

PLAYBACK

An Original Screenplay

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. OPEN LANDSCAPE WITH RAILROAD TRACKS -- DAY

LONG SHOT

A STREAMLINER coming TOWARDS CAMERA which is off to one side of tracks. The landscape has pine and fir trees and is a northern Washington landscape.

As the streamliner passes, the CAMERA PANS around following it and stops. The streamliner tears off into the distance and in the foreground is WE SEE a RAILROAD SIGN --

"EVERETT WASH."

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STREAMLINER IN MOTION - CORRIDOR -- DAY

SHOWING OPEN DOORS OF FOUR ROOMETTES

Through the windows can be seen the landscape through which the train is passing. In the first roomette, counting from the left, is a well-dressed, rather wise-looking FEMALE, young, smart. She is making up her face.

In the second is a middle-aged couple, a CANADIAN IMMIGRATION INSPECTOR and a CANADIAN CUSTOMS INSPECTOR.

In the third, BETTY MAYFIELD is seated near the window, turning over the pages of a magazine. She is about 27 years old, beautiful, blonde, and has a remote troubled expression, as though her thoughts were far away.

The fourth is empty. There is a man's suitcase in evidence on the seat. LARRY MITCHELL enters from the left. He is tall, good-looking, young, with superficial charm and rather too much self-assurance.

He glances in at the woman in the first roomette, stops in the door and leans against it.

We MOVE IN so this scene becomes a SHOT of a single roomette. OVER SCENE is HEARD the voices of the Canadian Immigration Officer.

CANADIAN OFFICIAL (O.S.)
Good afternoon. You name, please.

PASSENGER (O.S.)
George Olson.

MITCHELL
(to the unknown
woman)
Better stop while it's still
perfect.

She looks up at him with a slow stare.

CANADIAN OFFICIAL (O.S.)
And where were you born, Mr. Olson?

PASSENGER (O.S.)
Waukegan, Illinois.

UNKNOWN WOMAN
(to Mitchell)
Is there something I can do for
you?

MITCHELL
There are a lot of things you could
do for me.

IMMIGRATION INSPECTOR (O.S.)
And this is your wife, Mr. Olson?

PASSENGER (O.S.)
Yes. She was born in Waukegan,
too. Same as Jack Benny, you know.

OFFICER (O.S.)
(puzzled)
Jack Benny?

UNKNOWN WOMAN
(to Mitchell)
Well, there is something you could
do for me.

MITCHELL

I'd be delighted.

UNKNOWN WOMAN

You can move to one side. So my
husband can get in.

Mitchell glances back, then moves to one side with a smile. He is quite unperturbed. A rather decrepit MAN creeps past him into the roomette with the unknown WOMAN. She gives Mitchell a quick flashing smile. Mitchell grins, turns away.

CAMERA PULLS BACK AND PANS HIM PAST THE NEXT ROOMETTE

We now see the IMMIGRATION and CUSTOMS OFFICIALS and two MIDDLE-AGED PASSENGERS.

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL

(to Olson)

Any firearms? Dutiable articles of
any kind, Mr. Olson?

Olson shakes his head.

CAMERA PANS Mitchell past this door to the door of better Mayfield's roomette. He leans in this as he did in the unknown Woman's roomette.

MITCHELL

(to Betty)

Would you care to see the Seattle
paper?

Betty turns slowly, stares at him.

BETTY

No thanks, I've seen Seattle.

MITCHELL

My name's Larry Mitchell. I live
in Vancouver.

Betty says nothing.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)
Same as an hour ago. Remember?
I'm the steady type.

BETTY
(coldly)
I'm afraid there's nothing I can
do about it, Mr. Mitchell.

CAMERA NOW HAS MOVED IN CLOSE enough to exclude the other
roomettes completely.

MITCHELL
You could tell me your name. And
where you're going.

BETTY
How far does this train go?

MITCHELL
Vancouver, B.C.

BETTY
I'm going to Vancouver, Mr.
Mitchell.

She picks up a magazine and opens it, ignoring him.

MITCHELL
O.K. Be rugged.

He turns, starts out, then looks back at her.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)
You're next for the Immigration
and Customs. I trust your papers
are all in order.

Betty looks up quickly and cannot conceal a startled
expression. Mitchell reacts.

CAMERA PULLS BACK as he comes out into corridor, looks
towards the roomette in which the officials are, then turns
towards the next roomette and goes into it. Fussess with
his suitcase.

CAMERA PANS across to the officials coming out of Olson's

roomette. As they come out of Olson's roomette.

CANADIAN IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL
I hope you will enjoy your stay in
Canada, Mr. Olson.

OLSON'S VOICE (O.S.)
Thanks.

Canadian officials then go on to Betty's roomette, enter.

CANADIAN IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL
Your name, please.

BETTY
Betty... Mayfield.

There is a perceptible hesitation which immigration
officials notices.

OFFICIAL
Betty Mayfield. Miss or Mrs.

Mitchell is seen in his roomette, standing near the door
listening.

BETTY
Miss Mayfield.

OFFICIAL
And where were you born, Miss
Mayfield?

BETTY
New York, City.

The official is a little suspicious. He looks down at
Betty's hands which are clasped in her lap.

OFFICIAL
I see you are wearing a wedding
ring.

BETTY
I've been married. My Husband...
(she breaks off and
bites her lip)

INSPECTOR

Then I take it Mayfield was not
your married name?

He is very polite, but is building up to asking for some
identification papers. On this cue, Mitchell comes out of
his roomette, crosses, enters Betty's roomette.

CAMERA MOVES IN

MITCHELL

I've wired ahead to--

He breaks off, turns to Inspector, recognizes him.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Inspector Gillette, Isn't it? I'm
Larry Mitchell. We've met before,
several times.

He takes out wallet and holds it out to Inspector.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

I cross the border so often I carry
an identification card.

INSPECTOR

(glancing at card)

Yes, I remember you, Mr. Mitchell.

(glancing at Betty)

You know this lady?

MITCHELL

Very well. Since 1940, at least.
I met her--let me see--it was New
York City, wasn't it Betty?

Betty nods silently. Inspector turns back to her, handing
Mitchell's wallet back.

INSPECTOR

(to Betty)

How long do you expect to be in
Canada, Miss Mayfield?

BETTY

Oh... a month.

INSPECTOR

(making up his mind)

Thank you. I hope you have a pleasant trip.

He turns away, starts out.

CUSTOMS INSPECTOR

(to Betty)

Any firearms? Dutiable articles of any kind?

BETTY

No.

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL

Thank you.

He marks her baggage.

MITCHELL

(to Customs Inspector)

My suitcases are open in the next room.

CUSTOMS INSPECTOR

(to Mitchell)

Anything dutiable, Mr. Mitchell?

MITCHELL

No. Nothing.

CUSTOMS INSPECTOR

Thank you.

Custom Inspector goes out. Mitchell sits down, looks at Betty coolly. She avoids his eyes.

MITCHELL

Better get rid of the wedding ring.
That's what threw him.

Betty looks out of the window, says nothing.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Trouble?

Betty turns her head and looks at him without speaking.
Her face is empty of expression.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Or Reno?

(a beat)

They always throw them off the
bridge there, I've heard.

BETTY

Perhaps I don't take it so lightly.

MITCHELL

Where are you staying in Vancouver
Royal. It's pretty crowded you
know.

BETTY

Is it? I expected to go to the
Vancouver Royal. Should I have a
reservation?

MITCHELL

I'll make one for you.

(a beat)

I live there.

BETTY

(doubtfully)

Well..

MITCHELL

(quietly)

A very small service. It doesn't
even ask for thanks. How long for?

BETTY

I really don't know.

MITCHELL

Indefinitely?

BETTY
(with a shrug)
I don't know.

MITCHELL
(eyeing her
thoughtfully)
You don't know.

He turns and goes. She looks after him, puzzled and rather attracted. Then his mood passes and she relapses again into her listless, hopeless manner. She reaches for the magazine and starts to leaf through its pages indifferently, as we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROYAL HOTEL -- DAY

LONG SHOT

It is a massive brick and sandstone building, set in beautiful gardens which slope down towards Puget Sound.

CLOSER SHOT - THE ENTRANCE

A taxi drives up, Larry Mitchell and Betty get out, PORTER comes forward, takes their luggage etc. Larry pays taxi and they start in through entrance.

INT. ROYAL HOTEL - LOBBY - THE DESK -- DAY

Larry and Betty come up to it, BELLHOP carrying luggage.

HOTEL CLERK
Good afternoon, Mr. Mitchell.
Have a nice trip? Glad to see you
back.

MITCHELL
Fine, thanks. This is Miss Betty
Mayfield. You have a reservation
for her.

CLERK

Miss Mayfield. Yes, indeed. A balcony room on the top floor, Magnificent view. Nothing above it but the penthouse.

He pushes registration pad towards Betty, and she signs. Mitchell turns, looks out across lobby. A malicious smile move his lips.

MITCHELL'S POV

One side of the lobby is a glassed-in-terrace. It is tea time and a couple of large tea wagons are being pushed around among the guests by FOOTMEN in uniform. With each tea wagon are two neat MAIDS, who set out cups, pass sandwiches, cakes, etc., While the FOOTMAN pours the tea.

CLOSER SHOT

A tea wagon beside a table at which sit MR. CLARENDON and MARGO WEST. Mr. Clarendon is elegant, white-haired, aristocratic-looking, a cane and spats type. Margo is handsome, thirty-ish, almost overpoweringly well-dressed. Obviously money, obviously been around. Margo is studying her face in a pocket mirror. Tea wagon and maids move away.

MARGO

I'm getting positively haggard.
In a couple of years people will
be describing me as well preserved.

CLARENDON

(looking off)

I see out friend Larry Mitchell is
with us again.

Margo's hand stops in mid-air, holding mirror. She looks up slowly.

MARGO

I couldn't care less.

Just the same, she sees in which direction. Clarendon is looking and starts to turn.

CLARENDON

And with a very beautiful girl, if
my eyes don't deceive me at this
distance.

Margo reacts and swings around, CAMERA PANNING.

Larry and Betty have turned away from the desk and are
going towards elevators, BELLHOP behind them. Larry is
bending towards Betty intimately. Margo turns back to
Clarendon. Her face is frozen with a controlled emotion.

MARGO

I don't think I want any tea.

She picks up her bag and stands up. Goes out of shot.
Clarendon looks after her with a malicious smile.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ROYAL HOTEL - MARGO'S SUITE - LIVING ROOM -- DAY

It's is very spacious, obviously expensive. It is empty at
the moment. Margo unlocks door from outside, comes in,
shuts and cocks door, walks swiftly into room, throws her
bag viciously on the desk, yanks her hat off, throws it on
chair. She goes over to the balcony window, takes cigarette
out of box on the desk, her hand shakes as she lights it
with lighter. She puffs at it furiously, looking out of
window. After a moment, she snubs out in an ashtray, moves
across to telephone, picks it up.

MARGO

(into phone)

Mr. Larry Mitchell, please

(a beat, she changes
her mind)

No, never mind.

She puts telephone back in cradle and goes back to cigarette
box, lights another cigarette in the same nervous, jerky
manner, and puffs again. There is a KNOCK ON THE DOOR. She
spins around, walks quickly to door, throws it open.
Mitchell comes in. She says nothing as he moves in past
her. She shuts the door.

MITCHELL

I'm afraid you're not very glad to see me, Margo.

MARGO

(between her teeth)

With your charm? How could I help it? Have a nice trip?

MITCHELL

So-so.

MARGO

Who's the girl?

MITCHELL

Her name's Mayfield. Betty Mayfield.

MARGO

Nice.

MITCHELL

She's just a girl I met on the train. You don't mind do you?

MARGO

(tartly)

Why should I mind?

MITCHELL

You shouldn't. You washed me up very thoroughly.

MARGO

As thoroughly as I could. It wasn't easy. But you are helping me.

MITCHELL

(staring at her)

Margo, darling. You washed me up. Remember? We're just friends. You wanted it that way.

MARGO

(ignoring this)

She's very beautiful. She's much younger than I am. And she's rich, I hope.

MITCHELL

Rich? I haven't the faintest idea. Why?

MARGO

You ought to know why.

MITCHELL

I don't. My hunch is she's just torn up an unhappy marriage. I was able to do her a small favor.

MARGO

Splendid. Now she can return the compliment.

She crosses the desk, gets bag, gets keys out, unlocks the desk drawer and jerks it open, takes something out and turns, holding it in her hand. Two checks.

MARGO (CONT'D)

She can give you enough money to cover these... and the other bad checks you've given me.

Mitchell comes up to her slowly, looks down at the checks.

MITCHELL

I hoped to get enough to cover them before they cleared. I wasn't lucky.

MARGO

You know what would happen to you if I turned these over to the police?

MITCHELL

(quietly)

I have a rough idea.

MARGO

You'd go to jail. For a long term.

MITCHELL

Correct. I couldn't even afford to pay a lawyer to defend me.

A beat. They stare at each other.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

What'll we do about it, Margo?

MARGO

She is much younger than I am.
That's something I'm going to have
to get used to. Isn't it, Larry?
They'll all be much younger than I
am. Here.

(she holds out the
checks)

Tear them up.

He takes them, puts them in his pocket and stands there looking at her. A sob catches in her throat.

MARGO (CONT'D)

I guess I'm still in love with
you, Larry. What an idiot!

He reaches to take her in his arms. First she pushes him off, then yields. He pulls her close and kisses her. Then, as they come out of the kiss,

MITCHELL

I've always been a heel. I guess I
always will be.

MARGO

You don't have to make a pose of
it.

MITCHELL

It's the only pose I have left.
I'm sunk. Broke. I don't even have
my hotel bill.

MARGO

(a little sharply)

I seem to recognize this routine.

First the kiss then the touch.

(she makes a hopeless
gesture.)

Oh, what's the use. You're you.

She turns and moves towards the desk.

MARGO (CONT'D)

I only have a couple of hundred.

She picks her bag up, holds it out. He comes up beside her.

MARGO (CONT'D)

I seem to remember that you like
to help yourself.

MITCHELL

(taking the bag)

That's not very kind.

MARGO

Kind or not kind. What's the
difference? It always ends up the
same way.

He gives her a twisted smile, opens the bag, rummages through it, opens the zipper pocket inside and comes out with some currency and looks over, puts it in his pocket. Puts the bag down on the desk, glances into the open drawer. His look becomes fixed.

MITCHELL'S POV (what he sees), SHOOTING DOWN INTO THE DRAWER, is a small, pearl-handled automatic, lying in the corner. Mitchell's hand goes down into it, takes the gun.

TWO-SHOT of Margo and Mitchell as his hand comes up with the gun.

MITCHELL

(almost amused)

What's this?

MARGO

What does it look like?

MITCHELL

How long have you had it?

MARGO

Years, why?

MITCHELL

It's against the law to cross the border with a gun. The Canadian police might like to know about this.

MARGO

(very quietly)

You already have the checks, darling.

MITCHELL

I didn't mean it that way
(he puts the gun
back in the drawer,
pushes the drawer
shut.)
I'm sorry.

MARGO

Oh, forget it. Clark Brandon's throwing a party up in his penthouse this evening. Take me?

MITCHELL

Of course.

MARGO

How about your new friend?

MITCHELL

(with a laugh)

I told you she's just...

MARGO

(cutting in sharply)

A girl you meet on the train.

(MORE)

MARGO (CONT'D)
(she glances at her
wrist watch)
Be back in an hour. Right?

MITCHELL
Right.

MARGO
In an hour, Larry.

Mitchell stares at her levelly for a moment, then goes without a word.

INT. ROYAL HOTEL - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE MARGO'S ROOM -- DAY

Mitchell has just closed the door, stands with his hand on the knob, a smile playing across his features. He starts to whistle as he walks down the corridor. He takes a little dance step perhaps, this is to indicate that his whole attitude with Margo is just part of an act. He stops beside the big sand jar, lights a cigarette, drops the match in the jar, takes out the money from Margo's bag, flips it with a smile on his face, puts it back in his pocket, takes out the two checks Margo gave him, tears off the signatures, places checks in his pocket, tears the signature fragments into small pieces, drops them into the jar, goes on whistling.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ROYAL HOTEL - DESK AND ELEVATOR BANK -- DAY

A couple of GUESTS at the desk. A CLERK is handing out mail. CAMPBELL, the manager, is standing to one side. The elevator comes down. Mitchell comes out, crosses to the desk and addresses Campbell.

MITCHELL
Good afternoon, Mr. Campbell.

CAMPBELL
(coldly)
Mr. Mitchell.

MITCHELL

(airily)

A little something on account
perhaps?

CAMPBELL

Rather more than a little something,
Mr. Mitchell.

MITCHELL

I'm afraid this is all for the
moment.

Campbell picks up the money, counts it, puts it down.

CAMPBELL

I think we'd better discuss this
in my office, Mr. Mitchell.

MITCHELL

Nothing to discuss. Tomorrow the
sun will shine even brighter. Be
grateful for small mercies.

Campbell shrugs, reaches for the money.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Oh, I forgot. I have a dinner
engagement. Excuse me.

He removes a couple of bills from the money.

MITCHELL

Thank you, Mr. Campbell.

He puts money in his pocket, turns away. Campbell looks
after him with cold anger. Mitchell dodges back into
elevator just as it is about to start up.

INT. ROYAL HOTEL - BETTY'S ROOM -- DAY

Hat and suitcase in sight. Light is on in the closet. Betty
is inside closet, hanging up clothes. As she comes out,
switching off light, DOOR BUZZER SOUNDS. She opens door,
Mitchell breezes on past her. She registers annoyance,
then closes door. Mitchell crosses to the open French door
of the balcony.

MITCHELL

Nice room. Balcony and everything.
Lovely view too.

BETTY

(coolly)
Very nice Mitchell turns.

MITCHELL

No thanks?

BETTY

(same voice)
Thank you.

MITCHELL

(frowning)
Suppose I hadn't known that
immigration inspector? Hadn't put
in a good word for you?

BETTY

I'm supposing.

MITCHELL

I think you're a nice girl. I like
you. But I can read signs if the
print is large enough. It was your
manner more than the wedding ring
that bothered the inspector. A
sort of tenseness, as if you were
afraid of something.

Betty just goes on looking at him.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

I have a darned good idea you're
name isn't Betty Mayfield at all.

BETTY

Yes?

MITCHELL

How about taking to Uncle Larry
into the old firm? He's a useful
guy to have on your side.

No answer.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

(slight change of
pace)

Don't get me wrong, Betty. I'm not
suggesting you murdered anybody,
you know.

Betty reacts. He sees the reaction. His smile broadens.
Then very casually,

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Dine and dance tonight? I've got
fifty bucks to throw away.

BETTY

Not tonight.

MITCHELL

What's the matter?

BETTY

I'm not in the mood for dining and
dancing.

MITCHELL

We have some nice places around
Vancouver.

BETTY

I'm sure you have.

MITCHELL

(puzzled a little)

Well, how about a breeze up to the
penthouse about six o'clock? A
friend of mine is throwing a
cocktail party up there.

BETTY

I haven't been invited.

MITCHELL

Nobody gets invited to Clark
Brandon's parties. They just go.

BETTY

Perhaps I'd better get you
straightened out, Mr. Mitchell.
You've been rather nice to me, in
a couple of ways. And I'm grateful.
But I don't think this entitles
you to put me on a leash.

MITCHELL

Nobody I'd rather have on a leash.

Betty crosses to the door and opens it.

BETTY

I'm awfully sorry, but I'd like to
take a bath and get freshened up.

Mitchell hesitates, then comes across slowly to the door.

MITCHELL

The brush-off, huh?

BETTY

I'm trying very hard to be polite
about it.

Mitchell grins, then suddenly reaches for her and kisses
her. She doesn't struggle, is quite impassive. After a
moment he lets go, steps back.

MITCHELL

Don't I even get my face slapped?

BETTY

(indicating the
open door)
Would you mind?

MITCHELL

(a little puzzled,
confused by her
attitude)
Okay. You win.

He starts out, turns to say,

MITCHELL

If you change your mind about the cocktail party, or anything else, give me a buzz.

BETTY

If I change my mind.

He goes. He closes the door. CAMERA MOVES IN ON HER FACE. She wipes off her lips with her handkerchief, almost in an absentminded way. The kiss didn't mean anything to her, one way or another. There is great loneliness in her eyes.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. ROYAL HOTEL - LOBBY -- NIGHT

WIDE SHOT

Showing a lot of activity, etc.

The time is 6:00 P.M. Approximately, but this is June in Canada and broad daylight, and will be for several hours yet.

In the background Betty comes in through glass doors from the garden terrace, walks slowly across the lobby. People are looking at her with interest, specially the men. As she reaches the elevator bank, she glances off to one side, past the desk. Her look becomes fixed.

CAMERA PANS AROUND TO SHOW A NEON SIGN "TAVERN" this side of an archway and people going in.

She turns away from elevator, starts in that direction, passes on beneath sign.

INT. ROYAL HOTEL - TAVERN -- NIGHT

As Betty come in, stands looking around. It is lighted somewhat dimly. There are a number of small tables. There is a bar but it is only for the use of the waiters. Betty looks around for a vacant table, then starts moving along looking for one. None empty, but at one sits a MAN alone.

He is about 35, clean fine-drawn type, with a saturnine expression. He glances up. Betty meets his eyes, starts to turn away. Man indicates the chair opposite him. His manner of doing this is so completely indifferent to her as a person, that she hesitates.

BRANDON

(standing up)

You can have the table yourself,
if you'd rather. I'm only killing
time.

BETTY

No, please.

BRANDON

Sit down then. We often have a
double up here.

BETTY

I see.

She pulls the chair back, sits down. Brandon sits down. He lights a cigarette, doesn't offer her one. She is watching him, a little puzzled, probably has had very few experiences of men not trying to pick her up in such circumstances. Betty looks around at the scurrying WAITERS who pay no attention to her yet.

BRANDON

(calling out sharply)

Oh, waiter.

WAITER turns, sees him, immediately comes to stand at his side.

WAITER

Yes sir.

Brandon, without speaking, indicates Betty. Waiter turns to her.

WAITER

Yes, Miss.

BETTY

I'd like a dry Martini. Very dry,
please.

WAITER

Sorry, Miss. Beer and ale only.
Canadian law.

BETTY

(surprised)

Beer?

(she shrugs)

Well, all right.

WAITER

Beer or ale, Miss?

BETTY

Ale. I don't mind.

WAITER

Right, Miss.

He turns away. Brandon is smiling at her faintly, She meets
his eyes, smiles back.

BETTY

(to Brandon)

Your liquor laws..

BRANDON

(cutting in)

Disgusting, aren't they? If you
really want a Martini, I know where
you can get one.

Betty looks inquiringly at him and doesn't speak.

BRANDON

A fellow named Brandon has a
penthouse here. He's holding open
house. I was up there. Too noisy.
Bored.

BETTY

I see.

BRANDON

(indifferently)

It might be worth a Martini to you.

BETTY

I don't need it that badly. I don't enjoy crashing other people's parties.

BRANDON

It's open-house. No crashing involved. Anybody in the hotel's welcome.

BETTY

What did you say his name was?

BRANDON

Brandon. Clark Brandon. Fellow about my age. Lot of money... that he didn't make. Former American. Now naturalized in Canada. Social standing indeterminate. Manners not quite perfect. Scotch superb.

