

Outrage

1950



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FINAL SCRIPT

JANUARY 26, 1950

NOBODY'S SAFE

An Original Screen Play

by

Ida Lupino
Collier Young
and
Malvin Wald

Change
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NOBODY'S SAFE

FINAL

FADE IN

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BACK ENTRANCE OF MILLING COMPANY
OFFICE - DAY

1 MED. SHOT - as Ann Walton, an attractive girl of 20,
runs out of the second floor of the building, and
hurries down a flight of steps to the street below.

2 MED. SHOT - A small lunch wagon parked across the
street. Behind the counter stands a husky man in his
early thirties. He wears a white shirt with a cheap
black snap-on leatherette bow tie. Ann comes into
scene, rushes up to the counter.

ANN

Two pieces of chocolate cake --
to go.

The man eyes her with interest and recognition.

MAN

Hey, beautiful. What's this
two pieces routine every day?

No answer from Ann, as the man removes celluloid cake
cover and cuts two pieces of cake.

MAN

Either you're nuts about cake --
or you got a boy friend.

Ann impatiently places coins on the counter as the man
deliberately wraps the pieces of cake in wax paper,
then puts them in a paper bag.

MAN

(feasting his
eyes on Ann)

If I was your boy friend, you
wouldn't have to buy me no cake.

(slowly,
insinuatingly)

How about it, beautiful?

Ann takes the bag off the counter and hurries away.
The man looks after her neat, trim figure with
undisguised admiration and desire.

DISSOLVE

EXT. SMALL CITY PARK - NEAR INDUSTRIAL SECTION

3 MED. LONG SHOT - Ann as she hurries through this park which is thronging with noon-time activity. Workers from nearby offices and factories, high school students, old men are eating lunches or reading papers or merely sunning themselves.

4 MED. SHOT - Ann as she pauses and looks at the various benches. Suddenly she breaks out into a warm, excited smile and starts running again.

5 MED. SHOT - on a bench sits Jim Owens, a tall boy of 23, with a square cardboard box on the seat next to him. A ten-year-old shoe-shine boy is standing before him.

SHOE-SHINE BOY

You wash your face every day,
don't you?

Jim looks off scene impatiently, then stands up and smiles.

SHOE-SHINE BOY

So why don't you go around with
clean shoes?

6 MED. SHOT - ANOTHER ANGLE - as Ann comes into scene and collapses breathlessly on the bench. Jim sits down beside her. The shoe-shine boy shrugs and walks off.



6 (CONTINUED)

ANN

(gasping for breath;
putting down cake
bag)

Sorry I'm late. My boss can't
tell time. Been waiting long?

JIM

(smiling and
putting an
arm around her)

Not long. It just seemed that
way.

(hands her a box)

Open it up. I'm starved.

Ann takes box and breaks string. Out of box she
lifts a real thick, jaw-breaking sandwich and stares
at it as though at a snake.

ANN

(laughing)

Who made this? Superman?

JIM

(taking it from her)

That's for me. There's a couple
of little ones in there.

Ann brings out another sandwich and bites into it.

ANN

This is more like it. Lunch is
on me tomorrow.

(handing him
piece of cake
from bag)

Today I brought dessert.

JIM

(between bites)

Never mind that. Something
happened today...something very
important.

ANN

Hurry -- tell me.

(CONTINUED)

6 (CONTINUED)

JIM
(keeping her
in suspense,
chewing)
I got a raise.

ANN
(excited)
Ten dollars?

JIM
Ten -- count 'em, baby -- ten.

ANN
A week?

JIM
Fifty-two weeks in the year.

Ann leans over and kisses him on the cheek.

JIM (cont'd)
You know what that means?

ANN
It means the Acme Auto Supply
Company knows a good man when
it sees one. I wish something
like that would happen to me.

JIM
(dusting off
his hands,
and holding
Ann's hand)
This is what we've been waiting
for, honey. You can quit work -
we can afford that apartment now -
and we don't need to wait any
longer.

His lips are moving towards Ann's cheek when he feels
a violent tug at his left foot. As CAMERA PULLS BACK,
we see the impudent looking shoe-shine boy trying to
ease Jim's foot into the form.

JIM (cont'd)
Hey -- leave me alone, will you?

BOY
How you going to get anywhere
with a dame with shoes like that?

(CONTINUED)

6 (CONTINUED)

Ann laughs at Jim's consternation.

JIM

(icily)
I'm getting along just fine,
thank you. Just fine.

BOY

(cynically,
getting up)
O.K. -- if you want to look like
a slob.
(he walks away)

ANN

(laughing)
You look great -- to me.

JIM

That's my girl... Now listen...
We've been going together long
enough.

ANN

(snuggling
closer to him)
I was hoping you'd say that.

JIM

Well?

ANN

We'll tell Mother and Dad
tonight. You come to dinner.

JIM

Honey, couldn't you just tell
them? Your father kind of
scares me... I think you'd
better soften him up first and
I'll come in later.

ANN

(laughing it off)
Don't mind him, darling. Being
a teacher, he just takes things
seriously -- that's all. You
will come tonight, won't you?
We're having fried chicken.
I'm making the gravy.



(CONTINUED)

6 (CONTINUED)

JIM

(taking her in
his arms)O.K. -- that's the power of a
woman.

As he is about to kiss Ann soundly, Jim is aware of the shoe-shine boy, looking down at them. The boy shakes his head and passes on. Jim kisses Ann as we -

DISSOLVE

INT. WALTON LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

7

MED. SHOT - as Ann, Jim, Mr. and Mrs. Walton enter from dining room. In b.g. we can see coffee cups, etc., on dining table. Ann is speaking to Mrs. Walton and Mr. Walton is speaking to Jim.

ANN

I'll help you with the dishes,
mother.

MRS. WALTON

No, we'll leave everything on
the table. It isn't every night
we have you children with us.

Mrs. Walton picks up a skein of wool yarn and sits in a nearby rocker.

MRS. WALTON (cont'd)

Ann, hold this for me.

Ann sits down on the sofa near her and holds the other end of the yarn. Jim sits on the sofa next to Ann.

MR. WALTON

(walking up and down
in front of Jim as
though lecturing
a class)

As I was saying, our young people
have their minds on so many other
things these days. That's why a
firm hand is essential.

ANN

Gee, it's a pretty color.

(CONTINUED)

7 (CONTINUED)

MRS. WALTON

I bought it at a sale at Craiks.

MR. WALTON

My students may not like me,
but I try to gain their respect.

As Mr. Walton talks on, Ann, sitting beside Jim on a high horsehair sofa, gives him a quick jab and a look which plainly says: "Get on with it."

MR. WALTON (cont'd)

You were a student of mine once,
James -- Geometry 1. Did you
suffer?

JIM

(embarrassed)

Not much. Just at the end.

MR. WALTON

At the end?

JIM

You flunked me.

There is an awkward pause. He looks at Ann for help. His nervous hands clutch at the sofa and pull out the horsehair stuffing from a worn spot, revealing a spring. He surreptitiously tries to shove the horsehair back. Then with a grin, he turns to the others.

JIM (cont'd)

But I'm a lot brighter, now.

ANN

(cutting in)

He's so bright that he got a
raise today.

MRS. WALTON

(warmly)

That's wonderful. I'm so happy
for you.

JIM

(proudly)

That brings me up to ninety
a week.

(he still tries
to shove the
loose horsehair
back into the sofa)



(CONTINUED)

7 (CONTINUED)

MR. WALTON

(slowly)
I'll let you in on an open
secret, Jim. You earn more than
I do.

(pauses)
However, I guess there are other
compensations - like watching
Ann grow up. If she could only
have gone to college.

JIM

(standing up)
College is all right, Mr. Walton.
But there are other things.

MR. WALTON

For instance?

Ann drops the wool as she stands up beside Jim.

JIM

Like marriage!

MR. WALTON

Marriage?

JIM

I want to marry Ann. I don't
guess this comes as much of a
surprise...

(he looks
about room)

MRS. WALTON

(smiling and
tearful)
When had you planned it?
(she gets up,
drops wool. It
trails after her
as she walks
towards Ann.)

ANN

(rushing over
to her mother,
kissing her)
Right away. Take no chances,
I say. Stella Carter or some
other female might snatch him
away.



(CONTINUED)

7 (CONTINUED)

Ann goes to her father who sits silently - and kisses him on the forehead. Mr. Walton walks to the piano on which is a photo of Ann as The Homecoming Queen in High School -- and a decanter of wine with a tray of glasses. He starts to fill the glasses.

ANN (cont'd)

Don't look so sad. Just think -- only one woman to henpeck you.

MR. WALTON

(quietly)

You're both pretty young for marriage...

Ann and Jim exchange worried glances.

MR. WALTON (cont'd)

But congratulations!

MRS. WALTON

(to Ann and Jim)

Come here, you two.

They walk towards her, and she steps between them giving each a little hug. By this time Mr. Walton has filled four glasses with wine. He picks up the tray and walks towards the other three people.

MR. WALTON

Here's to a long happy life together.

DISSOLVE

8 OMITTED

INT. EMPLOYEE'S ENTRANCE - MILLING COMPANY - DAY

9 CLOSE SHOT - time clock. - As CAMERA PULLS BACK to MED. SHOT, Ann is replacing her card in employees' rack. Behind her, waiting in line, is Stella Carter and other employees of the Bradshaw Milling Company. As Ann moves forward, Stella quickly pushes in, places her card in the rack and catches up with Ann, CAMERA DOLLYING WITH Ann and Stella as they walk down corridor to office.

(CONTINUED)

9 (CONTINUED)

STELLA

Gee, you look wonderful, Ann --
That a new skirt? Or a new man?

ANN

(eyeing her)

Same man - same skirt. What's
on your mind this time?

STELLA

(breathlessly)

I want to ask you a big favor.
By the way, you seeing Jim
tonight?

ANN

No, he's working. Why?

STELLA

I was wondering if you'd help
me out tonight and do the
payroll. You'd get my overtime
pay, of course.

ANN

(after a moment)

All right, but this is the
last time.

(CONTINUED)



9 (CONTINUED)

STELLA

(she squeezes

Ann's arm)

You're a doll. Any time I
can do the same for you -- just
let me know.

As they walk on, they are met at office entrance by
FRED KEITH, the chief accountant and Ann's and
Stella's boss.

KEITH

(smiling at Ann)

Good morning, Miss Walton.

(his voice

changing)

Good morning, Miss Carter.

10 TRUCKING SHOT - HOLDING Keith, Stella and Ann, as
they continue into office.

STELLA

(pathetically)

Mr. Keith -- would it be all right
if Ann does my payroll work tonight?
My mother's sick.

Ann looks at Stella with disbelief.

KEITH

(skeptically)

Very well, Miss Carter, but I
hope your mother recovers soon.
This is the third time you've had
to be relieved.

(with a nod to

Ann, he hurries

on)

STELLA

It'll only be until seven-thirty,
Ann. Sure you don't mind?

(CONTINUED)

10 (CONTINUED)

ANN

I told you I didn't, Stella --
so let it go.

CAMERA PANS Ann over to her desk, where she sits down, placing purse in drawer, and mechanically removing some accounting work sheets. She is humming. She looks up on o.s. voice. CAMERA PULLS BACK into TWO SHOT, holding Ann at her desk and sallow-faced male office worker at next desk.

ANDREW

You sure are a happy little
worker this morning.

ANN

(smiling)
Morning, Andy. I certainly am.

ANDREW

Any particular reason?

ANN

(dreamily)
There are sixty million men,
in this country -- and I found
the right one.

Andrew stares at Ann, then slowly swivels back to work.

ANDREW

(over his
shoulder)
Don't be so sure.

Ann laughs and looks up at female office worker standing by her desk.

OFFICE WORKER

How about lunch today, with Evie
and me?

ANN

(shaking her
head)
Sorry, I've got a date.

(CONTINUED)

10 (CONTINUED)

OFFICE WORKER

(curiously)

It seems to me you've got a date
just about every day.

ANN

That's right -- but this one is
very special.

(confidentially)

I've got to get a finger fitted.

OFFICE WORKER

(excited,
curious)

Which one?

ANN

(holding up
engagement
ring finger)

This one.

OFFICE WORKER

(excited,
smiling)

Oh, Ann, I'm so excited. Let's
sneak out and get a cup of coffee.

Ann nods, rises, looks around and walks out hurriedly
with her friend.

DISSOLVE

EXT. LUNCH WAGON

10A MED. SHOT - Ann and her office worker friend are
drinking coffee. The man behind the counter is rubbing
the tin counter vigorously, but without taking his eyes
off Ann.

OFFICE WORKER

Did Stella try to hook you for
her overtime work?

ANN

(smiling)

She not only tried -- but did.
I'll be through by eight or so.
Jim's working late anyhow.

OFFICE WORKER

(glancing at watch;
gulping coffee)

Let's get back.

(CONTINUED)

10A (CONTINUED)

ANN

What's the hurry?

OFFICE WORKER

You're the one who's getting married. I need my job.

Ann nods, pushes away her coffee, and starts away with her friend. The man behind the counter stares after Ann with excited attention. So engrossed is he in watching her that he is unaware of a male customer who has come up to the counter.

CUSTOMER

Coffee, please.

The man continues to stare after Ann.

CUSTOMER

(impatiently)

Coffee!

