor and her discarded robe on the chair where she first laid it. MARK'S robe lies in a heap on the floor. We hear a faint SOUND, a surreptitious rustle...MARK stirs...there is a hushed moment of quiet, and then the SOUND of a door, not the bedroom door, but another...being furtively opened and closed. Instantly, MARK is awake. Wide awake. With one guilty look he takes in the empty room; then he is on his feet, swiftly exploring the bath and the sitting room, THE CAMERA PANNING WITH HIM. Now moving rapidly, he grabs up his robe from the floor, secures it around himself, and makes his way into the deserted ship's corridor.

334 INT. SHIP'S CORRIDOR

He listens. There is no sound to guide him. His instinctive urgency drives him to a quick decision. He turns left, runs silently down the hall's length.

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335 EXT. GLASSED-IN PROMENADE, SECOND DECK

SHOOTING ALONG the empty promenade deck we see the tiny figure of MARK in the distance. He paces swiftly along toward the CAMERA. He comes down to our foreground and then with a quick decision dashes up a staircase that leads to an upper deck.

336 EXT. BOAT DECK - LONG SHOT

SHOOTING TOWARD the forward part of the vessel, we see MARK come out on the boat deck near the bridge. He comes down toward the CAMERA right into

337 BIG CLOSE-UP

as he presses himself to the rail. He looks down and sees:

338 EXT. LOWER AFTER DECK - LONG SHOT - FROM HIS P.O.V.

The empty spaces below...the shuffle board courts, the empty sundeck, the pool...but the pool is not empty. It has been filled, and at the bottom of its tropical blue waters there is a figure. It is MARNIE. She is dressed in slacks and shirt and shoes...she lies face down...her hair floating free in the water.

339 EXT. PLAY DECK - LONG SHOT

We see MARK leave the rail at the top and dash down the stairway to the deck level with us. THE CAMERA PANS HIM swiftly until he reaches the pool. He dives in and with desperation works the limp body toward the surface.

340 CLOSE SHOT

In silence he gets her body out of the pool and lays her face down on the tiles, immediately starting to give her respiration.

341 BIG CLOSE-UP

SHOOTING OVER MARK'S SHOULDER. In a moment or two, MARNIE stirs, coughs...MARK redoubles his efforts before she frowns, and shakes her head crossly, like a sick child. We see the swallowed water emerging from her mouth. THE CAMERA MOVES IN until her head fills the screen. Her eyes open, focusing first on the gray dawn. Slowly they lower to take in -

345 CONTINUED

LIL
Darling...look at you! So
tan and lithe! I thought
brides were supposed to wallow
about...piling on pounds!

She turns to MARK, grabs his hand.

LIL (cont'd)
Oh! ...I'm so glad you're
back! Was Fiji grisly?

MARK
(a moment's
hesitation)
We didn't get to Fiji. We
jumped ship at Honolulu and
flew back. We had to take a
cab from New York and we're
tired and grimy.

MR. RUTLAND
Remember when you were six.
You wanted to go see New York.
I warned you then that travelling
was a nasty business.

LIL
You poor things...you must be
exhausted.

MARK
(smiles)
Lil, is there liquor upstairs?

LIL nods.

MARK (cont'd)
Good. I think what we'll do
is go straight up, have one
fast drink and pop off to bed.
The travel lecture will have to
wait for morning. Okay?

LIL is frankly curious. She glances at the two small suit-
cases in the hall.

CONTINUED

345 CONTINUED

LIL

Where's the rest of your
luggage?

MARK

At Idlewild.

(touches his
father's arm
fondly)

Goodnight, Dad. I'll have
breakfast with you in the
morning. See you then, Lil.

He turns to lead MARNIE out. She has not spoken throughout
the entire scene.

LIL

(takes a step
after them)

Hey! I'm supposed to take
care of these things...

They turn.

LIL (cont'd)

How about you, Marnie? Will
you be down or do you like a
tray?

MARK

(answers for her)

She'll come down. She doesn't
like to eat in bed.

They move over to the door and exit, leaving LIL staring
after them. MR. RUTLAND is not sorry to be allowed to return
to 'Perry Mason'.

346 INT. WYKWIN HALLWAY - NIGHT - CLOSE SHOT

MARK and MARNIE ascending the stairs. His arm firm on MARNIE'S
elbow as he escorts her up the stairs. He sees her baleful
glance around as they reach the second floor. He smiles.

MARK

It's not exactly a detention
hall for delinquents.

CONTINUED

349 EXT. WYKWYN - NIGHT - MED. SHOT

Outside lighted library window. In the foreground is the shape of a tree. MR. RUTLAND appears, opens window from inside and peers sightlessly out into the darkness.

MR. RUTLAND
Lil? What are you doing out there? Lil?

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK through the branches of the tree down to its trunk, revealing LIL. She is leaning against the tree, silently looking up at MARK'S and MARNIE'S lighted bedroom windows and at the shadows that move so separately behind them.

MR. RUTLAND (cont'd)
Lil? I said what are you doing out there, Lil?

LIL
(softly)
There's a crazy moon, Dad. I'm watching shadows.

350 FROM LIL'S P.O.V.

The shadows behind the separated windows now turn in unison... back to back.

351 CLOSE-UP

LIL'S thoughtful face, upturned.

DISSOLVE.

352 INT. WYKWYN HALLWAY - DAY - LONG SHOT

A HIGH SHOT SHOOTING DOWN. MARNIE and MARK have left the center of the hallway. THE CAMERA LOWERS on them as we hear MARK saying to MARNIE,

MARK
(in a low voice)
This is the drill, dear. Wife follows husband to front door, gives and/or gets kiss, stands pensively as he drives away. A wistful little wave is optical.

CONTINUED

352 CONTINUED

He kisses her lightly and moves through the door. THE CAMERA MOVES DOWN CLOSER. MARNIE is left standing for a moment. Then, impulsively, she follows him outside.

353 EXT. DOORWAY - DAY

WE PAN MARNIE out of door over to MARK. By this time the CAMERA is in VERY CLOSE SHOT.

MARNIE

Are you going to the office?

MARK, halted in his stride, turns, eyebrows raised.

MARK

On the first day back from
our honeymoon? How indelicate!

He teasingly gives her a consolatory pat on the cheek.

MARK (cont'd)

I've got to go down the road
on a little errand...see you
later.

He turns again toward car. MARNIE stops him. The CAMERA MOVING CLOSER. They come to a stop together under an over-looking window. We now have a

354 TIGHT TWO SHOT

MARNIE

Mark...

Inquiringly, he turns once more.

MARNIE (cont'd)

Mark, I...

(she blushes with
embarrassment)

...I don't have any money.

MARK

(instantly contrite)

I'm sorry, Marnie. I'll call
Bob and have him open an
account for you. It won't be

CONTINUED

354 CONTINUED

MARK (cont'd)
much for a while...
(looks at her,
smiles wryly)
You understand I've had a
number of heavy expenses.
(cautiously lowers
his voice)
And you might as well know...
I paid off Strutt. Anony-
mously, of course.

MARNIE
(like a child)
But that was all over! That
was two years ago!

MARK
So?

MARNIE
(laughs shrilly)
So? So you've thrown away
ten thousand dollars! So
you're a prize fool!

355 MED. SHOT - THE WINDOW ABOVE

The sound of MARNIE'S laugh has brought LIL to a partially
open window. She looks down.

356 MED. SHOT - FROM LIL'S P.O.V.

We see MARK and MARNIE below as MARK is replying,

MARK
Possibly. But they don't put
you in jail for being a fool.
I am not the one the cops are
after...not yet. And I don't
intend to be, not if there's
anything I can do to prevent
it. Maybe you, Madam. But not
me!

He strides to the car and drives away leaving MARNIE standing.
She shrugs, turns abruptly and goes into the house.

357 CLOSE SHOT - LIL

Her expression changing after what she has heard. She moves away from the window.

358 INT. HALLWAY - DAY - MED.SHOT

MARNIE comes into the hall, closing the door behind her. We see her move down the center of the hall and stand for a moment, undecided. Then she quickly makes her way to the Library, carefully closing the door behind her. THE CAMERA HOLDS for a moment, and then we see LIL descending the stairs in a great hurry, her eyes directed toward the Library door.

359 INT. LIBRARY - CLOSE SHOT - MARNIE

is seated at the desk on which there is a phone. She is looking through a small directory.

360 CLOSE-UP - THE SMALL DIRECTORY

shows that it is an index to telephone area code numbers. Her finger runs down until she reaches the state of 'Maryland', and then onto 'Baltimore'. She dials the 10 digits necessary. She listens for a moment and then, in a very low voice, talks to her mother...

MARNIE

Mama? ...No, no, I'm all right...
I'm perfectly all right now. I
had a bad case of flue and just
didn't feel up to writing.

(pause)

...because I couldn't; I had
laryngitis too...Yes, yes, I am
still a little hoarse...Listen,
Mama. I can't talk long. I
just called to tell you I'm all
right and I'll send some money
this week...No, I can't. I don't
know when I'll get to Baltimore,
not for a few weeks anyway. I'll
talk to you again soon. If you
need anything, write to the same
Philadelphia P.O. Box.

(quickly)

I've got to go now, Mama...Goodbye
...goodbye, Mama.

She finally hangs up.

361 INT. HALLWAY

We see LIL moving away from the Library door and going up the stairs with calculated slowness.

362 EXT. WYKWYN - DUSK - TALL LONG SHOT

MARK'S CAR ENTERS THE PICTURE. He is honking the horn. His car is pulling a horse trailer. The windows of the house are lit in the early dusk so that we see the response to the car's noise. It brings LIL to her window and MARNIE to a lower window. After one glance, they immediately disappear from the windows.

363 CLOSE SHOT - MARK

gets out of his car and begins to open the back door of the horse trailer. As he backs FORIO out,

364 MED. SHOT

The front door opens. MARNIE comes dashing out. She is dressed for dinner in a yellow full-skirted dress (short). LIL comes to door; stands in its frame. MARNIE runs to the animal; the CAMERA MOVES IN SWIFTLY ENOUGH TO CONTAIN ONLY MARNIE and FORIO, their heads together. She puts her arm and head against the power of his neck. Almost trembling, she breathes his name.

MARNIE
Forio...oh,beauty...

She turns and looks solemnly at MARK for a brief moment, then

365 CLOSE-UP - MARNIE AND FORIO

Slowly, MARNIE'S FACE lights into a luminous smile and it is directed at MARK. MARNIE turns and starts to move behind FORIO'S head.

366 CLOSE SHOT - A SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT ANGLE

In a movement of sheer impulse she kicks off her shoes; she takes a fistful of FORIO'S mane for hoist, and leaps astride him, the CAMERA WHIPPING BACK as she does so. She laughs and begins pridefully to ride him bareback; the CAMERA CONTINUES TO PULL BACK AS she rides across the CAMERA.