BETTY

You don't sound as if you liked him very much.

BRANDON

(quietly)

No.. not very well. And I like his friends even less. But..

(he waves his hand

indifferently)

If you really want a good dry Martini..

BETTY

As I said before...

BRANDON

Sure. But I'd hate like the Dickens to be held to everything I've said before, wouldn't you?

Betty suddenly laughs. The waiter brings the glass and the bottle of bass ale, sets them down in front of her. Brandon makes a motion and the waiter goes away without collecting.

BETTY

You're not paying for this. It's quite enough that you let me sit at your table.

BRANDON

I never pay for anything. They just keep me here to amuse the guests.

BETTY

And do you amuse the guests?

BRANDON

No.

(indicating her
bottle of ale)

Are you really going to drink that stuff?

BETTY

You're drinking it.

BRANDON

(indicating his
almost untouched
glass)

I can be talked out of it. As a matter of fact, I'd like a dry Martini myself.

BETTY

Would it make you anymore amusing?

BRANDON

Whatever you say.

BETTY

I didn't say anything.

BRANDON

(standing up and
putting money on
the table)

I don't know you and you don't
know me. I made a reasonably polite
suggestion. But I'm sure you'd
rather be alone.

BETTY

I hate to be alone. But I've heard
all the approaches there are...
even yours.

Brandon turns back, stares down at her coldly.

BRANDON

Neatly said...but to the wrong
man. The trouble with pretty girls
is that they can't imagine anyone
thinking of anything else but the
fact they are pretty girls. I get
tired of it.

BETTY

(directly)

Do you think I don't?

BRANDON

(interested)

Thanks for the fresh air. That
felt good.

BETTY

(standing up and
taking her bag)

You're sure Mr. Brandon won't mind?

BRANDON

He doesn't even know half the people
who come up to drink his liquor.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROYAL HOTEL - LOBBY/PENTHOUSE -- NIGHT

An elevator comes up. Brandon and Betty come out. There is a sound of revelry behind the penthouse door, opposite the elevators. They cross. Brandon opens the door casually, without bothering to ring, users Betty in.

INT. ROYAL HOTEL - PENTHOUSE- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

A big room, with French doors opening on a large terrace. A few couples are dancing outside on the terrace and a few more inside the room. There is a portable bar at one side of the room and two WAITERS behind it. The dance music is coming from a large Radio-Phonograph. Brandon and Betty come in. Brandon shuts the door. There are eighteen or twenty people around, with the usual alcoholic glitter in their eyes and the usual strident voices and exaggerated laughter.

CAMERA PANS BRANDON AND BETTY OVER TOWARDS THE BAR, DISCOVERING Mitchell leaning against it, staring morosely into a drink. He drains the last of it.

MITCHELL

(to bartender in a
thick voice)

Another.

BARTENDER takes a glass. Brandon and Betty come up to the bar. Mitchell does not at first look up.

BRANDON

(to bartender)

This lady would like a dry Martini.
So would I.

BARTENDER

Very good, sir.

He turns away. Mitchell looks up, sees Betty, reacts.

MITCHELL

Well, well. Baby wouldn't come with
me. Where did you pick her up?

Brandon glances from Betty to Mitchell puzzled, shrugs.

BRANDON

Hello, Mitchell. Having fun?

MITCHELL

The liquors lovely. The rest of
the party you can have.

He moves towards Betty, puts an arm around her. Betty rises
tries to pull away.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

What's the matter, baby. Don't you
like me anymore?

BRANDON

(to Mitchell)

Lay off, can't you?

MITCHELL

Lay off what? This is my new girl
friend. Met her on the train.
She's very fond of me. Love at
first sight. Wasn't it, baby?

Brandon reacts. There is a certain contempt in his look at
Betty now. Bartender serves drinks impassively. Mitchell
grabs his, gulps half of it down. Betty quietly releases
herself and moves away from him.

BRANDON

And I'd begun to think this was my
lucky day.

A liveried HOTEL SERVANT COMES INTO SHOT.

SERVANT

(to Brandon)

You're wanted on the telephone,
Mr. Brandon. Mrs. West.

As the Servant says "Brandon", Betty reacts.

BRANDON

(to servant)

Thanks.

(MORE)

BRANDON (CONT'D)

(to Betty with brutal
sarcasm)

If you are a friend of Larry
Mitchell's I'm sure I leave you in
good hands.

He goes out of SHOT.

She looks after him unhappily.

CAMERA PANS BRANDON across his living room to an inner
door. He starts through.

INT. ROYAL HOTEL - PENTHOUSE - BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Telephone on table, receiver down as Brandon enters, close
door against the noise.

BRANDON

(into phone)

Hello Margo. Aren't you coming up?

(a beat)

Mitchell? Oh yes, he's here.

(he smiles a little
grimly)

He came up alone, but it seems he
has a new girlfriend with him
now.

(a beat)

Don't be theatrical, Margo. What
do you care about Mitchell? Come
on up and have a drink.

INT. ROYAL HOTEL - MARGO'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Margo on the phone.

MARGO

(in a flat voice)

I haven't any intensions of being
theatrical. Of course I'll come
up. Goodbye.

She hangs up, stand for a moment, staring at nothing, then
she turns, picks her wrap out of the chair, puts it on,
crosses to the desk for her handbag. She opens the bag,

pauses, then in SLOW MOTION, pulls open the drawer of the desk.

CAMERA IN CLOSE, studies her face as she looks down into the drawer of the desk, which we do not see. But we already know there is a gun there. Her body is quite motionless, her expression frozen. When she moves we do not see whether she takes the gun out of the drawer or not. We HEAR the SNAP of her bag shutting. The she turns away, starts across the room to leave.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ROYAL HOTEL - ELEVATOR IN MOTION UP -- NIGHT

A quiet, gentlemanly-looking MAN is leaning against the back wall of the elevator, wearing a trench coat and a soft hat. He is a homicide dick named KILLLAINE, but you'd never think that to look at him. Elevator stops, doors open, and Margo enters.

ELEVATOR BOY

(very polite)

Did you have a nice day, Mrs.
West?

MARGO

I had a rotten day, if it's any of
your business.

ELEVATOR BOY

I'm terribly sorry, Mrs. West.

MARGO

Don't let it break you up.

ELEVATOR BOY

Oh, I wouldn't do that, Mrs. West.

The man chuckles, Margo looks around at him.

MARGO

What's so funny?

Killlaine wipes the smile off his face.

KILLAINE
(imitating boy)
I'm terribly sorry, Mrs. West.

As she stares at him, he takes his monocle out of his pocket, polishes it, sticks it in his eye.

MARGO
Oh, the Coldstream Guards.
(a beat)
Don't you take your hat off in elevators?

KILLAINE
(pleasantly)
I never wear a hat.
(his face changes to consternation)
Oh, so I am. I forgot.
(he takes his hat off)
I guess I'm terribly sorry again, Mrs. West.

Elevator stops.

ELEVATOR BOY
Penthouse floor, please.

Margo sweeps out, Killaine follows her.

INT. ROYAL HOTEL - PENTHOUSE FLOOR - LOBBY -- NIGHT

As they cross to the Penthouse door.

KILLAINE
May I?

He pushes the button.

MARGO
May you what?

KILLAINE
Oh nothing.

MARGO

Are you always this witty?

Killaine laughs as the door opens. Brandon stands in it.

BRANDON

Hi Margo. Hello Killaine. You two
come together?

MARGO

In the same elevator. It is a public
conveyance.

CAMERA TAKES THEM INTO THE ROOM the door starts to close.

INT. ROYAL HOTEL - PENTHOUSE - LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Brandon, Killaine and Margo standing by the door.

BRANDON

Let me introduce you. Mr. Killaine,
Mrs. West.

MARGO

(not looking at
Killaine)
Fascinated.

Her eyes roam the room. She picks out Mitchell. Her
expression freezes.

MARGO'S POV

WHAT SHE SEES -- Betty is sitting in her chair in a corner
and Mitchell is standing over her, his hand on the back of
the chair. Her expression is wooden. His is a mixture of
insolence and pleading.

CAMERA RETURNS TO MARGO, BRANDON AND KILLAINE as they cross
to the bar.

At the same time Mitchell leaves Betty, also crosses to
the bar, reaches it about the same time as Margo. Margo
gives Mitchell a long, cool, empty stare. Mitchell smiles
a little sheepishly, embarrassed even in his drunkenness.

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BRANDON

What'll you have, Margo?

MARGO

(without looking at
him)

Martini.

BRANDON

(to Killaine)

You, Killaine?

KILLAINE

Scotch and plain water, I think.

MARGO

(not looking at him)

Warm water, no doubt.

BRANDON

What?

KILLAINE

A private joke.

He gets the monocle out and sticks it in his eye again.

KILLAINE

It goes with this... cold houses
and warm drinks...the effete
Englishman.

BRANDON

You're not English.

Bartender serves drinks. Margo puts her bag down on the bar. It makes a heavy CLUNKING SOUND. KILLAINE'S eyes go to it, without too much expression. Mitchell reacts more. To him the clunking sound has a meaning. He starts to reach for the bag. Margo pointedly moves it away from him.

MITCHELL

(to Margo thickly)

I'm sorry. I forgot about calling
for you.

MARGO

It's quite unimportant, Mr.
Mitchell. After all, you got what
you wanted.

MITCHELL

Be nasty.

MARGO

I have no intension of being nasty,
Mr. Mitchell.

MITCHELL

In that case, there's someone here
I'd like to introduce to you. Over
there.

Margo looks towards Betty. She reacts.

MARGO

(almost to herself)

She is beautiful. And young.

(she turns back to
Mitchell)

No thank you.

MITCHELL

(aggressively)

I say YES!

Margo quietly turning her back on him and reaching for her
glass.

MARGO

You're not the type to be masterful,
darling. It takes character.

Mitchell reaches for her shoulder and spins her around,
causing her to slop some of her drink out on the bar.

MARGO (CONT'D)
(with sudden deadly
sweetness)
Of course, darling. Anything you
say.

She goes off with Mitchell. Killaine looks after then
puzzled. Brandon is indifferent.

KILLAINE
That's what I like about cocktail
parties. Everyone is so perfectly
natural.

BRANDON
How's life treating you?

KILLAINE
The usual grind.

BRANDON
Round of golf Saturday?

KILLAINE
If I can get off.

INT. ROYAL HOTEL - PENTHOUSE - LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

CORNER OF THE ROOM

Betty is sitting alone as Margo and Mitchell COME INTO
SHOT.

MITCHELL
Betty, this is Margo West. She
wants to meet you. Miss Mayfield.

BETTY
How do you do?

MARGO
(staring at her)
You're very attractive, my dear.
And you look very unsophisticated.

MITCHELL

Unsophisticated?

(he laughs nastily)

If I knew about this babe...

Betty stands up quickly.

BETTY

I think I'd like to dance.

MITCHELL

Why certainly, baby.

He puts his arm around Betty and dances off with her, leaving Margo standing.

CAMERA FOLLOWS THEM as they dance.

They pass Mr. Clarendon, who is sitting as usual with his silver-haired cane between his legs, paying no particular attention to anything.

BETTY

(to Mitchell as
they dance)

Please be a little more careful
how you talk, Mr. Mitchell.

MITCHELL

How careful should I be?

BETTY

I don't like being referred to as
babe, or addressed as baby. I don't
like your possessive attitude, nor
your hints of secret knowledge. In
fact, to be very frank, Mr.
Mitchell, I don't think I like
you.

MITCHELL

Maybe you're going to have to like
me.

He disengages her left hand enough to hold it up and look at it.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

You've shed the ring, haven't you?
Took my advice. That's the girl.
Keep right on taking my advice and
we'll get somewhere.

Betty jerks away from him and stops.

BETTY

I think you're drunk.

MITCHELL

Just drunk enough.

He puts his arm around her, pulls her close to him, and tilts her head back. She struggles against him, silently. He pushes her head back father and kisses her solidly on the mouth. She finally breaks away from him with flashing eyes.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

What's the matter, baby? Don't you
like being kissed?

BETTY

(with cold fury)

Next time you try that, Mr.
Mitchell...

(a beat, she takes
a deep breath,
then very pointedly)

...don't. I'm warning you.

BRANDON AND MARGO COME INTO SHOT FROM DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS

BRANDON

Do me a favor, Mitchell. Find
yourself a nice secluded park bench.

MITCHELL

(airily)

Did I do something wrong?

BRANDON

I wouldn't know. Just do it
somewhere else. There is such a
thing as good manners.

MITCHELL

How would you know, Brandon?

BRANDON

(harshly)

Want to walk out... or get thrown out?

MITCHELL

You don't throw guests out, Brandon.

BRANDON

Don't bet on it. I'm eccentric.

The two men glare at each other. Mitchell finally shrugs then goes towards the door.

MARGO

(to Brandon, quietly)

It takes two to clinch. Clark.
Nice to have seen you.

She starts towards the door. Brandon hurries quickly to open it for her. She goes without looking at him, her mouth tight. He shuts the door, looks back towards Betty, who has remained standing perfectly still. She takes a handkerchief out of her bag and scrubs her mouth off as Brandon comes back to her. Clarendon stands up slowly.

BRANDON

(to Betty, offhand)

Dance?

BETTY

No thank you.

CLARENDON

(to Brandon)

Where I come from, Mr. Brandon,
the host tries to protect his guests
from insult.

BRANDON

I stopped him.

CLARENDON

And if he fails, he at least has
the good manners to apologize.

BRANDON

I don't exactly regard Larry
Mitchell's pick-ups...

Clarendon turns back on him. Then--

CLARENDON

(to Betty, with
courtly gesture)

We haven't been introduced. But if
you'll overlook that, I'm sure
that between us we can contrive a
graceful exit.

BETTY

(smiling at him
warmly)

Thank you very much.

They go towards the door side by side.

Brandon turns and CAMERA PANS HIM BACK TO BAR where Killaine
has remained motionless, his drink un-tasted.

BRANDON

Would it have helped if I'd knocked
him down?

KILLAINE

Hardly. Who's the girl?

BRANDON

Somebody Mitchell picked up on the
train. I don't even know her name.

KILLAINE

She doesn't look like a girl who
would let herself be picked up on
a train.

BRANDON

That's what I thought, at first.

(a beat)

Maybe somebody else ought to have
thrown this party.

(a beat)

With my liquor of course.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ROYAL HOTEL - BETTY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT

Face of traveling clock on a night table. Room is dark,
lit only by moonlight. Hands of the clock stand almost
11:15. Ticking is HEARD faintly. A little smoke drifts
across the face of the clock.

CAMERA PANS BACK ALONG THE SMOKE to Betty lying in bed,
her eyes wide open. Somewhere outside a CHURCH CLOCK CHIMES
the quarter hour. The last strokes of the clock are drowned
out by a sudden peal of THUNDER. Betty jerks upright in
bed. The thunder frightens her. There is another LOUDER
peal, this time preceded by a FLASH of LIGHTENING which
LIGHTS UP HER FACE. She shuts her eyes against it. The
THUNDERSTORM grows suddenly HEAVY. Repeated FLASHES of
LIGHTENING across her FACE and peals of THUNDER.

CAMERA MOVES IN ON HER EYES which are frozen.

FLASHBACK:

INT. COUNTY COURTHOUSE - GREENWATER NORTH CAROLINA --
NIGHT

CAMERA PULLS BACK VERY SLOWLY

And everything has changed except Betty's expression. The
FLASHES go on, but they are now seen to be FLASHBULBS of
NEWSPAPER CAMERAMEN. Betty is dressed very soberly and is
standing just inside the door of a courtroom with a jail
matron beside her.

The CAMERA KEEPS PULLING BACK AWAY FROM BETTY, and the entire courtroom is seen.

It is late at night in the county courthouse GREENWATER, NORTH CAROLINA. There is an excited buzzing of conversation. A BAILIFF is RAPPING for order.

The JURY is sitting, grim faced and silent, in the box. The Judge is not on the bench yet.

Betty is led along the side corridor then through the bar where DEFENSE ATTORNEY, a haggard, dark-haired young man, stands waiting for her.

(NOTE: All Southern accents except Betty's in this scene)

BAILIFF

(shouting)

Everybody stand up! His Honor,
Judge Hopkinson! Court now in
session!

Everybody stands up. Betty and the jail matron and the young attorney face towards the bench.

CAMERA SHOWS THE PROSECUTING ATTORNEY, also standing up at his table.

CAMERA PANS OVER TO THE DOOR OF THE JUDGES CHAMBERS. He walks slowly to the bench, stands for a moment behind it, looking out over the courtroom, then sits down. He is a distinguished courtly Southerner of the best type, an old man but very erect. When he sits, all the spectators and lawyers sit down.

The double doors at the back are closed and a BAILIFF stands with his back to them. Suddenly, one of the doors is pushed open, almost knocking the Bailiff out of the way.

He turns angrily as HENRY KINSOLVING enters. The Bailiff seeing who it is, stands aside. Henry Kinsolving is an arrogant, bitter man about 60 years old, with the stamp of power and authority. He marches down the center aisle of the court through the bar, and sits at the table near the PROSECUTOR. The Judge stares down at him coldly.

JUDGE

Mr. Bailiff, please make room for
Mr. Henry Kinsolving, outside the
bar of the court.

Henry Kinsolving springs to his feet and glares at the
Judge. Then he turns and goes through the gate of the bar
and sits down outside in a chair the Bailiff places for
him solicitously. There is a general shuffling of feet and
noise which subsides slowly.

JUDGE

(slowly and
impressively)

Before the Jury renders its verdict,
the Court wishes to warn those
present that there is to be no
demonstrations of any kind. No
person is to leave the courtroom
until the Court rises.

(he glances towards
press table)

I repeat... no one is to leave the
courtroom.

There is a silence, then the Judge turns towards the Clerk.

JUDGE

You may proceed, Mr. Clerk.

CLERK

(he stands and looks
at Elizabeth)

The Defendant will rise and face
the Jury.

ELIZABETH stands up slowly and turns towards the Jury, who
do not look at her. They stare somewhere over her head.
The Clerk turns back to the Jury.

CLERK

Gentlemen of the Jury, have you
reached a verdict?

FOREMAN

(standing)

We have.

CLERK

And what is your verdict?

FOREMAN

We the Jury, find the Defendant,
Elizabeth Kinsolving, guilty of
murder in the first degree.

There is a surge of noise in the well of the court. The Judge raps sharply with his gavel. A couple of PRESSMEN start to get up, then look back and see that the doors are guarded and sit down again. The Prosecutor looks grimly satisfied; he glances at the DEFENDING COUNCIL with a half smile. Defense Counsel, whose name is LEAMINGTON, is shocked and pale. Elizabeth shows no reaction at all. Henry Kinsolving draws his mouth a little tighter, and there is a gleam in his eye. The Spectators look, for the most part, very satisfied. Leamington comes to his feet.

LEAMINGTON

(in a strangled
voice)

Motion to pool the Jury, if it
please the Court.

JUDGE

So ordered.

The Clerk now proceeds to poll the Jury, saying "Juror No. 1 what is your verdict?" And the Juror answering "Guilty of murder in the first degree." "Juror No. 2, what is your verdict?" Etc. This is covered by a series of CLOSE UPS all answer clearly until the Clerk comes to Juror No. 7, who mumbles in a low voice.

CLERK

(to Juror No. 7)

Speak a little louder please.

Juror No. 7 is staring hard at Elizabeth. His face is twisted with emotion. He is the only Juror who has looked at her. He swallows, doesn't answer, then his eyes go to Henry Kinsolving. Henry Kinsolving glares at Juror No. 7. Juror No. 7 wilts.

JUROR NO. 7

(thickly and
hesitatingly)

Guilty of murder in the first
degree.

The Clerk completes the polling of the Jury, then turns to the Judge. The Judge nods and Clerk sits down. The courtroom starts to get noisy again, and the Judge uses his gavel.

BAILIFF

Order in the Court!

JUDGE

The Court now has a statement to
make.

He glances towards Elizabeth, who is still standing rigidly.

JUDGE

(gently)

Please sit down, Mrs. Kinsolving.

Elizabeth sits, and clasps her hands in front of her.

JUDGE

This court, like most courts, has occasionally been guilty of judicial error. Prior to the commencement of this trial, Mr. Leamington, as attorney for the Defendant, made a motion for a change of venue on the ground that a fair trial could not be had by this Defendant in this jurisdiction. Most of you know why this motion was made. The Defendant was alleged to have been tried and convicted in the columns of the daily newspaper owned by her father-in-law, Mr. Henry Kinsolving, and as a result public opinion was said to have been prejudiced to the extent that it was doubtful twelve Jurors could be found with open minds. This Court regretfully denied the motion.

(MORE)

JUDGE (CONT'D)

It did not believe that a Jury with open minds could not be found. The members of this Jury declared on oath that their minds were open. The Court had no reason at that time to disbelieve them.

The Judge looks at the Jury sternly, and they react in various ways. The Judge's eyes go to Henry Kinsolving, who stares back at him.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Elizabeth Kinsolving has been tried and found guilty of murder of her husband, Lee Kinsolving. Lee Kinsolving was the only son of our most prominent citizen. Mr. Kinsolving controls, or is said to control, our leading bank, many of our business enterprises and our only daily newspaper. He affords employment to a large number of our citizens. His influence on our affairs is very great.

(dramatic pause)

Perhaps too great.

There is an upsurge of noise in the Court and the Bailiff shouts for order. Prosecutor jumps to his feet.

PROSECUTOR

Your Honor, I protest that statement!

JUDGE

Sit down, Mr. Prosecutor. You are out of order.

Prosecutor swallows, looks back at Henry Kinsolving, shrugs and sits down again. Leamington is leaning forward with a gleam in his eye. Elizabeth is still deadpan.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

We all knew Lee Kinsolving well, We watched him grow up. We observed that he was proud and hot tempered, and had a strain of arrogance, not unlike others of his family.

He looks meaningfully at Henry Kinsolving.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

From this town Lee Kinsolving went to fight for his country. And to this town, before he went overseas, he brought the wife he had married up North. To us he returned a war hero badly wounded, condemned for the rest of his life to wear a heavy brace around his neck. Competent medical testimony has shown that without that brace a very slight movement might have been enough to snap his spinal cord. This injury humiliated and embittered Lee Kinsolving, made him morose and violent, and perhaps caused him to drink to excess. The Defendant has admitted that there were bitter quarrels between herself and her husband. Such a quarrel took place on the night of his death, Upon the manner of that death this entire proceeding rests.

The Judge pauses and looks out over the courtroom, which is very quiet now, He pours himself a glass of water and takes a drink from it.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

In my summing up to the Jury I emphasized that the case for the prosecution was, as so many murder cases are, purely circumstantial. It was alleged that while Lee Kinsolving slept, perhaps in a drunken stupor and perhaps not, the Defendant removed the neck

(MORE)

JUDGE (CONT'D)

brace from his neck and jerked his head sufficiently to rupture the spinal cord and cause death. It is admitted that the Defendant was found holding the neck brace in her hand, and bending over her husband's body, which was lying on the bed. Not in the bed, mind you, but sprawled across it. The Defendant has testified that lee Kinsolving himself removed the neck brace to torment her, as it were, with the great danger in which this placed him. Then he started to walk towards her, holding the brace in his hands, and that being unsteady on his feet, he stumbled and fell backwards across the bed. And this fall broke his neck, although at the time she did not know it. She has testified that she picked the brace up from the floor and was about to attempt to replace it on his neck when her father-in-law entered the room and found her in that position.