The man nods silently, almost angrily and moves over to the coffee urn, his eyes still following Ann, as we

DISSOLVE

EXT. LUNCHWAGON - NIGHT

10B

MED. SHOT - There is one customer, a nightworker, who finishes his coffee and leaves. The man behind the counter removes his apron, unsnaps his leather bow-tie and opens his shirt. He grabs a dish-towel and wipes his neck. CAMERA MOVES INTO A CLOSE SHOT to reveal a long uneven scar running from the middle of his throat to his collarbone. He tosses the towel back on a hook, seats himself at the cash register and counts up the day's receipts. He looks away from the register and up towards the accounting office.

INT. ACCOUNTING OFFICE - NIGHT

11

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann. She is alone in the office, a single light burning over her desk. Ann closes a file folder, gets up from her desk, puts the folder in a steel filing cabinet and locks the cabinet.

(CONTINUED)

11 (CONTINUED)

Ann looks down at the third finger of her left hand where there is now an engagement ring with a small diamond. She blows on the diamond, polishes it and regards it with an affectionate smile, then with a sigh of relief, she returns to her desk, clears it off for the next morning. She takes her handbag from a desk drawer, removes her coat from a nearby clothes rack and heads for the door. Near exit from office, Ann encounters cleaning woman. She is a hefty, yet weary-looking woman. She is emptying waste-baskets as Ann pauses.

ANN

Goodnight, Marge.

MARGE

(looking up from
her work)

Something just struck me kind
of funny.

ANN

Funny?

MARGE

Yeah -- all you people work like
crazy all day -- scribbling away
on papers -- and you know what
happens?

ANN

What?

MARGE

It all winds up in the waste-
basket.

To emphasize her point, Marge picks up a full basket
and dumps it into hamper. Ann laughs.

ANN

You've got something there.
'night.

Ann exits, we hold on Marge.

(CONTINUED)

11 (CONTINUED)

MARGE

Goodnight, honey.

INT. LUNCHWAGON - NIGHT

11A

SHOOTING OVER shoulder of the man. We see from his angle the flight of stairs leading down from the accounting office, as Ann makes her way down to the street. The man is about to close the sliding panel over the counter when he pauses with it half-way, watching as Ann descends the stairway. As she reaches the street, she turns left and disappears from the shot. The man promptly closes the rest of the sliding panel, leaving him in silhouette, grabs his hat and leather jacket and exits from the lunchwagon locking it behind him.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

12

MED. LONG SHOT as the man hurries after Ann, who is some distance away. The man calls after her.

MAN

Hey, beautiful.

But at the moment, a heavy truck rounds the corner and rumbles by drowning out his words. Ann turns the corner without hearing him. The man angrily crosses the dark, wet street after her, slowing down as he reaches the corner.

EXT. NEXT STREET CORNER

13

MED. SHOT - Ann. As she approaches camera. In the background, appears the man, following her at the same pace as she is walking. Ann suddenly becomes aware of the footsteps, turns, sees the man but does not recognize him in the darkness. A little annoyed, she starts to walk faster. The CAMERA TAKES IN her annoyance, then PANS WITH her as she starts to cross the street. Then a taxi speeds by, splashing her. She calls after it.

ANN

Taxi! Taxi!

CAMERA PANS a small distance with the cab as it disappears, then HOLDS on the man, standing across the street.

2/15/50
16A

14
CLOSE SHOT - The man. He smiles at Ann's failure to get the cab, drums his fingers against a lamp-post. A small hollow sound echoes. He hurries out of scene. We HOLD on the lamp-post as we hear his running footsteps as he crosses the street in pursuit of Ann.



- 15 LONG SHOT - Ann - as she walks quickly down the street. She is passing a wooden fence papered with old circus posters,
- 16 CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT - Ann - as she passes the fence. Her tense face is in marked contrast to the prop smiles of the clowns on the old posters. OVER SCENE are heard footsteps of the man,
- 17 MED. TRUCKING SHOT - the man. He is walking intensely in pursuit of Ann. He is passing by a section of the circus poster showing several voluptuous-looking, bareback riders. Unconsciously, with an almost childlike gesture, he reaches out for a loose piece of paper, tears a long white strip as he goes along. The quiet of the street only magnifies the ripping sound as the paper is torn from the fence.
- 18 CLOSE SHOT - Man's hand - as it rips the paper off.
- 19 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann. For the first time, she is genuinely alarmed, bordering on fright. She starts to run, breathing hard. She disappears around the corner.
- 20 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Man. Seeing Ann run, he throws the torn paper to the ground and starts to run after Ann.
- EXT. NEXT STREET
- 21 MED. SHOT - as Ann runs frantically, seeking a hiding place. She crosses the street, stepping into a mud puddle, causing a small splash.
- EXT. TRUCKING YARD
- 22 LONG SHOT - There are a few night lights on in the large yard, full of parked trucks and equipment. It has a barbed wire fence about it, but the gate remains slightly open. Ann dashes through the gate and into the truck yard. It is an unpaved lot and the ground is soft and muddy.

- 23 MED. SHOT - Man - As he comes around corner. He glances up and down the empty street, sees the open truck yard gate and then heads for it.
- 24 INT. TRUCK YARD
- MED. SHOT - As the man enters and starts after Ann.
- 25 MED. SHOT - Ann - As she looks back frantically, sees the man pursuing her. She avoids a mud and dashes toward the furthest corner of the lot, desperately searching for a hiding place.
- 26 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann - A truck is in background, as she looks back towards the man. She dashes between two trucks.
- 27 MED. SHOT - A truck - (SHOT FROM LOW ANGLE) We see Ann's legs as she runs between the closely parked trucks. Her legs disappear from the shot. We hear her footsteps decreasing, the sound of the man's increasing.
- 28 MED. SHOT - The man - As he peers down a long row of trucks, looking for Ann. He stops, breathing heavily. His fingers drum nervously on a truck fender.
- 29 PAN SHOT - Ann - As she runs down the long row of trucks. Suddenly she stops and the CAMERA STOPS and HOLDS on a dead end corner of the lot.
- 30 MED. SHOT - The man - peering into the semi-darkness, listening intently. It is obvious that he has lost track of Ann.
- 31 MED. SHOT - Ann - Frantic at finding herself trapped, not daring to retrace her steps. She climbs into the cab of the nearest truck.
- 31A INT. CAB TRUCK

As Ann, almost exhausted, pulls herself onto the seat. Her nails cling to the leather seat and make a scratching sound. She tries to open the door on the other side, but it is stuck.

(CONTINUED)

31A (CONTINUED)

Terrified, she pulls at it frantically. She sobs with frustration, pulls hard at the door handle and slips. As she slips, her elbow hits the truck horn. It blares out loud and angry. She tries to stop it, but it too is stuck. She starts out the other door, trips, hits her head against the running board and falls to the ground half unconscious.

31B MED. SHOT - Man. Hearing the sound of the horn, he rushes toward the truck where Ann is hiding.

EXT. BEDROOM WINDOW - IN NEARBY TENEMENT

31C OVER SHOT can be heard sound of the truck horn. A sleepy-eyed man in pajamas gets up, goes to the window, slams it shut.

31D REVERSE SHOT - FROM ANGLE of window as we see:

31E LONG SHOT - SHOOTING DOWN - the truck yard as the man moves towards the truck, the sound of the horn continues.

NOTE: The foregoing sequence will, of course, be shot in a highly impressionistic manner so as to offend good taste at no time. It should be pointed out that the two people are never photographed in close proximity.

DISSOLVE THRU SOUND
OF HORN TO SHRILL
SOUND OF CLARINET
HITTING HIGH NOTE:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

32 BLURRED LONG SHOT - From Ann's ANGLE. The clarinet sound comes over as the SHOT becomes clearer. It is a LONG SHOT of Nick's Place, a cheap bar a block away with a flickering neon sign in front. The clarinet solo is from a jukebox record in the bar.

33 MED. SHOT - Ann struggling down the street toward the beckoning neon lights of Nick's Place. She walks as if coming out of paralysis. Her clothing is disheveled.

34 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann. A bleeding scratch on her face. Her hair is matted. She sobs weakly and hysterically, almost whimpering. A dazed, almost drunken look about her face. She reaches into her handbag, finds a handkerchief, dabs at the scratch on her cheek. Her sobs subside. She draws in her breath and starts down the street, towards a telephone booth outside Nick's Place. She enters booth, fumbles in her purse for a nickle.

34A MED. SHOT - Telephone Booth. Ann puts nickle into phone and dials operator.

ANN

(in low voice)

Operator -- I want the police.

At that moment, a night worker, carrying his lunch box, comes up to the booth, obviously waiting to make a call. Ann having left the door open, gives him a chance to see her disheveled condition.

35 CLOSE SHOT - Ann - As she sees the man eyeing her. O.S. comes the sound of police clerk's voice:

POLICE CLERK'S VOICE

(over phone)

Police Headquarters -- What is it, please?

Ann glances at the man waiting outside booth. With a shudder, she hangs up the receiver, shrinks past him out of the booth and starts running blindly down the street.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MAPLE STREET - NIGHT

36 LONG SHOT of street as the small figure of Ann appears from around a corner. FOREGROUND TO CAMERA, a car pulls up silently. The car door opens quietly and we HOLD ON Stella Carter and a young man. Stella leans forward and they kiss, and she quietly shuts the car door and whispers a hurried "goodnight". The car pulls off swiftly, passing Ann, and Stella runs across the street to her house. As she unclicks the gate and heads up the path into the shadows, she stops for a moment.

- 37 CLOSE SHOT - Stella, her face puzzled, then becoming fearful.
- 38 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann from Stella's angle. Ann is weaving her way along the fences, her head down, oblivious to everything around her.
- 39 MED. SHOT - Stella - as, panicky, she hurries on to her porch and conceals herself behind one of the posts. Ann passes FOREGROUND TO CAMERA, slowly and from sheer exhaustion, leans against Stella's fence for a moment, then raises her head and stares at her own house two doors away. With a pathetic shudder, she starts towards it.
- 40 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Stella - As she stands quite still on the darkened porch and moves from behind the post into a BIG HEAD, the moonlight striking her frightened face. She makes a move PAST CAMERA, CAMERA PANNING with her as if she would follow after Ann.
- 40A MED. SHOT - stella - calling.

STELLA

Ann - Ann ---

- Ann, not even hearing, hurries on. Stella starts after Ann then stops. Stella waits for a moment and then makes her way up the path, takes out her key and hurriedly slips through the front door.
- 41 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann - As she leans against the door of her porch. The house is deathly still. She pushes against the door and without thinking, lets the door slam shut.
- 42 REVERSE SHOT - Ann - As terror stricken, she stands in the darkened hallway, her eyes riveted to the stairway. She hears the soft scuffle of bedroom slippers on the upper landing. She slumps against a door as she hears her mother softly call to her.
- 43 MED. SHOT - Mrs. Walton - As she peers into the hall below.

(CONTINUED)

43 (CONTINUED)

MRS. WALTON

Ann?
 (a little louder)
 Ann --

Mrs. Walton moves down stairs slowly to CAMERA - then stops on the bottom step quite still, her eyes wide. She moves PAST CAMERA to the figure huddled in the darkness. The CAMERA NOW HOLDS a TWO SHOT of Mrs. Walton and Ann. Mrs. Walton, horrified, stares at her daughter's face and clothes.

MRS. WALTON (continuing)

(her voice hardly
 a whisper)

What is it? What has happened
 to you?

(Ann doesn't answer.

Mrs. Walton touches
 Ann's face and neck)

Ann -- Ann, tell me -- what's the
 matter?

Ann raises her face to her mother, her eyes wild and staring. Without a word, she dashes past Mrs. Walton and up the stairs to her room. Mrs. Walton follows after her.

INT. ANN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

44 MED. SHOT - As Ann enters and throws herself across the bed, face down, her body rigid, her fists clenched. Mrs. Walton enters, crosses to the bed and sits beside Ann. Awkwardly, she starts to stroke the girl's hair.

ANN

(pulling her hand
 away, scraping her
 hair from her face)

Don't touch me -- don't.
 (she buries her face
 into the coverlet)

(CONTINUED)

44 (CONTINUED)

MRS. WALTON

Please -- please tell me, Ann.
What's happened?

Ann doesn't answer, but dry, awful sobs begin to rack her whole frame. There is a knock on the door and Mr. Walton's voice can be heard through it.

MR. WALTON (O.S.)

Ann -- are you all right?

MRS. WALTON

(calling to him)

Alec, come here --

The door opens and Mrs. Walton, in his robe, enters, crossing to the side of the bed. He stares at his daughter, torn and disheveled. Then turns to his wife.

MR. WALTON

(his voice
rising)

What's happened to her?
She's hurt.

(he touches one of
Ann's arms and she
pulls it away)

What is it?

MRS. WALTON

(her voice trembling)

I don't know, Alec -- She won't
tell me anything.

ANN

(her voice muffled)

Ask him to go away -- Ask him to
go away.

MRS. WALTON

(rising and taking him
by the arm)

Perhaps it would be better. I think
she wants to tell me.

(she leads him to door)

(CONTINUED)

44 (CONTINUED)

Mrs. Walton gently closes the door after him then crosses back to Ann and places her hand across the girl's back and waits for her to speak.