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367 CLOSE SHOT

MARK watching her as LIL, coming from the porch, joins him. They follow MARNIE'S maneuvers admiringly. After a moment of this, MARNIE laughs and,

368 MED. SHOT

digging in her heels, dashes away. In a flash she and FORIO are off, taking a low border hedge.

369 CLOSE SHOT

MARK and LIL stand and watch the bright slash of color on FORIO'S dark back diminish in the distance.

LIL
(ruefully)
Well, she said she could ride
a little.

LIL turns, looks at MARK, weighs the advisability of confronting him. Decides to plunge.

LIL
Mark...

MARK
(absently, as he
continues to
watch the distant
MARNIE)
Ummmm?

LIL
Listen, Mark. I'm a good
fighter. If you need me.

MARK now turns to regard her.

LIL (cont'd)
I mean if you are in some
kind of trouble...
(grins)
...I have absolutely no
scruples. I'd lie to the
police or anything.

CONTINUED

369 CONTINUED

LIL (cont'd)
Poor old Mark! Is she that
ghastly? I mean when the in-
laws are so grim you don't
dare have them to the wedding,
the usual excuse is...poor health
and the strain of the trip...
you know...but to claim they're
dead!

MARK
(turns, faces
her down)
All right, Lil. Out with it.
What are you up to?

LIL
Me? I'm just offering you my
services. Guerilla fighter,
perjurer, intelligence agent...

MARK
Intelligence agent.

LIL
Baltimore. There's a mother
in Baltimore. Marnie made a
phone call this morning. She
said she hadn't been able to
write because she'd had the flu;
that she didn't know when she'd
be able to get to Baltimore but
that she'd send money this week.
She said to go on writing to her
at the same Post Office Box.

For a long moment MARK stares at her. Solemnly she returns
his look.

LIL (cont'd)
I listened through the fireplace.

Finally, MARK begins to smile; ruefully shakes his head.

MARK
She's having you on, Lil. It's
some sort of gag. You've been
brattish and she's set out to
teach you some manners...you've
been had.

CONTINUED

369 CONTINUED

LIL
(her eyes dark
with disbelief)
You can say that again!

MARK
(sharply)
But I don't want to say
it again. I don't want to
have to say it again, Lil.

LIL
(solemnly)
All right, Mark.

MARK gives her an affectionate hug, as he looks back
toward MARNIE.

MARK
You seem to be growing up,
Lil. I expect what we'd
better do is find you a young
man. What's your type?

LIL
I was waiting for you. I'm
queer for liars.

MARK
(smiles)
Really? What sort of liar
do you fancy? We could run
an ad. Would you prefer an
indoor liar or an outdoor liar?
'Playboy' for 'Field and Stream'?

He turns once again toward the distant spot of yellow, and
his face, turned now away from LIL, grows dark, perplexed...
We

FADE OUT ON MARK'S FACE.

FADE IN:

370 INT. ENTRANCE HALL WYKWYN - LATE AFTERNOON - LONG SHOT

THE CAMERA is at the top of the stairs looking down into the
empty hallway. We see the front door open and MARK enters,
wearing a business suit. He looks around the empty hall and
strides toward the Library, calling out.

CONTINUED

370 CONTINUED

MARK
Anybody home?

As he moves down the hall, LIL emerges from the Library carrying a newspaper.

MARK (cont'd)
Hi. Where's Marnie?

LIL
She and Dad are still out riding. I think he's taking her over the hunt country.

MARK
I'm expecting a long distance call. Has it come in?

LIL
No...not that I know of.

At this moment the PHOKE RINGS from inside the Library. LIL, who is nearer to the door, starts for it. MARK intercepts her.

MARK
I'll get it.

He goes into the Library, leaving LIL in the hallway. We HEAR his voice as he answers the phone.

MARK (o.s.)
Hello? ...Yes...hold on, please.
I want to take it on another phone.

He comes out into the hall again; turns to LIL.

MARK
I'll take this upstairs, Lil.
Hang up as soon as I've got it.

MARK starts up the stairs and then turns back briefly to level a look on LIL.

MARK (cont'd)
You will hang up, won't you, Lil?

LIL pulls a face. MARK continues up the stairs coming nearer and nearer to the CAMERA. We see an expression of conspiratorial anticipation on his face as he comes into BIG HEAD. The CAMERA SWINGS HIM around to a landing. He moves along it and then straight through the door of his bedroom.

371 INT. MARK'S BEDROOM - MED. SHOT

THE CAMERA PICKS UP MARK in a WAIST SHOT as he comes through the door. It SWINGS HIM over to the phone on the desk. He picks it up. The CAMERA MOVES IN until MARK is in HEAD AND SHOULDERS CLOSE-UP.

MARK

Okay, Lil...

(he waits for

click; then speaks)

Hello...Yes, I'll talk to him now. Hello, Mr. Boyle. Have you found anything interesting down there? ...Hold on. Let me get a pencil...

He picks up pencil from desk, then writes as he listens.

MARK (cont'd)

I'm ready... 'Bernice Edgar',
'116 Van Buren Street, Baltimore'. Yes, I got that. Go on...

He listens for quite some time during which his face becomes more and more concerned...slowly, he puts down pencil, leans back in chair. Then, at some further bit of information, he starts forward.

MARK (cont'd)

Wait a minute! When was that?

(quickly calculates time)

Then the little girl must have been about five, is that right?

...What happened to her? ...No, no, the child! I want to know what happened to the little girl!

(listens, then sighs
with frustration)

No, stay on and get me anything else you can. And have photo-stats made of the court records. Send them to me immediately... Yes, to my office. Registered. Thank you, Mr. Boyle, you're doing an excellent...oh! Just a minute...

(takes up pencil again)

What did you say the roomer is called? ... a 'Mrs. Cotton ...

(writes)

...and Jessie Cotton' ...

CONTINUED

371 CONTINUED

During this last part of the phone conversation VOICES are heard from the stairway. It is MARNIE returning with old MR. RUTLAND. LIL'S VOICE is heard also. For a moment MARK holds his conversation to hear this. He returns to his conversation with a little more urgency.

MARK (ccnt'd)

All right, Mr. Boyle. Get the photostats to me as soon as possible. And call the minute you've got any further information on the child...Thank you. I'll expect to hear from you. Goodbye.

He listens to the SOUNDS of MARNIE moving about in the room next door. His eyes are fixed on the door as he finally hangs up the telephone. The CAMERA EASES BACK. He is obviously disturbed by all he has heard. He begins to drum his fingers on the desk in frustration and helpless perplexity. His body moves down into the chair until his neck is almost resting on the back. He stares in furious concentration at the door between his and MARNIE'S rooms. We hear off more SOUNDS from that room, and MARK sits up, attentive to these sounds. He stands, undecided. Then, as if compelled, he moves toward the connecting door, the CAMERA PANNING. His hand, reaching for the door knob, stops short. Again, a movement of indecision at the end of which he takes a deep breath, turns, crosses his room and goes out into the hallway, the CAMERA PANNING.

372 INT. HALLWAY - MED. SHOT

MARK emerges from his door. He moves quickly down to MARNIE'S door and knocks. We hear MARNIE'S voice off.

MARNIE (o.s.)

Who is it?

MARK

It's me. I've got to talk to you.

MARNIE (o.s.)

Come in...

MARK enters; closes door behind him.

373 INT. MARNIE'S BEDROOM - MED. SHOT

After closing the door, MARK takes a step or two toward MARNIE. She has removed her boots and pulled her shirt-tail out. Her attitude toward him is friendlier than we have seen it in a long time.

MARNIE
We had a marvelous ride.
(cheerfully)
I'm filthy. How much time
do I have before dinner?

MARK
It's still early.

MARK stands where he is, his expression unchanged. He is, in a way, more disconcerted than we have ever seen him. MARNIE turns and makes her way toward her bathroom, the CAMERA PANNING. We see her open the door, go into the bathroom, run some water on a face cloth, and begin scrubbing her face vigorously. She speaks during this action.

MARNIE
What do you want to talk about?

374 MED. SHOT - MARK

He stands as if planted to the spot. He does not answer.

375 MED. SHOT - MARNIE

She emerges from the bathroom back into the bedroom. She is still in good spirits. The CAMERA PANS her back toward him.

MARNIE (cont'd)
I've decided I'm going to ride
with the hunt, Mark. I mean at
least give it a try. Your father
wants me to. And he's going to
give a party... a dinner party.
(shy, but pleased)
...I think for me...

She is at last forced to notice MARK'S continued silence, his solemn, searching expression.

376 CLOSE SHOT - MARNIE

MARNIE (cont'd)
(instant alarm)
What's the matter? What's
wrong?

377 CLOSE SHOT - MARK

Her automatic assumption that something is 'wrong' pulls MARK up. He forces himself to appear more relaxed. He crosses the room past her, taking a cigarette out as he does so. He drops into an armchair; gives her a smile, then speaks.

MARK
Nothing's wrong. I'm delighted
about the hunt. I think you'll
enjoy it. And I'm pleased that
you're pleased about a party.

378 CLOSE SHOT - MARNIE

She takes a step or two forward, the CAMERA PANNING, which brings MARK into the picture.

MARNIE
(still suspicious)
No...something's the matter...
you were looking at me...

MARK
(quickly)
I was just thinking how good
it was to see you in good spirits...
you know, Marnie...you've been so
much more relaxed these last few
days...

MARNIE
It's having Forio. I know I
haven't...I never really thanked
you...

MARK
You don't have to thank me, old
dear.
(takes a breath; plunges)
I just wondered...that is...would
you do a favor for me, Marnie?

CONTINUED

381 CLOSE-UP MARNIE

She gives him a cold taunting smile and says:

MARNIE

If you don't mind, I'd like to
have my bath now. I'm feeling
even dirtier since you came in.

382 CLOSE-UP MARK

He rises and starts for the door. As he crosses her he
turns, the CAMERA INCLUDES MARNIE. He tries once more.

MARK

You take such a dim view of men,
what do you say to a lady-type
psychiatrist?

MARNIE

(blandly)

What do you say to a running-
type futz at the moon?

MARK gives her a look of frustration, sighs.

MARK

I'll see you at dinner.

He turns away from her and crosses to the door. He opens
it; passes through and closes it behind him.

383 CLOSE SHOT - MARNIE

She wastes only a moment glaring at the door. In a sudden
move she goes to the hall door, smartly turns the lock;
she now moves quickly to the connecting door, checks that
lock; then she turns and goes into her bath, closing the
door behind her. The CAMERA HOLDS on the door just long
enough for us to hear the SOUND of this door, in turn,
being locked.