(a beat)

By its verdict the Jury declared that Elizabeth Kinsolving's account of the death of her husband to be impossible of belief.

The Judge sips a little more water, then continues.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

In all murder trails, a motion by the Defense for a directed verdict of acquittal before the case goes to the Jury is more or less automatic. It is usually perfunctory, and for that reason immediately denied. The laws of this state, and a few other jurisdictions, confer upon a Court a right to reserve its ruling upon

(MORE)

JUDGE (CONT'D)

such a motion until after the Jury has rendered its verdict. In this proceeding, I, as presiding Judge, availed myself of this power. I most honestly hoped that the Jury in this case might act as impartially as it declared itself to be.

The Prosecuting Attorney again jumps to his feet, then changes his mind, sits down with a frustrated angry movement. Kinsolving is leaning forward, glaring. The Jury are now very uncomfortable. There is a BUZZ OF NOISE and the Bailiff again shouts for order.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Let me remind you that a Jury is the sole Judge of fact, and further let me remind you that the Jury must judge all the facts. It may not select nor create nor change facts. It may only interpret them. It may not declare something impossible which in fact is merely extremely difficult to believe.

(a beat)

Impossible is a very big word.

(another beat.)

If we believe Elizabeth Kinsolving's sworn testimony, we must also believe that Lee Kinsolving performed an act which was almost certain to cause his death. It is difficult... very difficult to believe. But is it impossible? Are we sure that he knew it would cause his death? Or that in his then state of mind, he even considered the consequences at all? Many people have attempted suicide as a result of domestic quarrels. Not all have succeeded, nor meant to succeed. And surely not all those who did succeed... fully intended to. Not all knew what they were doing and

(MORE)

JUDGE (CONT'D)

those who did know, there were surely a few whose desire to hurt others overcame their fear of hurting themselves. We cannot know what was in Lee Kinsolving's Mind. Therefore, some element of doubt must infallibly remain. It was not necessary for this Jury to declare its belief in the Defendant's innocence, nor to declare that Lee Kinsolving died by accident or his own intent. It was necessary for the Jury to admit to themselves, as reasonable men, the possibility... however slight... that Elizabeth Kinsolving's story was true. This possibility the Jury has refused to admit.

(dramatic pause)

It therefore becomes my duty to declare that such a possibility does in fact exist... and the Jury's refusal to recognize it was a failure to exercise its proper function.

A rising, antagonistic sound begins to surge from the spectators and Henry Kinsolving comes to his feet, slowly and rigidly. The Judge ignore him and looks straight at the foreman of the Jury, and speaks the rest of his speech in a clear, ringing, dominating voice.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

The Court therefore rules that the motion of the Attorney for the Defense for a directed verdict of not guilty be now granted. The verdict of guilty brought by this Jury is hereby set aside, and a verdict of not guilty is to be entered on the record.

(his voice now rises
almost to a shout)

And the Defendant, Elizabeth Kinsolving, is herewith discharged

(MORE)

JUDGE (CONT'D)
from custody of the Sheriff of
this county.

PANDEMONIUM and UPROAR in the Court. The Bailiff shouts for order. The Judge stands slowly, looks a moment out over the Court, then looks at Elizabeth, smiles at her faintly, turns, and starts back towards his chambers.

CAMERA PANS over to Henry Kinsolving. He stands like a statue, an icy rage, his face working, while behind him the noise of the spectators goes on. Kinsolving turns his head towards Elizabeth, then moves stiffly over to her.

CAMERA PANNING, he comes over to her. Leamington, the Defense Attorney, and the matron are standing beside her.

KINSLOVING
(with restrained
fury)

For four years I endured your
presence in my house, although I
well knew you were no fit wife for
my son... That he had married in
haste, and that he would repent it
bitterly if he survived the war. I
had no thought that he would die
under his own roof, nor that the
reward of my patience would be to
stand beside his grave. I have
done my best to avenge him. So far
I have failed. But I have not
finished. You are free to go where
you will, but there will be another
day of reckoning, somewhere,
sometime. And when that day comes,
I will be there. And that time you
will not escape.

Elizabeth's eyes widen with horror. In the background the crowd is still roaring, like peals of thunder.

CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE TO ELIZABETH'S EYES as at the beginning of this flashback.

FLASH FORWARD:

INT. ROYAL HOTEL - BETTY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

CAMERA WITHDRAWS and find her sitting up in bed in the ROYAL HOTEL. THUNDER is pealing outside, but now more distantly. There is a sudden downpour of RAIN. Betty sweeps the bedclothes aside. Reaches for a robe, and crosses to close the French doors. Over her shoulder we see a portion of the small balcony, a chaise, and as Betty starts to close the door, she stops frozen. There is someone lying on the chaise. She starts out into the rain.

EXT. ROYAL HOTEL - BETTY'S BALCONY -- NIGHT

As she comes out, approaches the chaise, leans down, the rain beating on her. She shakes the shoulder of a man on the chaise. He doesn't move. One of his hands drops limply and swings a little. Horror shows in Betty's eyes. She reaches out and touches the man's face and WE SEE for the first time that this is Larry Mitchell, and we realize that he is dead.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ROYAL HOTEL - PORTER'S DESK/CORRIDOR/MAIN FLOOR -- NIGHT

The NIGHT PORTER is seated at his desk, reading a paper. He is a middle-aged man in uniform and military bearing, with a row or ribbons across his chest. Probably, in order of seniority, a Military Medal, a Good Conduct Medal, the Long Service Medal, and two or three campaign ribbons. Betty, now fully dressed, COMES SLOWLY INTO THE SHOT and stops by his desk. Porter lays down his paper and stands up.

PORTER

Good evening, Miss.

BETTY

How soon can I get a plane to
Seattle?

PORTER

I'm afraid there's nothing more tonight, Miss. Unless you charter a plane.

BETTY

How long would that take?

PORTER

Well... they have to service the plane... and get a pilot down to the field, unless there's one hanging around there still... and then they have to get the immigration officer...

BETTY

Immigration Officer?

PORTER

Crossing the border this time of night they're a bit particular. You'd have to prove your identity, you know... unless you've got a passport. They might even want to know why you're in such a hurry.

(he grins)

Otherwise they might think...

He breaks off, staring at her.

BETTY

They might think I was running away from something.

PORTER

Possibly, Miss.

He smiles.

BETTY

Thank you very much.

She turns and exits. CAMERA FOLLOWS HER ALONG. She turns the corner by the elevator bank, starts into the elevator. Brandon is standing there in a light overcoat, with his hat in his hand. She gets in without noticing him.

INT. ROYAL HOTEL - ELEVATOR IN MOTION UP -- NIGHT

BRANDON

Leaving us so soon, Miss Mayfield?

She realizes his presence.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

I don't blame you.. For running
away.

Betty reacts sharply, controls herself, says nothing.
Elevator stops, doors open.

ELEVATOR BOY

Good night, Miss.

BETTY

Good night.

She starts out. Brandon after her.

ELEVATOR BOY

This isn't the penthouse floor,
Mr. Brandon.

Brandon keeps going.

INT. ROYAL HOTEL - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE ELEVATOR -- NIGHT

Betty is walking quickly down the corridor towards her
room. Brandon is following her. She seems unaware of him.

BRANDON

(calling)

Miss Mayfield...

Betty stops turns, and he comes up to her.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

I know it's a little late for an
apology.

BETTY
(in a strained, un
natural voice)
Much too late.

BRANDON
Don't take it so big... it isn't a
tragedy.

Betty goes into a peal of hysterical laughter, Brandon
grabs hold of her arm and shakes it.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
What's the matter with you?

Betty stops laughing just as suddenly as she began.

BETTY
You said it wasn't a tragedy.

BRANDON
What's funny about that? If you
pick up people like Larry Mitchell
other people are bound to get funny
ideas about you. The world is full
of Larry Mitchells.

BETTY
There's one less tonight.

Brandon reacts. Silently she holds out a key. He takes it.
It's a tabbed hotel room key.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ROYAL HOTEL - BETTY'S ROOM -- NIGHT

DOOR OPENS

Brandon comes in, stands aside as Betty comes in. He shuts
and locks the door. The room is lighted up. Brandon looks
around swiftly.

BETTY
Out on the balcony.

CAMERA PANS Brandon across the room to the balcony door, he steps out.

EXT. ROYAL HOTEL - BETTY'S BALCONY -- NIGHT

Brandon enters. He goes quickly to chaise, stares down, bends, appears to pick something up. What is it not seen.

INT. ROYAL HOTEL - BETTY'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Betty is standing motionless in the middle of the floor.

BRANDON

Through the heart, apparently.
Very little blood. What's the story?

Betty looks him straight in the eye.

BETTY

There isn't one.. That anyone would believe. I went for a walk after dinner, down to the ocean...alone... I came up and went to bed. I didn't sleep very well. Then there was a thunderstorm. And it began to rain. I went across to close the French door. That's the first time I saw him out there.

BRANDON

He got in here how?

BETTY

Not with my consent, strange as it seems. I don't know how he got in. I don't know anything.

Brandon brings his hand up.

BRANDON

Ever see this before?

Betty looks down. In his hand is an automatic with a pearl handle.

BETTY

No. And I've never fired a gun in my life, Aren't you supposed not to touch it?

BRANDON

Sure... but somebody always does..

He puts the gun down on the table carelessly, gets out a cigarette case and offers her one. She takes it and he lights it for her. Her hand is shaky. Their faces are very close together. He holds the lighter close to her eyes.

BRANDON

(quietly)

Lovely eyes... honest eyes..

The light goes out.

BRANDON

They'll know whether he killed himself.

BETTY

I don't.

BRANDON

How did you meet him?

BETTY

On a train. He said he lived here, and he offered to make a reservation for me.

BRANDON

Nice of him.

BETTY

He knew the immigration officer. He eased himself in.

BRANDON

He was a great boy for that. What else?

BETTY

That's all there is.

Brandon takes her by the shoulders and pulls her close, looking into her eyes.

BRANDON

They're still honest eyes... but
there's something behind them.

He pulls her closer, about to kiss her.

BETTY

Go ahead...if you want to. It
doesn't matter.

BRANDON

I'd rather wait until it does
matter.

He lets go of her and starts across the room, picks up telephone. Brandon turns with the telephone in his hand.

BRANDON

You tried to run away.

BETTY

There wasn't any plane.

BRANDON

It's always a mistake to run away.
Always.

He begins to dial.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. ROYAL HOTEL - PENTHOUSE - LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Brandon is standing at the French window, a cup of coffee in his hand. CAMERA PULLS BACK AS his eyes go over to Betty who is in a chair with an untouched cup of black coffee on the table beside her.

BRANDON
(going towards her)
Want a spike in it?

BETTY
(without looking at
him)
No thanks.

Her voice and expression are dead and exhausted. CAMERA
PULLS BACK FURTHER to SHOW Margo and Clarendon sitting
across the room from Betty. Margo is staring at Betty with
cold hostility. She is wearing slacks, but otherwise dressed
with care and finish. Clarendon is fully dressed and has
his silver-topped cane between his legs, but has slippers
on his feet.

MARGO
You make friends quickly, don't
you, Clark?

BRANDON
Sometimes.

MARGO
And without much discrimination.

BRANDON
Leave that one lay.

MARGO
They still hang women in Canada,
I've heard.

CLARENDON
So much less refined than frizzling
them in the chair.

MARGO
Oh, shut up!
(she looks down at
his feet)
You haven't even got your spats
on.

Brandon crosses to coffee table, picks up coffee pot and
goes to Margo with it.

MARGO

Think I'll have trouble staying
awake?

Brandon fills her cup silently. Margo chokes. Bites on her
handkerchief hard. She controls herself.

MARGO (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. This thing has just
knocked me silly. How long do we
have to wait for this police
character?

BRANDON

Until he comes. He's a nice guy.
You've met him.

MARGO

That comedian?

Betty looking across at Brandon with sudden interest.

BRANDON

Don't let the eyeglass fool you.
That's what it's for.

DOOR BUZZER SOUNDS. Brandon crosses to open door. A plain-
clothes Dick named HANDLEY is standing there.

HANDLEY

You Mr. Brandon?

Brandon nods.

HANDLEY (CONT'D)

Inspector Killaine's compliments.
He'll be up in another ten minutes.

Brandon nods again, and as Handley starts to turn away,
Brandon starts to close the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROYAL HOTEL - BETTY'S BALCONY -- NIGHT

Portable lights have been rigged up and a POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER is taking photographs of the body. As he finishes, a sheet is thrown over it and the photographer starts to dismantle his equipment and pack it up. A couple of PLAIN-CLOTHES MEN are standing around, and one of them named GORE, a detective sergeant, a big sore-head who doesn't like anybody. As the photographer extinguishes one of the lights and starts to wind up the cord, Gore looks off and scowls.

Killiane ENTERS SHOT briskly. He is wearing a trenchcoat and no hat.

GORE

You in charge here?

KILLLAINE

So it seems Sergeant.

GORE

Right.

KILLLAINE

I hate to pull rank on you Sergeant, but once in a while...for moral purposes...you might address me as "Inspector". In moments of extreme desperation, you might even call me "sir".

He goes over to the chaise, lifts the sheet off corpse, looks down, replaces sheet, comes back to Gore.

KILLLAINE (CONT'D)

I knew him. He was easy to dislike, poor chap.

GORE

They tell me he'll be a great loss to the liquor trade. This Mayfield girl...

He breaks off as Killaine reacts.

GORE

... I supposed you knew her, too,
Inspector.

KILLAINE

I've met her.

GORE

It's her room. She only got to the
Hotel this afternoon,. With him.

(he indicates body
on chaise)

I guess he took too much for
granted. Here's the gun.

He takes it out of his pocket and holds it out on a
handkerchief. Killaine takes the gun from him, handkerchief
and all.

KILLAINE

Pearl-handled .25 Automatic, uh?

(he looks a little
closer)

No, it's a Belgian gun... 6.6 mm.

GORE

Correct, Inspector. A woman's gun.
U.S. 125 caliber ammunition in it.
It was on a table in there.

He nods towards room. Killaine frowns.

GORE

Nobody's been questioned yet. You
noticed the wound entry?

Killaine nods.

GORE

Much too low for a suicide. Not
conclusive, of course. But a woman
of ordinary height, standing rather
close to a tall man, such as he
was...

(indicating corpse)

...would be apt to shoot him about
where he got shot.

Killaine nods again.

GORE

Then there's the shell.

He takes out a small envelope, hands it to Killaine.

GORE (CONT'D)

This make of gun throws a shell backwards, high, and to the right. The chaise is only about four feet from the wall.

KILLAINE

So the shell ought to have gone over?

GORE

Unless the gun was slanted up.

KILLAINE

So the wound and the shell give you the same answer.

GORE

Right. A clean deduction from observed facts. They've got to be simple once in a while, Inspector.

KILLAINE

(dryly)

I've always looked forward to it. All right, let's get him out of here and tidy up.

He starts to turn away.

GORE

I'd take a look in her clothes closet if I were you, Inspector.

Killaine nods and exits scene.

INT. ROYAL HOTEL - BETTY'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Killaine enters from the balcony then stands a moment, looking around, crosses to dressing table, looks down, and we SEE traces of fingerprint powder on the toilet articles and bottles. He doesn't touch anything. He crosses to closet, opens door. A light goes on inside. He starts in.

INT. ROYAL HOTEL - BETTY'S CLOSET -- NIGHT

Killaine examines several garments, takes a sports coat off hanger, opens it up at lining. His looks becomes fixed and intent. He reacts. (What he sees is that the sewed-in label has been removed from the garment.) Slowly he replaces the coat, then takes down another garment, goes through the same performance. He whistles very softly between his teeth, stands a moment with a puzzled expression on his face, replaces the garment. Exits closet. Light goes out.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ROYAL HOTEL - PENTHOUSE - LOBBY -- NIGHT

As elevator come up, Killaine exits elevator, crosses, presses buzzer beside Brandon's door. Brandon opens it, Killaine nods to him, passes him on the way in.

INT. ROYAL HOTEL - PENTHOUSE - LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

As Killaine enters, stops, looking around.

KILLAINE

I'm sorry to have kept you waiting,
Mrs. West, Mr. Clarendon.

He turns to Betty.

KILLAINE (CONT'D)

Miss Mayfield. There's not much I
can do tonight. But there is one
thing.

He moves across to Clarendon, takes gun and handkerchief out of his pocket and holds it so only Clarendon can see it.

KILLAINE (CONT'D)

Mr. Clarendon, have you ever seen this before?

CLARENDON

(looking down)

I'm sorry, Inspector, I don't know much about..

KILLAINE

(sharply)

Recently, then.

CLARENDON

(slowly)

No, Not recently. I'm sure of that.

KILLAINE

Thank you.

He moves to Margo, holds gun in front of her.

KILLAINE (CONT'D)

Mr. West?

Margo's eyes go down very slowly. She stares at the gun for a long moment before speaking.

MARGO

(in a choked voice)

I never saw it before.

KILLAINE

Positive?

Margo lifts her face to him and nods.

KILLAINE (CONT'D)

Thank you.

BRANDON

Yes, I've seen it before.

Killaine reacts sharply. Killaine catches the reaction with the corner of his eye, but appears not to pay any attention. Brandon obviously does see the reaction.

Killaine turns back to Brandon.

KILLAINE

Where?

BRANDON

On Miss Mayfield's balcony.. beside
the chaise, I picked it up. Don't
ask me why. I ought to know better.

KILLAINE

Quite sure you had no motive?

Killaine glances sidewise at Betty.

BRANDON

Could be.

KILLAINE

I rather thought so. And before
that, had you ever seen the gun?

BRANDON

No.

Margo is seen to react with great relief which she tries
to conceal. Killaine gives another quick sidelong look.
Brandon has continued to watch her.

KILLAINE

(to Brandon)

It was lying where on the balcony?

BRANDON

Near his right hand. About a foot
away. Perhaps more. Good heavens,
one doesn't use a tape measure.

KILLAINE

We do, when we get the chance.

Killaine turns so that he faces Margo and Clarendon.

KILLAINE (CONT'D)

I needn't keep you any longer, Mr.
Clarendon.

CLARENDON

(standing up)

Thank you. It is rather late...
and I'm not young anymore. Good
night.

MARGO

What about me?

KILLLAINE

Not quite yet.

He crosses and opens door. Clarendon goes out. Killaine
shuts door, goes to Margo.

KILLLAINE (CONT'D)

You knew Mitchell pretty well,
didn't you, Mrs. West?

MARGO

I was in love with him... which
shows you the quality of my brains.

(bursting out--

looking at Betty)

Why don't you ask her about the
gun?

KILLLAINE

I shall. From your knowledge of
Mitchell, would you say he would
be likely to commit suicide?

MARGO

Anybody could commit suicide, if
he felt low enough. I've felt it
myself.

KILLLAINE

Then why not give Miss Mayfield
the benefit of the doubt?

MARGO

I'd be delighted to... anytime you
can show me the doubt. I'll wrap
it up in tissue paper and put a
Christmas seals on it for her.

KILLAINE

Thank you very much, Mrs. West.

Margo flounces to door, jerks it open before anybody can get there to hold it for her, and goes out, banging the door after her.

BRANDON

How about a cup of coffee?

KILLAINE

No thanks. I had some. How would you like to take a walk for, say, half an hour?

Brandon glances at Betty, then back at Killaine, Shrugs.

BRANDON

All right.

He crosses, gets hat and coat, goes to door and out. Killaine turns to Betty.

KILLAINE

Mrs. West is a very emotional woman.

BETTY

I don't know her.. or particularly want to.

KILLAINE

You probably know the type. You find them in hotels and resorts all over the world. They always have clothes, and money, and usually have had three or four husbands. They dress and enamel themselves with great care. They worry a great deal about those little lines at the corner of the eyes.. And they demonstrate their incompetence at the art of living bet getting mixed up with people like Larry Mitchell.

(a beat)

Tell me about yourself, Miss Mayfield.

BETTY

I was born in New York City. I grew up. And here I am.

KILLAINE

I'll have to know a little more than that.

BETTY

I'm sorry, that's all there is.

KILLAINE

Miss Mayfield, the humor of the situation escapes me. Within 24 hours I shall know officially whether Mitchell was murdered. Privately, I'm quite sure of it now. It happened in your room, and you came to Vancouver with him.. At any rate, he made your hotel reservation... And you arrived together. Here in this room he behaved nastily to you, and you said something to him which might be taken as a threat. A few hours later he was found dead on your balcony. Would it be too much to suggest that all these circumstances taken together are a little suspicious?

Betty doesn't answer.

KILLAINE

Please answer my question.

BETTY

You didn't ask a question. You made a speech.

KILLAINE

That's an evasion and you know it.

BETTY

It is?

Their eyes meet in a long stare.

INT. ROYAL HOTEL - MARGO'S ROOM -- NIGHT

There is some moonlight. In the foreground, the back of a man seated in a chair. Door opens, Margo is silhouetted against corridor light. She switches light on, shuts door, turns, and reacts violently. Clarendon is sitting in chair with his cane between his knees. CAMERA PANS her over to Clarendon.

MARGO

(tensely)

What are you doing here?

CLARENDON

I don't think you locked your door.

MARGO

What do you want?

CLARENDON

See how easy it is? Perhaps Miss Mayfield left her door unlocked. Or if she didn't, there's a passkey on every floor in the linen room. The head porter has a passkey. The bell captain has a passkey. The hotel's full of passkeys.

MARGO

Passkey?

CLARENDON

Or--since one is a well-known and respected guest--one could go to the desk in the lobby and say "Miss Mayfield seems to have lost her room key--have you another"? They always have another.

MARGO

Don't be a fool. I loved him. He wasn't worth it, but I loved him.

CLARENDON

And now that he's safe from all other women, you can go on loving him.

MARGO

You nasty, sardonic--

CLARENDON

Sardonic, if you will my dear. But nasty. You lied about the gun.

Margo reacts, shocked. Clarendon gets slowly to his feet.

CLARENDON (CONT'D)

I'm a very observant man. You had something in your bag this afternoon, Something that causes you to hold it in a particular way. Something that made a particular sound when you put it down on the bar. You went out with Mitchell. None of us ever saw him again.

MARGO

(desperately)

That's not enough.

CLARENDON

I saw your face this evening when the detective showed you the gun. You lied. It was obvious.

MARGO

He saw my face too.

CLARENDON

So he did--but he hasn't told you what he saw. I have.

MARGO

They'll arrest that girl. Everything points to her.

CLARENDON

Convenient, isn't it?

He starts towards the door.

MARGO

One of these days, you're going to wake up in the middle of the night and find that you've cut your throat.

CLARENDON

How clumsy. I'd never forgive myself. Good night my dear.

MARGO

You could have got in that room, just as you got in here. How do I know you didn't kill Larry?

CLARENDON

With what motive?

MARGO

Nastiness. You're nasty with words. Why wouldn't you be nasty with deeds once in a while? You hated him--and I know why.

CLARENDON

He was very easy to hate. If you'll look in your mirror, when you are in a better temper- you'll know why.

Margo just stares at him.