DISSOLVE TO:

45 INT. WALTON HALLWAY - NIGHT

46

47

MED. SHOT - Dr. Hoffman - A white haired, middle aged man, carrying a black medical kit, walks down the stairs. Mr. Walton is waiting for him at the foot of the stairs.

MR. WALTON

(anxiously)

How is she?

CAMERA DOLLIES with the two men as they enter the parlor where a man and woman are standing with Mrs. Walton.

DR. HOFFMAN

(eyeing the strange
man and woman)

She needs a good night's rest --
I've given her a mild sedative.

MR. WALTON

This is Dr. Hoffman -- Sgt. Hendrix
and Mrs. Miller of Police Headquarters.
They're here to see Ann.

DR. HOFFMAN

(protesting)

The girl's in a state of shock.
Couldn't you wait until tomorrow?

HENDRIX

Well, if we could learn where it
happened -- get a full description
of the man -- we might be able to
pick him up tonight.

(CONTINUED)

17 (CONTINUED)

DR. HOFFMAN

(shrugging)

I don't believe that she's in any condition -- but I suppose you have to.

HENDRIX

Mrs. Miller, you go up now.

Mrs. Walton leads the way out of the room and they both exit.

DR. HOFFMAN

(to Mr. Walton)

You'd better get some sleep, Alec. There's nothing we can do. I'll stand by upstairs.

As Dr. Hoffman exits, Mr. Walton, who's hardly said a word up to now, suddenly beats one fist into the palm of his hand and turns on Hendrix who is quietly making notes in his book. CAMERA FOLLOWS Hendrix as he walks around the room, examining various pictures of Ann, including that of Ann in a white dress as Homecoming Queen of Central High School. (This will be used later).

MR. WALTON

(his face working,
his eyes full)


Tonight my daughter was criminally attacked -- Why don't you do something about preventing crimes like these?

HENDRIX

(still looking
around room)

We try to do all we can. But we're only dog catchers. We pick up cases every day, slap them in jail. After that, I don't know what happens. I'm just a cop -- I don't make laws -- I enforce them!

(CONTINUED)



47 (CONTINUED)

HENDRIX (cont'd)

(he lowers his tone
as he sees the beaten
expression on Walton's
face)

As soon as we get the facts from
your daughter, we'll go to work.

48 CLOSE SHOT - Mr. Walton - as he paces the room, pausing
at "Homecoming" picture of Ann.

MR. WALTON

(his reserve
cracking)

Is this why you raise a daughter?
Is this what you love and sacrifice
for?

(he is crying
openly)

What kind of times are these
that such things can happen?
Only this morning, she was
carefree and happy...and now...

(he stops, trying
to pull himself
together)

Sorry. I couldn't help it.

Sergeant Hendrix looks embarrassed and uncomfortable,
yet sympathetic.

HENDRIX

That's all right. Go ahead.

He turns away from Mr. Walton and starts to light a
cigarette as we

DISSOLVE

INT. ANN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

49 CLOSE SHOT - Ann - Her face on the pillow has a dazed
and exhausted look. Over this we HEAR Mrs. Miller's
voice questioning her.

MRS. MILLER

(making notes,
then to Ann)

When did you first notice the
man following you?

On the sound track comes the reprised SOUND of Ann's
footsteps walking faster and faster, and that of the man's.

(CONTINUED)

49 (CONTINUED)

ANN

(incoherantly)

I kept walking -- faster and
faster -- couldn't get away --
I couldn't.

MRS. MILLER

(still trying)

What did he look like?

There is no reply. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Mrs.
Miller seated at the side of Ann's bed. Mrs. Walton
is standing at the foot of the bed looking on anxiously.

MRS. MILLER (cont'd)

Can you remember what he looked
like?

ANN

(beginning
to toss)

I never saw his face -- only
the scar on his neck -- the
leather jacket -- kept coming
closer -- I couldn't move --

ON SOUND TRACK, footsteps stop suddenly and there is
the rhythmic SOUND of her thudding heart. She
starts to cry hysterically.

ANN (cont'd)

Couldn't move --

She throws her face hard into the pillow as if to
blot it all out.

MRS. MILLER

(kindly, but
persistent)

How tall was he, dear?

ANN

(starting to scream)

Take him away!

(CONTINUED)

49 (CONTINUED)

Mrs. Walton runs to her daughter and holds her tight.

MRS. WALTON
(to Mrs. Miller)
Please - no more. Get Dr.
Hoffman.

As Mrs. Miller moves to the door, Dr. Hoffman enters hurriedly, followed by Mr. Walton. The doctor crosses to the bed, opens his kit and prepares a sedative. As Mrs. Walton moves away, he turns Ann gently and prepares to give her the hypo.

50

CLOSE SHOT - Doctor from Ann's angle. His coat dissolves into the leather jacket worn by the attacker. As the hypo begins to take its effect, the shot becomes blurred and we -

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. MAPLE STREET - DAY

51

MED. SHOT - as a newsboy on a bicycle rounds the corner and tosses the morning paper onto the front porches along the street.

52

MED. SHOT - Stella Carter's front porch and the Denker's right next to it. The door of the Denker house opens and Mr. Denker bends down and picks up the paper. He unfolds the paper, glances at the front page. His eyes widen in astonishment. His face bristles with anger as he reads. As Denker is about to re-enter his house, the Carter's front door opens and Stella comes out for the paper.

DENKER
(calling over)
Stella, did you read this?

Stella looks over towards him and starts to unfold her paper.

(CONTINUED)

52 (CONTINUED)

DENKER

(reading aloud
from paper)

"Milling Company Secretary -
Attack Victim -- Last night an
attractive young secretary
for a local milling company
was criminally attacked on her
way home from work. Victim of
the brutal assault was Ann Walton,
20 -- of 131 Maple Street."

52A

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Stella as she stares at the
paper, we see the front page story which Denker
has read, together with the picture of Ann as
"1948 Homecoming Queen of Central High School."
Stella stifles a gasp, trying to hide the panic
she is feeling. She moves away from Denker and full
into camera. OVER THIS shot of Stella comes
Denker's voice.

DENKER'S VOICE

Nice kid like her. It's getting
so nobody's safe on the streets
any more.

Stella, her guilt growing, closes the paper and
starts towards her door. Camera now includes Denker
again who continues as Stella pauses, staring at
Walton house.

DENKER

If I got my hands on him, I'd
smash every bone in his body.
From now on my kids don't go
to school alone -- or come home
alone. And if you take my advise,
Stella -- you won't go out
alone either.

(he turns to
go in)

It might have been you.

As he exits, Stella leans against the post and looks
toward the Walton house.

INT. ANN'S ROOM - DAY

53 MED. SHOT - as she stands, staring out at street and Stella's house.

EXT. PORCH OF STELLA'S HOUSE

54 MED. SHOT - as Stella turns, with stricken face and runs into house.

EXT. DENKER'S PORCH

55 MED. SHOT - as Denker shakes his head, takes another look at Walton house and exits.

INT. ANN'S ROOM

56 MED. SHOT - as she reacts to this curiosity. Suddenly, her face freezes as she sees something else.

EXT. WALTON HOUSE - DAY

57 MED. SHOT - as car pulls up at curb and Jim hurries up walk, with anxious look on his face. He looks up at Ann's room.

INT. ANN'S ROOM - DAY

58 MED. SHOT - as Ann reacts, dropping curtain, and crossing room where she turns key in lock of door.

DISSOLVE

INT. ANN'S BATHROOM - DAY

59 MED. SHOT - as Ann, in dressing gown, paces back and forth. Mrs. Walton looks at her daughter anxiously, gesturing towards tray with food on it. Mrs. Walton takes laundry out of hamper.

MRS. WALTON
(gently)
Please, Ann -- you must eat something.

(CONTINUED)

59 (CONTINUED)

ANN

(as though she has
not heard, walks
away from window)

They're all staring at this house --
they're whispering -- all day they've
been looking up.

MRS. WALTON

(protesting)

Ann, people are sorry about what
happened.

ANN

(suddenly)

I'm going back to work --
tomorrow.

(pauses)

If they want to stare --
let them have a good look.

MRS. WALTON

Jim has been here twice. He
called again a little while
ago. He wants to come over ---

ANN

(firmly)

No. I can't see him.

MRS. WALTON

But, dear --

ANN

(cutting in)

-- I don't want to see him.

She turns and walks away. Mrs. Walton looks after
her with grief and anxiety on her face.

DISSOLVE

EXT. WALTON PORCH - DAY

60

INSERT - MORNING NEWSPAPER LYING OPEN ON
PORCH. We can read headline:

"POLICE ROUND UP SUSPECTS
IN UNSOLVED WALTON CASE."

(CONTINUED)

GO (CONTINUED)

Hand comes into scene, picks up paper. As CAMERA PULLS BACK we see that it is Mr. Walton. He glances quickly at paper, then looks around, as Mrs. Walton appears beside him.

MR. WALTON
(a broken man)
How's Ann?

MRS. WALTON
She's nearly ready.
(pauses)

I wish she wouldn't go to work.
I'm afraid.

MR. WALTON
(thinking out
loud)

My classes -- they just stare
at me as though I were some
kind of curiosity.

INT. WALTON HALL - DAY

61 MED. SHOT - At foot of stairs. Ann, dressed for work, is slowly coming downstairs. She pauses as she hears her father's voice, through front door. Her face grows taut.

MR. WALTON'S VOICE
Yesterday was a nightmare. Even
some of the other teachers looked
at me as if I had done something
wrong.

At that moment, through the open door, can be seen Mr. Denker who passes by and waves a cheery greeting. Ann, tight-lipped, enters scene.

MR. WALTON
(forcing a smile)
I could drive you to work --
and still make it for school.

(CONTINUED)

61 (CONTINUED)

ANN

(shakes
her head)
I'll be all right.

Starts down steps.

MRS. WALTON

(calling
after her)
Be sure and call me at noon,
dear.

Ann nods, without turning, and starts toward street.

EXT. MAPLE STREET - DAY

62 MED. SHOT - as Ann walks, she is met by milkman who looks at her curiously and is about to speak when Ann turns her face away.

63 CLOSE SHOT - milkman staring after Ann.

64 MED. SHOT - two neighborhood housewives puttering in small, adjoining flower gardens, chattering away. Suddenly they stop and look curiously off scene.

65 MED. SHOT - Ann on sidewalk as she passes women as though she doesn't see them. CAMERA HOLDS ON women looking after Ann. They are silent.

EXT. BUS STOP AT STREET INTERSECTION - DAY

66 MED. SHOT - Mr. Denker is talking excitedly to a friend as they wait among a small group of people for the bus. It is obvious that the two men are discussing Ann's case as Denker gestures to the newspaper which he is holding. We don't hear their dialogue. CAMERA PULLS BACK and we see Ann standing, unnoticed, behind the men.

CAMERA MOVES INTO CLOSE SHOT on Ann, she looks as though she might be ill.

67 MED. SHOT - Denker and Ann, as Denker suddenly notices Ann. He guiltily folds the newspaper and tries to appear casual, as he smiles at Ann.

(CONTINUED)

67 (CONTINUED)

DENKER

(to Ann)

Good morning, Ann. How are you?

The bus pulls up, drowning out Ann's reply. The men get on, slowly followed by Ann.

BUS DRIVER'S VOICE

Come on lady, step on it!

Ann enters the bus, the doors closing behind her. The bus starts off and we

DISSOLVE

INT. MILLING COMPANY - DAY

68

CLOSE SHOT - on Anne's back, taking in the whole length of the accounting department. There are desks lined on either side. As she hesitates in the doorway, a girl at the first desk glances up at Ann and smiles understandingly, then hurriedly goes back to her work. As Ann starts down the length of the room, the CAMERA GOES WITH her. She comes abreast of two girls who are innocently giggling to each other across their desks and whispering as she passes them. She whips around to CAMERA, backing a few steps down the aisle and looking in their direction. As she turns from us again, she passes one of the mail boys. He winks at her and goes on his way. She hurries down the rest of the aisle to her desk and, shaking, puts her head in her hands. Suddenly the SOUND of stamping from the next desk causes her to look up.

69

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Andrew at desk as methodically he stamps papers from a large pile in front of him. He is behaving quite normally, but to Ann his hands seem to go faster and faster, the stamping becomes louder and louder.

70

CLOSE SHOT - Ann, as she shakes her head as if to clear the thing she is seeing and hearing. As she looks away from the man, her eyes catch something else and become riveted to what she sees.

71 MED. CLOSE SHOT - ODD ANGLE - A girl - going through some figures from a ledger, her fingers are absentmindedly tapping a rhythm with her pencil on the edge of her desk. The tapping also becomes louder and louder to Ann.

72 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann, as she presses her hand tight across her mouth as if she would scream. At that moment, Stella Carter enters down aisle in back of Ann, carrying a large pile of papers. She comes level with Ann. She stops. Both girls look at each other. Then unable to bear it any longer, Ann yells:

ANN

Take a look! Go on.

73 MED. SHOT - Everyone turns as Ann stares wildly at Stella then at all of them. Stella, without a word, hurries past Ann, unable to face her. One of the other girls crosses to Ann and puts her hand on her shoulder.

OFFICE WORKER

(in whom Ann
confided her
engagement,
softly)

Hey, Annie, cut it out. We understand -- nobody's staring at you. Why don't we get a drink of water?