CUT TO:

384 INT. SLUM LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CLOSE-UP

THE SCREEN IS FILLED with the sleeping, yet disturbed, MARNIE.
As her head moves from side to side, we hear MARNIE'S voice.
There are RED PULSATIONS OVER THE SCENE.

CONTINUED

384 CONTINUED

MARNIE
(still asleep)
Don't cry, 'Mama! Please
don't cry! ...

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal that MARNIE is lying on a rickety old couch with only an old blanket to cover her. Above her head is a window. A MAN'S ARM AND HAND are seen. The hand is tapping the window. The CAMERA CLOSES IN on the hand until the tapping becomes quite strong; the RED PULSATIONS FADE AWAY. The CAMERA now PANS AWAY to a 180° turn from the window, the wall style changing from the grimy, slum wallpaper into the well-appointed wall of MARNIE'S bedroom at WYKBYN. For a moment we see the whole room and the CAMERA SWIFTLY MOVES forward to the door, and now we come upon the tru tapping SOUND. It is MARK outside the door. We hear his voice.

MARK (o.s.)
Marnie...wake up...Marnie...

We still hear MARNIE'S voice off.

MARNIE (o.s.)
No...no...

The CAMERA EASES BACK as the door opens and for a moment MARK is silhouetted against the strong light from the hallway. He exhorts MARNIE.

MARK
Marnie...wake up...

He hesitates to come further into the room.

385 MED. SHOT - FROM MARK'S P.O.V.

We see MARNIE in her bed.

MARNIE
Mama! Please don't hurt my
Mama...

386 CLOSE SHOT - MARK

He starts to come toward the bed, the CAMERA MOVING WITH HIM.

MARK
Marnie...

387 MED. SHOT - MARNIE

THE CAMERA is approaching her. She is between sleep and waking, her eyes now wide open. She cringes back on the bed and cries out.

MARNIE
No! Don't! Don't!

388 CLOSE SHOT

MARK in the foreground coming toward the bed. In the background we see LIL, just in the act of completing tying up her robe.

LIL
What's going on?

MARK has come to a halt. He says, half over his shoulder,

MARK
She's having a nightmare...

LIL comes into the room. She comes down toward the CAMERA and passes MARK, approaching the bed.

389 CLOSE SHOT

LIL comes to the bed and shakes MARNIE.

LIL
Marnie...come on, wake up.
It's just a nightmare, wake up.

MARNIE stares at her, shivers.

LIL
She's all right.

MARNIE
I'm cold.

LIL smiles, turns away from the bed and comes in the direction of the CAMERA. MARK moves into the foreground. LIL passes him.

LIL
(to MARK)
That's supposed to be your department, isn't it, old boy?
Goodnight all.

390 MED. SHOT

LIL approaches the door to the hallway. She passes through.

391 INT. HALLWAY - SEMI CLOSE-UP

We travel LIL down the hallway and suddenly she comes to a halt. She sees:

392 CLOSE SHOT

Just inside MARK'S doorway is a wall chair. Face down on it, as though hurriedly deposited by MARK, is a book, the title of which is 'SEXUAL ABERRATIONS OF THE CRIMINAL FEMALE'. LIL gives a silent whistle.

393 INT. MARK'S ROOM - CLOSE-UP - LIL

THE CAMERA PANS as she advances in the room. She picks up the book and glances at it. She puts it back on the chair and glances around the room.

394 MED. SHOT - FROM HER P.O.V.

A pile of similar looking books on the bedside table.

395 CLOSE SHOT

LIL travels across, the CAMERA moving with her. She arrives at the bedside table. She gives a quick glance toward the communicating door, moves toward it, slowly, carefully tries door, finds it locked.

396 CLOSE-UP LIL

looks from the door down to the books.

397 CLOSE SHOT

Her hands picking out the books and examining the titles. They are The Psychopathic Delinquent and Criminal, Frigidity in Women, and Principals of Abnormal Psychology.

398 CLOSE SHOT

LIL puts the books down and makes her way out of the room, through the door.

400 CONTINUED

THE CAMERA PANS MARK toward her, decanter and glass held before him as an offering, as he replies:

MARK
(sheepishly)
You and me?

He steps across the threshold.

401 INT. MARNIE'S BEDROOM - MED. SHOT

MARNIE seems to be fairly well recovered from the effects of the nightmare. She smiles slightly, shakes her head. It is now that MARK notices she holds a bottle of pills in her hand, and that she has obviously come from the medicine cabinet in her bathroom. Before she can move away, he steps quickly toward her; takes the bottle from her unprotesting hand, examines it.

402 CLOSE SHOT

MARK face to face with MARNIE.

MARK
Where did you get these things?

MARNIE coolly looks at pills, then at MARK, but does not answer. He pockets the pill bottle.

MARNIE
(shrugs)
I can get more anytime I want them.

MARK takes the pill bottle out of his pocket; pitches it to her.

MARK
Of course you can. You can also find, at your convenience, heights, ovens, ropes, plastic bags...the world is full of alternatives.

She turns and walks to her bed, gets in. MARK watches her. He is reluctant to break off relations at this moment. Clownishly, like a stage butler, he turns, closes the connecting door, locks it, bows.

CONTINUED

402 CONTINUED

MARK (cont'd)
Just tidying up, Madame.

MARNIE
I'd like to go back to sleep
now.

MARK
Why? Your sleep seems to be
even less agreeable than your
waking hours.

THE CAMERA PANS MARK over to the bed. He picks up a small
bedroom chair; reverses it and places it casually down near
the bedside table. He straddles the chair.

MARK (cont'd)
(easily)
That dream...you know, you've
had it before...Is it about
something that really happened
to you?

MARNIE
(dimly)
No. No...I don't know what
it means...nothing.

MARK
It's about your mother...she
wants you to get up.

MARNIE
(somnolently, follow-
ing his cue)
Yes. But first there are the
three taps -- then she says...
'Get up, Marnie...you have to
get up now' ...but I don't want
to...if I get up, I'll be cold
and they'll hurt her...

MARK
Who? Who'll hurt her?

MARNIE
The...the...them...
(shudders)
I don't know...I don't know...
but I hear the noises...I'm cold
and I hear the noises...

CONTINUED

402 CONTINUED

MARK

What noises? What are they
like? Who makes them?

MARNIE shakes herself out of the reverie...turns, looks at
MARK...gives him a brief, ironical smile.

MARNIE

You Freud...me Jane?

MARK

(smiles, but continues
to press the point)
If you won't see an analyst,
why don't you try to help your-
self?

MARNIE

(archly)

But, that's why I'm in this
trap...for trying to help
myself.

(her patience snaps)

Just leave me alone, Mark.
Please.

MARK

I can't, Marnie. Not until
you agree to some measure of
help. If I give you some books
will you read them?

MARNIE

(laughs harshly)

Some of your new homework?
Frigidity in Women? The
Psychopathic Delinquent and
Criminal?

MARK

(interested)

Have you read them?

MARNIE

(turns from him,
contemptuously)

I don't need to read that muck
to know that women are feeble
and stupid and men are filthy
pigs.

CONTINUED

402 CONTINUED

MARK
(patiently,
persistently)
I want you to read them.
Start on The Undiscovered Self.

MARNIE
(angered and
frustrated by
his persistence)
Oh, for God's sake leave me
alone! I'm tired! Why won't
you leave me alone!

MARK
(softly)
Because I love you and I'm
responsible for you. Because
I think you're sick, old dear.

MARNIE
(sits up; glares
at him)
I'm sick!
(laughs unpleasantly)
Take a look at yourself, 'old
dear'! ...You're so hot to
play Mental Health Week...what
about you? Talk about dream
worlds! There you stand in your
bare feet claiming to be of sound
mind...sound mind! You've got a
pathological fixation on a
woman who is not only an admitted
criminal but who screams if you
come near her.
(slyly)
So what about your dreams, Daddy?

After a long moment of consideration, MARK grins.

MARK
Well, I never said I was perfect.
(looks at her
speculatively)
That was quite a speech. It
encourages me to think that you
have leafed through one or two
of those books...which one did
you find the most interesting?

CONTINUED

402 CONTINUED

MARNIE

(in a swell of
malicious humor)

You're really dying to play
doctor, aren't you? Now, I
haven't read but one of those
volumes you undoubtedly ordered
under plain cover, but I'm a big
movie fan...I know the game...
come on...let's play...Should I
start with dreams? Or shall we
free-associate? Ohhh, Doctor!
I'll bet you're just dying to
free-associate! Now you give me
a word and I'll give you an
association...you know...needles...
pins...when a man marries...trouble
begins...? Ready?

MARK looks at her curiously. She frowns...mock-severe.

MARNIE (cont'd)

Come on! ...I thought you wanted
to play doctor? So let's play.

MARK

(slowly)

Water.

MARNIE

Bath. Soap. Cleanse. Pure.
Made pure for me. And his tears
shall wash away thy sins and make
thee over again. Baptists. Mother
used to take me to church twice
on Sundays.

(proudly)

There. I'm not holding back
at all! You're bringing me out
marvelously, Doctor! Keep this
up and you'll have me up on my
poor paralyzed little legs in
the very next scene. Go on.

MARK

Air.

MARNIE

Stare...that's what you do...
you stare and blare and say you
care but you're unfair...you want
a pair...

(laughs delightedly)

CONTINUED

402 CONTINUED

MARK

Sex.

MARNIE

(grins delightedly)

Masculine, feminine...Adam and
Eve. Jack and Jill. I'll slap
your filthy face if you come near
me again, Jack....

Unwittingly she has slipped into an authentic association...
her smile fades, and she falters. But before she can recover,
MARK throws another word at her.

MARK

Death.

MARNIE

(automatically
responding)

Me.

(catches her breath)

Listen, Mark...

MARK

(quickly...to
keep it going)

Needles.

MARNIE

(frowning)

Pins.

MARK

Black.

MARNIE

White.

MARK

Red.

MARNIE

(only a breath
before she screams)

White! White! White!

Instantly, MARK moves to take her in his arms. Careful to
keep the contact without sexual connotation, he rocks and
shushes her as he would a child.

CONTINUED

402 CONTINUED

MARK

It's all right...it's all
right, darling. Shhh. You're
all right. I won't let any-
thing bad happen to you...
you're all right.

MARNIE

(sobbing)

Help me...help me...help me...
Oh God...Somebody help me!

MARK understands that the plea is not addressed to him; he
continues to rock and shhh.

QUICK FADE OUT.

QUICK FADE IN:

403 INT. STABLES AT WYKMYN - MED. SHOT AND CLOSE SHOTS

LIL stands at FORIO'S stall. She is feeding him a carrot,
petting him, wooing him. MARNIE, dressed for riding, enters.

LIL

Hi! You're up early.

MARNIE only smiles, begins the business of saddling up.
Starts with bridle.