CLARENDON

Very silly of me, isn't it? I'm not as well-off as I was once- and I'm used to my little comforts.

He exits. Margo looks after him, thunderstruck.

EXT. ROYAL HOTEL - PENTHOUSE - TERRACE -- NIGHT

Killaine is standing at wall, looking out over view. He is smoking. He points up with cigarette.

KILLAINE

That star up there is Alphard.
"The lonely", they call him. I
wonder why he's lonely? Perhaps
he's a policeman--a celestial
policeman?

CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Betty, who is staring at him.
He turns slowly.

KILLAINE (CONT'D)

Well, that's not getting us
anywhere. You won't tell me who
you are, or give any account of
yourself. You won't even give me
your address in the United States.
Why? Unhappy marriage?

BETTY

Who told you I was married?

KILLAINE

There's the clear mark of a wedding
ring on your finger.

She turns, walks abruptly away, then back into the living
room. Killaine follows.

INT. ROYAL HOTEL - PENTHOUSE - LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

As Killaine enters. Betty is already inside. She sits down.

BETTY.

I want a cigarette.

KILLAINE

The room's full of cigarettes.
But of course one would have to be
handed to you.

He goes to her, takes out sliver case, and opens it. She
takes one, is about to return the case to his pocket when:

BETTY

Let me see that.

He holds case out to her. There is an inlaid design on it.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Your family coat of arms, Mr.
Killaine?

KILLAINE

(crossly)

Regimental! Seaforth Highlanders.

BETTY

I'm sorry.

KILLAINE

Stop saying you're sorry. I want
information, not regrets.

BETTY

Would you be satisfied if I said I
shot him?

Killaine jerks the wrapped gun out of his pocket and thrusts
it in front of her.

KILLAINE

With this?

BETTY

Yes.

KILLAINE

Where'd you get it?

BETTY

A graduation present.

Killaine puts the gun back in his pocket.

KILLAINE

That's a rather inferior grade
humor. But since you're being so
frank, would you mind telling me
(MORE)

KILLAINE (CONT'D)
why all the labels have been removed
from your clothes?

Betty is jarred. She doesn't answer.

KILLAINE (CONT'D)
An unhappy marriage hardly seems a
sufficient reason for that.

BETTY
Why don't you arrest me and be
done with it.

KILLAINE
I probably shall--after I've
tortured you a little more.

SOUND OF ROOM DOOR OPENING OFF: Killaine looks towards it.
Brandon comes in and shuts door, throws hat and coat to
one side.

BRANDON
How are you two getting along?

KILLAINE
Delightfully. Every time Miss
Mayfield says something, I know
less than I did before.
(a beat)
Well, I may as well knock off for
tonight.
(turns to Betty)
Good night, Miss Mayfield. Do let
me thank you for your cooperation.

BETTY
There's one thing I may as well
tell you. You'll find it out anyhow.
I tried to run away--when I found
him out there on the balcony. There
wasn't any plane.

BRANDON
You didn't have to tell him that.

KILLAINE

(dryly)

Why not?

He picks up his trench coat and starts to put it on.

KILLAINE (CONT'D)

Especially as I already knew it.

He goes out. They watch him leave. As the door closes, Brandon turns to Betty.

BRANDON

Bad?

BETTY

Bad enough.

BRANDON

He could hardly help suspecting
you.

BETTY

That's putting it mildly.

She walks across to French doors and stands looking out.

BETTY (CONT'D)

(over shoulder)

What time is it?

BRANDON

(looking at watch)

Quarter after one. Why?

BETTY

There's a lot of night left to
live through.

BRANDON

So there is. You don't want to go
to bed. I don't want to go to bed.
Let's go somewhere and hear some
music--have something to drink--
something to eat--even dance.

BETTY

Dance? Tonight?

BRANDON

Let's not pretend Mitchell meant anything to either of us.

BETTY

Certainly not to me.

BRANDON

Just who are you, anyway?

BETTY

You, too?

(a beat)

My name is Betty Mayfield. I was born, and I am here. Message ends. That's what I told him. He didn't like it.

BRANDON

I'm different. I like it fine.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ROYAL HOTEL - LOBBY/DESK/ELEVATOR BANK -- NIGHT

Killaine is standing at the desk, holding a registration card in his hand. A clerk is across the desk from him.

KILLAINE

Nice writing--but no information
(he hands the card
back to clerk)
I didn't expect any.

Elevator comes down, doors open. Betty and Brandon come out. Killaine turns, sees them. Brandon crosses to Killaine.

BRANDON

Miss Mayfield would like a little fresh air. Any objections?

Killaine shakes his head.

BRANDON

In case you want to have us followed.

KILLLAINE

I don't.

BRANDON

Well--good night.

Killaine looks past him at Betty. Their eyes meet. Killaine turns away quickly. Brandon rejoins Betty and they start out of scene.

INT. ROYAL HOTEL - LOBBY -- NIGHT

TRACKING SHOT - BRANDON AND BETTY WALKING

Lobby is very empty. A short, thick-set MAN is trimming a cigar in a chain. They pass in front of him. He looks up, stares hard at Betty. Betty meets his glance, looks away quickly. CAMERA STOPS AND HOLDS ON SEATED MAN. He looks after them, puts away his pocket knife, lights cigar leisurely, stands up, goes after them.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET - WATERFRONT -- NIGHT

Mooring slips on one side, below a sea wall. On the other side, a row of nondescript buildings, a few which have electric signs, one of them an old-fashioned winking electric sign. It is a run-down neighborhood and tough. Brandon's convertible enters shot, pulls over to curb in front of blinking sign.

CLOSER SHOT

Sign is now seen to be "CHARLIE'S" but the "R" is half out, dead bulbs. Car stops, Brandon and Betty get out.

EXT. SIDEWALK - CHARLIE'S BAR -- NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT

BRANDON AND BETTY ON SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF CHARLIE'S.

Betty is shivering.

BRANDON

Cold?

BETTY

Is this the best you can do?

BRANDON

At this time of night. It's not as bad as it looks.

A little reluctantly, she crosses sidewalk with him, they go into swinging double doors. As the doors open, sounds of very bad dance music is heard. Doors swing shut again.

CAMERA PULLS BACK AND PANS SLOWLY ACROSS THE STREET, as the nondescript little car with dim lights comes up to curb and stops some way behind Brandon's convertible. Lights go out, and the short, tick-set man from the lobby of the hotel gets out of car, walks along to Brandon's car, leans in, pokes a small pencil flash at the registration on the steering post, takes out a notebook, makes a note in it, puts notebook and flash away, crosses to swinging doors, starts in.

INT. CHARLIE'S BAR - UPSTAIRS DINE AND DANCE ROOM -- NIGHT

The decor is strictly Gas-house Gothic. There are booths like horse stalls, also round scarred tables and hard chairs. The dance band on plain wooden platform, composed of five old young men, plays moodily and contemptuously. There isn't a thing in the joint that could be damaged by being dropped out of a third-story window. At one table sits a NAVY SAILOR across from a BLOUSY GIRL. There is an empty glass in front of him. He sits very straight, vacant eyed, stupid drunk. A chunky grim-looking character in a dinner jacket comes by table, pauses to glance at sailor, makes a signal to girl, who nods. CAMERA PANS him across to booth in which Brandon and Betty have just sat down. The MAN in dinner jacket is MAGRUDER. He owns the joint.

MAGRUDER

Nice to see you, Mr. Brandon--and
the lady. What'll you take?

BRANDON

(glancing at Betty)
Scotch?

Betty nods lifelessly; to Magruder.

BRANDON

Scotch. The kind you buy, Magruder,
not the kind you make.

MAGRUDER

Only the best for you, Mr. Brandon.

He signals a waiter, goes out of shot. Band starts to play.
Betty looks out of booth.

ANOTHER ANGLE - BRANDON'S POV - WHAT HE SEES

Three couples start to lumber around the small dance floor.
The air is heavy with smoke. The soused sailor and blousy
girl come dancing into foreground. Sailor is dancing with
all the grace of a rhinoceros.

BLOWSY GIRL

What you need is a drink, big boy.

SAILOR

(suddenly pushing
her away)
Aw, go blow your nose.

He starts back to table. Girl shrugs resignedly, goes after
him.

BRANDON AND BETTY

She is staring horrified at this.

BETTY

Why did you bring me to such a
place?

BRANDON
(casually)
There isn't anywhere else.

Waiter comes up and serves drinks. Brandon tastes it to make sure he gets what he orders, nods his head. Betty seizes glass almost convulsively and takes a long swallow.

BRANDON
Want to dance?

BETTY
Dance? Here?

BRANDON
Why not?

BETTY
(staring at him)
They know you here--know your name.

BRANDON
I know everybody. I don't look at
half of life, just the nice half,
I look at all of it.

Betty finishes off her drink, then in a reckless, half-wild voice,

BETTY
All right, then, let's dance.

They get up out of booth and about to start dancing when Betty's gaze becomes fixed on something across the room.

BRANDON'S POV - WHAT HE SEES

Thick-set MAN from the lobby sitting alone at a table with a bottle of beer in front of him. He is staring over at Betty and Brandon.

BACK TO BETTY AND BRANDON

BETTY
That man over there. He was in the
hotel lobby.

BRANDON
(he looks across)
I didn't notice him.

BETTY
We walked right passed him. He's
following us.

BRANDON
Killaine's not that sort of guy.
He said no--he meant no.

BETTY
Then he's got to be a detective.

BRANDON
Couldn't be.

BETTY
Then he's--
(she breaks off,
stares rigidly)

Brandon looks at her curiously, not getting it. Betty
swallows and then gets her voice.

BETTY
Take me out of here, please. Right
away.
(Brandon just keeps
looking at her.)
If you don't I'll go alone.

Brandon reaches for her coat, puts it around her, throws
some money on the table. They start across room. Brandon
deliberately steers past the thick-set man, who is pouring
himself a glass of beer. He doesn't even look up. Brandon
and Betty reach the top of the stairs. Brandon looks back.

BRANDON
Quite sure you saw him in the hotel
lobby?

BETTY
Absolutely sure.

BRANDON
(his eyes narrow a
little)
We'll find out.

He turns, takes Betty's arm, they start down the stairs,
CAMERA PANS OVER TO MAN. He now looking after them with
half smile on his face. He lifts his glass of beer in
salute, drinks it down, stands up.

FOOT OF STAIRS JUST INSIDE SWINGING DOORS

It is pretty dark. It is not a solid stairway, there is a
space behind it. Brandon notes this.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
You go out and get in the car.

Betty hesitates, then starts out. Brandon looks back
upstairs. SOUND OF DESCENDING STEPS OVER SHOT. Brandon
goes quickly around stairway almost out of sight. Thick-
set man comes down the stairs. He is now trimming another
cigar. As he reaches the bottom of stairs, he stops, takes
out a match, and is about to strike it then Brandon steps
out. The man looks at him unemotionally, cigar and match
in midair.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
The light's bad in here, but I
seem to remember the face. What
was the name?

Man smiles, doesn't answer.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
All right, let's see the buzzer.

MAN
What's a buzzer?

BRANDON
So you're not a cop.

MAN
Me a cop? What made you think that,
Mr. Brandon?

BRANDON

Who told you my name?

MAN

I've got good ears.

Brandon steps up close to him, grabs the lapels of his coat, and twists a little.

BRANDON

(tightly)

How are your teeth getting along?

MAN

(smiling)

The new ones are fine. The last set I had gave me all kinds of trouble.

He looks down at Brandon's hand, holding the lapels of his coat.

MAN CONT'D)

What's this in favor of?

BRANDON

I don't like to be tailed. The lady I'm with doesn't like to be stared at. To put the matter in a couple of nutshells, I don't like you.

Still smiling, the man brings his knee up hard. Brandon reels away from him, groaning, doubles up against the wall.

MAN

You wanna get tough, Mr. Brandon, you gotta know the technique. Next time, turn a little sideways, get your hip in the way. See what I mean? Good night.

He goes through the double doors. CAMERA STAYS ON BRANDON. He straightens up slowly, gets out handkerchief, mops his forehead. He has been hurt pretty badly. After a while, he stiffens himself by main force, walks to door, pushes it open, starts out.

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

He stands, breathing hard, looking off.

BRANDON'S POV - WHAT HE SEES

Thick-set man is getting into his car. He starts it up, turns the light on, turns and goes out of shot.

BACK TO BRANDON

He crosses sidewalk slowly to his convertible. Betty is waiting in it. Without a word, Brandon goes around, gets in behind the wheel. He sits there with his hands on the wheel, taking deep breaths.

BETTY

(urgently)

Who is he?

Brandon turns his head slowly to look at her. He speaks a little quickly, still in pain.

BRANDON

He's a fellow with a very hard knee, and he knows how to use it.

BETTY

You don't know who he is?

BRANDON

He's not a cop. A cop wouldn't have kneed me.

BETTY

(slowly)

He was following us--but he's not a policeman.

BRANDON

Us?

BETTY

All right--following me.

BRANDON

Why?

BETTY

No matter. There's nothing I can do about it.

BRANDON

Anything I can do about it?

BETTY

Take me home--and forget you ever saw me. That's a silly remark isn't it?

BRANDON

Try not talking.

He puts an arm around her and pulls her close to him as if to kiss her.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

It still doesn't matter if I kiss you?

BETTY

Nothing matters.

BRANDON

No use waiting, then.

He kisses her on the mouth, hard. She doesn't resist and she doesn't respond. He pulls his head away.

BRANDON (Cont'd)

That's the second round I've lost tonight.

(he moves and winces)

That fellow hurt me.

BETTY

So have I.

BRANDON

From you, I like it.

He starts the car. It goes off down the street.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. HOTEL - LOBBY -- DAY

EXTREME WIDE SHOT

Showing desk, elevator bank, guests reading morning papers in chairs. In background the dining room entrance through which can be seen part of the dining room, with waiters moving back and forth etc. It is breakfast time. Betty appears in dining room entrance, coming out.

CLOSE SHOT - BETTY

CAMERA PANS with her as she moves across lobby to desk. Room clerk is checking in several new arrivals. Luggage, bellboys, etc. Betty moves along the desk to far end, stands waiting. Hotel manager comes up to her. He pretends not to know her.

MANAGER

Good morning. Can I do something
for you?

BETTY

I'm Miss Mayfield. Is Mr. Campbell
here?

MANAGER

I'm Mr. Campbell, Miss Mayfield.
(slight pause)
Purely as a matter of routine, I
want to ask the name of your bank.

BETTY

Bank?

MANAGER

(very smoothly)
Merely for our records, Miss
Mayfield. It's usual for the guests
who come here for the first time.

BETTY

(opening her bag)

I'm carrying quite a large sum in Travelers checks. How much of a deposit would you like?

CAMPBELL

I wouldn't dream of questioning your credit. Purely a matter of routine, for the hotel records. Just the name of your bank--

He breaks off, glances over to one side.

CLOSE REVERSE SHOT - BETTY

She notices the glance and turns her head, looks off in the same direction, reacts, looks back at Campbell.

BETTY

(sharply)

The Hotel records, Mr. Campbell?

TWO SHOT - CAMPBELL AND BETTY

CAMPBELL

(brightly)

I'm afraid I've been clumsy. Please overlook it, Miss Mayfield.

With a quick nod Betty turns away. CAMERA PANS her over to extreme end of desk. Killaine stands there idly, with an elbow on the desk. Betty comes up to him. She is angry.

BETTY

Good morning, Mr. Killaine. I'm sorry I can't give you the name of my bank--because I have no bank at the moment.

(pause)

That was a crude trick.

KILLAINE

They're all crude, when they don't work. Had breakfast?

She nods.

KILLAINE (CONT'D)

Care for a stroll outside?
Beautiful morning. The air is like
wine, the sky is a deep blue.

BETTY

(contemptuously)
Deep blue? I'd call it grey-blue.

KILLAINE

You must come from pretty far South.

She bites her lips.

KILLAINE

Florida?

BETTY

I've never been to Florida.

Killaine smiles and moves away from desk, and she falls in
beside him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BRANDON'S OFFICE BUILDING - DOOR -- DAY

CLOSE-UP - AN OFFICE DOOR

Metal lettering on it reads CLARK BRANDON ENTERPRISES.
Below that to one side ENTER.

INT. BRANDON'S OFFICE BUILDING - RECEPTION ROOM -- DAY

A middle-aged SECRETARY is at a desk. a MAN sitting over
to one side, reading a newspaper. He is short, thick-set,
wears heavy glasses. These are phony glasses--they just
look heavy--there is a clear spot in the middle. DOOR OPENS
OFF. Brandon enters shot, goes across to desk.

SECRETARY

Good morning, Mr. Brandon.

BRANDON

Morning. Any calls?

SECRETARY

Mr. Reed would like you to call him.

BRANDON

All right. Get him.

SECRETARY

(looking off)

And there's a Mr. Goble to see you. Says his business is personal.

BRANDON

Who's Goble?

CAMERA PANS OVER TO MAN with glasses. He puts his newspaper away, stands up, crosses to Brandon, CAMERA PANNING HIM BACK.

MAN

I'm Goble.

Brandon looks at him. Nothing in his face shows recognition.

GOBLE

I'd like a few words with you, in private.

BRANDON

I'm not interested in blind dates.

Goble takes his glasses off, puts them away, and stares at Brandon, who reacts just enough to show he has recognized Goble. During this, secretary has dialed

SECRETARY

(into phone)

Mr. Reed, please, for Mr. Brandon.

(pause)

Very well. Have him call. Mr. Brandon is in his office now.

(she hangs up)

Mr. Reed stepped out, Mr. Brandon.

BRANDON
(to Goble)
This way.

He crosses to door, opens it, goes in, leaving Goble to follow.

INT. BRANDON'S OFFICE - PRIVATE OFFICE -- DAY

Brandon round desk, takes off hat, stands looking down at some letters on his desk. DOOR CLOSES BEHIND Goble, who has entered. Goble crosses calmly to chair, sits down. Brandon gets cigarette out and lights it with desk lighter, without offering Goble one, and blows a little smoke.

BRANDON
All right. Talk it up.

Goble gets a card out of his wallet, hands it across.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
(reading)
"Martin Goble. Insurance Adjuster."

He drops card on desk, smiles.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
Nice friendly approach you've got.
Goble. I could hardly walk when I
got out of bed this morning.

GOBLE
You asked for it.

BRANDON
I'm still asking. What do you want?

GOBLE
I'm not sure I want anything from
you. You might want something from
me.

BRANDON
Name it.

GOBLE

Information--protection--you might even want to hire me to go home and listen to the radio. That's the funny part of my business--once in a while, I get hired not to work.

(pause)

Nice girl you were with last night.

Known her long?

Brandon picks the card off the desk, tosses it into waste paper basket.

BRANDON

Private eye?

GOBLE

You guessed it. The card's phony. I got plenty of 'em. Different names, different jobs. I work out of San Francisco. Go anywhere, do anything. All it takes is the folding.

BRANDON

What are your rates?

GOBLE

\$40 a day and expenses. Expenses run pretty high on a case like this. I'm a long way from home. I don't have a B.C. License. I'd need about \$500 for a retainer.

BRANDON

What have you got on Miss Mayfield?

GOBLE

Mayfield? Oh, that girl you were with last night. You haven't hired me yet. Mr. Brandon.

Brandon moves quickly around the desk, grabs Goble, and jerks him to his feet.

BRANDON

(with cold savagery)

That's a nice hard knee you've got, Goble. How'd you like to trade it for a broken neck?

GOBLE

(calmly)

Quit trying to scare me, Mr. Brandon, I'm neurotic.

BRANDON

I don't know whether to knock your teeth down your throat--or call the police--or just give you twenty bucks to go out and buy yourself a clean nose.

Brandon hurls him away. Goble staggers back, without losing his balance. He smiles. Brandon stares back at him savagely for a moment, then goes back around his desk and sits down.

GOBLE

You hurt my feelings. I ought to raise the price to be a thousand.

BRANDON

If I call the police, your price will go down to a minus sign.

GOBLE

Bluff. You've waited too long.

BRANDON

For five hundred, what do I get?

GOBLE

I go home and paint the kitchen.

BRANDON

For two hundred?

GOBLE

I stick around and wait for the five hundred.

BRANDON

You mentioned information.

GOBLE

Sorry. Another client paid for that. You can hire me not to use it.

BRANDON

A thousand.

GOBLE

(hesitates--then)

Got it on you?

BRANDON

Got the information on you?

GOBLE

Get it in half an hour.

Brandon takes out his wallet, takes some bills out of it, throws them across the desk.

BRANDON

There's two hundred. I'll meet you in an hour--where we met last night

GOBLE

Why not here?

BRANDON

I don't like your perfume in my office. Make it somewhere else if you don't like Charlie's.

GOBLE

Charlie's suits me fine. I don't scare.

He reaches for the money, stands up and puts it in his pocket.

GOBLE (CONT'D)

You pay the check, you pick the joint. See you.

He exits scene.

WIPE TO:

EXT. HOTEL - FOOT OF THE GARDENS/WALL -- DAY

Betty and Killaine are leaning on a wall, looking out over Puget Sound.

KILLAINE

Down below Stanley Park. On the other side of the trees, there's a beach. You can see it.

(points over to left)

Stevenston's over there. Coast Guard station.

(points to right)

There's the Yacht Club, and beyond it, the docks. The over on the other side of the inlet, there's Grouse Mountain. It's about 4000 feet high. There's a restaurant on top of it. Very nice restaurant.

(he turns to Betty)

I'm sorry we couldn't have met in pleasanter circumstances, Miss Mayfield.

BETTY

We wouldn't have met at all.

KILLAINE

True. I was a bit irritable last night. I apologize.

BETTY

You were a Galahad, compared to some cops I've known.

KILLAINE

(pouncing--but very
quietly)

You've had dealings with the police
before?

BETTY

Who hasn't--one way or another?

KILLAINE

But not in the investigation of a
major crime, I hope.

BETTY

Is it a crime?

KILLAINE

We're 98 per cent certain Mitchell
was murdered. There are a lot of
reasons.

(pause)

Was he very drunk when you last
saw him?

BETTY

You were there when I last saw
him.

KILLAINE

I'd like to believe that. It's not
too easy.

Betty says nothing. Killaine looks away again.

KILLAINE (CONT'D)

I've been talking to the Immigration
Inspector who passed you across
the border. He was a little
suspicious of you. Mayfield isn't
really your name, is it?

Betty looks straight ahead, doesn't answer.

KILLAINE (CONT'D)

I'll find out, you know. Perhaps
not today--perhaps not tomorrow.
But in the end, I'll find out.

BETTY

The police always do, don't they?

KILLAINE

You've has an experience that you don't want to talk about. An unhappy marriage, for example.

Betty turns away quickly.

KILLAINE (CONT'D)

I wouldn't make you talk about it. My job is the death of Marry Mitchell. Why can't you give me your confidence?

BETTY

You--or the Vancouver Police Department?

KILLAINE

We try to be decent.

BETTY

You're a police officer. A very nice one--but you have a job to do. I'm a girl who's in a jam, and it's your job to keep me there. Don't go considerate on me. I might start to bawl.

Their eyes meet in a long look.

KILLAINE

You won't tell me who you are? You won't even give me a chance to help you?

BETTY

Nobody can help me. You, least of all.

KILLAINE

(suddenly)

If I understand what you meant by that.