Ann allows herself to be led from the room amidst the sympathetic glances from the workers who quickly go back to their work, pretending nothing has happened.

DISSOLVE

EXT. TIME CARD SECTION AT TIME CLOCK - DAY

74 MED. SHOT - As the girls from the office punch out for lunch. Large time clock reads 12:01. Ann exits alone. She stops, looks startled, then defeated, as she sees Sgt. Hendrix standing at the reception desk.

SGT. HENDRIX

Miss Walton.

(CONTINUED)

74 (CONTINUED)

Ann turns.

SGT. HENDRIX (cont'd)

I'd like you to come to
headquarters. We've picked
up some men --

Ann walks over to card rack, finds her card.

ANN

(tensely)
It won't do any good. I didn't
see his face.

She punches her card, replaces it in rack.

SGT. HENDRIX

I'm sorry - you'll have to come
along.

Several girls from the office are approaching and
look at Ann and Hendrix. Ann embarrassed, hurries
out with him. The girls stare after them. A few
seconds later, there is heard the SOUND of a police
siren.

75- OMITTED
77

DISSOLVE THROUGH
SOUND OF SIREN
TO:

INT. POLICE LINE-UP ROOM

78 FULL SHOT - A large room with an unlit stage at
one end and a glass door at the other. On the back
wall of the stage are height markings. There are
footlights and overhead lights on the stage. The
room is empty except for a uniformed police clerk
at a desk near the stage.

(CONTINUED)

78 (CONTINUED)

The only light comes from the partly open side door. We see Jim near the door, nervously smoking a cigarette. OVER SCENE is heard the wail of a siren coming closer, then being choked off abruptly. There is a SOUND of an automobile engine being shut off. Jim jumps up, goes to the door, looks out.

79

MED. SHOT - at door. As Ann enters, followed by Sgt. Hendrix. She looks around the room, frightened. Jim rushes to her side. She looks at him, gives no smile of recognition. He tries to reach out to take her hand and comfort her. She withdraws. Hendrix motions for her to take a seat. Instead of sitting in the first row, she pushes her way through three rows of seats to the back row -- in front of the glass door.

80

MED. LONG SHOT - the line-up room as Hendrix nods to the police clerk, who in turn waves to someone in back of the stage. Two uniformed patrolmen now come on stage, herding before them three burly figures, wearing leather jackets and with scars on their necks -- the suspects. They step out onto the stage; the footlights and overhead lights are turned on.

81

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Hendrix and the stage - as he turns with his back to the stage and faces Ann (Out of scene) in the b.g. The first suspect has moved out onto the center of the stage.

HENDRIX

(to Ann)

Take your time, Miss Walton.

82

MED. SHOT - Jim and Ann. Jim is standing. Ann is seated, her eyes focussed on the brilliantly-lit stage. CAMERA PANS from Jim to Ann's face.

HENDRIX' VOICE

Look him over carefully.
(sharply, to suspect)
Left profile.

Ann's eyes are rivetted on the stage.

82A

MED. SHOT OVER Ann's shoulder of Sgt. Hendrix.

(CONTINUED)

82A (CONTINUED)

HENDRIX

Now the right.

The suspect in the b.g. obeys as Hendrix turns and comes closer to Ann.

HENDRIX (cont'd)

That look like him, Miss Walton?

ANN

(in a low
voice)

I don't know.

82B

REVERSE SHOT - SHOOTING THROUGH suspects, HOLDING Ann and Jim in b.g. and Hendrix in f.g. as he walks towards second suspect, who obeys his commands.

HENDRIX

Next. Left profile. Right profile.

82C

CLOSE SHOT - Ann. On the SOUND TRACK comes the sound of Ann's footsteps on the night of the attack.

HENDRIX'S VOICE

How about him?

ANN

I can't remember.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Hendrix. Ann's eyes follow him as he walks toward third suspect.

HENDRIX

Next. Left profile. Right profile. That him, Miss Walton?

83

CLOSE SHOT - Ann. Her eyes wide with terror as the sound of the man's footsteps are now heard on the sound track growing louder.

ANN

(tortured)

I can't remember. I can't --

HENDRIX' VOICE

It's all right, Miss Walton.
Take your time.

84

MED. CLOSE SHOT FROM Ann's angle. Hendrix in front of the stage and what appears to be the headless suspects. Hendrix starts to pace back and forth slowly, CAMERA PANNING WITH him and giving the effect of extreme dizziness and confusion.

HENDRIX

Try to concentrate, Miss Walton.
Try to remember... We don't want
this man walking the streets
tonight... Try to remember.

85

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann. She shakes her head as if this would blot out Hendrix and the suspects. Suddenly, she rises, a terror-stricken look on her face. CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Jim, as she blindly runs to the side door and exits. Jim races after her, as we

DISSOLVE

EXT. WALTON HOUSE - DAY

86

MED. SHOT - as Jim pulls car to a stop in front of house. Ann is sitting beside him rigid, keeping as much space between them as the car will allow.

JIM

Nothing matters, honey --
except us. You know that, don't
you?

Ann does not answer. Jim, deeply concerned, places a tentative arm on her shoulder. Ann shrinks away from his touch.

JIM (cont'd)

We'll get married this weekend.
I've got it all planned. There's
a little place over the state line...

Ann still does not answer.

JIM (cont'd)

I'm asking you to marry me now,
or didn't you hear?

ANN

(staring
straight
ahead)

Yes -- I heard.

(CONTINUED)

86 (CONTINUED)

JIM

Well?

ANN

No.

She starts to get out of the car. Jim almost roughly pulls her back.

JIM

Ann --

ANN

(furiously)

I can't! I can't!

She gets out of the car, closely followed by Jim. CAMERA FOLLOWS them up front walk to porch. Several passing neighbors turn and stare at them. Jim grabs Ann, almost drags her onto the porch.

JIM

Come here.

ANN

Let me go!

JIM

(pleading)

Don't talk like that. We're going to be married -- right away. I want you -- want to live with you. We can be happy like other people.

He puts an arm about her as Ann abruptly pulls away from him.

ANN

We're not like other people. I don't want to get married -- ever. I don't want you to touch me! Everything's dirty -- filthy and dirty.

JIM

(desperately)

Listen, Ann, we could live somewhere else -- away from here -- if that would help.

(CONTINUED)

86 (CONTINUED)

ANN

(misunderstanding)

You've seen them staring at me --
wondering, talking. Sure we could
run...but not far enough.

JIM

Shut up!

ANN

And at night lying beside me,
you'd be thinking about what
happened...you'd never forget.

JIM

Shut up!

She turns and opens the front door, enters, and slams
it behind her.

JIM

• Ann - Ann!

He stares for a moment and then dejectedly turns
away towards car.

INT. WALTON LIVING ROOM - DAY

87

MED. SHOT. The house is quiet as Ann slowly, as
though in a trance, walks around the familiar room.
Gradually, she is breaking down. Tears streak her
face, as she reaches out and touches her mother's
sewing basket. She then picks up her father's
favorite pipe. Finally, she comes up to framed
picture of herself as Homecoming Queen. There is
sharp contrast now between the girl in the photo and
Ann herself. In one furious gesture, Ann snatches
the picture from the wall and throws it with all her
strength at the fireplace. It crashes against the
brick, as the glass shatters.

88

CLOSE SHOT - broken glass over picture. O.s. we hear
Ann sobbing.

DISSOLVE

EXT. DOWNTOWN CHEAP SHOPPING DISTRICT

89

LONG SHOT - crowd on sidewalk. Among the crowd of

(CONTINUED)

89 (CONTINUED)

afternoon shoppers of schoolgirls and housewives we see Ann, walking aimlessly, drifting with the push of the crowd. CAMERA TRUCKS WITH her as she passes a credit jewelry store and then STOPS WITH her as she stares into the window of:

90 MED. SHOT * Wedding Gown Store. This low-price store specializes in "Wedding Gowns and Tuxedos -- For Rent or Sale" -- according to the sign in the corner of the window. In the window itself, two wax dummies move in a mechanical circle - the female dummy with an empty face wears a satiny wedding gown. Her arm is crooked in that of the other equally empty-faced dummy wearing the tuxedo of the groom.

91 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann, as her eyes follow the two dummies, as though she were hypnotized.

92 MED. SHOT - window of store, as the wax bride and groom continue their circular way.

93 OMITTED

94 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann, as she shakes her head, as though to clear it, and then hurries on.

DISSOLVE

EXT. DOWNTOWN BUS TERMINAL

95 LONG SHOT. Several large transcontinental busses are lined up. On their fronts are marked their destinations; "CHICAGO"; "DETROIT"; "KANSAS CITY"; "DALLAS"; "DENVER"; and "LOS ANGELES". All the busses are empty. At the Los Angeles-bound bus, a small line of people are waiting to climb on board.

96 MED. SHOT - Ann, as she wanders in front of the bus terminal. She stops in the driveway, looking at the busses, trying to concentrate on their destination markings. OVER SCENE comes sudden loud SOUND of an auto horn. Ann jumps in terror.

97 MED. SHOT - Bus Terminal. A bus is in the driveway, the driver leaning out, waiting for Ann to move. The waiting passengers at the L.A. bus laugh. Ann dashes in confusion into the bus terminal. The bus in the driveway roars into the street.

INT. BUS TERMINAL

98 MED. SHOT - Ann, as she hurries in and finds herself standing behind a passenger in front of the ticket window.

TICKET SELLER

Where to?

PASSENGER

(putting down
money)

Los Angeles -- round trip.

The ticket seller hands ticket and change to passenger who steps away from window.

TICKET SELLER

(to Ann)

Where to?

ANN

(automatically)

Los Angeles.

TICKET SELLER

Round trip?

No answer from Ann.

TICKET SELLER (cont'd)

(patiently)

Round trip? Are you coming back?

Ann looks at him, makes out his last words, and shakes her head, as -

DISSOLVE



99- MONTAGE OF ANN'S FLIGHT (STOCK SHOTS WHEREVER POSSIBLE)
105

1. Exhaust issuing forth from rear of bus as it pulls out of bus terminal.
2. Bus on highway.
3. Spinning bus wheels.
4. Ann in rear seat of bus, staring straight ahead. She is seated near the rear wheels whose sound is heard as they whirl over the highway. O.S. comes the voice of Jim and Ann in reprise of the scene on her front porch.

JIM'S VOICE

(through echo
chamber)

Over the state line! We could
live somewhere else.

ANN'S VOICE

(through echo
chamber)

Over the state line! We could
run but not far enough.

JIM'S VOICE

(through echo
chamber)

We could live somewhere else.

5. Bus roaring down mountain highway.

EXT. BUS STATION

6. Bus slowing down at restaurant and bus stop in California town.
7. MED. SHOT - passengers exiting bus and going into restaurant. Ann lags behind, then goes into small hole-in-the-wall cafe across the street.

INT. COUNTER OF CAFE - NIGHT

106

MED. SHOT - As Ann enters, wearily slumps into seat at counter where three other customers are seated. She looks tired, unhappy, miserable. A radio is broadcasting news reports, now indistinguishable.

COUNTERMAN

(handing her
menu, pleasantly)
Kinda cold out tonight.

ANN

(irritably)
Coffee, please! Black.

The counterman shrugs, turns up the radio. Then he goes to coffee urn to get coffee. Ann rests her head in her hands.

RADIO VOICE

And at Lake Success today, prospects looked brighter for agreement on new measures coming before the United Nations Assembly.

The counterman places the steaming hot coffee on the counter, shoves the sugar bowl toward her. Ann sips the coffee quickly, then takes off her coat, puts it on chair next to her.

RADIO VOICE (cont'd)

The police of four states continued their search for pretty Ann Walton, victim of a criminal attack. Miss Walton disappeared from her home in Capitol City thirty six hours ago. Her family fears she may be suffering from a temporary mental lapse as a result of a vicious assault on her last Tuesday night.

107

CLOSE SHOT - Ann, as she reacts stricken, to the broadcast. She looks anxiously at the other customers, puts a dime on the counter, slips off the stool and hurries out, leaving her coat behind.



EXT. CAFE - NIGHT

108 MED. SHOT - As Ann comes out of the cafe, looking about her bewildered. A sheriff's car drives up and parks at the curb. A deputy sheriff in uniform passes by Ann without noticing her and walks into the cafe. Ann stares after the deputy, then at the police car. Instead of returning to the bus, she walks, then half-runs down the deserted street into the night.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

- 109 MED. SHOT - In the distance can be seen the orange groves. Ann is walking along the highway, her back to the camera, which is TRUCKING AFTER her. Suddenly a car comes down the highway towards Ann and the CAMERA and zooms by, the headlights creating large circular rings of reflection, giving almost the effect of dizziness.
- 110 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann's face. She shivers, pulls her coat closer about her neck. On the sound track almost inaudibly, but growing progressively LOUDER, come the SOUNDS of the night of the rape...Her footsteps...and those of the rapist...followed by the haunting SOUND of the truck horn.
- 111 MED. SHOT - Ann. As she leans against a tree by the side of the road for rest and support. She closes her eyes and sweeps her hand across her forehead. A car approaches and slows down, the blinding headlights on Ann.
- 112 REVERSE ANGLE - The car from Ann's angle. The blinding headlights are prominent with only a suggestion of a car behind them, and from a man at the wheel of the car comes an inviting honk, an offer of a ride.
- 113 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann. As she reacts, frightened, and runs in the opposite direction. The car starts off and disappears.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ANOTHER STRIP OF HIGHWAY - NIGHT

114 MED. SHOT. This is not a main highway, but a muddy road, with orange groves on either side. Ann runs wearily. On the SOUND TRACK are still heard the SOUNDS of the rape night, suddenly intermingling with that of a truck. A large truck, carrying a load of oranges roars by. Ann now starts to run wildly, like a hunted animal. The rape-night SOUNDS on the SOUND TRACK now take on a nightmarish quality. We INTERCUT SHOTS of Ann running with SHOTS of headlights approaching and sweeping by. Finally the CAMERA catches two headlights of an approaching truck which come closer and closer and DISSOLVE INTO A SPECIAL EFFECTS SHOT in which the headlights become eyes in a huge faceless body which come closer and closer as the footsteps on the SOUND TRACK SOUND like the beating of a human heart.