LIL (cont'd)

Let me help...you didn't
have a very restful night.

MARNIE does not answer this. Together the two girls prepare
the horse...brush, bridle, blanket, saddle, with the natural
pauses that accompany the tensions of their dialogue, the
job should be finished at approximately the same time as the
scene.

LIL (cont'd)

You know, Marnie, you're ab-
solutely nothing in the world
like Stell...you're...well...
(grins)
...rather mysterious and dramatic...

Again, MARNIE only smiles faintly.

CONTINUED

403 CONTINUED

LIL
(as if astonished
at such a novel idea)
Really? Killing is my very
favorite thing!
(laughs)
Until I was fourteen I wanted to
go to Kenya and join the Mau Mau.

MARNIE
Oh?
(mildly)
And you seem like such a nice girl.

LIL
(laughs)
That's what they always say,
isn't it? After the blood bath.
So nice...so quiet...never left
the house except to teach her
little Sunday school class...

MARNIE smiles.

LIL (cont'd)
(still casual,
good natured)
Marnie, dear...why don't you go
away? I mean it would be so much
less trouble for everyone, wouldn't it?

MARNIE
(reasonably)
It depends on who you mean by everyone.

LIL
Me, Mark...you. Especially you.
Because things aren't working out
for you, are they? Look, I have
some money...you can have it. You
don't even have to blackmail me.
I'll just give you what you want.

MARNIE
Blackmail?

LIL
I know Mark hasn't done anything really
bad. He's probably just trying to
protect somebody else....

At this MARNIE laughs outright.

CONTINUED

403 CONTINUED

MARNIE

Why Lil! You're really very
clever.

(smilingly regards
the girl)

LIL

I'll give you twenty-five
thousand. I can't get anymore
until I'm twenty-one.

MARNIE smiles grimly, but doesn't speak.

LIL (cont'd)

(pleasantly)

You really should consider the
offer. Because I do plan to get
rid of you, you know. One way
or another.

MARNIE

(wonderingly)

You people are all so sure of
yourselves...you think that if
you want a thing, that's the way
it's got to be! How marvelous to
feel like that! So you're going
to get rid of me!

(stares at LIL)

Suppose your sister hadn't died.
Would you have got rid of her...
one way or another?

LIL

That was different. Mark was
happy with Stell. They loved each
other. You wouldn't understand.

MARNIE

(shortly)

No.

LIL

When Stell was dying she told me
to take care of him...she left
him to me.

MARNIE laughs, and her laugh shatters the beginning of the
intensity in LIL'S speech. She, too, smiles. Her tone once
again becomes humorous, although there is still no question
that she means what she is saying.

CONTINUED

403 CONTINUED

LIL (cont'd)
By the law of eminent domain,
by all the recognized rights
of succession...he is mine.
And I mean to have him. This
business with you, whatever it
is...this little intermission...
(shrugs eloquently)
...when the curtain goes up on
the last act...the leading lady
...c'est moi. Dig?

404 MED. SHOT

MARNIE swings herself up onto FORIO'S back and walks him
from the stable to the outside, the CAMERA PANNING. At
the entrance, she turns in the saddle and smiles at LIL,
salutes her.

MARNIE
Mazzletof, dear.

She canters off.

405 CLOSE-UP LIL

Thoughtfully, she watches after the departed MARNIE. At
last she draws a deep breath. We should be aware that
she has finally arrived at a decision. Once made, she wastes
no time. She slams the stall door shut and strides with
determination out of the stable, the CAMERA PANNING HER.

406 INT. HALLWAY WYKWN - DAY - MED. SHOT

SHOOTING UP THE STAIRS, we see LIL hurrying down at a pace
that indicates she has some very definite purpose in mind.
She comes down toward the Library door so close to the CAMERA
that the SCREEN ONLY HOLDS what she has in her hand...a
piece of blue folded paper and a white square. The CAMERA
follows her hand into the Library and over to the desk. We
gather she is seating herself although we do not see this
because we are concentrated upon the hand holding the piece
of paper. The hand moves up to the desk. We are close
enough now to see the piece of paper being unfolded. It is
the same piece of blue paper, with its heading, that we saw
earlier on. Upon it is written just the one word, 'STRUT'.

CONTINUED

406 CONTINUED

Her hands now pull forward the private telephone directory. She runs her finger down to 'S' and opens it. She goes through various names until she comes to 'STRUTT'S name and address'. Actually it is STRUTT'S company. Her hand takes up a pencil and adds STRUTT'S address to his name on the blue sheet of paper.

407 CLOSE-UP LIL

Her grim determined face, a little frightened.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

408 INT. MAIN DOORWAY ENTRANCE HALL WYKWIN - EVENING - LONG SHOT

A HIGH CAMERA shows us the front door opening and people arriving for a party...a murmur of voices and laughter coming from the drawing room. At the door is a man-servant and two maids who are taking the outer garments from the new arrivals and moving off with them down to a room beyond the stairs. We see the back of LIL who is standing some distance from the front door and greeting some of the arrivals. She is indicating the drawing room and directs them to cross into it. After we have established this activity, the CAMERA MOVES down to get a nearer view of all this. The CAMERA continues on, past LIL, until it reaches the front door just in time to see it being opened to admit a man and a woman. The woman is preceding the man. The CAMERA continues down until it holds the MAN ALONE in head and shoulders as he comes through the door. It is MR. STRUTT, victim of the robbery we saw at the opening of the picture. The door closes behind him as he look about.

409 CLOSE SHOT - LIL

sees him. She hurries across, the CAMERA PANNING HER. STRUTT has obviously given his name to the man-servant who turns to LIL.

MANSERVANT
Mr. and Mrs. Strutt.

LIL greets them.

CONTINUED

409 CONTINUED

LIL
Mrs. Strutt?
(smiles brightly
at MRS. STRUTT,
radiantly at HIM)
I'm Lil Marshall, Mark's
sister-in-law. So good of
you to come all this distance...

CUT TO:

410 INT. DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT - LONG SHOT

The room is full of people in evening dress scattered around in groups. The CAMERA threads its way among them. The RUTLANDS circulate among the guests. MARK sticks close to MARNIE, guiding her, giving her cues. She is quite beautifully dressed. (She has had ample opportunity before this to look pretty. At this point, she must be beautiful, simply, austere beautiful.) The gown she is wearing tonight, (white or black), though eloquently simple, in no way resembles camouflage. It covers her shoulders and arms; even the neck of the dress is high, and she wears no jewelry except earrings. The dress should make two comments...one, on MARNIE'S instinctive flair for drama (when she can afford it), and two, her courage. Unintended by MARNIE, the gown bespeaks another element implicit in the evening...her very imminent date with the firing squad. MARNIE and MARK pass MR. RUTLAND who is standing with another elderly gentleman. MARK touches his father's arm in passing, smiles, guides MARNIE on toward fireplace.

MR. RUTLAND
(to his friend)
Wait til tomorrow when you
see that wife of Mark's on
a horse!

MARNIE hears this praise, as it has been intended that she should, and catches the approving appraisal of MR. RUTLAND'S rather formidable looking old friend. She flushes with pleasure, smiles, and when she and MARK reach the fireplace and are out of earshot, she quite spontaneously puts her hand on MARK'S arm. THE CAMERA CONTAINS JUST THE TWO by now.

MARNIE
Mark...I'm not even nervous!

CONTINUED

410 CONTINUED

MARK

There's no reason to be.
You're unquestionably the
best looking woman here, the
best dressed, the most
intelligent...

(he grins)

...and you're with me.

(looks around)

I think everyone's here.

MARNIE

Lil's scorekeeper. She has
the list and arranged the
tables and everything...I'm
afraid I wasn't much help...

(smiles)

I'll do better next time.

MARK

(proudly)

You're doing well enough,
old girl...

(sighs)

...I suppose we should keep
circulating.

MARNIE does not hear this last because the CAMERA MOVES into
her FACE ALONE. She is frozen.

411 FROM HER P.O.V.

Through the various guests, we see that LIL has entered the
drawing room, escorting MR. AND MRS. STRUTT. MRS. STRUTT is
a plain woman in her fifties. LIL has stopped them at
MR. RUTLAND. There is an exchange of greetings.

412 CLOSE-UP

MARK looks at MARNIE and follows her gaze. The CAMERA PULLS
OUT as he grips MARNIE'S arm. Instinctively hostile, she
wrests it from him, and turns to face the fire, presenting
her back to the room, shielding her face.

CONTINUED

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412 CONTINUED

MARNIE
Why? Why!

MARK
I don't know! I swear!
I don't know!...He wasn't
invited here! He's never
been invited here.

MARNIE
(with deadly
conviction)
Lil.

MARK
Lil? She doesn't even
know Strutt!

MARNIE
Lil.
(her hand moves
backward to him)
Mark...
(desperately)
...get me out of here!
Please!

MARK
Here they come, Marnie. Now
listen. This is your house.
Even if he recognizes you, he
won't have the gall to get
out of line here. Call his
bluff. I'll back you up.

THE CAMERA pulls out a little further as MARNIE'S back
straightens, stiffens, and slowly she turns to face LIL and
the STRUTTS.

MARK (cont'd)
(holds out his hand)
Hello, Strutt. It's good to see
you. I don't believe we've met,
Mrs. Strutt. I'm Mark Rutland,
and this is my wife.

CONTINUED

416 CONTINUED

MARK (cont'd)
quite well...for four years.

LIL
(dumbfounded)
Four years? Before Stell died?

MARK
Yes.
(narrow-eyed
at LIL)
Didn't you know?

417 CLOSE-UP LIL

This lie...or possibility? ...comes as a considerable shock to LIL.

418 CLOSE-UP MARK AND MARNIE

MARK (cont'd)
(eyes off)
Uh-oh.
(to MARNIE)
Darling, isn't Betty rather
stranded over there? I think
we'll have to excuse ourselves
a moment, Mrs. Strutt...

He smiles at the easily charmed woman, takes MARNIE'S arm and firmly guides her away from the STRUTTS.

MARK (cont'd)
Lil...see that Mr. and Mrs.
Strutt's glasses are kept
brimming, won't you, dear girl?

MARK guides the trembling MARNIE through the company. The CAMERA DOLLIES them through the groups of people. As they move, MARNIE says

MARNIE
(sotto voce)
I'm going to be sick.

MARK
(an unchallengable
instruction)
No, you are not going to be sick.

MARNIE
You said we'd known each other
for four years... Lil thought...

CONTINUED

413 CONTINUED

MARK

I don't give one infinitesimal
damn what Lil thought...or
thinks...

At this moment the SHOT WIDENS a little to include a BUTLER who comes to MARNIE and announces dinner. With the single-mindedness of a sheep dog after a sprawling bunch of blatting sheep, MARK begins herding the guests into the dining room. With a firm grip on the glassy-eyed MARNIE, MARK moves back to make connection with STRUTT.