BETTY
You understand perfectly.

KILLAINE
Then there isn't much I can do, is there?

BETTY
There isn't anything you can do.

He moves towards her, then turns abruptly and goes.

WIPE TO:

INT. CHARLIE'S PLACE -- DAY

Chairs are piled up on the tables. A MAN with a mop is going over the floor. STEPS ARE HEARD. Goble, the private eye comes into the SHOT slowly. His eyes are very wary. He has a hand in his pocket.

GOBLE
I came here to see Mr. Brandon.

MAN WITH MOP
Who?

GOBLE
Brandon. I was to meet him here.

MAN WITH MOP
Okay. Ask the boss.

He jerks his thumb backwards, and Goble moves off in that direction.

INT. CHARLIE'S PLACE - DOOR OPENING/SMALL DARK HALL -- DAY

CAMERA FOLLOWS GOBLE

Though open door. He stands a moment, looking along the hallway, listening. There is no sound at all. He reaches a door CAMERA PANS AROUND to show small plate on the door with the word MANAGER. Goble listens again, takes the gun

out of his pocket, looks at it, puts it back, keeping his hand on it, opens the door, and stares in.

INT. CHARLIE'S PLACE - MANAGER'S OFFICE -- DAY

It is what you would expect. Magruder is at a desk, doing some bookkeeping work. He looks up indifferently as Goble ENTERS.

GOBLE

I'm looking for Mr. Brandon.

MAGRUDER

The joint's not open, Mac. Who's Brandon?

Goble comes up to the desk.

GOBLE

I have an appointment with him, right here, right now.

MAGRUDER

Go live in a tent.

GOBLE

It'll be a tough dollar when guys like you learn the alphabet.

MAGRUDER

(grinning)

Talk English. How do I know you're you?

Goble reaches a hand into his pocket, throws a card on the desk. Magruder picks it up, reads it.

MAGRUDER (CONT'D)

Mr. Brandon couldn't be here. He might have left something for you. What would it look like?

GOBLE

One of those nice long manila envelopes--sealed. Not too fat--not too thin.

MAGRUDER

What do I get for it?

GOBLE

You get its brother.

MAGRUDER

Sounds like a fair swap. Let's
take a look.

He jerks open the drawer of his desk. Goble stiffens,
his hand on the gun. Magruder takes out a long sealed
envelope, throws it on the desk.

MAGRUDER (CONT'D)

I need a receipt. Sign your name
across the flap.

GOBLE

Open it and count it.

MAGRUDER

When you sign for it, you count
it. It's your dough.

He picks up a desk pen, holds it out. Goble hesitates,
then takes his right hand holding the gun out of his pocket,
lays the gun down on the desk beside the envelope. He
takes the pen, leans down to write. At that instant,
Magruder lunges up swiftly, grabs Goble's right wrist with
his left hand and jerks him forward hard. Goble tries to
reach the gun with his left hand. Magruder grabs an old-
fashioned round ebony ruler up off the desk and smacks
Goble's hard on the head with it twice. Goble sprawls
across the desk, limp. Magruder takes the gun, puts it in
his pocket, picks up the envelope, tears it open, and shakes
out the money, counts it.

MAGRUDER (CONT'D)

Eight hundred bucks. Ice cream
for dinner.

Magruder picks the gun up, balances it on his hand.

MOVE IN ON THE GUN

It is a .32 caliber revolver, with part of the barrel sawed

off to make it a belly gun. It has no front sight.

Magruder stares down at it. PULL AWAY as he turns, pulls open desk drawer, puts gun in it, shuts drawer. He rounds the desk, reaches inside Goble's pocket, pulls out a thick manila envelope, stands looking down at it, speculating, tries the flap to see if it will come loose.

MOVE IN TO SHOW THERE IS NO WRITING ON THE ENVELOPE

He picks up the envelope which contained money. It is also manila and about the same size. With a quick decision, Magruder tears open GOBLE'S ENVELOPE, draws out a sheaf of blank paper. Magruder whistles lightly between his teeth, turns his head to stare at Goble who is still limp, sprawled across the desk.

MAGRUDER (CONT'D)

(softly)

You had it coming, didn't you,
baby?

(reaches across,
shakes Goble's
shoulders)

Come on. You're not that sick.

Goble does not respond. Magruder pulls his head and shoulder up on the desk. The head sags to one side. Magruder presses a thumb against one of Goble's eyeballs. No reaction. Magruder bends close, stares, and is suddenly stiff with fear.

MAGRUDER (CONT'D)

(hoarsely)

Don't tell me you had a glass head,
baby. Oh no--not in your business.
How could you live so long?

He lets go of Goble who sways sideways in the chair, his head hanging like that of a broken doll. As Magruder stares down at him, with very much the sort of frozen horror as we saw on Betty's face when she found Mitchell's body on the balcony.

WIPE TO:

INT. VANCOUVER POLICE HEADQUARTERS - KILLLAINE'S OFFICE --
DAY

Small bare room, empty. Door opens. Sergeant Gore users
Margo in through a side door.

GORE

Sit down, Mrs. West. Inspector
Killaine will be along in a minute.

MARGO

Thank you.

Gore sits down in a hard wooden chair by Killaine's desk.
She is nervous, lights a cigarette, looks at her watch,
gets up suddenly as if to leave before Killaine gets back,
then shrugs and sits down again, Door opens and Killaine
enters, glances at Margo, goes behind his desk, sits down
with his hat on, presses dictagraph key.

KILLLAINE

(into dictagraph)

Killaine here. I want a radio
contact to work with Handley. A
motorcycle officer will do.

VOICE FROM DICTAGRAPH

Right away, Inspector.

Killaine disconnects, turns to face Margo, removing his
hat.

KILLLAINE

Remember that time, didn't I?
Good morning Mrs. West. Does your
visit here mean you've changed
your mind?

MARGO

(startled)

How did you know?

(Killaine smiles
slightly, doesn't
answer)

Clarendon.

(MORE)

MARGO (CONT'D)

(Killaine still
doesn't answer)

You cops never tell anybody
anything, do you.

KILLAINE

Other people always know so much
more than we know--so much more
than they're willing to tell us.

MARGO

It was Clarendon. He knew I had
the gun in my bag.

Killaine just stares

MARGO (CONT'D)

You couldn't possible have traced
it this soon--not possibly.

KILLAINE

(dryly)

Of course not. Thanks for telling
me. I haven't seen Mr. Clarendon.

MARGO

I am a fool.

KILLAINE

That depends upon your motive.
You were in love with Mitchell,
weren't you?

MARGO

Yes--and he's already becoming
vague to me. Funny! Last night I
was furiously jealous. Jealous of
what? I put that gun in my bag
deliberately. Who was I going to
kill with it? A girl I didn't
even know? A man I knew to be a
thief and a forger? A half-man?
A gigolo? It's already ludicrous.
Love! What a comedy!

KILLAINE

You didn't play it for laughs last night.

MARGO

Did you ever have a serious operation?

KILLAINE

Mortar shells are not funny, either.

MARGO

At first, it doesn't hurt at all. That's shock. Then it hurts terribly--you wouldn't believe such pain could exist--and six months later you can't remember what pain felt like.

(pause)

It hasn't taken six months this time. It hasn't even taken twenty-four hours. Is that a beastly thing to say?

KILLAINE

Not if it clears the air.

MARGO

It does. May I go now?
(she stands up)

KILLAINE

I'll investigate Mr. Clarendon's financial position--

MARGO

I don't understand.

KILLAINE

Perhaps a rich widow would have solved all his problems.

MARGO

Now, you're being beastly.

KILLLAINE

Sure. You didn't come here in person just to tell me about the gun. You wanted me to be looking across the desk at you while you talked about Mitchell.

(he pauses; Margo
nods--admiration
in her eyes)

If I believe you, it would be psychologically impossible for you to have killed him last night.

MARGO

And if you didn't believe me?

KILLLAINE

You would still have planted information that Clarendon knew about the gun--and not as an accusation, but in the process of defending yourself by making a confession. Very neat. Good morning, Mrs. West.

Her expression changes. She gives him an icy stare, and goes out quickly. Dictagraph BUZZES. He depressed key.

KILLLAINE (CONT'D)

(into speaker)

Killaine here.

SUPT. MCKECHNIE'S VOICE

(ON DICTAGRAPH)

Come into my office, please,
Killaine.

KILLLAINE

(into speaker)

Right away, sir.

He releases the key, starts out.

INT. VANCOUVER POLICE HEADQUARTERS - CORRIDOR -- DAY

As Killaine comes out of his office, walks along briskly, comes to a door, stops.

CLOSE SHOT OF DOOR

It is lettered SUPERINTENDENT J. McKECHNIE.

Killaine KNOCKS, then starts in without waiting for an answer.

INT. VANCOUVER POLICE HEADQUARTERS - MCKECHNIE'S OFFICE -- DAY

McKechnie is at his desk. He is a military-looking Scotch-Canadian, with a white mustache. Beside the desk sits an elderly, prim-looking man in a dark suit with a black tie. Killaine comes up to desk.

MCKECHNIE

Killaine, this is Mr. Mitchell,
Senior. Young Mitchell's father.
He just flew in from Toronto.

KILLAINE

(to Mitchell)
How do you do, sir.

Mitchell nods.

MCKECHNIE

I've explained the situation to
Mr. Mitchell up to a point. Now
about this Mayfield girl?

KILLAINE

She's a suspect, naturally. But
not the only one.

MCKECHNIE

(harshly)
She's the only one who had a dead
man in her room. The only one who
won't give an account of herself.
The only one who tried to run away.
And the only one, so far, I've
been told, who went to such lengths
to disguise her identity that she
even removed the labels from her
clothes. What more do you want?

MITCHELL, SR.

She should have been arrested last night.

MCKECHNIE

That's as may be.

(to Killaine)

We've ample grounds to detain her for questioning. You can't deny that, surely.

KILLAINE

No.

MCKECHNIE

I hear she's a very pretty girl.

KILLAINE

Which forces me to arrest her against my better judgment.

MCKECHNIE

Aye. You have a point there.

MITCHELL, SR.

If so, I must say that it escapes my attention. It is my son who has been murdered. He was not always a good son--but he was my son. I want his murderer punished. The girl's obviously a criminal of some sort. Otherwise, she'd give an account of herself. Arrest her, and you'll find out soon enough.

MCKECHNIE

(eyeing Killaine)

I think he's right.

KILLAINE

(standing up)

Am I to interpret that as an order to arrest Miss Mayfield?

MCKECHNIE

When I give an order, you'll not
need it interpreted.

(glances up at clock
on wall)

You have an hour to make your mind
up.

(he turns to
Mitchell, Sr.)

Well, are ye satisfied, Mr.
Mitchell?

MITCHELL, SR.

I'll be satisfied when my son's
murderer is convicted and hanged.

(pause--his
expression softens
a little)

You've given this young man a very
difficult choice.

MCKECHNIE

Aye. That was the point you said
you didn't get.

(he turns back to
Killaine)

That's all.

(makes a gesture of
dismissal)

KILLAINE

Very good, sir.

He turns. We PAN HIM TO THE DOOR, he starts out.

INT. VANCOUVER POLICE HEADQUARTERS - CORRIDOR -- DAY

Killaine comes from Mckechnie's office. Starts back to
towards his own office.

Another plain clothes cop, DRISCOLL, is walking towards
Killaine. They meet just outside Killaine's office.
Driscoll is a tall, solemn-looking Irishman.

DRISCOLL

May I have a moment, Inspector?

Killaine stops.

DRISCOLL (CONT'D)

The Harbor police have just picked up a dead man out of the water.

KILLAINE

Floater?

DRISCOLL

Not a floater. Only just dead.

KILLAINE

(starting to turn
away)

You're the waterfront specialist.
Find out about it. I've got a
murder to investigate.

DRISCOLL

You have two murders to investigate.
This man's head was beaten in.
And there's nothing in his pockets.

KILLAINE

Drunk-rolling job. They hit him
too hard.

DRISCOLL

(annoyed with his
manner)

I've been on the waterfront detail
for twelve years. This man hadn't
been dead an hour. He wasn't killed
last night. He was killed today.
In broad daylight. That's no drunk-
rolling job.

KILLAINE

(starting to turn
away again)

Let me know when you've identified
him

Driscoll gives him a somber look and starts to leave.

KILLLAINE (CONT'D)

(calling after him)

And don't get too logical, Driscoll.
In police business it doesn't work.
I wish it did. But it doesn't

DRISCOLL

(looking back)

I'm an Irishman, sir. An Irishman
is always logical.

Killlaine frowns, then starts into his own little office.

EXT. PARLIAMENT BUILDING - SIDEWALK -- DAY

CLOSE SHOT -- A PORTION OF A TALL, SPEAR TOPPED IRON RAILING
ALONG THE SIDEWALK

A MAN in a business suit is leaning against it, He is a
plain-clothes dick by the name of HANDLEY. Other PEOPLE
are standing near him, looking through the railing, as if
waiting for something to happen. Handley is looking in
the other direction, along the sidewalk. In the background,
SOME TRAFFIC NOISE, and far off, BLAST OF A TUG WHISTLE.
Handley gets a cigarette out and lights it, with his eyes
still looking off to the side.

CAMERA PANS SLOWLY ALONG THE RAILING, showing people
standing in groups looking through. CAMERA PICKS UP BETTY
AMONG THEM. Near at hand there is a SHARP WHISTLE BLAST,
and immediately snare drums are HEARD, first in spaced
tap, then going into a tattoo.

EXT. VANCOUVER - PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS -- DAY

LONG SHOT -- GRAVELED OR PAVED SPACE IN FRONT OF MILITARY
OFFICIAL-LOOKING BUILDING

Built of stone, with broad steps. The Union Jack flies
from a flagpole. On the space in front of the building,
two small groups of soldiers, the first in battle-dress, and the
band, which marches it, a bugle and drum band, also in
battle-dress. The other group is in the dress uniform of
the Seaforth Highlanders, with kilts, Glengarrys, etc.,
and their band is a piper's band, in kilts. What is taking

place is a guard mount. The old guard is stood at attention and inspected by the outgoing officer of the day; and during this inspection the drums and bugle band march up and down in front of them, playing. The inspection over, the old guard will be formed into a marching column, the drum and bugle band will take position ahead of them, and the whole outfit will march across the parade ground and back again while the new guard stands at attention, its band silent. The old guard will then be halted, and faced towards the new guard, and will present arms. Then it will march off behind its band, while the kiltie guard is called to attention and presents arms. The outgoing and incoming officers of the day will salute each other. As the old guard marches off, their band will stop playing, and the pipers will march and start playing the bagpipes. This will continue while the new guard is inspected. The new guard will be marched off behind the pipes, and the ceremony is over. This is the background of the following scenes, and is going on all the time. Whatever portion of it is to be shown in immaterial, but the sound of it will be heard always, louder, not so loud, not loud at all, according to what is going on and how far off the bands are.

Betty is staring through the railing as the drum and bugle band goes into its tattoo and starts marching. A moment later, the bugles join in.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP OF HANDLEY

He is looking off in the other direction, makes a signal.

WHAT HE SEES

A motorcycle officer standing beside the curb, bears his motorcycle which has a side-car.

CLOSE SHOT -- RADIO DISPATCHER IN COMMUNICATIONS DIVISION
OF POLICE HEADQUARTERS

DISPATCHER

(into mike)

Go ahead, three-eight-six.

VOICE FROM LOUDSPEAKER

Party I am detailed to observe is
watching guard mount in front of
Parliament Buildings. Sergeant
Handley is standing by.

(NOTE: There are no Parliament Buildings in Vancouver.
They are in Victoria, so some substitute must be found.)

DISPATCHER

(into mike)

Message received. Stand by. One-
two-five.

He scribbles something on a pad, tears off and holds out
behind him without looking. A uniformed POLICE OFFICER
takes it.

CLOSE SHOT OF BETTY -- WATCHING THROUGH RAILING

WHAT SHE SEES -- A PORTION OF GUARD MOUNT THROUGH RAILING

CLOSE SHOT OF HANDLEY

Standing by railing, watching Betty. DRUM AND BUGLE MUSIC
OVER SCENE.

EXT. PARLIAMENT BUILDING - STREET -- DAY

LONG SHOT

A crowd against railing, Motorcycle Officer in foreground.
A CAR ENTERS SHOT, stops behind motorcycle.

CLOSE SHOT -- CAR

Killaine gets out, crosses to Motorcycle Officer, who
salutes him, then points out a scene.

KILLLAINE

I'll take over now. Wait for
Handley.

He starts walking CAMERA WITH HIM, comes up with Handley,
leans against the railing beside him.

KILLAINE (CONT'D)

I'm relieving you, Handley. Carry
on with Gore at the hotel.

Handley gives Killaine a curious look.

HANDLEY

Very good, sir.

He goes out of shot. Killaine watches him, then moves
along the railings (the guard mount ceremony is continuing
all this time), comes up beside Betty.

KILLAINE

This isn't a very good place to
talk.

BETTY

I don't want to talk.

KILLAINE

I've come here to arrest you for
murder.

DRUM AND BUGLE MUSIC IN BACKGROUND STOPS.

VOICE OF COMMAND

(over scene -- very
sharp and military)

Guard HALT!

A SOUND OF STAMPING FEET, THEN SILENCE.

VOICE OF COMMAND (CONT'D)

Right TURN!

A SOUND OF FEET, A STAMP, A SLAPPING OF HANDS AGAINST RIFLE
SLINGS as guard brings its arms to order. Betty turns her
head to look at Killaine.

BETTY

I expected nothing else.

KILLAINE

I might be able to save you. If I knew enough.

BETTY

You wouldn't even try
(Killaine reacts,
hurt)
There must be some copper in you,
or you wouldn't be an inspector.

KILLAINE

There must be-- but when I'm with
you I can't find it.

VOICE OF COMMAND

(over scene)
Guard, Present ARMS!

APPROPRIATE SOUNDS ARE HEARD, THEN A ROLL STARTS ON THE
TAP DRUMS.

KILLAINE

(turning and looking
through railing)
Everybody loves a guard mount--
except the guard.
(looks back)
My boss gave me an hour to make up
my mind. The time's almost up.

For the first time in the scene, Betty turns and faces
him.

KILLAINE (CONT'D)

I'm about to be very silly. A man
passes a girl on the street--a
very lovely girl--his eyes meet
her eyes, and something reaches
out and takes hold of his heart--
and then she goes on and is lost
in the crowd--and he says to
himself, "There goes my lost love"--
and it's true--if he never sees
her again, it's still true. Of
course, after a while, he forgets--
(MORE)

KILLAINE (CONT'D)

or almost forgets--because after a while we forget almost everything.

(Betty is silent,
staring at him)

But this man is a copper. He gets orders--routine orders--to go to a place and investigate a murder--and everything points to a certain girl.

BETTY

Points very straight to her.

KILLAINE

He looks at the girl, looks into her eyes--

BETTY

What does he see?

KILLAINE

Palm trees against a sunset--waves breaking on a coral reef--the Taj Mahal by moonlight--roses in an English garden, just after a shower--
(he grins wryly)

Clichés, one and all--but good ones, with a lot of mileage left in them--there's one thing he does not see--murder--and murder was what he was sent to find. Pretty ridiculous, isn't it?

BETTY

Very ridiculous.

KILLAINE

That's my hard luck--I'm man enough to tell you about it--and not be sorry.

BETTY

What do your friends call you?--
The ones that know you well?--and like you very much?

KILLAINE

They call me Jeff.

BETTY

Jeff. Shall we go now, Jeff, and get it over with?

KILLAINE

Not quite yet.

(pause)

We know who the gun belonged to. Margo West. She told us this morning.

(pause)

It doesn't mean much. Mitchell took it away from her. He had a habit of going through her bag.

BETTY

Looking for peanuts, I suppose.

KILLAINE

So Mitchell had handled it. Afterwards, Brandon picked it up.
(he glances at her)
There's no indication you handled it.

BETTY

I always wear gloves when I shoot people. A bad joke--but better than tears.

KILLAINE

(glancing at his watch again)
Time's up. I'm off the case.
(he takes a deep breath)

BETTY

They'll only find someone else--who won't be so kind.

KILLAINE

That's something I can't spare you. But I won't do it myself.

BETTY

Because you think you're in love
with me?

KILLAINE

I'm enough of a copper to do my
duty. My boss made it tough for
me. If I don't arrest you, I've
gone soft. If I do, it's to save
my face. I don't play those rules.

He breaks off. PIPE MUSIC SOUNDS OVER SCENE. Killaine
raises his voice.

KILLAINE (CONT'D)

You've got a couple of hours, maybe.

BETTY

To do what?

KILLAINE

I can't answer that.

BETTY

What will they do to you?

KILLAINE

That's their business. Can I
drop you somewhere?

BETTY

You're still a police officer,
Jeff.

(pause)

I saw you send those two men away.
I know they were watching me.

Killaine stares at her silently.

BETTY

What are you going to do--toss
your job into Puget Sound? Because
I make you think of magnolias? I
thought a policeman was something
like a soldier. That his duty

(MORE)

BETTY (CONT'D)
came first. However much he might
happen to hate it.

KILLAINE
(steadily)
I've been a soldier too. There is
a difference. A policeman, like a
judge, has a right to disqualify
himself on proper grounds.

BETTY
What proper grounds?
(pause, Killaine
doesn't answer)
You can't be in love with me. You
hardly know me. I'm not in love
with you.

KILLAINE
I know that.

BETTY
But even if you were in love with
me.

KILLAINE
(almost rudely)
There's an empty taxi across the
street. If you're so anxious,
take it. He'll know the way to
the police headquarters.

BETTY
You do things the hard way, don't
you?

KILLAINE
Sometimes.

BETTY
Not sometimes. Always. Just
because it is the hard way. You're
that kind of man, Jeff.

KILLAINE
Goodbye, Betty.

Betty doesn't answer. She shakes her head slightly, stands with a little smile on her face. He turns, goes quickly out of scene. The guard mount ceremony ends. The crowd begins to break up. Betty glances across the street, then starts out.

CLOSE SHOT -- AN EMPTY TAXICAB, THE FLAG UP

The driver is parked by the curb. He has been watching the guard mount and is now waiting for a fare. He sees one, gets quickly out of the cab, opens the door as Betty COMES INTO SHOT. She gets into the cab.

CAB DRIVER

Where to, Miss?

BETTY

Downtown somewhere--anywhere.

CAB DRIVER

Right you are, Miss.

Shuts a door, starts around his car, as we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. VANCOUVER POLICE HEADQUARTERS - MCKECHNIE'S OFFICE --
DAY

McKechnie behind his desk. Killaine standing across from him. (We enter the middle of scene)

MCKECHNIE

Are you a policeman or a soft-headed
nincompoop?

KILLAINE

A little of both, sir, and perhaps
not quite enough of either.

MCKECHNIE

It won't look pretty good on your
record, Killaine. Where's the
girl now?

KILLAINE

I don't know, sir.

MCKECHNIE

Well, find out. Who's covering her?

KILLAINE

Nobody's covering her, I detached the officer assigned to that duty.

McKechnie comes slowly to his feet. His voice is very quiet, and very dangerous.

MCKECHNIE

This girl is a murderess, Killaine.

KILLAINE

I disagree, sir. As Inspector in charge of the case I have the right to form that opinion, the right to act on it.