115 MED. SHOT - Ann. She runs as if to escape the haunting noises, which rise to a crescendo. As she makes a final desperate effort to run, she slips and falls into a small puddle. With the SOUND of her body splashing against the water, the entire array of nightmarish SOUNDS vanish. Her body rolls from the puddle a few feet down a grass embankment at the side of the road. A gentle SOUNDING auto horn is heard o.s., then the quiet crunch of feet on the grass. A pair of men's legs come into scene. A man, (Ferguson) his back to the camera, bends down and looks at the unconscious form of Ann.

FERGUSON

Can I help you?

There is no answer from Ann. Ferguson picks up one outstretched hand and feels her pulse. Then he turns her head and sees that the girl is unconscious. He looks about him, wondering what the next move is. Then he picks Ann up and carries her to car, places her gently inside, and then quickly gets in and pulls car back onto road, stepping on it as we -

DISSOLVE

INT. BEDROOM IN HARRISON HOME - NIGHT

116 CLOSE SHOT - Ann - her head on pillow. Ann opens her eyes, her face is paralyzed with fear as she looks around the room. Frantically, she gets out of bed,

(CONTINUED)

116 (CONTINUED)

winces with the pain as she steps on her left foot. She drags herself to the door just as Ferguson enters, his back to the camera. She looks up at him in terror.

FERGUSON

You won't go far on that foot.

117 CLOSE SHOT - Ferguson.

FERGUSON

(smiling)

You're among friends.

117A MED. SHOT - Ann and Ferguson. Ann looks at him distrustfully.

FERGUSON

(continuing,
reassuringly)

You're at the Harrison Ranch. I'm sure you can stay here tonight -- you'll be all right.

ANN

(starting for
the door)

No, I must be going.

As she steps on her left foot, she doubles in pain. Ferguson moves towards her, gently leads her to a chair. She sits down, but looks up at him suspiciously.

FERGUSON

You can get a lift tomorrow down to the bus stop on the highway.

He crosses to a window and opens it.

FERGUSON (cont'd)

My name is Bruce Ferguson.

ANN

(trapped,
thinking fast)

I'm Ann -- Blake.

(CONTINUED)

117A (CONTINUED)

FERGUSON

(opening
another
window)

Where were you going -- when I
found you?

ANN

(hesitating)

I don't know -- Los Angeles,
I guess.

FERGUSON

Do you need help -- money or
anything.

Ann shakes her head. Ferguson studies her. Madge
Harrison, a middle-aged woman hurries into the room,
carrying a small glass of brandy.

FERGUSON (cont'd)

(to Ann)

This is Mrs. Harrison.

MADGE

(to Ann)

Take a sip of this.

Ann sips the wine slowly.

FERGUSON

(to Mrs.
Harrison)

I think she sprained her ankle.

MRS. HARRISON

(bending down,
taking Ann's
ankle in her
hand)

I'll take care of this.

FERGUSON

Fine, I'll leave you two alone.

As Mrs. Harrison starts to remove Ann's shoe -

DISSOLVE

INT. HARRISON KITCHEN

118 MED. SHOT - as Ferguson enters. Madge Harrison is sitting with her husband, Tom Harrison, a large, sunburned man of fifty. They are drinking coffee.

HARRISON

How are you, Doc? Sorry I wasn't here for the excitement.

FERGUSON

The girl only had a sprained ankle. Madge did an expert job of taping it up.

MADGE

Did you find out anything about her?

FERGUSON

(slowly)

Not much --- except she's a frightened kid. Says she was going to Los Angeles.

HARRISON

Where's she from?

FERGUSON

I don't know.

HARRISON

Maybe you should report it to the police...

FERGUSON

(slowly)

I don't think it's that serious.

(then

adding)

If you'd rather I took her with me.

MADGE

Let her stay here for now. We'll put her on the bus in the morning.

HARRISON

(half

smiling)

You're really one, Doc, for picking up strays.

(CONTINUED)

118 (CONTINUED)

FERGUSON

I guess that's part of my job --

He takes out a pipe and chews on the stem thoughtfully.

HARRISON

(grinning)

When are you going to start
putting tobacco in that pipe.

Harrison reaches into his pocket, pulls out a tobacco
pouch and extends it invitingly toward Ferguson.

FERGUSON

No thanks.

(he turns
to go)

Goodnight -- and thanks for
being so hospitable.

He nods down the hall as Harrison follows him to the
door, shaking hands.

HARRISON

Goodnight, Doc.

Ferguson passes through door which Harrison closes
behind him. He and Madge look curiously toward
room of the stranger, as we -


DISSOLVE

EXT. HARRISON RANCH YARD - DAY

119

It is a bright morning as we see various workers,
among them a number of Mexican pickers, going towards
their jobs. CAMERA PICKS OUT Ann, standing apart from
this activity. She looks curiously about her.
Harrison is about to hurry past, when he stops and
notices her.

(CONTINUED)



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119 (CONTINUED)

HARRISON

How do you feel?
(gesturing
to her
ankle)

ANN

(startled)
I'm all right, thanks.

HARRISON

You can go back with the bus
that brings the workers up
from town.
(notices
Ann's
confusion)
Ever seen an orange packing
plant before.

Ann shakes her head.

HARRISON (cont'd)

Well, you're seeing one at
the height of the season.

As Harrison talks, they are joined by Lee Wilkins,
the ranch foreman. Lee gives Ann a quick and
admiring glance, then turns to Harrison.

LEE

(gesturing
toward
Ann)

This one of the new graders?

HARRISON

No. Just a guest. She's leaving
when the bus gets here.

LEE

That's too bad, boss. We're
going to be two graders short
today. A couple of girls quit.

HARRISON

Well, get some more.

(CONTINUED)

2/15/50
53

119 (CONTINUED)

LEE

I'm trying - but there are
other ranches hiring too.

Harrison and Lee are about to walk away when Ann
speaks up.

ANN

What do "graders" do?

LEE

(turning
back to
her)

They work in the packing house.
(pointing
towards
packing
house)

Separating the First Grades
from the Second Grades. It's
easy. Pays 85 cents an hour.
Interested?

ANN

(half
afraid)
I don't know.

LEE

In that case, you're hired. O.K.
Boss?

HARRISON

(after a
pause,
looking
hard at
Ann)
I guess so.

DISSOLVE



INT. PACKING HOUSE - DAY

- 120 ESTABLISHING SHOT - This is where grading, washing, packing of oranges takes place. There are long conveyor belts and much other specialized machinery. There is a steady hum as the place is working at peak capacity.
- 121 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann - working at one of the machines. She is concentrating hard as she is none too facile at this kind of manual labor. As CAMERA PULLS BACK we see that Bruce Ferguson is standing slightly behind her, watching. He nods to one of the workers, who invitingly holds out an orange. Ferguson accepts it with wave of thanks and starts peeling it. Ann is unaware of his presence. He steps closer, ad libs something which we don't hear over the SOUND of the machine. Ann looks up, smiles faintly, ad libs reply, which we also don't hear. Suddenly a BELL sounds. The machines stop. The place is silent as the other workers start to leave for their lunch hour.

FERGUSON

(after chewing a
piece of orange)

There's a rumor that a man can
get a glass of orange juice
around here.

Ann does not respond too readily to the joke.


FERGUSON (cont'd)

You know, I didn't expect to
find you here.

(no response
from Ann)

I'm glad you decided to stay
around. How do you like it?

(CONTINUED)



121 (CONTINUED)

ANN
(pulling off her
gloves, and bending
her fingers which
are stiff)
It's all right.

FERGUSON
(noticing her
hands)
You're new at this kind of work?

Ann merely nods, not looking at him.

FERGUSON (cont'd)
What did you do before?

ANN
(staring down
at her hands)
I was a secretary-bookkeeper...

FERGUSON
(after a pause)
Does Tom Harrison know that?
(Ann shakes
her head)
You'd be a lot more help to
him in the office...

ANN
(cutting in)
Don't bother. I'll be leaving
in a few days...

Ann rises and starts out. Ferguson follows her.

FERGUSON
(as though he
hadn't heard)
The Harrison's might even let
you stay on in Louise's room.
That's their daughter. She's
married now,

(CONTINUED)

121 (CONTINUED)

ANN

I can't stay here...

FERGUSON

Los Angeles?

ANN

(not meeting
his eyes)

I guess so.

FERGUSON

Your family there?

(Ann shakes
her head)

Are you sure I can't help you?

ANN

No -- But thanks for what you've
done.

(pauses)

Mr. Harrison called you "Doc".
Are you a doctor?

FERGUSON

(smiling)

Yes, I'm a doctor. Perhaps not
the kind you're thinking of --
not in these clothes anyway.
I have a little church in Santa
Paula.

ANN

(looks up at
him, startled)

I'd better get my lunch. Excuse
me.

122 CLOSE SHOT - Ann as she turns her face away from
Ferguson and starts away.



123 MED. SHOT - Ann looking small and solitary as she makes for the exit.

124 CLOSE SHOT - Ferguson looking after her - he takes out his pipe and chews on it, his face a study in tolerant perplexity.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. HARRISON'S OFFICE - DAY

125- ESTABLISHING SHOT - This is a one-room office with a
126 low ceiling. Tom Harrison sits at the littered old-fashioned, roll-top desk. To one side is an oak flat-top table and chair. The place is also crowded with the trappings of an active man's fishing tackle, a moose head, etc. Suddenly he looks out of the window, opens the door and calls off scene.

HARRISON

Ann, in here!

Ann enters walking with a slight limp, dressed in Louise's old clothes which include blue jeans, a plaid shirt, and a pair of soft sandals. She looks almost childish in this wardrobe, but there is still uncertainty and fright in her eyes.

127 MED. SHOT - Harrison and Ann.

HARRISON

(looking up)
Place is kind of messy, isn't it?

(CONTINUED)



127 (CONTINUED)

Ann half smiles and nods.

HARRISON (cont'd)
Not much like the office you
worked in before, I guess ---

ANN
(not wanting
to remember)
I like it ---

HARRISON
You do? How's the ankle?

ANN
It's all right now.

HARRISON
My daughter's clothes fit you
pretty well. You look kinda
pretty in them.

ANN
(quietly)
Thank you.


HARRISON
Sit over there and I'll show you
the ropes. Doc Ferguson says
you know all about this kind of
thing.

He points to table and chair. Ann seats herself
as Harrison rises, with a set of huge ledger books
which he places before Ann.

HARRISON (cont'd)
We'll enter today's loadings here --
then carry that entry over --

At this moment, the ranch foreman, Lee Wilkins, enters.

(CONTINUED)



127 (CONTINUED)

HARRISON

(looking up,
noticing Lee)

You're just the man I want to see. Let's put on some more help in Grove 10. The crop is good and ready down there.

As Harrison goes on, CAMERA FAVORS Lee Wilkins who is looking over Harrison's shoulder at Ann. CAMERA PANS TO Ann, who turns away from his stare.

HARRISON (cont'd)

(over scene)

...And start spraying those other trees. They've already been picked and I don't like the way they look.

(he stops short and
looks at Lee)

You listening to me?

LEE

(grinning)

Not very hard.

(he nods toward
Ann, as Harrison
catches on)

HARRISON

(laughing)

This is my new secretary, Lee -- She's been promoted. Strictly white collar now -- going to live in Louise's old room.

(pauses)

Never thought I'd have a secretary, did you?

(CONTINUED)



127 (CONTINUED)

LEE
(staring at
Ann)
Not like Miss Blake, I didn't.

128--
129 Omitted

130 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann as she blushes hard and bends
down over the ledgers without a word.

131 Omitted

DISSOLVE

INT. HARRISON DINING ROOM - NIGHT

132 ESTABLISHING SHOT - This room is furnished in massive
old pieces with a wall cupboard full of china souvenirs
and knick-knacks. At dinner are the Harrisons, Ann
and Lee. They are at the cake and coffee stage.

HARRISON
Got a complaint about you,
Ann.
(Ann looks up
startled)
You don't eat enough -- Too
thin.

Ann relaxes a trifle.

MADGE
(chiming in)
You hardly touched your dinner.

LEE
I think she's swell the way she
is.

MADGE
Your mother wouldn't like it,
would she?

(CONTINUED)

132 (CONTINUED)

ANN

(getting up,
her face
strained)

I'm tired -- may I be excused
please? It was awfully good.

HARRISON

Of course. Suit yourself.

Lee gets up at the same time and follows Ann.