MARK

Mr. Strutt, my wife's taken a
fancy to you. Will you take
her into dinner?

A somewhat off-balance STRUTT is forced to make the necessary social adjustment to carry out this move with grace. But as he obligingly leads the frozen MARNIE toward the dining room, the CAMERA CLOSES IN on his face, from which he is not quite able to erase a sinister little smile.

CUT TO:

-9 INT. MARNIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - MED. SHOT AND CLOSE-UPS

MARNIE, her hair pulled back, dressed in gray slacks, black sweater and sneakers, sits shivering in a chair. MARK, still in his dinner clothes, stands over the bed; ruthlessly, angrily throwing feminine clothes out of a suitcase. During the whole of this scene, MARNIE is seated in one position while MARK moves around the room.

MARK

Five minutes! I am five minutes
behind you! And in those five
minutes you've got yourself up
like a cat burglar and packed for
a world cruise!

MARNIE

I've got to get out of here! You've
got to let me go! That man is going
to send me to jail..you know he is!

MARK

What are you using for guts this
winter, Marnie?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MARK

(looks at her
in wonder)

Darling, didn't your mother
ever tell you about sticks
and stones?

MARNIE

(her frenzy rising)

Can't you understand that there
might be...other things involved?
Things...people I don't want to
hear about me!

MARK maddens MARNIE by taking time to light a cigarette...
He is too casual.

MARK

Yes. I can understand that.
But since you're the well-known
friendless orphan child, who's
to care?

MARNIE

(blurts)

The police, damn you!

MARK

What can the police do if we can
keep Strutt from prosecuting?

MARNIE

(hisses in fury
and desperation)

They can start investigating
other jobs, you fool! Other
similar jobs!

There is a moment of absolute silence between them. Then
MARK gets up from his chair and comes over toward her.

MARK

(quietly)

Well. That's something else
again...

MARNIE

Yes, it is!

MARK

(finally)

All right, how many? How many
other jobs, Marnie?

CONTINUED

ED

419 CONTINUED

MARNIE

Buffalo, Elizabeth, New
Jersey, Detroit and New York.

MARK turns away from her and starts to move around the room.

MARK

(groans with
fatigue)

In New York and Philadelphia
I'll be poor old Mark Rutland
who lost his head over a
pretty girl. In Buffalo and
Elizabeth and Detroit I'm just
an accessory after the fact
and equally liable under the
law.

MARNIE

(quickly seizing
this argument)

Then let me go! Nobody can
blame you because you didn't
know, and when you found out
I ran away! It's the only
thing to do...Let me go!

MARK

If I let you run out now,
Marnie, nothing could keep the
lid on it. They know your real
name...

(watches her
flinch at this)

...they'll work up a complete
dossier on you. When they
finally catch you...and Marnie,
they will catch you...they'll
throw the New York City library
at you! But suppose we don't
lose our heads. What we've got
to fight is Strutt's big mouth...
at least that gives us time.

(takes a deep breath
and settles in)

Sit down, Marnie, and listen...

She sits in a nearby chair along the wall.

CONTINUED

419 CONTINUED

MARK (cont'd)

Now. We can do one of two things. We can start you in instantly with a psychiatrist, establish your instability. Then we hire a good lawyer and make a voluntary confession to a sympathetic court. We offer to make restitution. This would not involve a court trial. You would be heard in chambers and with the support of psychiatric opinion, the chances are very good that you would get no more than two or three years...and very possibly a suspended sentence. But there's an alternative. We can go together and make private calls on all of the places you robbed. You express deep sorrow and repentance... sincere and vocal contrition. And while you sob, I show them my cheque for the amount stolen, press it into their hot little hands and ask them as a special favor to a distraught husband if they will withdraw the charge. If we go before a judge, you will be subject to the decision and mercy of one man. The other way, we've got to go up against four men... and if one - just one says, 'Thanks. I'll take the money back, but I won't drop the charge', then we've had it... after that, it's a court case and in all likelihood a heavier sentence. On the other hand, with luck, we might pull it off.

He stops, lights another cigarette, looks at her. She is huddled miserably in the chair. He picks up a gown from among the scattered wreckage of her attempted flight.

MARK (cont'd)

Think it over. Here.

(throws gown)

Go to bed now. Take a couple of those pills if you need to. It's late and the hunt gets going by eight-thirty.

CONTINUED

419 CONTINUED

MARNIE
(dumbfounded)
You don't expect me to ride
in the hunt!

MARK
Certainly you'll ride. For
one thing, I want you out of the
house when Strutt comes; for
another, I won't have you giving
Lil the satisfaction of seeing
you chicken. And Marnie...tonight
the door stays open.

MARNIE
(scornfully)
Guard duty?

MARK
(grimly)
You bet your sweet life guard
duty!

He is at the door. He takes out the key, shakes it at her,
pockets it.

420 EXT. WYKBYN - DAY - MED. SHOT

MARK is standing in the doorway watching the departing hunt.
His eyes worriedly following the figure of MARNIE on FORIO.

421 LONG SHOT - FROM MARK'S P.O.V.

The riders are now going through the gate and on their way
towards open fields. MARNIE in the rear - she turns and
looks back at MARK expressionlessly.

422 MED. SHOT

MARK turns and makes his way back to the house.

423 EXT. PENNSYLVANIA COUNTRYSIDE - DAY - LONG SHOT

An extremely LONG SHOT shows the hunt moving slowly into
position. The sky is spectacular with very heavy overcast
clouds. Suddenly in the distance there is the SOUND of a
horn and immediately the horses begin to move more quickly
and into speed.

424 SEMI LONG SHOT

THE SCREEN is filled with the riders galloping in profile.
THE CAMERA FOLLOWS THEM.

425 CLOSE SHOT - MARNIE

She seems relieved of tension. The wind is blowing her hair under her hat and the exhilaration of the ride occupies all her thoughts of the moment.

426 CLOSE SHOT - LIL

Also in a gallop. She looks across and ahead toward MARNIE.

427 CLOSE SHOT - MARNIE

She is looking ahead of her.

428 LONG SHOT - FROM HER P.O.V.

We see that the snarling hounds have reached their quarry.
The rest of the riders pull up.

429 CLOSE SHOT

MARNIE pulls up as well.

430 BIG CLOSE-UP

MARNIE'S FACE begins to show her horror at the sound of the snarling hounds tearing their quarry to pieces.

RIDER'S VOICE (c.s.)
(cheerfully)
Well, there goes one less
chicken thief.

MARNIE looks about her.

431 FROM HER P.O.V.

Immediately on one side of her are a staggered row of faces of the riders. Their expressions show their utter satisfaction at what they see. Some are laughing...others waiting.

432 CLOSE-UP MARNIE

She looks across in another direction.

433 MED. SHOT - FROM HER P.O.V.

She sees the same.

434 CLOSE SHOT

MARNIE, in a rising panic identifies wholly with the fox. She feels herself surrounded by a mob of cheerful killers. She begins to turn her horse away and edges out on the edge of the crowd. The CAMERA MOVES AWAY with her.

435 CLOSE SHOT

LIL, in the crowd, turns, sees:

436 FROM LIL'S P.O.V.

the departing MARNIE.

437 CLOSE SHOT

MARNIE starts to move her horse into a canter.

438 CLOSE SHOT

LIL turns her horse and starts to follow MARNIE.

439 CLOSE SHOT

MARNIE'S canter becomes a gallop.

440 CLOSE SHOT

LIL starting to increase her speed after MARNIE.

441 MED. SHOT

MARNIE AND HER HORSE. The CAMERA is now travelling with her as she gallops. It PULLS AWAY until it reaches a VERY HIGH SHOT showing MARNIE, a tiny figure on the horse, galloping over the terrain. Some distance back we see LIL after her.

442 CLOSE-UP

MARNIE - now head bent, her expression beginning to become a little wild. She loses her hat. Her hair blows in the wind.

443 CLOSE-UP

THE FEET OF FORIO galloping over the ground.

444 CLOSE-UP

FORIO'S HEAD stretched forward, mane streaming back.

445 CLOSE SHOT

MARNIE stretched forward toward FORIO'S neck. In the distance a long way behind, we see LIL coming after her.

446 CLOSE-UP MARNIE - SIDE VIEW

The THUD of FORIO'S hooves beat with tremendous speed.

447 LONG SHOT

A FORWARD VIEW shows the HEAD OF FORIO in the foreground and beyond us the countryside. We are approaching a low mound and a brook. THE CAMERA leaps over it.

448 CLOSE-UP

SHOOTING ONTO MARNIE as FORIO makes the leap.

449 FORWARD SHOT

WITH FORIO'S HEAD in the foreground. A short stretch of open meadow and another leap. In the distance we see a farmhouse and barns.

450 CLOSE-UP MARNIE

She makes a second leap.

451 CLOSE-UP - FORIO'S FEET.

452 CLOSE-UP - FORIO'S HEAD

453 CLOSE-UP MARNIE

Another leap. She sees the wall of the farmhouse looming toward her. She starts to veer away.

454 CLOSE SHOT - FORIO'S HEAD

455 CLOSE SHOT - FORIO'S FEET

456 FORWARD LONG SHOT

There is an attempt to veer away from the wall. It looms nearer and nearer. MARNIE, tugging at the reins, has no more control over FORIO.

457 CLOSE SHOT

The wall looms nearer. A series of quick flashes shows FORIO'S failure to surmount the wall. The horse goes partially over, is turned over on his back and lands on the other side of the wall, flinging MARNIE clear. FORIO has landed on his back. MARNIE is flung into a patch of bushes. There are SCREAMS OF AGONY coming from FORIO.

458 CLOSE SHOT

MARNIE in a dazed state comes out of the bush and, turning toward the frightening SOUND, sees the wreckage of FORIO.

459 CLOSE-UP

For some seconds, MARNIE stares at the screaming horse. She screams at what she sees. She looks wildly about her. She turns and starts to run around the farmhouse to the barn, the CAMERA FOLLOWING HER. This is one CONTINUOUS CLOSE-UP RUNNING until she gets to a side door of the farmhouse. She bangs on the door and a woman opens it almost immediately.

MARNIE
(gasping)
A gun. Give me a gun. My
horse is...screaming! Get
me a gun!

CONTINUED

459 CONTINUED

WOMAN
(stupidly)
You want to shoot your
horse?

MARNIE starts through the door of the house.

WOMAN (cont'd)
Hey! Wait a minute... I can't
give you a gun! My mister
isn't home...I don't know what
he'd

460 MED. SHOT - MARNIE AND THE WOMAN

MARNIE starts to push the WOMAN aside.