MCKECHNIE

Ye have, have ye?

KILLAINE

We lifted seven fairly good prints from Miss Mayfield's toilet articles. Washington ought to teletype us within a few hours.

MCKECHNIE

(in the same deadly
quiet voice)

And in the meantime this girl goes where she pleases, does what she pleases?

KILLAINE

Yes, sir.

McKechnie's eyes go down to his desk. His hand goes over slowly to a yellow telegraph form, face down. He turns it over, then lifts it and reads in a quiet, measured voice:

MCKECHNIE

(reading our loud)

"Superintendent J. McKechnie,
Vancouver Police Department.
Vancouver B.C. Replaying To Your
E.P. teletype classification No.
2684 incomplete. We advise
identification possible. Elizabeth
Kinsolving, arrested Greenwater,
North Carolina, January 8, 1948,
on a charge of murder. Signed,
FBI., Washington, D.C. H. Cleary,
Inspector in charge."

(McKechnie looks up
and meets Killaine's
eyes)

Have ye any comment, Killaine?

KILLAINE

Identification only possible, Sir.
Not conclusive.

MCKECHNIE

(reading out loud)

"Superintendent J. McKechnie,
Vancouver Police Department.
Replying your inquiry Elizabeth
Kinsolving. Subject was indicted,
first degree murder her husband,
Lee Kinsolving, January this year.
Guilty verdict set aside by
presiding judge. Prisoner
discharged, Whereabouts now unknown.
Fingerprint classification"--

(he holds up the
other telegram and
looks at Killaine)

And exact correspondence, Killaine.

Killaine stands white and silent.

MCKECHNIE

(dropping the F.B.I
telegram and
continuing to read
the other)

"Physical description: Age 26,
Height 5 feet 1 3/4 inches: Weight,
188 pounds: Light brown hair: Deep
blue eyes: Small, perfectly formed
features: Ears and earlobes small:
Slender build: Wears size 4 AA
shoe: Quiet refined manner: New
York accent: No charges pending.
No prior criminal record. Mayfield,
Mother's name. Air-mailing you
photographs today. Signed Hubert
Tollison, Chief of Police,
Greenwater, North Carolina."

(slowly McKechnie
drops this wire on
top of the other --
to Killaine)

She bleached her hair, or course.
(pause)

Would your sensibilities be
offended, if I sent out a general
alarm to pick up this girl?

KILLAINE

I think you'd be entirely justified,
sir.

MCKECHNIE

(with a sudden roar)
But you still think she's innocent.

KILLAINE

I do.

He reaches into his pocket, takes out his badge, places it
on the desk, on top of the two telegrams.

KILLAINE (CONT'D)

I think you'd like to have this.

McKechnie looks down at it without expression, speaks very
slowly,

MCKECHNIE

I believe you won decorations during the war.

KILLAINE

Two.

McKechnie picks up the badge and holds it on the flat of his hand, looking down at it.

MCKECHNIE

There are people in this world who don't think a police badge is a badge of honor. I'm not one of them.

KILLAINE

Nor I. This is why I gave it to you.

MCKECHNIE

(same tone)

You're a young man. You're romantic. You think a pretty face and a clean conscience go together. You think a soft voice means a soft heart. You'll grow out of that.

KILLAINE

Not too far, I hope.

MCKECHNIE

(suddenly very
Scotch, the harsh
and eloquent
Covenanter)

This badge is not an old newspaper you can cast down on the desk. It is not a thing you can give up as of no value. It may be taken from you--and you may die defending it. But you'll not use it to make cheap dramatic gestures with.

(MORE)

MCKECHNIE (CONT'D)

(pause; Killaine is
rocked back on his
heels)

It's a naked steel of the sword of
Justice. Put it back in your pocket
and hold tight to it--and someday
you might grow into a worthiness
ye lack now.

Killaine reaches out and takes the badge. He looks down
at it, his face bitter and ashamed.

MCKECHNIE (CONT'D)

Get out of here!

KILLAINE

What are my orders, sir?

MCKECHNIE

You think I'm wrong about this bit
of a girl. Go out and prove it
against me!

Killaine steps back, salutes, wheels about and exits scene.
McKechnie looks after him, expressionlessly. The door
CLOSES off. He presses a button. A uniformed OFFICER
enters, McKechnie holds the two telegrams toward him.

MCKECHNIE (CONT'D)

Condense these for an immediate
all-stations pick-up order.

INT. VANCOUVER POLICE HEADQUARTERS - KILLAINE'S OFFICE --
DAY

As he enters. Crosses to his desk, takes a small, steel
mirror out of drawer and examines his chin.

CAMERA MOVES TO AN OVER-THE-SHOULDER SHOT

He moves the mirror back until his face is seen in it.
There is a bitter smile on his mouth.

KILLAINE

Kid Galahad. The Knight of the
White Plume. Jess Holmes, the
fool killer. Boy, you look
wonderful in a tank--with the turret
closed.

During the speech, a door is OPENED off. Killaine looks
up. Driscoll is standing inside the room.

We are now

PULLED BACK INTO A WIDER SHOT

DRISCOLL

Got a moment, Inspector?

KILLAINE

I've got a year. Or a second.
I'm not sure which.

DRISCOLL

You told me when we'd identified
this fellow--

Killaine nods.

DRISCOLL (CONT'D)

We've done that. He's a San
Francisco private eye. Name Martin
J. Goble, G-O-B-L-E. Had initials
in his hat and for once he lived
where he bought it. Goble and
Greer is the firm name.

KILLAINE

(still a bit nasty)
Swimming with his hat on? That's
original.

DRISCOLL

If you'd seen the blood on his
head--and somebody had to carry
him out to sea--

KILLAINE

I understand. Pity to mess up a nice clean boat.

DRISCOLL

(registering
controlled anger
at Killaine's manner)

I got through to Greer, his partner in the detective business. Greer won't give out.

KILLAINE

(leaning back in
his chair, half-
closing his eyes)

I'd suggest a telegram. Something like this: Chief of Police, San Francisco. A licensed private detective named Martin J. Goble, address so-and-so, has been found murdered within our jurisdiction. His partner, name something-something Greer, refuses to give us any information. Correction. Refuses information necessary to our investigation. Can you assist? Signed Detective Sergeant Driscoll, Vancouver, British Columbia, Police.

(Killaine opens his
eyes, looks at
Driscoll)

DRISCOLL

Send that?

KILLAINE

(indifferently)

Would you?

DRISCOLL

(after a pause)

If you're asking my opinion, no. I'd read it to Greer over the phone. Ask him if he had any objections.

Killaine stands up, glances at his wristwatch.

KILLAINE

Catch me at the Vancouver Royal if
it's important.

DRISCOLL

How important would it have to be?
It's only murder, Inspector.

Killaine goes close to him, suddenly smiles.

KILLAINE

The Super's just given me the
sweetest dressing down I've ever
had. I'm still reeling from it.
And believe me, I had it coming.
I apologize. What you think is
important--I think is important.

DRISCOLL

(answering his smile)
Thanks, Inspector. What are your
orders about this wire to San
Francisco?

KILLAINE

Men like you don't need orders.

He turns, exits scene. Driscoll is now smiling broadly.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ROYAL HOTEL - BRANDON'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

The door opens, Brandon comes in, crosses in the direction
of the bedroom.

INT. ROYAL HOTEL - BRANDON'S BEDROOM -- DAY

Brandon comes in from the living room, crosses to wall
safe. His expression is tight, business-like, his movements
quick, as if he had a lot to do and didn't intend to waste
any time. Opens wall safe, takes a wad of currency from
it, stuffs currency into breast pocket, re-locks safe. A
door buzzer SOUNDS to the door of his apartment. Brandon

reacts, starts to exit.

INT. ROYAL HOTEL - BRANDON'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Brandon enters from bedroom. Door buzzer SOUNDS again. He picks up his hat and coat, goes to door, opens it. Killaine comes past Brandon into room, closing the door.

KILLAINE

Time for a little chat?

BRANDON

If it doesn't take too long. Drink?

KILLAINE

Thanks. I don't mind.

Brandon throws hat and coat on couch, crosses to liquor cabinet, begins to mix a couple of drinks; his back is now turned to Killaine, who saunters across room to French doors, exits terrace. Brandon turns with the glasses in his hands, then starts after Killaine.

EXT. ROYAL HOTEL - PENTHOUSE TERRACE -- DAY

Killaine is standing against the wall corner, looking down at the point where the terrace overlooks Betty's balcony. Brandon enters from living room carrying glasses, reacts again, controls himself, crosses to Killaine.

BRANDON

Here you are.

Killaine turns, takes a glass.

KILLAINE

Thanks. Lovely view you have, haven't you?

BRANDON

I never notice the view after the first week.

KILLAINE

I would. Fancy waking up every morning with that in your lap.

(MORE)

KILLAINE (CONT'D)

(he gestures towards
the view)

Wonderful thing, money is. Remember
what Somerset Maugham said about
it ?

BRANDON

I wouldn't know.

KILLAINE

"Money is a sort of sixth sense
that gives meaning to all the
others." Very appealing, especially
to a poor man.

BRANDON

Could we discuss that some other
time?

KILLAINE

Sure. Let's discuss Betty Mayfield.
(pause)
How long since you saw her?

BRANDON

A couple of hours.

KILLAINE

I have a warrant for her arrest.

BRANDON

That must hurt.

KILLAINE

I've always thought you were a
pretty nice guy, Brandon. I'd
like to go on thinking so. If you
tried to help her get away--

BRANDON

Would that make me a heel?

KILLAINE

You'd be breaking the law.

BRANDON

Doesn't answer the question.

KILLAINE

The only answer I have for you.

BRANDON

You passed up a dozen chances to arrest her. What toughened you up?

KILLAINE

Information.

BRANDON

Don't kid me. You don't think she murdered Mitchell.

KILLAINE

It could have been an accident.

BRANDON

That COULD BE TOLD.

KILLAINE

Not if she knew she wouldn't be believed.

BRANDON

Your concentrating too hard, Killaine. What about Margo West? She had a motive. I guess you know by this time whose gun it was?

Killaine nods.

BRANDON

And old man Clarendon? He had a motive, too. Margo and her money.

KILLAINE

Mitchell was killed down here.

(he points)

How could Clarendon get in to do it?

(MORE)

KILLAINE (CONT'D)

(pause)

Or Margo for that matter.

BRANDON

How could Mitchell? After that act he put on up here, is it likely she'd let him in?

KILLAINE

She didn't have to. He could have climbed down from here.

Brandon looks down over the wall. He turns, deadpan.

BRANDON

Mitchell was too drunk.

KILLAINE

Or just drunk enough. He was with her when she registered. He knew where her room was. You were out most of the evening. There was a lot of mess to clean up. Waiters coming and going, the door standing open. Suppose Mitchell came in to grab a drink for himself, then wandered out on this balcony, then realized Betty's balcony was just below yours.

BRANDON

Romeo in reverse. Uh-uh. No sale, Killaine.

KILLAINE

You don't buy it. Okay. So I still want Betty Mayfield. Where is she?

BRANDON

No idea.

Phone rings off, in the living room.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Excuse me. My phone.

He turns, exits scene. Killaine stands a moment, looking down from the edge of the terrace, then follows Brandon.

INT. ROYAL HOTEL - BRANDON'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Brandon is just lifting the receiver.

BRANDON

Hello.

His expression tightens, he glances quickly towards the French doors as Killaine appears in them and strolls into the living room. Brandon turns his back to Killaine.

BRANDON

(into phone)

Sorry. It's not very convenient
just now.

INT. HUDSON BAY COMPANY'S DEPARTMENT STORE - WAITING ROOM --
DAY

SHOPPERS, MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN, etc., sitting around. In the background a line of phone booths. CAMERA PICKS OUT a deadpan, nondescript-looking MAN who might be a dick as he stands up from a chair, crosses towards phone booths, CAMERA WITH HIM. Phone booths are all full. He stops before a booth, through the glass door of which Betty can be seen on the phone. She catches his eye, turns away quickly. The Man nonchalantly lights a cigarette, leans against the booth.

CLOSE SHOT

BETTY

(into phone in booth)

I had no right to call you anyway.
I've made you enough trouble. I--
I think I know what to do--if
they'll let me.

Her eyes turn to look at the man outside the booth. He is not looking at her.

CUT TO:

INT. ROYAL HOTEL - BRANDON'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

BRANDON ON PHONE

Killaine, behind him in a chair; has picked up a magazine.

BRANDON

(casual voice)

It sounds like a fair location.
Could you be a little more exact?

CUT TO:

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - PHONE BOOTH -- DAY

BETTY ON PHONE

BETTY

I'm in the Hudson Bay Company's
store. That man last night--the
one that followed me--

CUT TO:

INT. BRANDON'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

BRANDON

I don't think that's on the market
anymore. I'd like something much
closer to the water.

Killaine is listening, but he does not look up.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Can't be too close for me. Right
across the street from it suits
me. Anything else listed?

INT. PHONE BOOTH -- DAY

BETTY ON PHONE

BETTY
(into phone, low
penetrating voice,
her mouth very
close to the
mouthpiece)

There's another man--right outside
the booth here. I never saw him
Before.

CUT TO:

INT. BRANDON'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

BRANDON
You're probably mistaken about
that. Let's get together and
talk it over. There's always a
solution to these problems. But
it must be near the water. Quite
near--

(pause)
Yes, if you don't mind waiting.

CUT TO:

INT. PHONE BOOTH -- DAY

BETTY ON PHONE

Showing the Man is still standing outside the booth. He
glances in casually. Betty turns her head into phone.

BETTY
Close to the water. Like last
night. I'll try. Goodbye.

She hangs up, stands a moment as if mustering her courage,
then turns.

INT. WAITING ROOM NEAR BETTY'S PHONE BOOTH -- DAY

The Man is standing there, smoking. Betty opens the door,

comes out past him, not looking at him, then turns with a quick decision and faces him.

BETTY

(to man)

I'm sorry I kept you waiting.

He has his hand on the knob of the booth door, holding it. He smiles quickly

MAN

Don't give it a thought, Miss.

Matter of fact, waiting is my trade.

A BIG WOMAN pushes past them, starts to leave herself into the booth he is about to enter. The man reacts smoothly.

MAN (CONT'D)

(to big woman)

Pardon me, Madam. Is that your handkerchief?

He points to a spot on the floor behind her. She steps back and turns. He glides into the booth, draws the door shut, winks at Betty through the glass. Betty hides her face as she turns away. The Big Woman is furious.

CUT TO:

INT. BRANDON'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

He has just left the phone and crossed to make another drink, Killaine tosses the magazine aside and stands up.

KILLAINE

No more for me, thanks. Remember what I said. I can't interfere with the law.

BRANDON

Where would she go, anyway. Don't tell me you haven't got her covered.

Killaine just looks at him, then nods, turns away.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Mitchell was a heel. We both know that. Why take it for granted that somebody in the hotel knocked him off?

Killaine doesn't answer.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

You forgetting the gag line, Killaine. The police don't take anything for granted.

KILLAINE

I'm afraid they do. Far too often. So long.

BRANDON

Wait a minute. I'll go with you.

Crosses, picks up hat and coat, reaches Killaine at the door, they start out.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ROYAL HOTEL - ELEVATOR -- DAY

BRANDON AND KILLAINE

KILLAINE

(casually)

You do a lot of real estate trading, Brandon?

BRANDON

Now and then. Mostly just for the fun of it.

KILLAINE

I tried it once. I lost my shirt.

BRANDON

(with a faint smile)

I buy my shirts by the dozen. Fortunately.

KILLAINE
(glancing at the
elevator operator)
Where did it all come from? Or is
that a permissible question?

Elevator stops. OTHER PEOPLE get in. Elevator starts
down again.

WIPE TO:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - BY ELEVATOR -- DAY

Elevator reaches lobby floor, doors open, people come out.
Killaine and Brandon separately. Brandon first. He waits
for Killaine.

BRANDON
I had a father who knew how to
steal.

KILLAINE
(puzzled)
What?

BRANDON
You asked me where it all came
from.

KILLAINE
(smiles)
Oh. That was just one of those
idle questions. One doesn't expect
an answer.

Brandon nods, turns towards the desk, Killaine following.
Campbell the manager, is behind the desk, and a clerk.
The clerk, seeing Brandon, reaches mail out of the box,
hands it to Brandon, who stands looking over.

KILLAINE (CONT'D)
(to Campbell)
I think I'd like to take another
look at Mr. Mitchell's room.

Brandon glances at him quickly, then back to his mail.

KILLAINE (CONT'D)

I don't know why. As a matter of fact, I don't know anything.

CAMPBELL

(polite but rather cold)

It's about time you did--know something.

KILLAINE

I agree with you perfectly. But when did time ever help a fool?

Brandon gives another quick glance, then strolls off along the lobby towards the main Hotel entrance, still looking at his mail as he walks. Killaine looks after him.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Killaine goes over to where Handley is sitting, drops into a chair beside him, takes out his crested cigarette case, takes a cigarette, then with an after-thought, offers case to Handley, which brings them close together, as Handley takes cigarette.

HANDLEY

Nothing. She hasn't shown.

KILLAINE

Check the boat?

HANDLEY

Gore's out doing it now.

Killaine gives him a light. They both puff. Killaine puts cigarette case away.

KILLAINE

(pretending to stifle a yawn)

Must be almost tea-time

(moves to get up)

I'll be in Mitchell's room.

Handley nods slightly. Killaine gets up, starts to move back to the desk. Campbell stands there waiting for him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET - WATERFRONT -- DAY

BETTY WALKING CAMERA FOLLOWING

Her hands are deep in the pockets of her coat, head bent forward. She comes under a street sign, looks up. The sign says: FRONT STREET

SOUND of a car coming up behind her. SOUND indicates it is breaking to stop. Betty becomes rigid, then very slowly turns her head, as though she expected to find a police car had come up behind her.

BRANDON (O.S.)

Hop in.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Showing Brandon's convertible, Brandon leaning out. Betty crosses the sidewalk, gets into the car. HOLD ON THE CAR as it starts up, SHOOTING FROM A NATURAL ANGLE.

BETTY

I hated to go to that place. I almost went to the police station instead.

BRANDON

No percentage in that.

BETTY

They're going to arrest me.

BRANDON

I know. Killaine has a warrant.

BETTY

(as the car turns
into Ford Street)

I have my own warrant. Stop a
minute, please.

Brandon looks at her, puzzled, brings the car to a stop;
sits staring at her. Background of harbor ships, Betty
draws something out of her pocket--a paper--and hands it
to him. He takes it, opens it, reads it aloud, in a low
voice.

BRANDON

(reading aloud)

"Dear Inspector Killaine: This is
goodbye. You were right, I had a
secret. You were right, I changed
my name. I tried to hide from the
past and I walked into almost the
same situation that I had run away
from. I didn't kill Larry Mitchell,
but I can't prove it. I couldn't
prove it the other time, either.
Where I am going, nothing has to
be proved. There's a lot of water
between Vancouver and the U.S.A.
In that, and in you. Vancouver
has been kind to me. I think you
will understand. Betty Mayfield.

Brandon stops reading, his face is tight, and grim. Slowly
he refolds the note and turns to look at Betty.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

If you meant it, you wouldn't show
it to me, Betty.

(pause)

Or am I supposed to deliver it to
dear Inspector Killaine?

BETTY

(in a half-wild
tone)

Wrote it in the waiting room of
the Hudson Bay Store. With
somebody's Pekingese trying to

(MORE)

BETTY (CONT'D)

climb into my lap. Perhaps you're right. Perhaps I didn't mean it. All I know is that I'm licked.

BRANDON

(very slowly)

There's a lot of water between Vancouver and the U.S.A. This note is a suicide note. After you're gone where would they look for you?

(long pause)

Why would they look for you? Darkness, and open water, and a fast cabin cruiser. And I have a pocket full of money. And if I helped you, I'd be committing a crime, or so they tell me.

BETTY

That wasn't why I called you. Why did I hope--when I hadn't any right to hope?

BRANDON

How bad is it? Bad enough for--
(he taps pointing
to the note)

BETTY

Yes. I've never been very far from it, for a long time. Will you do something for me?

Brandon nods.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Take me where I haven't the courage to take myself.

BRANDON

How bad is the other thing? The secret?

BETTY

I was tried for murdering my husband. Guilty. The judge set the verdict aside. There was one man on the jury--

(she pauses, shakes her head)

--but he was afraid. They were all afraid--of my father-in-law. That man followed me last night--he came from him of course. My father-in-law will never give up. Never. He promised me that.

(she laughs a little)

So I came to Vancouver, B.C. As far away as I can get from North Carolina. And it happens all over again. Almost the same thing. Almost the same way. Do you wonder about this--

She reaches to take the note from his hand. He pulls it away from her.

BRANDON

This is the ace, Betty. But not of spades. They'll find out about the other. They might know already. And when they get this--

(he holds up the note again)

What would they look for? Where? Out there somewhere?

(he points towards the open water beyond the ships)

BETTY

They'll look for you.

BRANDON

I run over to Victoria. Play some golf with some people I know. Do it all the time. That's why I have a cabin cruiser. Custom-built. Forty knots. Mr. Clark Brandon,
(MORE)

BRANDON (CONT'D)

an almost gentleman of almost complete leisure. Member of six golf clubs. Broke 70 once on the Shaughnessy Heights Course. You have to be good to do that, And if you look out of a front window of the Empress Hotel in Victoria, in a few hours you can look right down on Mr. Brandon's boat, the Valkyrie. Came alone? Sure. He always comes alone. Mr. Brandon's a rather lonely man.

BETTY

(staring at him,
fascinated)
And Betty Mayfield--

BRANDON

Blonde, beautiful, and sad--and nowhere. Of course she might have run away--if she knew how. And where to go. She might have dyed her hair. Bleached it before probably.

(Betty nods)

And changed her name again. But look at this note.

(he holds it up)

And look at her room in the hotel. Her stuff is all there. Hasn't a rag except what she stood up in. You don't run away like that. Not if you are young and beautiful. No chance.

BETTY

(catching a little
enthusiasm from
him)

But that's what I'm doing. Couldn't they think of that?

BRANDON

If they had any reason to. Why make it tough for themselves? Why go to all that trouble? Here's an open book. Close it. No reason to keep it open. She was a nice girl, anyway. And perhaps she didn't kill him on purpose. Perhaps she didn't kill the other one. You never know. Give her the benefit of the doubt. Leave her stay where she is. Close the book. Finis.

BETTY

Killaine...

BRANDON

The best interference runner we've got. He thinks he's in love with you--and he's a gentleman. Come here, baby.

He pulls her towards him, holds her in his arms, and kisses her.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

I'm not. Or I wouldn't be doing this right now.

(softly)

Even if I didn't like you, I'd have to do it. Like the guy that was dealt thirteen spades in a bridge hand. Or filled an ace-high flush. You couldn't get him out of that game to give him the Pulitzer Prize.

They pull apart. Brandon starts the car again. As it gets into motion, he looks forward through the windshield, brakes suddenly, with a grim expression.

WHAT HE SEES

SHOOTING FORWARD THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD OF THE CAR

Along the block, at the end of which is Charlie's Place.

The sign can be made out vaguely. A police car stands in front of the door.

BACK TO BRANDON AND BETTY

BRANDON (CONT'D)
(with forced
carelessness)
Must be raid day at Magruder's.
They always raid him before he
opens, so he won't lose any
business.