INT. HARRISON HALLWAY LEADING TO ANN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

133 MED. SHOT - As Lee catches up with Ann.

134 TWO SHOT - Lee and Ann, as Ann turns reluctantly.

LEE

(softly)

I thought you might want to
take in a movie or play gin
rammy.

ANN

(shaking her
head)

I couldn't -- not tonight.

Ann's whole body seems to quiver as she backs up
against the wall, away from Lee.

ANN (cont'd)

I'm tired -- thanks just the
same.

LEE

(his male pride
hurt)

Forget it!

He pauses, then notices the engagement ring on her
finger.

(CONTINUED)

134 (CONTINUED)

LEE

There must be another man in
your life...

Ann reacts, startled.

LEE (cont'd)

(pointing to ring)

What about this?

Ann turns and angrily walks away. CAMERA PANS WITH
her as she heads for her room.

INT. ANN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

135 MED. SHOT - as Ann enters. She takes the engagement
ring off her finger, throws it into a bureau drawer.
As she stares after the ring.

DISSOLVE

136-
139

SERIES OF QUICK MONTAGE SHOTS - DAY

1. Jim sitting on a park bench eating his lunch. He
takes a bite out of a sandwich then puts it down
and walks away. The little shoe-shine boy runs
up, picks up the sandwich and starts to eat it
with great satisfaction.
2. INT. CORRIDOR - CAPITOL CITY POLICE HEADQUARTERS -
DAY

A door marked BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS is opened.
Detective Sergeant Hendrix comes out, walks over
to Jim, who looks at him inquiringly. Hendrix
shakes his head. Jim turns away disappointedly,
goes to pay telephone on wall, starts to dial.
- 3 INT. WALTON HOME - DAY

As Mrs. Walton, bedspread in hand, picks up
ringing phone, listens to what is obviously Jim's
negative report. Her body sinks in disappointment
and she slowly starts upstairs.

(CONTINUED)

INT. ANN'S ROOM IN WALTON HOME - DAY

139 As Mrs. Walton enters, puts the clean bedspread on bed. As she finishes, she notices the rag doll on the bed is bent over. With a tender gesture, she sets the doll straight again, as we -

DISSOLVE

EXT. HARRISON BACK PORCH - DAY

140 MED. SHOT. Harrison and Lee are playing rummy at a small table. Nearby Madge Harrison is knitting a pair of socks. Suddenly, Tom Harrison looks up as he hears the off scene NOISE of an approaching car. He throws down his cards.

HARRISON

(getting up)
Six points, Lee.

Lee gathers up the cards as Harrison exits toward the driveway. Mrs. Harrison lets the knitting drop to her lap. Over scene we hear:

HARRISON'S VOICE

Hide the cards, Lee. It's the vicar himself.

Harrison re-enters with Ferguson, who smiles at Lee who is putting the cards back in a box.

FERGUSON

(easily)
Relax, Lee, relax.
(to Madge)
How are you, Madge?

MADGE

Fine, Bruce. How about a cup of coffee?

FERGUSON

No thanks.
(suddenly to Tom)
Tom, didn't you always say you were busy on Sundays, fixing up your accounts?

HARRISON

(puzzled)
Sure, but ---

(CONTINUED)

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140 (CONTINUED)

FERGUSON

And why did I get you a girl to
do your bookkeeping?

HARRISON

(still not
catching on)

Because you do good in the world
-- and wanted to get Ann a job.

FERGUSON

That's only part of it. I wanted
to rob you of an excuse for not
coming to church.

HARRISON

(grinning)

You've got me there. I guess
I'm just an old sinner. Maybe
you shouldn't bother saving me.

FERGUSON

(laughing)

I don't know. There might be
some good in you.

(looking around)

By the way, where is Ann?

There is a short silence before Ferguson gets an
answer.

MADGE

Out in the office.

FERGUSON

Working -- On Saturday afternoon?

LEE

She's always working.

HARRISON

(rushing to
explain)

It wasn't my idea, Doc. She just
wants to work. I can't stop her --

(CONTINUED)

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65

140 (CONTINUED)

MADGE

(to Ferguson,
intently)

Tell me, Bruce, have you found
out anything more about her?

FERGUSON

(hesitating)

Not very much, I'm afraid.

MADGE

(looking at
her husband)

I hope it's all right --
her working in the office --
handling the payroll money.

HARRISON

She seems all right, but --

FERGUSON

(interrupting)

I was hoping you'd accept her.

(pauses)

But if you don't want to, I'll
find some other way to help her.

HARRISON

Take it easy, Doc. Your word's
good enough for me.

FERGUSON

Thanks.

Ferguson exits as the others look after him.

EXT. HARRISON RANCH YARD - NEAR OFFICE - DAY

141

MED. SHOT - Ferguson comes into scene and knocks on
door.



2/15/50
66

142 OMITTED

143 INT. HARRISON'S OFFICE - DAY

As Ann's face relaxes a little. Slowly, she crosses to the door and opens it. Ferguson smiles and steps in, leaving the door open.

144 MED. TWO SHOT - Ann and Ferguson. Ann's body goes limp as she sees that it really is Ferguson. A half-smile is on her face as she looks up at him.

FERGUSON

(smiling)
Hello, Ann.
(nodding toward
ledgers)
How is everything going?

ANN

I like it here.
(finding it
hard to say)
Thanks for getting me the job.

FERGUSON

Tom Harrison doesn't beat you?
Feeds you enough?


ANN

(smiling a
little)
He's nice.

FERGUSON

Don't you think you ought to
close the books for today? After
all, I didn't sell you into
slavery.

(CONTINUED)



144 (CONTINUED)

ANN

I have more to do.

FERGUSON

(walking over
and closing
ledger)

It's too nice a day for this
sort of thing -- I'm going to
a little place I know to do some
sketching -- thought you'd like
to come along for the ride.

ANN

(hesitantly)

No... I don't think so.

FERGUSON

You have no idea how peaceful
it is.

(holding the door
open for her)

I go there every Saturday.

145 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann - She looks at Ferguson
uncertainly, then walks out. Ferguson follows her
as we

DISSOLVE

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

146 LONG SHOT. As we see Ann and Ferguson driving in
his car down a narrow road between fruit trees or a
field of grain or alfalfa.

147 MED. SHOT - as Ann and Ferguson approach camera. They
are walking in silence. The car is parked in the
background. Ferguson carries a sketch pad and a box
of colored chalk.



148

REVERSE SHOT - as Ann and Ferguson reach a grove of trees.

FERGUSON

This is better than a column of figures, isn't it?

ANN

(looking around her)

It's pretty ---
(she sits down against a tree)

FERGUSON

(takes out chalk from box and opens sketch pad)

I used to roam for miles over this part of the country when I was a boy. This was my favorite place.

(starting to sketch)

I waited for the buffalo to come down to graze. But they never did. That's because there were no buffalo.

ANN

You've always lived here?

FERGUSON

(sitting down and continuing his sketching)

I was born in Santa Paula. My father was in the church too. He was transferred to Philadelphia when I was ten. It took me twenty-five years to get back here. You see, I was looking for something.

ANN

Looking? For what?

(CONTINUED)



148 (CONTINUED)

FERGUSON

It's hard to put into words.

(pauses)

You might call it faith --
Sometimes it's hard to hold
onto.

ANN

(shocked,
startled)

You mean -- you stopped
believing?

FERGUSON

(nods)

All of us go through dark times.
Mine was a year in a hospital --
after the war.

ANN

You were in the war?

FERGUSON

I was a Navy Chaplain. Italy,
(he pauses)

Wound up with one lung. T.B.
The thing that hurt the most
though, was being told I couldn't
go back to my church -- there
was so much I wanted to do.

(there is a
pause)

ANN

So you came back here?

FERGUSON

Yes, I came back --- feeling
pretty sorry for myself.

(pauses)

I shouldn't be telling you all
this -- Ministers of the church
aren't supposed to waver - or
doubt. But, being human, we
do -- and you know something
else?

(CONTINUED)

148 (CONTINUED)

Ann waits for the answer.

FERGUSON (cont'd)

When I came back to this valley --
where I had been so happy as a
boy -- and found it as lovely as
ever -- I looked deep down in
myself and then up at the sky --
suddenly I found my faith again.
It was the most wonderful feeling
I had ever known.

(he stops)

I'm sorry to have gone on like
this.

ANN

(her voice
husky)

I'll never forget this place as
long as I live.

FERGUSON

I wanted you to know that you're
not alone -- we all need help
sometimes. I want to help you,
An..

Ann looks at him, then turns away abruptly. She
rises and walks a small distance away. Ferguson
looks after her worried. Returns to his sketching
then back to her again as we

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. PACKING HOUSE - DAY

149 MED. SHOT. At the South end of the packing house is
a small raised platform on which is a high stand
for the foreman and his papers. Harrison, Lee
Wilkins, and Ann are huddled around a large entry
sheet, as Ferguson comes up, peeling an orange
unnoticed by them.

(CONTINUED)

149 (CONTINUED)

HARRISON

It looks as if we'll have four
or five truck loads ready
to go.

LEE

That's the way it figures.

Harrison looks down and sees Ferguson.

HARRISON

Where have you been, Doc?
Thought you'd given us up
for heathen.

LEE

Hello, Doc.

ANN

(with a faint
smile)
Hello.

FERGUSON

I've been busy. We're going
up in the world. The Bishop
paid me a visit last week -- in
person.

(laughs)

He wanted to know if I felt
strong enough to take a big
church up north --

HARRISON

What did you tell him?

FERGUSON

I told him not yet --- that I
had work to do here --

(he looks
directly
at Ann, who
looks away)

HARRISON

Meaning me, I suppose?

FERGUSON

Meaning you.

(CONTINUED)

149 (CONTINUED)

Tom Harrison laughs.

150 MED. LONG SHOT - as Charlie Hanlon, a Sheriff's deputy in uniform enters the packing house and heads for the foreman's platform.

151 CLOSE SHOT - Ann as she reacts, with fright, to this new arrival. CAMERA PULLS BACK as the others notice the Deputy Sheriff's arrival.

152 CLOSE SHOT - Ferguson as he studies Ann's reaction.

153 MED. SHOT - Charlie Hanlon, the sheriff's deputy, walking towards waiting group with a smile on his face. CAMERA PULLS BACK to include entire group as Hanlon walks up to Tom Harrison.

HARRISON

Hello, Charlie. What have I done?

CHARLIE

You haven't done anything as far as I know. How are you, Dr. Ferguson -- Lee?

LEE

Hello, Sheriff.

FERGUSON

(smiling)

I can vouch for all of them.

Ferguson gestures at group, but his attention is fixed on Ann.

CHARLIE

(to Harrison)

Put on any new help lately?

HARRISON

A few more pickers, but mostly Mexicans who've been around for years --

(CONTINUED)

153 (CONTINUED)

As Harrison talks, Hanlon's glance fixes on Ann. It is a mixture of curiosity and male admiration. As Harrison sees Hanlon staring at him, he stops short.

HARRISON (cont'd)

I'm sorry, Sheriff. This is
Ann -- Ann Blake -

154 CLOSE SHOT - Ann - looking terror-stricken..

153 CLOSE SHOT - Hanlon studying her.

CHARLIE

You're new here, young lady?

156 MED. SHOT - Group as we see Ann suddenly turn and run towards main house. The men stare after her, surprised.

CHARLIE

Kind of shy, isn't she?

No one speaks for a moment.

CHARLIE (cont'd)

Come on in the office, Tom.
I want to ask you a few questions.

The two men move towards office. Lee and Ferguson exchange curious looks. Finally, Ferguson walks after the two men towards the office.

DISSOLVE

INT. FERGUSON'S LIVING ROOM - SANTA PAULA - NIGHT

157 MED. SHOT. This is a comfortable looking, booklined room, lighted by old fashioned student lamps. Ferguson is speaking into the phone.

FERGUSON

(into phone)
No, Madge, she's not here ---

INT. HARRISON HOME - NIGHT

157A MED. CLOSE SHOT - Madge Harrison at telephone.

MADGE

Lee has looked everywhere on
the ranch.

(almost to
herself)

I was kind of getting used to
her here in Louise's room.

INT. FERGUSON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

157B MED. SHOT - Ferguson at phone.

FERGUSON

Yes, I know -- call me if she
turns up.

He goes to the window, looks out with his back to the
camera as we -

DISSOLVE

INT. FERGUSON'S LIVING ROOM - SANTA PAULA - NIGHT

158 MED. SHOT - Ferguson is alone in the room, seated at
the piano, idly playing the waltz theme: "Didn't You
Know?" He is abstracted and depressed. Suddenly, from
o.s., he hears a noise through the open front door.
He stops playing and straightens up, without looking
around.

FERGUSON

Come in, Ann.

159 CLOSE SHOT - Ann - through screen door, as she stares
at Ferguson. Slowly she opens door and very timidly
enters. Ferguson continues to play softly.

FERGUSON

One of the boys on my ship wrote
it.

(CONTINUED)

159 (CONTINUED)

Ann nods.

FERGUSON

(continuing
to play)

I'm glad you didn't do anything
foolish. The sheriff didn't
come for you.

Ferguson finishes playing and turns around to see a
look of relief on Ann's face. He rises and indicates
the coffee table.

FERGUSON (cont'd)

How about some coffee?

Ann nods gratefully, crosses and sits down on lounge
before coffee table on which rests a pot of coffee
and sugar and cream.