WOMAN (cont'd)
You must be crazy!

461 CLOSE SHOT

LIL getting off her horse. We PAN HER OVER to the TWO WOMEN.

LIL
Mrs. Turpin!

The WOMAN turns, recognizes LIL.

WOMAN
Miss Marshall! This woman
comes tearing in here demand-
ing I give her a gun...

MARNIE
Tell this fool to give me a
gun! Forio's hurt.

LIL
Oh, Marnie! Wait! I'll call
a vet!

MARNIE
(turns on her,
a fury)
There's nothing a vet can do!

CONTINUED

461 CONTINUED

WOMAN

We don't have a phone anyhow,
Miss Marshall.

(doubtfully)

If the horse is hurt bad...I
could give her Jack's pistol...
the shotgun'd knock her to
Christmas come.

MARNIE

Please hurry. He's suffering
horribly!

LIL

(reluctantly)

Get the gun.

THE WOMAN goes into the house.

LIL (cont'd)

(to MARNIE)

I'll do it, Marnie. You
stay here.

MARNIE

(viciously)

You still in the mood for
killing? Didn't you get your
fill back there? Wasn't there
enough blood to satisfy you,
Lil?

LIL

Please, Marnie...

MARNIE

Stay out of my way.

THE WOMAN comes back out of the house carrying an automatic.
She hands it to MARNIE.

MARNIE (cont'd)

Thank you.

462 CLOSE-UP

MARNIE turns and goes back across the farmhouse toward the
injured horse.

463 CLOSE-UP

THE GUN travelling with her.

464 CLOSE-UP

LIL following her, on horse.

LIL

Please, Marnie...if you don't
want me to do it, then let
me go back for one of the men...

465 CLOSE-UP

MARNIE continues running.

466 CLOSE-UP

LIL pacing along behind her.

467 CLOSE-UP

MARNIE approaching FORIO whom we do not see. We only HEAR
the screaming SOUNDS. MARNIE comes to a stop and looks down.
A LONG BEAT ...

468 CLOSE-UP

THE GUN rises. There is an explosion. The screaming stops.

469 CLOSE-UP

Slowly MARNIE'S FACE smooths out into a gentle satisfied
smile.

MARNIE

(dreamily)

There! There now.

THE CAMERA EASES BACK as LIL comes in.

LIL

Marnie...

CONTINUED

469 CONTINUED

MARNIE turns in response to LIL'S voice. The TWO GIRLS' EYES lock for a long moment before LIL speaks.

LIL
You've got to get home, Marnie...
where somebody can take care of
you.

MARNIE
(as if LIL had made
the most delight-
ful suggestion)
Yes! I believe I will...go
home.

She starts to move away. LIL follows her. THE CAMERA DOLLIES with them.

MARNIE (cont'd)
(pleasantly)
Let me have your horse, Lil.

LIL
Climb up with me...we have to
take the gun back to Mrs.
Turpin...

MARNIE
(sweetly
reasonable)
I don't want to climb up with
you.

LIL
(uncertain...puzzled
by MARNIE'S peculiar
behavior but anxious
to help her, LIL
climbs down.)
You must be ready to faint...

MARNIE
Why? I feel fine.

MARNIE nimbly mounts LIL'S horse and starts to ride away,
in the opposite direction from the TURPIN house.

LIL
Where are you going?

CONTINUED

469 CONTINUED

MARNIE
I'm going home.

LIL
What about me? What about
the gun?

MARNIE
(reasonably,
pleasantly)
Oh, you walk Lil. I'm going
to keep the gun. I like it.

THE CAMERA HAS PULLED BACK as MARNIE puts the horse into a trot and starts to move away. LIL stands glued to the ground in stunned surprise.

470 INT. WYKWYN LIBRARY - DAY - MED. SHOT

MARK and STRUTT are seated. MARK seemingly at ease. STRUTT hard put not to squirm.

MARK
(pleasantly as he
sips a cup of coffee)
So you can see, Mr. Strutt, how
very disadvantageous any action
on your part would be...for
everyone. For me, certainly,
for a sick girl, and for you.

STRUTT
(stubbornly)
Yes, I'm sure that's the
fashionable attitude, Mr.
Rutland. That there are no
real criminals, just misunder-
stood children who didn't get
to suck their thumbs long enough...
but just wait until you've been
victimized!

471 INT. WYKWYN HALLWAY - DAY - LONG SHOT

MARNIE comes through the front door, closing it quietly. The CAMERA SWINGS her around and following her, watches her stop by the Library door for a moment. Then we see her hurry up the stairs stealthily; she turns at the top and disappears from sight.

472 MED. SHOT

We see MARNIE hurry along the landing and open the door to MARK'S room.

473 INT. MARK'S BEDROOM,

MARNIE enters and crosses over to MARK'S desk. We see her opening the drawer. We are not close enough to see what she is looking for. Eventually she finds what she wants; pockets it and leaves the room.

474 INT. UPPER FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY - MED. SHOT

MARNIE emerges, a cunning expression on her face. She looks down the stairway.

475 MED. SHOT

THE CAMERA PANS HER down around the top of the stairs and all the way down to the hall below. We see her cross the hall and go out through the back of the house.

476 INT. LIBRARY - DAY - MED. SHOT

MARK is still with STRUTT. The PHONE RINGS. MARK rises to answer it himself.

MARK

Sorry...

(into telephone)

Hello? ...Yes, Lil, what is it? ...

(listens intently,
with rising concern)

Yes. Yes, I understand. I'm hanging up now.

He does so. Speaks to STRUTT as he heads for door.

MARK (cont'd)

You'll have to forgive me, Mr. Strutt.. They've had a little trouble at the hunt...I'll talk to you again...possibly tomorrow... I'm really sorry to have to run out like this...

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

PROD. #9403 "MARNIE"REVISED FINAL
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477 INT. WARD'S OFFICE - DAY - CLOSE-UP

MARNIE standing at the corner of Ward's desk. She lays the gun on top of it, then moving over to the safe, she starts to work the combination. THE CAMERA CLOSES IN VERY TIGHT on her. As she turns the combination, she holds her breath, then sighs a deep sigh of satisfaction as she hears the lock click. She turns the handle and steps back as the door swings open. She stares into the interior at the cash box resting in its usual place. She reaches out for it; but before her hand can penetrate the opening, a shudder runs through her whole body and her hand stays...suspended before her. She takes a step back, wipes her suddenly damp face, tears at the stock around her neck. She has begun to breathe shallowly, seemingly unable to get enough air. She turns, gasping for breath and leans for a moment on Ward's desk...shakes her head as if to clear it; then turns resolutely back toward the safe. This time she literally thrusts her hand in the direction of the cash box, but it is as if a sheet of invisible glass were between her hand and what it seeks. As she tries to force her way past the border of the safe's opening, her hand begins to tremble; she stares at it in bewilderment; a sound of fright and pain is wrenched from her and she crumbles against the safe's edge, protectively holding the trembling hand against her body, her wet forehead presses against the cool metal of the safe. Her breath is coming out in gasps.

MARK (o.s.)
I'll take you home, Marnie.

She whirls, and faces

478 MED. SHOT - FROM HER P.O.V.

MARK who is standing a few steps inside the office.

MARK (cont'd)
It's all right, darling...

MARK begins to move towards her. THE CAMERA CLOSES IN on him.

479 MED. SHOT - MARNIE FROM HIS P.O.V.

THE CAMERA PANS OVER and down toward the gun which is now filling the screen.

PROD. #9403 "MARNIE"REVISED FINAL
October 9, 1963

480 BIG HEAD - MARK

As he moves forward.

481 CLOSE SHOT

MARNIE standing frozen, watching his advance. THE CAMERA getting nearer to her.

482 CLOSE SHOT

MARK still moving forward.

MARK (cont'd)
You're just exhausted...don't
panic now, Marnie...I've talked
to Strutt...

483 CLOSE SHOT

MARK'S HAND starting to go out as the CAMERA DOLLIES with it. THE GUN comes into the picture.

484 CLOSE SHOT

MARNIE watching him as if paralyzed.

MARK (cont'd)
I think I'll be able to work
him around...

485 CLOSE SHOT

MARK'S HAND within reach of the GUN. His hand casually goes out to pick it up.

486 CLOSE SHOT - MARK'S EYES ON MARNIE

487 CLOSE-UP

MARNIE stares down at the gun and throws herself forward, the CAMERA WHIPPING WITH HER.

488 CLOSE-UP

THE GUN is whipped back out of her reach.

489 CLOSE TWO SHOT

MARK

I'll just put this away...

He slips the gun into his jacket pocket. Her breath is coming hard; she watches the gun's disappearance, then as if neither it nor MARK were of any further interest to her, she turns away and once again faces the safe, THE CAMERA PANNING WITH HER. As if the safe and its penetration were the sole consideration of her life, she stands regarding it, bracing herself. Once more she wipes her sweating face with her arm, then takes a deep breath, puts out her hand toward the opening. The hand freezes...literally. It will not advance and she will not allow it to withdraw. And so she stands, like a child playing 'Statue'.

490 CLOSE SHOT - MARK WATCHING THIS PANTOMIME.

THE CAMERA PANS HIM OVER and after a moment he takes the hand in his own and forces it forward.

MARK (cont'd)

Go on. You want the money...
you wanted the money or you
wouldn't have taken my key,
would you? You took the
key...now take the money.
Take it.

491 CLOSE-UP

MARK'S HAND pressing her hand forward. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK to include the TWO. She begins to struggle silently, but with manic strength. He cannot control her fierce movements with just his hands...he is obliged to encircle her thrashing body with a vice-like arm, but still maintaining his hold on her right hand and wrist which he continues to try to force into the safe's interior. He speaks softly, almost in a whisper. His voice is the only sound to emerge from the deadly struggle.

CONTINUED

491 CONTINUED

MARK (cont'd)
You can't steal from yourself,
Marnie...and what's mine belongs
to you...it's yours. You're not
stealing...if you want the money,
take it. I said take it!

Her fingers, strained and white, desperately grip at the edge of the safe's opening, straining with a terrible will of their own not to be forced into the dark of the interior. As MARK'S superior strength breaks their grip, her hand closes and becomes a fist...a fist too tight to hold anything but its own sweat...she cries out. MARK releases her and she falls, gasping from the struggle, against the wall. THE CAMERA PANS with her. Her eyes sick, bewildered. MARK looks at her with pity.

492 CLOSE SHOT - MARK

He speaks to her, a firm, authoritative voice.

MARK
Marnie...I think it's time
we went to Baltimore, don't
you?

The words act like a shock of cold water; her eyes come into quick focus as she searches his face. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK to include the TWO.

MARNIE
Baltimore?

MARK
I want to meet your mother.
But first I want you to tell
me what you remember.