WIDER SHOT - EXTERIOR OF THE CAR

As Brandon turns it in a fast U-Turn, CAMERA PANS IT OUT OF SIGHT IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION, THEN PANS BACK TO PICK UP THE POLICE CAR IN FRONT OF MAGRUDER'S.

CLOSE SHOT of the Police car - uniformed CHAUFFEUR at the wheel. One of the car doors is standing open.

EXT. CHARLIE'S PLACE -- DAY

PAN TO THE ENTRANCE OF CHARLIE'S

Another uniformed COP is standing at the door. He pushes the door open, looks inside, up the staircase.

CAMERA PANS TO SHOOT UP THE DARK, EMPTY STAIRS

WIPE TO:

INT. CHARLIE'S PLACE -- DAY

As seen before, except that the place is now tidied up, the tables are in order, arranged for the night. A door at the back opens and a PLAIN CLOTHES DICK, one we have not yet seen, comes through, starts walking rapidly in the direction of the street stairs. Through the open door we HEAR Driscoll's voice.

DRISCOLL (O.S.)

(not too loud)

I want a man from the I-Bureau
down here as soon as possible.
There's some stuff in the waste
basket I'm afraid to handle.

CUT TO:

INT. CHARLIE'S PLACE - MAGRUDER'S OFFICE -- DAY

As Driscoll replaces phone, turns to face Magruder, who is handcuffed, with a Man standing beside him. Magruder is scowling. Driscoll brings up his left hand, showing on a spread handkerchief the sawed-off belly gun that Magruder took away from Goble and put in his desk drawer.

DRISCOLL

What always throws me about people
like you is that you're so stupid.
Don't you know these things have
numbers on them? And that they
have to be registered if they're
owned legally? And that if we
find a man dead with his pocket's
empty--and identify him and find
out he's a private detective from
San Francisco--

MAGRUDER

(tough)

It needs music.

DRISCOLL

(ignoring him and
continuing right
on)

All we have to do is call the San
Francisco Police and get numbers
for his guns. For the love of the
Saints, Magruder, if you're going
into the murder business, why don't
you learn a few rules? You must

(MORE)

DRISCOLL (CONT'D)

have been pretty desperate to move
him out of here in broad daylight.

Magruder reacts. This one catches him right square on the
point of the chin.

DRISCOLL (CONT'D)

(softly)

Don't you know we have people down
in the district working for us?
They might look like tramps to
you, and some of them are. But
they have eyes.

MAGDRUDER

(hoarsely)

The guy pulled a gun on me. I
thought it was a stick-up. I hit
him with a sap. Why wouldn't I?
Maybe I hit him too hard, and it
scared me. I wanted to get him
away from here. A guy like me
don't always get believed by guys
like you.

DRISCOLL

You had over sixteen hundred dollars
in your pocket, a thousand of them
in twenty-dollar bills. With a
kind of new look about them at
that. Would you be interested in
what I think about this, Magruder?

Magruder doesn't answer. He is beginning to look very
groggy.

DRISCOLL

(sharply to the
other dick)

Hold him. He's trying to sag on
us.

The other dick straightens Magruder up, pushes him against
the wall. Magruder's eyes are rolling in his head.

DRISCOLL

(mercilessly)

This man Goble rented the car, gave a false name. He had no license, no identification. But he put up a sufficient deposit. He was a suspicious man. He was on a dubious errand. He had a gun in his pocket and I'm thinking one of these manila envelopes--

(he points to the
waste basket)

Contained those sheets of blank paper which he was going to sell for money. And get out before anybody looked at what he'd sold. You had the money, Magruder. But you didn't give it to him. You killed him instead.

Magruder starts to sag again.

DRISCOLL (CONT'D)

(more gently)

Perhaps you didn't mean to kill him. But here he was dead, and his car was outside in the street. So you brought it around to the alley and you carried the man down to it, and you drove him away. And what happened to him after that, nobody knows until he was picked out of the water of the Sound, dead. But not long dead. Where did you leave the car, Magruder? Who helped you? What boat did you have?

(pauses. His voice
changes to a dry
business-like tone
addressing the
other dick)

All right. Take him in. Set him down. Give him what he wants to make him comfortable. And get a stenographer. And warn him. And

(MORE)

DRISCOLL (CONT'D)

don't rough him. He's a nice little man. All he wants is to collect his thoughts. And then he'll tell us the whole story in his own words.

(his voice becomes
positively corny)

Won't you, Magruder, darling?

Magruder pitches forward to the floor in a dead faint.
The two detectives stand looking at him.

DRISCOLL (CONT'D)

(somberly)

He'll be giving the priest a bad time, this one. Maybe You'd better call an ambulance. He might have a wonky ticker.

EXT. VANCOUVER YACHT CLUB BUILDING PARKING SPACE IN FRONT --
DAY

CAMERA PICKS OUT BRANDON'S SEDAN which has just parked.
Brandon and Betty are getting out.

CLOSER SHOT - ON BRANDON AND BETTY

BRANDON

Over this way.

They start towards the corner of the building away from
the entrance.

EXT. NARROW WOODEN WALK ALONG THE SIDE OF THE YACHT CLUB
BUILDING -- DAY

Brandon stops at the padlocked door, unlocks it, opens it.
They start through.

INT. VANCOUVER YACHT CLUB - BOATHOUSE -- DAY

The seaward end is open, a big cabin cruiser is moored in
the slip, a wooden ladder going down to it. Brandon goes
down the ladder to deck of cruiser, steadies it by pulling
on the line, helps Betty down, then down into the cockpit.

INT. CABIN CRUISER VALKYRIE - COCKPIT -- DAY

SHOOTING DOWN THE SHORT COMPANIONWAY

Brandon loads Betty down the companionway to the cabin of the cruiser. It is paneled, with curtained windows, luxurious.

BRANDON

You'll be safe here. I won't be long.

(puts a bunch of
keys on the table)

Help yourself to anything you want.
The galley's through there.

(he points to a
door up forward)

You can make coffee if you like.

BETTY

(looking around
here)

This must have cost a fortune.

BRANDON

It did, but it never paid off--
until now.

(he looks at his
watch)

I ought to be back within an hour.
We can't leave until near dark
anyway.

BETTY

Do you have to leave the note?

BRANDON

It's the frame on the picture.
But not if you say so.

He takes the note out of his pocket and holds it out.
Betty doesn't touch it.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

I'd still go through--even if I
ended up in jail.

BETTY

You wouldn't like it. I've been there.

BRANDON

(quietly)

My father died in jail, and he was twice the man I am.

Betty just stares at him.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

(holding up the
letter)

Well?

BETTY

(in a choked voice)

You leave it.

She turns away quickly, Brandon stands a moment, looking at her, then turns back and EXITS SCENE.

WIPE TO:

INT. POLICE CAR IN MOTION -- DAY

SHOOTING FORWARD THROUGH POLICE CAR WINDSHIELD

Police radio is on. From it we HEAR:

VOICE (FROM RADIO)

C.V.P.L. Vancouver Police
Department. Repeating. All points
Bulletin No. 611. General alarm.
Wanted for questioning. A young
woman. American. Using the name
Betty Mayfield, formerly Elizabeth
Kinsolving of Greenwater, North
Carolina. Height five feet one
and a half inches. Weight 118
pounds. Hair blonde, may be dyed
darker. Blue eyes. Slender build.
Size 4AA shoes. Quiet refined
(MORE)

VOICE (CONT'D, FROM RADIO)
manner. Any person answering this
description should be held,
Communicate immediately with
Superintendent J. McKechnie,
Vancouver City Police, Vancouver,
B.C., for F.P. Classification.

CUT TO:

INT. VANCOUVER ROYAL HOTEL - MITCHELL'S ROOM -- DAY

A handsome table radio, Gore standing beside it. The continuation of broadcast in previous scene, without break, but with a difference in tone, due to the different instrument.

VOICE (FROM RADIO)
Outlying cities and towns please
rebroadcast. Coast Guard stations
please rebroadcast. Suspect may
attempt to cross border. C.V.P.L.
Vancouver City Police, Vancouver,
B.C. I will repeat this bulletin.

Gore reaches across, shuts the radio off, turns, CAMERA PULLS BACK TO A WIDER SHOT OF MITCHELL'S ROOM which is not typical, not very expensive hotel room, but with some personal furniture such as table lamps, a shelf of books, a few indications that this has become the home of someone.

Gore moves towards the bed, Killaine is going through the contents of a suitcase. He has underwear, shirts, socks, etc., spread out all around the bed cover.

GORE
She didn't seem the type to lam
out--even if she got the chance.
That stuff was all gone through
last night. Anything special you're
looking for, Inspector?

KILLLAINE
I'll know when I find it.

GORE

I guess I'm just ballast around here.

Killaine doesn't answer. He straightens up with a very fancy thin gold cigarette case in his hand. He opens it.

GORE (CONT'D)

You get those from rich women--if you are the kind of guy Mitchell was.

Killaine dumps the cigarettes out of the case and holds the inside against the light. His gaze becomes fixed.

KILLAINE

(reading)

"G.G. Market one-eight-four-two."

GORE

Gigi, huh? Sounds French--one of those fancy ladies. Must have been very fancy, if he scratched her phone number in gold.

KILLAINE

(ignoring him,
speaking to himself)

Market... It seems to me that's a San Francisco exchange.

INT. BEER TAVERN - BASEMENT -- DAY

Brandon is seated at a small table, with a bottle and glass of beer in front of him. He takes Betty's suicide note out his pocket, reads it.

CAMERA MOVES IN ENOUGH TO SHOW WHAT HE IS READING

He refolds it, holds it a moment, lost in thought, then puts it away in his pocket, glances at his wristwatch, stands up, starts out of scene, leaving beer almost un-tasted.

INT. THE ROYAL VANCOUVER HOTEL - BETTY'S ROOM -- DAY

As Killaine comes in, he moves noiselessly around the room,

glancing at this and that, goes to a closet, comes back with an over-night case, which he puts on the bed. It is locked. He gets out a bunch of keys, tried two or three, opens it. He searches inside the over-night bag and comes up with a packet of travelers checks.

CLOSE ON THE PACKET OF TRAVELERS CHECKS TO SHOW THE DENOMINATIONS OF \$500 EACH AND THAT THE PACKET IS QUITE A THICK WAD

Killaine replaces them in the over-night bag, re-locks it, puts it back in the closet, starts out towards balcony.

INT. CABIN CRUISER VALKYRIE -- DAY

Betty is stretched out on a bunk, smoking, NOISE is HEARD off, CREAKING WOOD STEPS. She jumps to her feet, starts towards the companionway.

EXT. CABIN CRUISER VALKYRIE - COCKPIT -- DAY

As Brandon comes down off ladder and Betty comes up companionway.

BRANDON

(tightly)

Killaine's wise. We can't wait any longer. Here, put this on.

(he opens locker,
picks out an oilskin
coat, hands it to
her)

But stay out of sight until we clear the harbor. I'll tell you when.

(gets another oilskin
out of the locker,
puts it on himself)

BETTY

Killaine's wise to what?

Without answering, Brandon slips past her, down companionway.

INT. CABIN CRUISER VALKYRIE -- DAY

As Brandon enters, peeling off his overcoat and jacket, tosses overcoat and hat aside, opens locker with push-back door, hangs jacket up inside, takes out a heavy sweater which he slips on, then a seamen's pea-jacket which he also puts on. He reaches far in and comes out holding a .38 automatic, slips it into the inside pocket of the pea jacket, pulls locker door closed, starts out.

EXT. CABIN CRUISER VALKYRIE - COCKPIT -- DAY

Betty has put on her oilskin coat as Brandon comes up companionway, slips behind the wheel and starts the motors. He yells something at her, but the roar of the motors drowns it out. He points. She nods, goes back down companionway. Brandon casts off, cruiser starts to back out of the slip.

EXT. YACHT ANCHORAGE -- DAY

Cruiser backs in towards CAMERA, swings around, starts in a wide curve towards the harbor entrance, moving very fast. Brandon alone is seen. The cruiser picks up still more speed and head off into the distance.

WIPE TO:

INT. ROYAL HOTEL - OUTSIDE BRANDON'S PENTHOUSE -- DAY

Elevator comes up, opens, Campbell and Gore come out. Campbell crosses to penthouse door, presses bell, then turns to Gore.

CAMPBELL

I'm getting a little tired of this, Sergeant. Mr. Brandon's a valued guest in this hotel. We've known him for a long time. I don't like this prowling into people's rooms.

He presses the bell again.

GORE

How many people in your hotel know
a man was murdered here,
Mr. Campbell? Apart from you and
the people questioned?

CAMPBELL

(shortly)

None, as far as I know.

GORE

And you don't like our methods,
huh?

Campbell gives him a look, takes out the passkey, and
unlocks door, starts in. Gore moves past him, turns and
blocks him.

GORE (CONT'D)

That's all. Thanks, Mr. Campbell.

CAMPBELL

I insist--

GORE

That's all. Thanks, Mr. Campbell.

He pushes the door shut, pushing Campbell out with it. He
puts on the night latch, grins and starts across living
room to French doors to terrace.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE VANCOUVER ROYAL HOTEL - BETTY'S ROOM - BALCONY --
DAY

Killaine standing, looking up at end wall towards the wall
of the penthouse terrace. He looks down at the chaise on
which Mitchell's body was found. He goes to it, wheels it
over so it is close to the end wall. His eyes measure the
distance from the chaise up to the top of the parapet wall
of the penthouse terrace. Gore appears IN THE SHOT ABOVE.
He looks down.

KILLLAINE

(calling up to him)

I'm coming up.

He goes down to the corner of the balcony wall, steps up on it, steadying himself with a hand against the steep end wall. He turns his body so that he is standing sideways, rather unsteadily, and reaches up. His hands are about two feet short of being able to reach the top of the wall at which Gore stands. Killaine gathers himself for a jump, springs, catches the top of the wall with one hand, swings outwards, glances down.

WHAT HE SEES

Sheer drop of 100 feet to the stone terrace outside the hotel lobby.

ANGLE UP SHOWING KILLLAINE DANGLING BY ONE HAND FROM TERRACE ABOVE

Gore reaching down for him. Killaine's body swings in again. With a jerk he gets the other hand up, laboriously pulls himself up, and walks up the wall, CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM. Gore reaches to help him.

KILLLAINE

(tightly, straining
with effort)

I'm all right.

He gets a leg over the penthouse wall, breathing hard.

EXT. PENTHOUSE BALCONY -- DAY

REVERSE SHOT ANGLE DOWN LOOKING DOWN FROM THE TERRACE TO THE VIEW BELOW

Gore is standing by the wall, Killaine astride of it. He gets over to the balcony floor, stands up, wipes his hands off.

GORE

(shaken)

That's pretty risky business,
Inspector.

KILLAINE

Somebody did it twice last night--
in the dark.

He points down. Gore looks over the wall, downwards.

WHAT HE SEES.

Portion of Betty's balcony and the chaise almost directly
below him.

KILLAINE (CONT'D, O.S.)

Once to put that in the position
where it is now. And the second
time to move it where we found it.

TWO SHOT - KILLAINE AND GORE

On the balcony.

KILLAINE (CONT'D)

Not too hard, is it?

GORE

(staring at him)
Maybe we've been pretty dumb--

KILLAINE

(quietly)
There wasn't any motive...let's
try out the act.

Gore steps back. Killaine puts his hand in his pocket and
brings out a gun, which looks very like the death gun.

KILLAINE (CONT'D)

I have a gun. It's not loaded.
Pretend it is. I'm drunk. I took
the gun away from Margo West. Now
I've said something to you that
you don't like. I don't like the
look in your eyes, either. I've
pulled the gun. Take it away from
me. And while you're taking it
away from me, it goes off. Ready?

Gore nods.

KILLAINE (CONT'D)

Let's go.

Gore suddenly swarms him. There is a brief sharp struggle. Gore gets his hand over the gun. It goes down as they fight for it. Gore turns it in toward Killaine's body. There is a sharp click. Gore steps back with the gun in his hand.

KILLAINE (CONT'D)

Was that about the right angle?

GORE

I think so.

KILLAINE

Where's the shell?

GORE

Should be over there.

Points to the angle of the wall.

KILLAINE

Pick it up. Put it in your pocket.

Gore pretends to do so.

KILLAINE (CONT'D)

The same with the gun.

Gore puts the gun in his pocket.

KILLAINE (CONT'D)

You've got a dead man on your hands. You killed him--even if it wasn't murder. What are you going to do about it?

GORE

If I've got any sense I'm going to call headquarters.

KILLAINE

They'll probably believe you. But they'll want to know what you were fighting about. Why Mitchell had a gun. You'll tell them a simple story. They'll pretend it sounds all right to them. Now you're headquarters. How does it sound to you?

GORE

Before I took the story and closed the case, I'd want to know a lot more about these people. I'd want to know just about everything about them.

KILLAINE

(nodding)

Exactly. Now I'm the killer. And there's something I don't want you to know. Something that would destroy my comfortable life, rob me of my friends, my position.

GORE

Such as?

KILLAINE

Assume there is something to hide. I go to a lot of trouble. What do I do? What would you do?

GORE

Do I know who lives down there?

KILLAINE

You can find out.

GORE

Do I know that she's out of the room? Likely to be out of it for some time?

KILLAINE

You can find out the first part.
The second part you have to take a
chance on.

GORE

Pretty big chance, huh?

KILLAINE

You've got a dead man on your hands.
Like this.

He allows himself to collapse down on the floor, against
the wall.

GORE

Right--

He bends down over Killaine, gets a fireman's lift on him--
gets him up, drapes him over the wall, half on one side
and half on the other, his head and shoulders on the inside.
He straightens up, takes a firm grip on Killaine's wrists,
and eases him down over the wall. Gore's head and shoulders
follow until he is lying across the wall on his stomach.

ANGLE UP - UPWARD REVERSE SHOT FROM BETTY'S BALCONY

Showing Killaine's body dangling directly over the chair.
Gore comes as far down as he can. Killaine has only a few
feet to fall. Killaine looks down, then up at Gore.

KILLAINE

Let go.

Gore releases his wrists. Killaine sprawls down on the
chaise, almost rolls over it, saves himself, lies down on
his side. Gore climbs over the wall, lowers himself, hangs
by his hands, looks down, lets go with one hand, drops,
lands rather heavily on the balcony near the chaise, goes
down on his hands and knees. He stands up, dusts himself
off, lifts the chaise with Killaine on it, and wheels it
about six feet away to the position where it was found
with Mitchell's body. Killaine stands up off the chaise.

KILLAINE (CONT'D)

Next?

Gore reaches into his pocket, takes out the gun and a match.

GORE
(holding the match
up)
This is the shell.
(tossing it over in
the corner)
What about the gun?

KILLAINE
Well. What about it?

GORE
I've handled it. Mitchell's handed
it. If I wipe it off, no suicide.
If I take it out and lose it, no
suicide. If I leave it here....no
suicide.

KILLAINE
So?

GORE
I've got to find a way to handle
it, openly. Like Brandon.

Killaine nods.

GORE
(doubtful again)
How did he know he'd get the chance?
He couldn't have arranged it.

KILLAINE
He could have tried. If he was up
there in the dark, listening, he'd
know when she came home, know when
she found Mitchell dead, know what
she did about it. If she
telephoned, he'd probably hear
that.

GORE
And she did give him the chance,
the way it worked out.

KILLAINE

If she didn't--if luck was against him--he wipes the gun off, reaches the wall up there--drops it on the chaise.

GORE

No suicide.

KILLAINE

Did we ever really think it was suicide?

GORE

You win, Inspector. You win all along the line. Why didn't we think of Brandon before--or did we--some of us.

(pause, then
answering himself)

Yeah. Of course you did. When a suspect thinks he's safe, you go on letting him think he's safe. Wait for a mistake.

KILLAINE

And a motive--which we haven't got. So this could all be a dream.

Gore nods silently. Killaine reaches in his pocket, takes out Mitchell's thin gold case, opens it, looks down.

KILLAINE (CONT'D)

Market one-eight-four-two.

He looks up at Gore.

GORE

Greer and Goble in the Call Building, San Francisco. Just like you thought... Two murders in two days. Different places, different methods, different people. Nothing connects them, but a telephone number.

KILLLAINE

(softly)

A thin wire---but very, very
strong. Let's get out of here.

As they start out.

WIPE TO:

INT. THE SEA - OPEN WATER -- NIGHT

LONG SHOT

Cabin cruiser coming into SHOT at high speed.

CLOSER SHOT - CABIN CRUISER

Brandon is behind the wheel, Betty beside him. She is
looking back over her shoulder.

BRANDON

See anything?

BETTY

I can still see the shoreline.
The moon is rising.

BRANDON

There would be a moon tonight.

Betty shivers a little.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Cold?

BETTY

Frozen.

BRANDON

Go down into the cabin and get
yourself a drink. Careful how you
go, we're hitting the swell now.

Betty starts to move from the seat towards the companionway.

INT. CABIN CRUISER VALKYRIE -- NIGHT

As Betty comes in. The cruiser has begun to pitch and roll. She makes her way along the cabin. The cruiser gives a lurch, Betty is thrown off balance. She grabs a door handle. Door is pulled open. Clothes are seen hanging inside. The cruiser gives another lurch and Betty is thrown the other way, almost into the closet. Her hand plunges in among the clothes. Her expression shows she has touched something that startles her.

SHOT REVEALING INSIDE THE CLOSET

Betty separates clothes and we SEE an empty gun holster hanging on a hook against the back wall of the closet. She stands motionless, staring at it, then notices Brandon's jacket hanging untidily on a hook with the inside pocket exposed and a corner of her own suicide note showing.

CLOSE ON THE INSIDE OF THE JACKET POCKET AND THE EXPOSED CORNER OF THE ENVELOPE. BETTY'S HAND ENTERS THE SHOT

and she draws the envelope from the pocket.

INT. CABIN CRUISER VALKYRIE -- NIGHT

As Betty closes the closet door, crosses to bunk. The cruiser is pitching. She stands holding the suicide note envelope finally turns it over, draws out the note, replaces it. Then with a quick movement, she starts towards companionway.

EXT. CABIN CRUISER VALKYRIE - COCKPIT -- NIGHT

ANGLE ON BACK TOWARDS THE BOILING WAKE

Brandon is staring straight ahead of him, tight-lipped. There is a DISTANT SOUND OF A PLANE. Brandon looks up, searching the sky without changing expression. Betty comes back up the companionway, sits down in a corner of the seat.

BETTY

I decided I didn't want a
drink...I'm beginning to wonder.

BRANDON

Wonder what?

BETTY

If you're doing all this just for me.

BRANDON

That, and the fun of it.

BETTY

I thought you had to be back to the hotel. To leave my--my note.

BRANDON

That's right.

Silently, Betty takes out the note and holds it towards him. Brandon glances at it. He cocks his ear towards the PLANE NOISE.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

See anything up there?

As Betty looks up, he lets go of the wheel, and makes a sudden grab for the wrist of the hand holding the note. There is a short, sharp struggle. Brandon has the note. The wheel swings wildly and the cabin cruiser keels over into a hard turn. Brandon thrusts the note into his pocket, grabs the wheel, wrenches it around, gets the cruiser going on course again. Betty leans in a corner of a seat, away from him.