FERGUSON (cont'd)

I'll get another cup.
(he disappears for
a moment, and re-
appears with cup
and saucer)

Help yourself.

Ann pours coffee, as Ferguson relights his pipe and
crosses back to piano where he sits down facing Ann
across room. There is silence between them. Finally
Ann puts cup down.

ANN

My name isn't Blake.

FERGUSON

No?

ANN

(flatly)

I ran away -- from home. I
had to.

FERGUSON

Don't you think you ought to
let your family know where you
are?

(CONTINUED)

159 (CONTINUED)

ANN

No - no -- I want to stay here.

FERGUSON

(after a moment)

We have to stop running sometime --
have to face ourselves -- then
look at the world all over
again you know. That second look,
after heartache, shows up some
wonderful things.

Ann is quiet as, at last, she looks up at Ferguson.
with a steady gaze. She smiles a little. Ferguson
smiles back.

FERGUSON (cont'd)

That's better.... You will be at
the harvest dance on the ranch
Saturday? We always have lots
of fun.

ANN

I can't -- I can't.

FERGUSON

Yes you can. You'll like it --
(reaching out
for her hand)

I'll be there.

(he helps her to
her feet. For a
moment they
stand close)

Better take you back to the
ranch ---

Ferguson leads her across the room to door at which he
switches off lights.

DISSOLVE

160- OMITTED
161

EXT. HARRISON HOME AND BARN - DAY

162 MED. SHOT - A dance floor has been built outside of

(CONTINUED)

162 (CONTINUED)

the barn. On the dance floor young girls and boys are twirling in tempo to the waltz, the music we heard in previous scene. The air is festive and the flowered cotton dresses and starched petticoats on the young girls make a pretty picture. On the sidelines sit the parents and members of the community. On a long table rests a large silver bowl filled with oranges. Around the bowl is a white ribbon marked "First Prize." Behind the table sit four men and four women who are judging the dance contest in progress. CAMERA PICKS UP Bruce Ferguson.

(CONTINUED)



162 (CONTINUED)

at the adjoining serving table where he and Tom Harrison are handing out hotdogs to several children. Madge Harrison is ladling punch at the punch bowl. CAMERA PANS DOWN to HOLD on the dancing feet of the young couples as they glide past. OVER THIS a bell clangs and the feet and the music stop. We HOLD on one pair of feet as the girl's foot comes up, heel to CAMERA, and we see a large white chalk mark on it. CAMERA PANS UP to HOLD on the young couples faces, both looking guilty.

YOUNG GIRL

(as she whispers
to her partner)

It's us.

The boy and girl walk off the floor reluctantly, and the waltz continues.

163 CLOSER ANGLE - Dancers, as one by one each couple waltzes past camera to the haunting theme. On the sidelines and through the dancers, we now see Ann. As CAMERA MOVES CLOSER, through the dancers, we see that she sits stiffly among the parents and onlookers. Unlike the rest of the girls, her hair hangs in two tightly braided loops. The dress she is wearing is almost unattractive in its severity in contrast to the off-the-shoulder peasant blouses worn by the others. As she listens to the waltz, her face becomes taut and she looks in the direction of Ferguson.

164 CLOSE SHOT - Ferguson, as he returns her look, then lowers his eyes thoughtfully.

165 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann and the woman beside her. The girl is about to rise and the woman gently pulls her down again. The following dialogue is mouthed, but not heard over the music.

WOMAN

Why don't you join in?
(she indicates a
young man sitting
nearby)

Frank doesn't have a partner.

(CONTINUED)

165 (CONTINUED)

ANN
(mouthed)
No.

WOMAN
(mouthed)
Rubbish! You'll love it -- wait
and see. I'm going to call him
over now.

ANN
(rising and
swiftly drawing
away)
No!

CAMERA FOLLOWS her as she turns quickly and walks away.
As she does so, the boy, Frank Marini taps her on the
arm and moves in front of her, blocking her way.

FRANK
(pleasantly)
Evenin', Miss-Touch-Me-Not.
Think you could put up with me
for the next waltz?

ANN
(pulling her
arm back)
I don't like dancing --

She side-steps him and makes her way thru the people
and away from the dance floor.

166 CLOSE SHOT - Ferguson who has seen this and, worried,
looks after her.

EXT. REAR OF BARN - DAY

167 MED. CLOSE SHOT - on Ann's back, as she stand quite
still, staring ahead of her. Taking off one shoe,
she wearily rubs her foot and leans against the wall
of the barn.

168

CLOSE SHOT - Ann's face. Eyes wide, she stares before her. The MUSIC of the waltz coming through this. Suddenly she closes her eyes as if to shut away the sound of it, and for the first time the mask of her face changes. For one so young, it becomes old with the bitterness that now shows. As she remains like this, a hand gently touches one of her braids - then pulls it loose. Startled, she turns and CAMERA PULLS back to include Frank who is standing in back of her.

FRANK

(as he pulls the
braid even looser
with his fingers)
Why do you wear it this way -
it's so pretty when it's undone.

ANN

(terror in her
eyes and trying
to pull away)
Get away from me!

FRANK

(holding her firm
and fingering the
loose hair)
You know, ever since you came to
this place I've wanted to do
this.

(he pulls the
other braid loose)
You're beautiful.
(as boy-like, he
leans forward to
kiss her)

She wrenches free, and backs away toward the rear of the barn where the farm implements are kept. Frank follows. As he reaches her, she frantically turns as if to seek escape -- but there is none. Annoyed, Frank grabs her and presses her shoulders against the wall.

FRANK

What's the matter with you? I'm
not going to hurt you -- I just
wanted to kiss you -- was that bad?

(CONTINUED)

168 (CONTINUED)

ANN

Don't touch me -- don't touch
me.

FRANK

(his youthful
masculine pride
hurt, laughs at
her)

Afraid Bruce Ferguson might find
out?

(she doesn't answer)

He's kept you pretty much of a
secret, hasn't he? We'd all
like to know where you came
from and why.

169 CLOSE HEAD on Ann OVER his shoulder.

ANN

(her eyes glassy
with fear)

If you don't leave me alone -
I'll --

FRANK

(cutting in, his
face close to hers)

You'll what?

(his voice changing)

Why can't I kiss you --

(he starts to move
closer to her face)

170 FLASH SHOT - Ann, her eyes frantic as she struggles.

171 CLOSE SHOT almost filling the screen - OPTICAL EFFECT.
Frank's shirt dissolves into a leather jacket as her
hand pushes against it. THE MUSIC OF THE WALTZ NOW
REACHES A DISTORTED AND DISCORDANT PITCH.

- 172 FLASH SHOT - Ann's other hand - As it fumbles on the wall in back of her and comes in contact with a small wrench hanging there.
- 173 CLOSE FLASH SHOT - From her point of view. The lower half of Frank's face as it swims in and out of focus.
- 174 CLOSE SHOT - Ann's hand - As it siezes the wrench from the wall, bringing it full up to CAMERA, so that we hold both it and her face. For one split second she hesitates, then brings it down with terrifying force into what from the CAMERA'S ANGLE is the boy's head.
- 175 LOW ANGLE - CLOSE SHOT - Ann - As she stands staring down as if someone turned to stone. Then suddenly the SOUND of laughter from outside, as a door is opened, galvanizes her into action. In horror, she drops the scythe and backs along the side of the wall, the CAMERA PANNING WITH her. Then, like one possessed, she tears away from the barn, down the hill, stumbling and falling through the fields.
- 176 MED. SHOT - FULL VIEW - As half sobbing, she rips her way through the grass. As she passes CAMERA, it swings and HOLDS ON HER retreating figure as she runs away through the field.

DISSOLVE

EXT. WOODED AREA AND STREAM - NIGHT

- 180 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ann lying by stream running along edge of orchard. Except for the rushing water, there is utter stillness until we hear footsteps coming closer and then a voice calling in the distance.

FERGUSON (O.S.)

Ann! Ann! Where are you?

Ann does not move. One hand trails in the water. We HOLD IN MED. SHOT as Ferguson comes running into scene. He is breathing heavily as he kneels down beside the still figure.

(CONTINUED)

180 (CONTINUED)

FERGUSON (cont'd)

Ann... Ann.

CAMERA COMES IN CLOSE as Ann slowly turns her head, looking up at Ferguson. Her eyes have a trance-like stare.

FERGUSON (cont'd)

Why did you do it? Why?

Ann simply stares at Ferguson tight lipped. Ferguson looks about him, uncertain what to do. He places an arm around her waist.

FERGUSON (cont'd)

We must go back now. They're waiting for you.

Slowly, with Ferguson's help, Ann rises and allows herself to be led, as a child, back down the tree-lined lane. The CAMERA HOLDS on them as they become indistinct figures in the distance.

DISSOLVE

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE IN SMALL MUNICIPAL BLDG. - SANTA PAULA - NIGHT

181 MED. GROUP SHOT - The room is blindingly bright after the darkness of the previous scene. At the oak desk is Sheriff Hanlon with the look of an harrassed public official. Also present are two deputies. Hanlon is just putting down the phone as Ferguson enters. All hands are quiet as they look up and see who it is.

HANLON

(with a bite)

Don't you think you take a pretty long chance sometimes? I mean with these strays you pick up?

(CONTINUED)



181 (CONTINUED)

FERGUSON

(tightly)

What did you find out?

HANLON

Traced her through the missing person's bureau on a hunch --- it paid off. Name is Ann Walton. Disappeared from her home a couple of months ago. She was the victim of an assault. But she disappeared after that.

(pauses)

182 CLOSE SHOT - Ferguson - As he hears the tragic story.

FERGUSON

Go on.

HANLON

And that's about all.
(softening)

I'm sorry, but there's nothing I can do. Frank is in bad shape over at the hospital. He might not pull through. Even if he did, she's in trouble.

FERGUSON

May I see her?

HANLON

I guess so.
(motions to deputy)
Go with Dr. Ferguson.

Ferguson exits, followed by the deputy.

INT. CORRIDOR - JAIL WING OF MUNICIPAL BLDG.

183 It being a small city, there are only three cells. The deputy pauses outside one of them, takes out a bunch of keys and admits Ferguson, then walks away to a distance.

INT. JAIL CELL

184 Ann is lying, staring upwards at the bunk above. She seems unaware of Ferguson's entrance, being still in the trance-like state in which we last saw her. CAMERA FOLLOWS Ferguson as he crosses cell and sits down beside Ann, picking up her hand as he does so.

FERGUSON

(gently)

Ann, I know what happened back home.

185 CLOSE SHOT - Ann - For the first time an expression crosses her face. It is one of self-loathing. She tries to pull her hand away, but Ferguson holds it tight.

186 CLOSE TWO SHOT - Ann and Ferguson.

FERGUSON

Tell me, why did you try to kill Frank? I've known him for a long time. He meant you no harm.

ANN

(in a faraway voice)

I could see him coming towards me -- closer -- closer -- I screamed. I could see the scar on his neck -- I could feel the leather coat against me.

FERGUSON

(trying hard to follow)

But Frank doesn't have a scar on his neck -- he wasn't wearing a leather coat.

ANN

Yes -- a leather coat. Once I got away and he couldn't find me behind one of the trucks --

(CONTINUED)

186 (CONTINUED)

FERGUSON

(beginning
to catch on)

But there weren't any trucks.
Not at the dance -- you picked
up a wrench --- and ---

ANN

(oblivious of
what Ferguson
is saying)

-- he wore a leather coat --

FERGUSON

(realizing what
he is hearing)

Frank wasn't wearing a coat.

(he gets up and
looks down at her
compassionately)

Now I think I understand.

(he pulls a cheap
gray blanket over
and strokes her
hair)

You are innocent, so awfully
innocent. I pray to God they
will understand that.

He turns out of scene, as we

DISSOLVE

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

187

The wan, semi-conscious face of Frank Marini is held in
a CLOSE SHOT. Then CAMERA PULLS BACK revealing Ferguson
standing by bed. Nurse is standing at foot of bed.

FERGUSON

It's me.

(CONTINUED)



187 (CONTINUED)

Frank smiles up weakly, in recognition.

FERGUSON (cont'd)
We're old friends. I want you
to do me a great favor.

Frank looks at him inquiringly.

FERGUSON (cont'd)
I want you to live -- a good,
long life. For so many reasons.
I'm coming back to see you in
the morning.

FRANK
(closing his eyes,
speaking with great
effort)
I'll try to be here.

Ferguson picks up Frank's hand and says a silent
prayer. We simply see his lips moving.

DISSOLVE

INT. JUDGE MCKENZIE'S CHAMBERS - COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

188

ESTABLISHING SHOT - (NOTE: This can be another wing
of the Municipal Bldg.) It is a room lined with a
law library and furnished with comfortable if some-
what worn leather furniture. Judge McKenzie sits
behind a large desk. Across from him is Ann, star-
ing fixedly ahead of her. At one end of the desk
stands Leonard Porter, a Deputy District Attorney.
At the other end sits Ferguson. In the background
is a court stenographer busily recording the pro-
ceedings on a stenotype machine. As the scene opens,
the judge is studying a sheet of paper held in his
hand. There is silence as he passes it over to
Porter. CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES IN as the judge begins
to speak.

JUDGE
(to Ferguson)
I must say, your friend Frank
Marini is a forgiving man.