Nothing from MARNIE but a blank look.

MARK (cont'd)
Do you remember how your
mother injured her leg?

MARNIE
My mother's ...my mother's
dead... I told you ...

CONTINUED

492 CONTINUED

MARK

Your mother is very much alive
at 116 Van Buren, Baltimore,
Maryland. I asked you a question.
Do you know how your mother's
leg was injured?

MARNIE

She...she was hit by a car.

MARK

No, Marnie, not that fairy
story. I mean what really
happened.

MARNIE

(obviously sincere)
That is what really happened!
She was hit by a car.

MARK

Do you remember the accident?
Did you see it?

MARNIE

No! ...I was little...how could
I remember?

(rising hysteria)

Shewas hit by a car! I don't
know what you're talking about!

MARK

(he understands that
she truly believes
this and he sighs,
relieved somehow at
her ignorance - her
innocence)

I thought not.

(he makes his decision)

We're going to Baltimore to
see your mother, Marnie.

MARNIE

No!

MARK

Yes.

The CAMERA PANS MARK over toward the safe as he then takes the
gun from his pocket, puts it into the safe, then slams
shut the safe door, twirls lock. He takes MARNIE'S arm and
moves her out of the office; his grip is so firm, his

492 . CONTINUED

decision so unalterable that she has neither the strength nor will to oppose him.

MARK (cont'd)
We're going now.

493 INT. MARK'S CAR LOOSE TWO SHOT

They are now on the open highway. MARK turns on the windshield wipers as a light rain begins to fall. MARNIE is huddled, dumbly, in the far corner of the seat. She does not look at MARK, or at the road, or at anything. Her vision...if it is functioning at all...is turned inward... on the mysteries within herself.

MARK
We'll be in Baltimore in another half hour. Is Van Buren on the north side of town?

She does not answer.

MARK (cont'd)
I said is Van Buren on the north side of town?

MARNIE
(expressionless)
South.
(after a moment, with the same lack of expression)
If you tell my mother about me, I'll kill you. Somehow...someday ...I'll kill you.

MARK
If you mean about the robberies... I've no intention of telling her anything.
(grimly)
It's your mother who's going to do the talking.
(turns momentarily toward her)
Marnie...I may be doing this all wrong...I don't know...you hate me anyway...

CONTINUED

493 CONTINUED

MARNIE
(tonelessly, as if
completely disinterested)
Yes...yes, I hate you anyway.

They fall into silence as MARK drives on, the rain coming down harder as the sky darkens.

494 EXT. BALTIMORE STREET - DAY - MED. SHOT

This is a HIGH SHOT looking down upon BERNICE'S house. It is raining heavily. The CAMERA PANS off the house down the length of the street. In the distance we see the masts of ships, an angry sky and flashes of lightning followed by thunder. THE CAMERA continues to turn and now comes to the roof of MARK'S car. We see MARK struggling in the open doorway on the sidewalk side.

495 CLOSE SHOT

of MARK'S SHOULDER. We see MARNIE'S terrified face. Again the victim of a thunderstorm, she crouches back, fearful to emerge from the confines of the car until MARK manages to pull her out.

496 CLOSE SHOT

MARK hurrying MARNIE across the sidewalk to the front door. He presses the bell. While waiting, he takes off his jacket and puts it on MARNIE'S head in a futile effort to protect her. Just as the door opens there is another flash of lightning and a roar of thunder.

497 CLOSE SHOT - SHOOTING INTO THE DOORWAY

MARNIE, in a terrified effort to escape the elements, stumbles past BERNICE who stands in shocked surprise in the doorway.

498 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY - MED. SHOT

MARNIE stumbles across the room and retreats to a far corner where she stands trembling.

499 MED. SHOT

BERNICE turns into the room as MARK steps by her and closes the door. He crosses immediately to pull down the shades, the CAMERA PANNING WITH HIM.

MARK
It's all right, Marnie...
you're inside...

500 CLOSE SHOT - MARNIE

trembling in the corner.

501 MED. SHOT - MARK AND BERNICE

BERNICE
What in the wide world...

MARK
Sorry to crash in on you like
this, Mrs. Edgar...I guess you
know how Marnie feels about
storms...

BERNICE
(sternly to the
quivering MARNIE)
Marnie! Stop acting like such
a ninny...

She moves toward MARNIE, THE CAMERA PANNING. She is stopped by MARK who has moved into the picture protectively between MARNIE and her mother.

BERNICE (cont'd)
Who are you, Mister? You're
not Mr. Pendleton!

MARK
No, I'm not. Who's Mr. Pendleton?

BERNICE
Then, what have you got to do
with my Marnie?

MARK puts his arm protectively around MARNIE who, as the SOUND of the storm rises, hides her face against his shoulder. It is a pure animal retreat...any port in a storm. BERNICE comes into the picture beside them.

CONTINUED

501 CONTINUED

MARK

I'm Mark Rutland. I'm Marnie's husband, Mrs. Edgar.

BERNICE

You're what?

MARK

Marnie's husband. We've been married since September 25th. Marnie has not been very well...
(coming immediately to the point)
I don't believe she's been very well since you had your accident.

BERNICE

(shocked)

My what?

MARK

I think you've always called it your 'accident'.

BERNICE

What do you think you're talking about! Coming in my house like this...talking about my accident! You're not married to my Marnie! I don't believe you. Marnie...

MARK

Mrs. Edgar, I believe you have a roomer. A Mrs. Cotton. Where is she now? And the child.

BERNICE

(distracted;
worriedly)

Why, they're out to a movie... they'll be caught in this storm too...Jessie's had a cold...

MARK

You can worry about Jessie some other time. Right now it's your daughter who needs help. Mrs. Edgar...you've got to tell her the truth. She has no memory of what happened that night. And she needs to remember. Everything. You must help her.

CONTINUED

501 CONTINUED

BERNICE
(whips out)
You must be plumb crazy,
Mister!

MARK
If you won't...I will. I
know everything that happened
that night. I'll tell her the
whole story.

BERNICE
No you won't, Mister... be-
cause you don't know the whole
story, and there's nobody does
but me.

MARK
Oh? Well, since you're so very
knowledgeable, Mrs. Edgar, do
you also know that your daughter...
your beautiful young daughter,
Mrs. Edgar, cannot stand to have
a man touch her? Any man? She
doesn't know why...but you do.
Don't you think you owe it to
her to help her understand what
happened to make her like that?

BERNICE
What matters what made her?
She's lucky. She's lucky to
feel like that. Plain lucky!

MARK
It's interesting you should say
that, Mrs. Edgar. I've had an
investigator at work here. I've
read the transcript...the records
of your trial. They stated quite
plainly, Mrs. Edgar, that you
made your living from the touch
of men...

Again there is thunder.

MARNIE
Oh God!
(cringes back)

CONTINUED

501 CONTINUED

MARK
(brutally
aggressive)

Was there a storm that night,
Mrs. Edgar? Is that why
Marnie's so terrified of
storms? Was there lightning
and thunder that night? Did
a storm frighten your child
that night? In addition to
everything else that happened?

BERNICE
(ferocious -
a fury)

Get out of my house! Get out!
I don't need any man coming in
my house no more! You hear me!
You get out! Get out of my
house!

Clumsily she flings herself toward him. He is forced to
hold off her flailing fists. THE CAMERA MOVES IN to show
MARNIE ALONE. She is shocked out of her terror of the
storm; watches this grotesque struggle with widening eyes
that suddenly become fixed, dilated. When she begins to
speak, it is in a child's voice.

502 CLOSE SHOT

MARK and BERNICE forsake their struggle as they attend with
highly different emotional reactions to MARNIE'S VOICE.
MARK'S is one of excitement and concern; BERNICE'S is pure
horror.

MARNIE
You let my Mama alone! You
hear! You let my Mama alone!
You're hurting my Mama!

MARK'S HEAD comes into the picture.

MARK
(quickly)
Who am I, Marnie? Why should
I want to hurt your Mama?

CONTINUED

502 CONTINUED

MARNIE

You're just one of them! In
the white suits...you're always
hurting my Mama!

503 BIG CLOSE-UP BERNICE

as she shouts,

BERNICE

Shut up, Marnie!

MARK turns into BERNICE'S picture, restraining her.

MARK

No, Marnie! ...Remember!
...Tell us how it all was...
the white suits...remember!

504 BIG CLOSE-UP MARK

With sudden insight and inspiration, he taps three times
on the wall beside him.

505 CLOSE-UP

MARNIE reacts immediately; frowns, whimpers...

MARK (o.s.)

(softly)

What does the tapping mean,
Marnie...why does it make you
cry?

MARNIE

It means they want in...the white
suits...and Mama comes and gets
me out of bed...

(plaintive)

I don't like to get out of bed...

THE CAMERA CLOSES IN on the BIGGEST HEAD OF MARNIE as she
stares out. FROM HER P.O.V. we see a

506 LONG PERSPECTIVE OF A ROOM

The perspective is so distorted that it almost seems a great distance away. Its color is washed-out almost to grays. The lighting on it is very bright and sharp in contrast to the low lighting in the room proper. In the foreground is a table upon which is some object belonging to the present Baltimore room, but beyond it, this other distorted room is a completely different place. Slowly the perspective lessens and comes NEARER and NEARER to us until the room has attained a normal perspective beyond us. We now only see what MARNIE sees: A YOUNG BERNICE, high-strung, febrile, moves across the threshold of a room opening off the cheap little living room. We see only her disappearing back, but we see FULL-UP a young, lounging SAILOR who impatiently smokes a cigarette as he waits for her.

SAILOR
(impatient, but
good-humored)
Hurry up, Bernice...get the
kid outta the bed, for
crissake...

There is a pause and YOUNG BERNICE comes out, smiling, nuzzling the sleepy, unhappy little girl she carries from the bedroom, along with a pillow and a dragging blanket. The SAILOR watches all this but doesn't move to help her. YOUNG BERNICE lays the child down on a sofa near the fireplace. She tucks the blanket around the little girl, kisses her. THE CAMERA CLOSES IN.

YOUNG BERNICE
(whispers)
Now you go on back to sleep,
sugarpop.

507 CLOSE-UP - THE STARING MARNIE

Suddenly there is a heightening of the storm noises...is it the old storm or the current one? She reacts with fright. At this moment we CUT TO what she sees. YOUNG MARNIE on the sofa reacts the same way and begins to cry. THE CAMERA PANS over as the door to the bedroom opens and the SAILOR, now in his white shorts and undershirt, rumpled, a little drunk, comes out and approaches the weeping child.

SAILOR
Key, kid...what's a matter?
You scared of a little ole
thunder?

CONTINUED

507 CONTINUED

THE CAMERA CLOSES IN as he moves over to the couch, puts his arms around her, gives her a kiss.