BETTY

Funny, I never thought of you that way. You were so close too. We were all pretty stupid about you.

BRANDON

(tightly)
Including Killaine.

BETTY

(softly)
Including Killaine... I still can't think of you that way.

BRANDON

(staring straight
ahead)

I told you my father died in jail.
He stole a fortune. Most of it
pretty dirty money. I don't care
to have that known.

BETTY

(same tone)

Larry Mitchell found out. So you
killed him.

BRANDON

In a way.

BETTY

If it was an accident, you could
have told the truth.

BRANDON

So could you. But our records
were a little against us.

BETTY

What your father did doesn't condemn
you.

BRANDON

Nobody believed I wasn't in on it.
I was just a dumb-smart college
boy, and he was my father. I
thought it was a legitimate
business. He was a politician,
with fingers in a lot of pies. I
never saw the pies. They had names.
For the record. Innocent names.

(he shrugs)

You know where that kind of money
comes from, don't you?

BETTY

The money that makes you Mr. Clark
Brandon. Lets you live in a
penthouse, on top of the Vancouver
Royal. Lets you own a cruiser.

(MORE)

BETTY (CONT'D)

Lets you do as you please, go where you please. Your big, open-handed, generous guy. That's the kind of money it takes, isn't it?

The PLANE NOISE is a little LOUDER. Brandon looks up at it without much interest, then looks at Betty.

BRANDON

It buys things, just like any other kind.

BETTY

That man that was following us last night--he didn't come back this morning. I'm beginning to wonder about him, too. Was he really following me--or you?

BRANDON

No. I paid him off.

BETTY

He'll come back...They always come back when you give them money.

BRANDON

Not this one. And not Mitchell.

BETTY

(recoiling)

You-killed-him?

BRANDON

(with a twisted smile)

Magruder obliged me. No use my saying it wasn't planned that way. I had to clean up. I'm not a dumb-smart college boy anymore.

(he takes a deep breath)

Nobody in the world would believe I didn't plan the whole thing.

BETTY

I guess I'm a little screwy. Maybe
I could believe it. Should I try?

BRANDON

Don't go soft on me, baby. I've
got your note in my pocket. You
wrote it, all by your own self.
And I have to use it. It has to
be found in exactly the right place.

BETTY

So that I will never be found.

Brandon turns his head and stares full at her. He swallows.
He can't speak.

WIPE TO:

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - I-BUREAU - PROJECTION ROOM --
NIGHT

The room is dark except for a strong white light over a
desk.

In the background there is a projection screen and a
comparison projector. The police technician is bending
over the desk looking at something through a magnifying
glass, as Killaine enters.

KILLAINE

Got anything on the Goble case
yet?

The Technician puts down a magnifying glass.

TECHNICIAN

Yes, I think so. Here are two
glazed manila envelopes.
(he holds them up)
One is the bag type. The other
one had the money in it. Don't
ask me how I know. I know.

KILLAINE

I'm interested in who handled it.

TECHNICIAN

Four different people, Inspector.
Three men and a women. I've made
slides for two. They handled both
envelopes.

He fits two slides into the projector and switches on the
light. Focuses a couple of separate images on the screen.
One is a complete fingerprint, the other a portion such as
would be made by a tip of a finger.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

Goble. Second finger on left hand.
On the left, the morgue print. On
the right, print lifted from the
envelope.

He turns another knob and the two fingers draw together,
overlap, and coincide, so that the incomplete image
disappears altogether.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

No doubt about that one.

KILLAINE

How about Magruder?

TECHNICIAN

He checks too.

KILLAINE

That leaves two strangers.

TECHNICIAN

So far.

KILLAINE

Try Betty Mayfield. The Mitchell
case.

TECHNICIAN

(surprised)

Mayfield? She fit into this?

KILLAINE

(deadpan)

She might.

Technician opens a file drawer and takes out a fingerprint card. Lays it on the desk and picks up the magnifying glass.

TECHNICIAN

You'll have to take my word for it. We don't make slides until we have perfect prints for comparison.

KILLAINE

I'll take your word.

The Technician places another card beside the one he took from the drawer, bends over, examines them through the magnifying glass, straightens up and shakes his head.

TECHNICIAN

Not a chance. Whorl and plain arch. Different as salt and sand.

Killaine puts his hand in his pocket and takes out another fingerprint card.

KILLAINE

Try this one for the second stranger.

Technician takes the card, looks at it, pushes the other cards to one side.

TECHNICIAN

Gun permit, huh?
(he lines up two
cards, studies
them)
Another Whorl--man size.

He studies the prints a moment longer, then faces Killaine.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

This gun permit was issued to Clark Brandon?

KILLAINE

The card says so, doesn't it?

TECHNICIAN

Brandon handled the money envelope.

Killaine turns instantly, and starts out, CAMERA FOLLOWING
As he opens the door, he meets Driscoll coming in. Driscoll
backs away, Killaine exits.

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - I-BUREAU - CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

KILLAINE

What's the face for, Driscoll?

DRISCOLL

Magruder's conked out. Adrenaline
injections, oxygen tent. He may
come out of it and he may not. As
a source of quick information, we
can forget him.

KILLAINE

We don't need him.

He opens door of I-Bureau.

KILLAINE (CONT'D)

Go on in. See what they've got.
All I need now is a warrant and a
pair of wings.

He goes out of SHOT quickly. Driscoll looks after him,
then starts into I-Bureau.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COAST GUARD STATION - STEVENSTON, B.C. -- NIGHT

There is an armed guard at the entrance and a Canadian
Coast Guard flag flies over the building. A Vancouver
police car drives up at high speed and squeals to a stop
beside the sentry. Killaine leans out of the window, shows
the sentry his badge.

KILLLAINE

Inspector Killaine. Vancouver
City Police. Commander Goodwin's
expecting me.

SENTY

Very good, sir.

He steps back. The police car speeds on.

WIPE TO:

INT. COAST GUARD CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT

Radio operator at set.

RADIO OPERATOR

(into mike)

C.G.L. at all cutters and patrol
planes on station. Vancouver Police
Department bulletin. Wanted for
murder. Clarke Brandon. A
naturalized Canadian citizen. Age
34-35. Height six feet, one inch.
Weight 190 pounds. Muscular build.
Dark hair. American accent. Now
probably at sea in cabin cruiser
Valkyrie. Will probably attempt
to cross International line under
cover of darkness.

WIPE TO:

EXT. COAST GUARD CUTTER LYNX - AT BERTH -- NIGHT

Engines idling. A rating stands by to cast off. Killaine
and a Coast Guard officer come rapidly down ramp, jump on
board. Rating casts off. Lynx, a converted P.T. boat,
without torpedo tubes, moves off from berth, picking up
speed rapidly.

EXT. OPEN WATER - VALKYRIE -- NIGHT

Traveling at high speed in open water.

PLANE NOISE high overhead.

EXT. CABIN CRUISER VALKYRIE - COCKPIT -- NIGHT

Brandon at wheel. Betty pressed into corner of a seat watching him. Spray drifts over them.

MED. SHOT -- COAST GUARD PLANE IN FLIGHT

A converted Hudson bomber.

CLOSER ON THE PLANE

The pilot and co-pilot can be seen through the Plexiglas. They are searching the water below with their eyes.

INT. HUDSON BOMBER - COCKPIT -- NIGHT

SHOOTING PAST PILOT AND CO-PILOT

Pilot pushes the wheel forward and the plane goes into a steep dive.

REVERSE SHOT FROM PILOT'S ANGLE

WHAT HE SEES

The cabin cruiser is seen far below, moving fast through the water. Or rather its wake is seen. The cruiser itself, at this height, is almost invisible.

INT. HUDSON BOMBER - COCKPIT -- NIGHT

Betty is looking up at the plane. Brandon reaches inside his coat. His hand comes out with a heavy automatic, which we have seen before.

BRANDON

(tightly)

Get down in the cabin, Betty.

Her eyes go down. She sees the gun, reacts. A bitter smile moves her lips.

BETTY

Why? To live ten minutes longer?
And in the meantime, protect you?
(her voice becomes
taunting)
Why don't you shoot me now and get
it over with--

She looks up towards the PLANE NOISE.

BETTY

If you think you have the time.

REVERSE SHOT BEHIND BRANDON

A fog bank about a mile ahead.

BRANDON

(as if to himself)
Always some fog out here.

He looks up in the direction of the PLANE NOISE which is
increasing.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

There better be.

INT. HUDSON BOMBER - COCKPIT -- NIGHT

SHOT THROUGH THE PLEXIGLAS HEAD AND SHOULDERS OF THE PILOT
AND CO-PILOT.

The cruiser down on the water is getting rapidly larger,
but still cannot be seen who is in the cockpit, or even
how many persons. The co-pilot puts a pair of binoculars
to his eyes.

EXT. CABIN CRUISER VALKYRIE - COCKPIT -- NIGHT

Brandon with one hand on the wheel, the other holding the
gun. He is staring up towards the plane. Betty is not in
the cockpit. Brandon turns towards where she was, reacts
sharply, seeing she has disappeared. An expression of
frustration and despair shows on his face for a moment.
The NOISE OF THE PLANE in the power dive becomes furiously
LOUD. Brandon's head goes around again.

REVERSE ANGLE -- THE PLANE DIVING DIRECTLY ON THE VALKYRIE

Brandon sees it. It dives down almost into the CAMERA.

MED. LONG SHOT -- FROM WATER LEVEL

The Valkyrie and the plane. At the last moment, the plane pulls out of the dive, only thirty or forty feet above the Valkyrie, and goes into a climbing bank.

MED. LONG SHOT - VALKYRIE - SHOOTING FROM BEHIND

The fog bank is dead ahead. The coast Guard plane is climbing off to the left. The Valkyrie reaches the fog bank, plunges into it, and becomes invisible.

INT. CABIN CRUISER VALKYRIE - COCKPIT IN FOG -- NIGHT

Brandon is steering straight ahead. He reaches to cut off the engines. The Valkyrie slows down. Betty's head emerges from the companionway. Her eyes meet Brandon's. Brandon is silent.

BETTY

You hoped I'd jumped overboard,
didn't you?

Brandon does not answer, just stares at her.

BETTY (CONT'D)

But I wouldn't make it that easy
for you.

LONG SHOT - COAST GUARD CUTTER LYNX TRAVELING AT HIGH SPEED

CLOSE SHOT - BRIDGE OF LYNX

Coast Guard Lt. in command. Killaine beside him, a talker with a head-set standing nearby. He is receiving a message.

TALKER

(into his mouthpiece)
Bearing one-three-five.

(to Coast Guard
officer)

Bearing one-three-five, sir.

Coast Guard officer nods.

COAST GUARD OFFICER
(to helmsman)
Get it?

HELMSMAN
One-three-five, sir.

He turns his wheel a little. The Lynx changes course, heeling over. Coast Guard officer puts binoculars to his eyes, swings them in a slow arc. They come to a stop, fixed.

COAST GUARD OFFICER
(pointing)
There!

Killaine follows his pointing finger.

WHAT THEY SEE - LONG SHOT ACROSS OPEN EMPTY WATER - A FLARE
HANGING IN THE SKY AND FALLING

As it falls, it is swallowed in a bank of fog.

EXT. BRIDGE OF CUTTER LYNX -- NIGHT

KILLAINE
(tensely)
Fog!

COAST GUARD OFFICER
We got a lot of it out here.

KILLAINE
Brandon will have counted on that.

COAST GUARD OFFICER
No doubt. We have something he
may not have counted on.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLOSE SHOT -- CABIN CRUISER VALKYRIE IN FOG -- NIGHT

NOISE OF THE PLANE overhead, loud but diminishing. Brandon sits listening, his hand on the wheel.

BETTY

(contempt in her
voice now)

You'll never make it. You've out-smarted yourself.

BRANDON

(QUIETLY)

I'm still on course to Victoria.
Nobody saw you get on board, nobody's
seen you since.

The Valkyrie has now stopped on the swell. It rocks a little. There are confused NOISES in the distance. PLANE NOISE, possibly some other kind of ENGINE NOISE. In the fog you can't tell what it is.

BETTY

You didn't leave the note.

Brandon puts the gun down close to his body, and pats his pocket.

BRANDON

It wasn't the time or place. Don't
worry about the note, baby. I'm
playing for my neck now.

BETTY

And I'm begging for my life--and
yours.

BRANDON

(startled)

Mine?

BETTY

Yes. Yours. You haven't murdered
anybody. You killed Mitchell.
Wasn't that an accident? It must
have been. If you kill a

(MORE)

BETTY (CONT'D)

blackmailer, you kill him dead--so
that he can't talk anymore.

BRANDON

Mitchell was dead enough.

BETTY

And that nasty man that followed
us last night. You didn't kill
him.

BRANDON

Who'd believe it but you? I took
him out to sea and threw him in
the water. Even if they find him,
what connects him with me?

BETTY

Magruder does.

BRANDON

You think Magruder wants to hang
beside me?

BETTY

But the next one is murder. First
the little step, then the longer
step, and then the step you can
never take back. You could tell
about Mitchell. You could tell
about Magruder--and the detective.
It would hurt, but you could do
it. You could never tell about
me.

BRANDON

Would I want to?

BETTY

Every day of your life you'll want
me. You'll never get over it.
Every time you see your face in
the mirror--

BRANDON

(with a sudden burst
of fury)

Shut up! Cut it out! Even if I
have to kill both of us--

He breaks off with a disgusted gesture. A faint smile
shows on Betty's lips.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIDGE OF CUTTER LYNX -- NIGHT

Killaine and the Coast Guard officer are peering ahead
into the thick fog. The Lynx is just drifting. The
helmsman is standing on hand on the wheel. The Coast Guard
officer turns to the Talker.

COAST GUARD OFFICER

Nothing yet?

The Talker shakes his head, then:

TALKER

(SUDDENLY)

Just a minute, sir. I believe--

RADAR SCREEN BELOW THE BRIDGE

A blob of light takes the form in one corner of it. CAMERA
PULLS BACK TO INCLUDE THE RADAR OPERATOR. He reaches for
a mike.

OPERATOR

(into mike)

Change course about five degrees
south.

After a moment the blob of light on the radar screen moves
towards the center of the screen.

OPERATOR

(into mike)

Your dead on now. Hold it there.

EXT. BRIDGE OF CUTTER LYNX -- NIGHT

The four MEN on it are now tensely staring straight ahead.

EXT. CABIN CRUISER VALKYRIE - COCKPIT -- NIGHT

Brandon is listening again. Far away there is a faint SOUND OF DIESEL ENGINES, but growing rapidly louder. He stands up and twists his body, still holding the gun, looks back, then slips quickly behind the wheel again.

BRANDON

Radar.

He guns the motor and the cabin cruiser shoots forward into high speed. Betty has to hang on. He swings the cruiser around on another course and guns it for all it's worth for a moment or two, then abruptly cuts the motors again. Cruiser slows down, once more drifts. The ENGINE SOUND has now stopped. Brandon turns to face Betty, who is now standing up.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

This is it, Betty. They'll find us again, fog or no fog.

BETTY

(speaking slowly,
with difficulty)

If it has to be--do you mind if I do it myself?

(pause, then quickly)

Oh, I don't mean with the gun. This is no trick. When I wrote that note you have in your pocket-- that was no trick either. It's not so hard for me as you think. I'm not crying about it, I've been skating close to it for quite some time. The water is cold down there--

(she gives a little
shrug)

But so is everything else. And there's you.

BRANDON
(startled)

Me?

BETTY
Yes. You. You're not really a
murderer yet.

QUICK SHOT OF RADAR SCREEN

A Blob of light slides into it from another corner.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIDGE OF CUTTER LYNX -- NIGHT

TALKER
(into his mouthpiece)
Bearing one-eight-one.
(to Coast Guard
officer)
One-eight-one, sir. Changed course
due South.

OFFICER
(to helmsman)
One-eight-one..

HELMSMAN
One-eight-one, sir.

Helmsman swings the wheel around. The Lynx veers, heeling over, comes level again.

OVERHEAD SHOT - DOWN ON LYNX (FROM HELICOPTER)

Following at an equal speed, then the Lynx gradually pulls away into the fog and disappears. The NOISE OF ITS ENGINES is still heard for a few moments.

EXT. CABIN CRUISER VALKYRIE - COCKPIT -- NIGHT

Still motionless on the water idling. There is a SOUND OF THE CUTTER'S MOTORS, far off, but increasing. Brandon is paying no attention. He is staring at Betty.

BRANDON

(thickly)

I'm not a murderer yet, you said.
Come here. Come closer. Let me
look at you.

Betty holds off, then slowly comes towards him along the seat, until their faces close. He searches her eyes.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

(quietly)

I think you mean that.

BETTY

Do you think I was faking?

BRANDON

(thickly)

If I did, I don't, now.

He puts his arms around her, pulls her close. There is a kind of wonder in his eyes. Hers stare back at him, calm and level. He kisses her hard on the mouth, lets her go. She pulls away from him, along the seat. She doesn't know what to think of him. She is terrified, resigned, and at the same time, he still has an attraction for her.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

The kiss of death.

(laughs)

With a new twist.

He lifts the gun in his hand, looks at it, tosses it overboard. He reaches inside his coat, takes out the suicide note.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

(reading)

"Dear Inspector Killaine. This is
goodbye. You were right. I had a
secret."

The DIESEL ENGINE SOUND has grown louder. Brandon looks up from the note.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

A secret, Betty---as who hasn't

He crumples the note and envelope in his hand, drops them over the side of the boat. Opens the engine full throttle and the power of the cruiser almost tears it out from under them. Betty is thrown violently against the seat. He reaches out and straightens her up. There is a mad light in his eyes. His face is no longer hard.

SERIES OF HELICOPTER SHOTS

Of the chase, alternating with the Cabin Cruiser and the Lynx, as the Lynx gradually closes in. During these shots Cabin Cruiser and the Lynx both come out of the fog bank into moonlit water, but there is another fog bank half a mile or so ahead.

EXT. CABIN CRUISER VALKYRIE - COCKPIT -- NIGHT

SHOT FROM BACK OF CRUISER

The Lynx is moving up fast, and the Coast Guard officer can be seen on the bridge, with binoculars to his eyes. A rating, hanging on tight, is stripping the canvas off a twin machine gun mount.

BRANDON

(above the roar of
the motors)

Stand up! Let them take a good look at you. Be sure they see you. That fellow back there has night glasses. Then jump---well out to the side. Just as far as you can.

Betty does what he tells her. She waves. There is an answering wave from the bridge of the Lynx. We can't see who's waving. Betty sets herself to jump. She tries to speak to Brandon, but nothing comes out. There is a great deal of NOISE from motors. Gravely, Brandon lifts his hand and salutes her. She jumps.

FOLLOWING SHOT AS BETTY HITS THE WATER AND THE CRUISER
PULLS AWAY RAPIDLY

Towards another fog bank beyond the clear space.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIDGE OF CUTTER LYNX -- NIGHT

COAST GUARD OFFICER

Full speed astern.

TALKER

Full speed astern.

The cutter heaves on reversed engines, nearly stands on its tail in the water, drifts past Betty, comes to a stop, then moves forward slowly, swinging around to get close to her.

EXT. CABIN CRUISER VALKYRIE - COCKPIT -- NIGHT

HIGH SHOT of Cabin Cruiser as it reaches the fog and plunges into it. HELICOPTER WITH CAMERA plunges into fog at the same time.

EXT. COAST GUARD CUTTER LYNX -- NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT

Stopped on the swell. Betty in the water, fighting her way towards it. A life belt and rope are dropped neatly beside her. She grabs it and is drawn towards the side of the lynx. Coast Guard officer, Killaine, and a rating put rope ladder over the side. Killaine starts down the rope ladder.

REVERSE SHOT -- DOWN FROM THE DECK OF THE LYNX

Past Killaine on the rope ladder to water, as Betty is pulled to foot of ladder. Killaine reaches down, gets her hand. She grasps rope ladder, Killaine helps her up onto it. Business of getting her on board cutter.

EXT. CABIN CRUISER VALKYRIE - COCKPIT -- NIGHT

Brandon staring straight ahead of him, gripping the wheel hard, giving the cruiser everything it has, driving as if

he had a clear, open course. HEARS A FOGHORN, somewhere out of the fog. Cocks his head, tries to gauge the direction. Turns the wheel a little.

EXT. COAST GUARD CUTTER LYNX - DECK -- NIGHT

As Betty comes over the side, Killaine holding her up, Betty is shivering with cold. The rating hauls up the rope ladder and the life belt. Coast Guard signals the bridge and the Lynx starts moving ahead again.

COAST GUARD OFFICER

(to Betty)

Better get those wet clothes off in a hurry, Miss. My cabin's at your disposal.

BETTY

Thank you. Thank you very much.

He salutes, turns away, after giving a quick look at Killaine.

BETTY (CONT'D)

(to Killaine)

He could have killed me a dozen times. You'd never have known.

KILLAINE

We know everything.

BETTY

(almost passionately)

No, Jeff. You don't. He's not a murderer, I tell you. He's not a murderer.

KILLAINE

(same tone)

I hope he can prove it. Come on. You don't want to get pneumonia.

He takes her arm, starts to push her along. She is still shivering, but still determined to defend Brandon.

BETTY

But I tell you---if you'd only understand.

KILLAINE

(gently)

I understand, Betty. I understand perfectly.

He puts his arm around her. Their eyes meet in a long look.

EXT. CABIN CRUISER VALKYRIE - COCKPIT -- NIGHT

The cruiser is moving at high speed in the fog. The FOG HORN SOUND is louder, but seems to come from all directions. Brandon is leaning forward, tensely, trying to see ahead. He turns the wheel first one way, and then another. There is a sudden blast of the FOGHORN, very LOUD.

Brandon turns the wheel violently and the cruiser keels over. But he is not quick enough. Suddenly above looms the enormous bow of the Puget Sound Ferry, as big as an ocean liner. It is ablaze with light. CAMERA PANS UP to show it crashing down into the lens as it were.

THE CABIN CRUISER VALKYRIE

Thrown out of the water almost, it is up-ended on its stern. The ferry tears on through, filling the screen.

CUT TO:

EXT. A CORNER OF THE PASSENGER DECK ON THE FERRY -- NIGHT

A couple of PASSENGERS in overcoats leaning against the rail looking out into the fog. One of them is lighting a cigarette, cupping his hands around the lighter.

FIRST PASSENGER

You always have this kind of weather up here?

SECOND PASSENGER

Certain times of the year. Always
a lot of fog. But they never hit
anything, somehow.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIDGE ON THE FERRY -- NIGHT

At the end of the bridge an OFFICER is leaning down, staring
towards the water. He shakes his head, straightens up,
turns away.

OFFICER

(speaking off)

An old packing case, I guess.

A BIG SEARCHLIGHT

Its beam is turned down on the water. The beam moves a
little, back towards the stern. CAMERA FOLLOWS THE BEAM
DOWN THROUGH THE FOG. Empty water only is SEEN. The
searchlight is switched off.

WIPE TO:

DARK FOGGY SHOT CLOSE TO SURFACE OF WATER

A broken piece of the cabin cruiser's bow floats by, closer
and closer to THE CAMERA, until on it the name VALKYRIE
stands out, then it whirls past. There is nothing left
but the foggy surface of the Sound.

FADE OUT:

THE END