(CONTINUED)

188 (CONTINUED)

FERGUSON

That he is -- And he was strong enough this morning to sign this affidavit himself.

PORTER

(reading the affidavit)

A very unusual document. But Mr. Marini's refusal to press charges against Miss Walton does not alter the facts.

(there is a pin-dropping silence as he pauses)

She almost murdered a man! Representing the District Attorney's Office, I had to file a complaint against her for assault with a deadly weapon.

189 MED. SHOT - Ann and Ferguson. As they react. CAMERA PANS to Judge McKenzie, listening intently.

PORTER'S VOICE (O.S.)

However, I appreciate the many extenuating circumstances. Having questioned the defendant at great length, I am satisfied that she was in a state of temporary insanity.

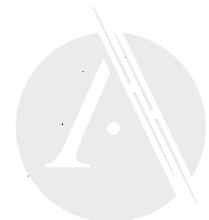
(he hands the affidavit back to the judge)

190 MED. SHOT - Ferguson - as he stands up. The Judge nods permission for him to speak.

FERGUSON

(beginning slowly, with rising emphasis)

I am not a lawyer or a psychiatrist - except as a man's religious faith allows him to look into the mind and heart of another.



191 CLOSE SHOT - Ann as she responds slightly to Ferguson's words. She glances up for a minute then down at her hands.

192 MED. SHOT - Ferguson.

FERGUSON

Are we all agreed that Miss Walton was suffering a form of temporary insanity last night?

JUDGE

Yes.

FERGUSON

Ann has been suffering in her mind a long time -- ever since she was the victim of a vicious attack -- the kind which is a shameful blot on our towns and cities.

193 MED. CLOSE SHOT - County Prosecutor. He is scribbling on a pad of paper as he listens to Ferguson's voice coming o.s.

FERGUSON'S VOICE

What happened last night began a month ago back in Capitol City -- an evil chain reaction which deluded Ann into thinking that Jack Cook was the man who attacked her.

194 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ferguson, as he crosses and stands near Ann.

FERGUSON

This morning I called Capitol City. The police told me that they found the criminal two days ago. He confessed to the assault on Ann after being arrested while attempting an armed robbery.

195 CLOSE SHOT - Ann as she gasps in surprise.

ANN

(almost inaudibly)
They arrested him?

196 MED. TWO SHOT - Ann and Ferguson. Ferguson nods in answer to Ann's question.

ANN

Then he'll never be in the shadows any more -- standing there -- waiting?

FERGUSON

Never.

Ann's face relaxes. There is peace and belief there. She looks young again as when we first saw her.

197 MED. SHOT - Porter.

PORTER

That still doesn't answer for last night.

198 MED. GROUP SHOT - Favoring Ferguson.

FERGUSON

This man -- this criminal has spent half of his life in reform schools or prisons, for crimes of violence. He was always punished, but never treated as a neurotic individual -- never treated as a sick man. So he was released, uncured, and Ann Walton was the victim of his fury.

PORTER

I regret that such men are turned back on society. But this hearing is concerned with Miss Walton's innocence or guilt.

FERGUSON

That's my point. She is innocent of criminal intent -- and we are guilty of criminal negligence.

(he pauses and looks at the judge and prosecutor)

It is our fault -- all of us. Our twentieth century has produced too many neuroses -- (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

FERGUSON (cont'd)

too many mentally displaced persons right here at home. We need more hospitals -- more clinics -- more trained men to turn human scrap back into useful human beings.

(he stops, looks at Ann and then back at Porter)

Mr. Porter, I appeal to you as a man -- not as a prosecutor. I would like you to ask the Judge for a dismissal of the complaint against Miss Walton.

Porter rises, walks up and down and then faces the Judge.

PORTER

Your Honor, I hereby move that the complaint against Miss Walton be dismissed.

JUDGE

Before I can render a decision, there is one question that must be answered.

Ann glances anxiously toward Ferguson, who smiles back reassuringly.

JUDGE (cont'd)

What assurance have we that Miss Walton's temporary delusions may not return? Wouldn't it be better if she were placed for treatment in a proper institution until pronounced fit to resume a normal life?

199 CLOSE SHOT - Ann, a trapped, hopeless look comes over her face.

200 MED. SHOT - Court Stenographer - her steno type machine which has provided a steady little click-clack background has suddenly stopped. She looks up towards Ferguson.

200A MED. CLOSE SHOT - The Judge as he looks to Ferguson for an answer.

200B MED. CLOSE SHOT - Porter as he taps on the table before him with a pencil.

200C MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ferguson, he is at a loss to answer the question.

(CONTINUED)

200C (CONTINUED)

FERGUSON

I don't know -- But I feel she needs people who love her -- as much as she needs psychiatric treatment.

201 MED. GROUP SHOT

JUDGE

Doctor Ferguson, you're a doctor of divinity -- not of medicine. Do you consider yourself legally or morally able to decide whether this girl requires institutional care?

FERGUSON

All I know is what I feel --

(he looks at Ann.

She glances back

at him, trusting)

It is not right that her heart should be troubled. It is not just that she suffer any more.

JUDGE

The court recognizes your generous feelings -- but cannot accept your testimony as that of an expert witness. This hearing will be adjourned until such time as a competent psychiatrist can examine Miss Walton.

The CAMERA MOVES INTO A CLOSE SHOT of Ann's face. It darkens suddenly with despair as we -

DISSOLVE

202 CLOSE SHOT - Ann's face. Her eyes are closed, she is leaning back in a chair. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Ann in a small office adjoining the judge's chambers. Ferguson is seated opposite her. They are both silent.

(CONTINUED)



2/7/50
93

202 (CONTINUED)

FERGUSON

It must have been quite an
inquisition.

ANN

(suddenly
bursting out)

So many questions -- so many
memories. Why don't they
take me away and lock me up?

FERGUSON

Ann, don't give up hope -- Ever.

ANN

Maybe I am crazy. Sometimes I
feel the whole world is upside
down and I'm on the edge of a
precipice --

FERGUSON

The judge said we wouldn't have
to wait more than a few minutes.

ANN

You're the only one who can help
me. Why can't they understand?
You know that --

FERGUSON

There is something called faith.

ANN

Faith in what? I think I'm well --
I want to be well -- I don't hate
anymore -- yet --

The door opens and the deputy sheriff pokes his head
in.

DEPUTY

Dr. Ferguson, the judge wants
to see you now.



INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS

203 MED. SHOT - The Judge is at his desk, the stenographer and Porter are seated nearby. Standing directly in front of the desk are Ann and Ferguson.

JUDGE

Miss Walton, the examining psychiatrist says you are still far from well. But he does not believe that institutional care is required. He does, however, strongly recommend that you receive psychiatric treatment for a period of at least one year.

(to Ferguson and Porter)

I will favorably consider a motion for dismissal providing that Dr. Ferguson guarantees the court that Miss Walton will undertake the necessary treatment.

FERGUSON

I will gladly accept the responsibility. You'll have a written report from a psychiatrist the first of every month.

JUDGE

(stepping forward,
shaking Ann's hand)

Miss Walton. Good luck.

PORTER

(shaking hands with
her)

Good luck.

204 CLOSE SHOT - Ann, stunned, unable to believe the good news.

(CONTINUED)



204 (CONTINUED)

FERGUSON'S VOICE

(o.s.)
Judge, Mr. Porter. You won't
have to worry about Ann. She
believes in herself -- again.

CAMERA HOLDS on Ann's face -- as the full realization
of her freedom dawns on her. Two tears of joy streak
down her face as we -

DISSOLVE

INT. FERGUSON'S LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

205 LONG SHOT - Ann is sitting at the piano, rather crudely
picking out the melody of the waltz which we first heard
at the barn dance. The room is in shadow. Ferguson,
weary from the day, is sitting on the lounge smoking the
one daily pipe which is permitted him by his doctor.
It is a scene of peace and contentment.

206 MED. SHOT - Ann, as she stops playing and swings around
on the old-fashioned piano stool.

ANN
(smiling at
Ferguson)
It's so lovely -- and I make it
sound awful.

FERGUSON
Well, I could still recognize
it.

There is an awkward pause between them.

FERGUSON (cont'd)
I talked to your mother and
father.

ANN
(startled)
When?

(CONTINUED)

206 (CONTINUED)

FERGUSON

While you were saying goodbye to Jack at the hospital.

Ann looks up at him.

FERGUSON (continuing)

I told them everything was all right with you now. They want you to come home. They love you -- more than you know.

ANN

Must I go home -- now?

She suddenly crosses room and sits on the floor at Ferguson's feet, leaning against the lounge. There is real pleading in her voice.

ANN (continuing)

Please -- please let me stay here with you -- near you.

Ann buries her head in the lounge pillow.

207 CLOSE SHOT - Ferguson - As he looks down at Ann. In his face are compassion, a kind of torment -- a conflict within a man whom we feel wants to love this girl. He starts to touch her head, then pulls back. Finally, he speaks, huskily.

FERGUSON

It might be hard at first, I know.

(pauses)

They're waiting for you. Jim's waiting, too --

208 MED. CLOSE TWO SHOT - Ann and Ferguson, as Ann looks up at him.

ANN

He -- mustn't wait -- for me.

(CONTINUED)

208 (CONTINUED)

FERGUSON

You loved him, didn't you?

Ann nods and looks away.

FERGUSON (continuing)

And he loved you -- you'll find
out it's still that way.

ANN

(pleading)

I could help you here -- Mr.
Harrison might keep me on.

FERGUSON

(shaking his
head)I'll never forget you. You've
made me very happy.

ANN

(confused)

Made you happy?

FERGUSON

By your needing me -- by watching
you get ready to start life all
over again.

ANN

Then -- then you don't want me to
stay? Is that it?

FERGUSON

(after a
long pause)There might have been a time --
if things had been different for
both of us --- but I have a job
to do -- one of these days I'll
be saying goodbye here too. No
one can turn their backs on what
they're meant to do.

There is silence between them.

(CONTINUED)

208 (CONTINUED)

ANN
(defeated)
It's nearly five. I guess we'd better be going or I'll miss the bus.

FERGUSON
(getting up)
You made a lot of friends here, Ann. Madge Harrison said it was like parting from a daughter.

ANN
I'll miss them, too.

FERGUSON
There'll be a big reunion some day. After all, I'm your probation officer, and don't forget it.

Ferguson extends his hands to Ann and raises her to her feet. They move towards door, CAMERA FOLLOWING INTO MED. CLOSE SHOT as Ferguson opens front door. CAMERA is IN CLOSE SHOT on Ann as she turns and looks at this room for the last time. Then she turns away, as we -

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MAIN HIGHWAY - DAY

209 LONG SHOT - As Ferguson's car approaches main highway and bus stop where there is a crude shelter for waiting passengers. Car comes into MED. CLOSE SHOT as Ferguson pulls to a stop near shelter. He jumps out and reaches for Ann's suitcase. Together, they walk towards shelter. An occasional car speeds past on the highway.

INT. SHELTER - DAY

210 MED. SHOT - As Ferguson looks at his watch.

(CONTINUED)

210 (CONTINUED)

FERGUSON

It's due in about three minutes.
This isn't a regular stop. I'll
flag him down.

There is silence between them.

FERGUSON (continuing)

Ann --

ANN

(looking up
at him)

Yes --

FERGUSON

(softly)

People who mean something to each
other never say goodbye -- not
really. I suppose that's because
they're never completely apart no
matter how many miles -- or years
separate them.

ANN

I will see you -- sometime?

FERGUSON

Of course. For friends - true
friends, it's a very small world.
(pauses)

Tell that young man for me - he's
a lucky fellow.

Ann turns her head, trying to hold back the tears.
Ferguson takes her by the shoulders and turns her
to him.

FERGUSON (continuing)

You're going to have a wonderful,
happy life. Aren't you?

(CONTINUED)

210 (CONTINUED)

Ann nods through tears.

FERGUSON (continuing)

Then what are you crying for?

ANN

(in a murmur)

Because -- because you understand
everything -- you understand me.

There is a sudden warning blast in the distance of the approaching bus. Ferguson starts and looks up highway. Suddenly, he kisses Ann on the cheek, picks up her suitcase, and steps to edge of road and signals oncoming bus.

FERGUSON

You'll only have an hour's wait
in Los Angeles -- and then you'll
be on your way east.

Ann throws her arms around Ferguson, her head resting for a moment against his chest.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

- 211 MED. SHOT - Bus pulling to a grinding stop. Door opens and Ann disengages herself. Ferguson hands suitcase to driver.
- 212 CLOSE TWO SHOT - Ann on bus step, Ferguson slightly below her. Ann starts to speak but can't manage it, takes one last look at Ferguson and turns into bus, door closing behind her.
- 213 CLOSE SHOT - Ferguson, looking after her.
- 214 CLOSE SHOT - Ann - From Ferguson's angle. She looks at him through bus window. She is crying openly now and waving to him as bus slowly pulls away.

(CONTINUED)

- 215 CLOSE SHOT - Ferguson - As he watches bus disappearing down road. He, too, is near the point of breaking up.
- 216 EXTREME LONG SHOT - Bus in distance. (NOTE: Throughout this final scene, the musical theme is that of the waltz "Didn't you Know").
- 217 MED. SHOT - Ferguson, as he turns away and walks slowly back to his car.

FADE OUT

THE END