MARK'S VOICE (o.s.)
What happens next, Marnie?

GROWN MARNIE'S
CHILDLIKE VOICE (o.s.)
He come out...to me. I don't
like him...he smells funny.

SAILOR
Don't cry, little baby...the
Captain's on duty...all through
the night...

THE CAMERA CLOSES NEARER to them as the CHILD begins to cry even louder...the strange arms, the smell of liquor, the storm. She struggles weakly in his befuddled embrace. It is not the child, however, but the GROWN MARNIE who cries out.

GROWN MARNIE
I want my Mama! I don't want
you. You let me go! Mama!

THE CAMERA WHIPS OVER as YOUNG BERNICE, wearing only a slip, appears in the doorway, her hair wild. She is more than slightly drunk. She lurches over to the SAILOR.

YOUNG BERNICE
Get your damn hands off my kid!

SAILOR
(indignant)
Whatsa matter with my hands?
(does not release
the child)

She lunges toward him, grabs at his hair, aims a hard slap at his cheek. At this, he releases the child, stumbles to his feet.

SAILOR
You crazy or drunk or what?
...Whadda ya go around hittin'
people...you'll get yourself
hit back...

THE CHILD begins to chatter with fright, but over it again the words come from the GROWN MARNIE.

CONTINUED

507 CONTINUED

GROWN MARNIE (o.s.)
Make him go, Mama! Please!
I don't like for him to kiss
me! Make him go!

YOUNG BERNICE
(a slit-eyed fury as
she turns on the man)
You creep! What do you think
you're up to with your damn
hands all over my baby...kissing
my baby...

Before he can get any words out, BERNICE is upon him, hitting
biting, scratching, kicking. In an effort to protect himself
he first tries to back off; when that doesn't succeed, he
swats out at her, connects. The CHILD MARNIE screams.

508 BIG HEAD - THE GROWN MARNIE

shrinks back, cries out.

MARK'S VOICE (o.s.)
What is it? What's the matter?

GROWN MARNIE
He hit my Mama!

509 MED. SHOT

YOUNG BERNICE is rocked, but the blow was not seriously
intended to hurt her, and in an instant she is back at him,
this time with the poker in her hand. And now he must
really fight her off. In the struggle, she manages to stun
him, and he falls, dragging her down, twisted beneath his
weight. We hear her gasp of pain...

YOUNG BERNICE
Oh God! My leg...get off...
get off...

YOUNG MARNIE AND
GROWN MARNIE
(together)
Mama!

MARK
Is your mother hurt, Marnie?
How? How is she hurt?

510 BIG CLOSE-UP MARNIE

GROWN MARNIE
(child's voice)
He fell on her! She's so
hurt! Mama!

511 MED. SHOT - THE ROOM AGAIN

YOUNG BERNICE
(unable to crawl out
from under his weight)
Help me, Marnie...you got to
help me...I'm hurt, honey....

GROWN MARNIE
(child's voice)
I got to help my Mama!

(During these scenes we have occasionally watched the OLD BERNICE who listens to all this with a frightened tenseness, awed by what she hears.)

The child stands...not knowing what to do...how to help. The SAILOR shakes his head, begins to crawl off the woman, but in doing so, he causes her even further pain and she screams. At this the child is driven beyond her endurance. She grabs up the poker and strikes out at the man. We do not see him; we only hear the blow and the stricken sound that comes from him, the protest... 'no...n....'. The GROWN MARNIE makes a minute gesture of striking out. The SAILOR'S groans become more awful.

MARK'S VOICE (o.s.)
Marnie!

GROWN MARNIE
(child's voice)
I hit him! I hit him with the
stick! I hurt him!

She strikes again, and once again. We see the child's face... the widened, shock-blank eyes.

GROWN MARNIE
(child's voice;
soft, satisfied)
There. There now.

CONTINUED

511 CONTINUED

But the satisfaction is fleeting. We see her face...the GROWN MARNIE'S FACE...begin to twist with growing horror. We see what she sees. THE CAMERA ZOOMS IN until it contains the chest and shoulders of the SAILOR, his white undershirt, whiter now than ever in contrast to the great splashes of red that stains it...the white and red...the CAMERA MOVES HAED into it, filling the whole screen with the red of blood narrowly edged with white. It is the red and white of MARNIE'S obsession.

512 CLOSE-UP

The storm crescendos and MARNIE...our MARNIE, screams...a long, full-throated, hair-raising scream, as the screen becomes flooded with red over her face. As the red fades, we pull away back to normality. The CAMERA EASES BACK to reveal the living room as it always has been. MARNIE, sobbing, is held tight in the arms of MARK as the CAMERA moves away and follows BERNICE who crosses slowly and brokenly into the rocking chair. She lowers herself painfully into it. Beyond her, where we originally saw MARNIE'S vision of the past, is the normal corner of the room. We stay with her as the CAMERA CLOSES IN ON HER.

513 MED. SHOT

MARK helps MARNIE subside into a chair. The CAMERA PULLS BAC to include BERNICE. The two women look across at each other like two exhausted fighters.

MARK

You're all right now, darling...
you're all right. It's all
over...shhhh...you're all right.

As MARNIE'S convulsive sobbing subsides, BERNICE begins to speak.

BERNICE

(eyes straight ahead,
face rather expressionless
as she rocks. Her manner
is more conversational
than anything else)

I thought that when she lost her
memory of that night, it was a sign
of God's forgiveness. I thought I
was being given another chance...
to change everything...make it all
up to her...

514 CLOSE SHOT - MARK AND MARNIE

MARK

I'm sorry, Mrs. Edgar...truly
sorry...

(to MARNIE who has
stopped her hysterical
weeping. Her eyes are
now on her Mother who
suddenly becomes someone
she has never known)

Your mother told the police that
she'd killed the sailor in self-
defense.

515 CLOSE SHOT - BERNICE

BERNICE

They could see how bad hurt I
was...they believed me. And I
never told the truth to nobody.
Never. Not even when they tried
to take you away from me, Marnie.
Not even then.

516 CLOSE-UP MARNIE

MARNIE

(addresses BERNICE
but she's really speak-
ing to herself)

You must have loved me...You must
have loved me...

517 CLOSE SHOT - BERNICE

BERNICE

You're the only thing I ever
did love in this world.

518 CLOSE SHOT - MARK AND MARNIE

MARNIE

But you never liked to touch
me.....

519 MED. SHOT - BERNICE - FROM THEIR P.O.V.

BERNICE
(looks away from her)
Oh, child...after it happened,
I was so afraid. I couldn't have
you grow up no good like me...
not with a...fever in your body.
(her hand covers her
mouth in a moment of
relieved panic)
I promised God...if he'd let me
keep you and you not know...I
promised you'd be different from
me...you'd never be anything but
decent no matter what...you'd
never, never be anything like...
me. I kept my promise.

520 CLOSE SHOT - MARNIE

MARNIE
(a world of knowledge
in her eyes as she
watches the pitiful
creature)
Yes, Mama. You did. You kept
your promise.

521 MED. SHOT - BERNICE - FROM THEIR P.O.V.

BERNICE
Because I loved you, Marnie...
it was just I was so young.
And I never had anything...and
I was so greedy...
(looks at her daughter
for the first time)
You know how I got you, Marnie?
(smiles)
I wanted Billy's basketball
sweater. I was fifteen. Billy
said if I'd let him, I could have
the sweater. So I let him. Then
when you started, he run away and
joined the Navy and my uncle had
the excuse to turn me out. But I
didn't care.
(grinly)
I still got that sweater. It's
in that old trunk upstairs.

CONTINUED

521 CONTINUED

BERNICE (cont'd)
(sighs)
When I was in the hospital,
they tried to make me let you
be adopted, but I wouldn't.
I wanted you.

522 MED. SHOT

MARNIE crosses swiftly to her mother, kneels down and puts
her head in BERNICE'S lap. Awkwardly, BERNICE pats MARNIE'S
shoulder...then reverts to habit.

BERNICE
(fussily)
Get up, Marnie, you're aching
my leg.

523 CLOSE SHOT

MARK moves over to MARNIE and helps her up, THE CAMERA
PANNING HIM. She does not resist him.

MARK
Come on, darling...

MARK and MARNIE are now in TIGHT TWO SHOT as he takes out
a handkerchief and tenderly cleans her face. She stands
passively as a child until he finishes.

MARK (cont'd)
Are you too tired to drive
home?

MARNIE
(calmly)
No.

MARK
Do you want to go back?

MARNIE
(nods)
Yes.

MARK looks down to BERNICE.

CONTINUED

523 CONTINUED

MARK

I'll bring Marnie back next week, Mrs. Edgar. She's very tired now.

524 CLOSE SHOT - BERNICE FROM MARK'S P.O.V.

She nods, continues to rock, and no further word.

525 CLOSE SHOT

MARK walks MARNIE to the door. At the door, MARNIE turns.

MARNIE

Goodnight, Mama.

526 MED. SHOT FROM MARNIE'S P.O.V. -BERNICE IN THE CHAIR

BERNICE

Goodnight. Goodnight, honey.

527 EXT. BALTIMORE HOUSE - DUSK - THE RAIN & STORM HAVE STOPPED.

MARK and MARNIE emerge from the house. Children have come outside in the dusk and are playing in and around the puddles left by the rain. There are a few indistinct cries... 'Jimmy, if you get your shoes wet, Mama'll spank you good'... 'Mind your own business!' ... 'Race you!' ... 'No fair!' ... MARK guides MARNIE through the children to the car. The children make way for them, but pay little attention... the excitement of escaping outdoors so late... after a storm... has intoxicated them. At the door of the car, MARK stops, speaks quietly, solicitously.

MARK

Are you really all right?

MARNIE

(faces him, her back to the car door; she nods, speaks quietly)

Mark... what am I going to do?
What's going to happen?

MARK

What do you want to happen?

CONTINUED

527 CONTINUED

MARNIE
(glances around the
street at the houses,
the children. There
is wonder in her voice)
I guess...I want it all cleared
up...
(her voice very low)
Will I go to jail?

MARK
(in his answer, the
authority and assurance
she is looking for)
Not if I can help it.

MARNIE
(looks curiously at
MARK, trying at last
to see him, really
see him)
Mark...was your mother really...
buried in her boots?

MARK
(smiles)
Oh yes.

MARNIE
(considers this briefly, then
speaks with solemn decision)
I don't want to go to jail. I'd
rather stay with you.

MARK
(gives a short,
happy laugh)
Had you, love?

He opens the door and helps her into the car.

528 LONG SHOT - BALTIMORE STREET

THE CAMERA MOVES BACK (HIGH) as the CAR PULLS OUT into the
street. We see the car carrying MARNIE away...away from the
street, the children, the past.

FADE OUT.

THE END.

