

SHADOW OF A DOUBT

by

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*M. Recht*

SHADOW OF A DOUBT

Main Title.

Credits, etc.

Over the titles we see waltzing figures. Middle-aged women in Edwardian dresses and their partners. They dance to the tune of the "Merry Widow Waltz". As the last title fades we get a clear view of them. Slowly a new picture becomes superimposed - it is:

1 LONG SHOT - EXT. JERSEY MARSHES - DAY

The New Jersey marshes near Jersey City. On the skyline we see the city, whilst around us are chimneys and power lines.

LAP DISSOLVE

2 LONG SHOT - THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY

An abandoned station. Desolation. Dirt. In the foreground a waste heap. (The double exposed dancing women begin to fade slowly.)

LAP DISSOLVE

3 LONG SHOT - A SIDE STREET

A number of meanlooking wooden frame houses. A few kids are playing baseball in the middle of the street. CAMERA is high enough to show their shadows, caused by a setting sun. (The dancing women get fainter in the background.)

4 SEMI LONG SHOT - A TOP SHOT - OF THE PLAYING KIDS

CAMERA PANS OFF them and rests on the row of houses for a moment, then PANS further round until it comes to a standstill on one particular house.

5 SEMI CLOSEUP

CAMERA MOVES FORWARD until we are on a window on the upper floor. IT MOVES FURTHER FORWARD to peer through, but we are unable to actually see inside the room. (The dancing women disappear altogether - simultaneously the music dies away.)

LAP DISSOLVE

6 INT. ROOMING HOUSE BEDROOM - DAY

The CAMERA CONTINUES its FORWARD MOVEMENT THRU the window and into the room. It is shabby and ill-kept. Facing us is an iron bedstead and on it lies a man. CAMERA MOVES toward him until he is in SEMI-CLOSEUP. This is UNCLE CHARLIE. He is fully dressed, meticulously neat, and the bed is not even ruffled. His hands are clasped behind his head. He unclasps them and reaches for a cigarette. The package lies on the bed-clothes beside him. His hand is well-kept, steady and strong. He is in his early forties and has the eyes of a child. His mouth, though, is set with fatigue. He lights a cigarette and stares up at the ceiling.

CAMERA PANS off him to the beside table. On it we see a collection of objects, obviously the contents of his pockets -- a watch, papers, purse, cigar, glasses, a wad of paper money. CAMERA PANS to the floor, some of the notes have fallen to the ground. OVER THIS, we hear a KNOCK on the door.

7 MED. SHOT - UNCLE CHARLIE

lies in the foreground of picture. Beyond we see the door. He makes no response. There is a second KNOCK. His eyes only turn as the door opens and his landlady, MRS. MARTIN, puts her head around the door. She is a complete nonentity. In her figured cotton dress she is as much a part of the place as the wall-paper.

MRS. MARTIN

(softly)

Mr. Spencer.

Uncle Charlie has closed his eyes as he hears her step and now he opens them.

MRS. MARTIN

Mr. Spencer, I hate to bother you, but I thought you'd like to know there were two men here. Two men asking for you. A young man and a kind of older man. They was sorry you wasn't in. I said you wasn't.

Uncle Charlie blows smoke toward the ceiling.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Did they say they'd be back?

CONTINUED

7

CONTINUED

MRS. MARTIN

They didn't say exactly. But I think they will. Just now when I had to walk down to the A. & P. I seen them standing there at the corner.

Uncle Charlie frowns.

MRS. MARTIN

(nervously)

Maybe I should have let them in. Only you said not to disturb you, and...

UNCLE CHARLIE

Yes?

MRS. MARTIN

And I'm sure they'll be back.

She goes to the washstand, and picks up a soiled towel, saying:

MRS. MARTIN

You look kinda tired to me and that's a fact. Have you got a headache or something? I think maybe you need a real rest, that's what I think --

(she sees the money on the floor and stoops to pick it up)

Why, Mr. Spencer! You oughtn't to leave all that money lying around that way. Always makes me nervous to see money lying around. Everybody in the world ain't honest, you know -- though I must say I haven't had much trouble that way. Some people say New Jersey has a bad reputation for things like that, but I haven't had much trouble, I'll say that.

(she goes to door)

You'd better lock the door when I'm gone.

During all this, Uncle Charlie has lain motionless - staring up at the ceiling. He now gives a slight nod.

MRS. MARTIN

Those friends of yours told me not to say they'd called. Wanted to surprise you. But I thought you'd like to know...somehow...

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED - 2

He no is.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Of course, of course. And if they come back, you may show them up.

MRS. MARTIN

Yes.

UNCLE CHARLIE

(humorously)

You know, it's a funny thing. It's a very funny thing. Up to now, those two friends of mine have never seen me. Every time they've called, I've been out. Now, isn't that odd, Mrs. Martin?

7-A CLOSEUP - MRS. MARTIN

Her face is blank.

MRS. MARTIN

It is odd, like you say.

7-B CLOSEUP - UNCLE CHARLIE IN PROFILE

UNCLE CHARLIE

And now I'm here. I'll have to meet them. I might even go to meet them. And, then again, I may not. Not yet.

7-C SEMI-CLOSEUP -- MRS. MARTIN

MRS. MARTIN

You go ahead with your nap. I'll pull the blind down.

She crosses, CAMERA PANNING to the window. She reaches up to the dirty cord which hangs down from the blind.

7-D CLOSEUP - END OF CORD

At the end of the cord a cheap doll from the five-and-ten is fastened as a pull. The cord is wrapped around the doll's neck. Mrs. Martin's hand pulls the blind down, then goes out of picture leaving the doll swinging.

7-E CLOSEUP - UNCLE CHARLIE

We HEAR the door close after Mrs. Martin. Uncle Charlie's eyes are on the swinging cord.

7-F CLOSEUP - DOLL SWINGING TO AND FOR FROM HIS EYELINE

For a moment Uncle Charlie is motionless. Then, with an angry posture, he runs a hand through his hair. Suddenly he turns over, towards CAMERA, with a choking noise, and we see the bulk of his back and his fists pounding into the pillow in impotent rage. CAMERA PULLS BACK quickly as he springs from the bed. He stands motionless, staring at the floor. Suddenly he swiftly crosses to the window. He pulls the blind up slowly.

8 SEMI CLOSEUP

Over his shoulder we see what he sees. Two men standing at a corner across the street.

9 CLOSEUP - BIG HEAD - OF UNCLE CHARLIE

He is breathing heavily.

UNCLE CHARLIE

(whispering)

What do you know? You're bluffing.  
You don't know anything. You've  
nothing on me.

Then, with a sudden decision he turns from the window. As he goes away, we see him, back to CAMERA, with a fever of activity, cram the money, papers, etc., back into his pockets. He picks up his hat and goes out.

10 INT. ROOMING HOUSE STAIRS - DAY - MED. SHOT

As Uncle Charlie comes to the top of the stairs he calls:

UNCLE CHARLIE

Mrs. Martin!

She hurries to the foot of the stairs. CAMERA FOLLOWS him down.

UNCLE CHARLIE

(smiles at her engagingly)

Can't sleep.

(apologetically)

Think I need a change of air. Thought  
it might do me good to lie on the beach  
a few days. Got some sun.....

As he reaches the bottom we HOLD THEM IN SEMI CLOSEUP. He hands her a ten-dollar bill.

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED

MRS. MARTIN

Why, Mr. Spencer, you don't owe me a penny. No, no, Mr. Spencer, I couldn't take it. I really couldn't.

UNCLE CHARLIE

That's in case I don't get back as soon *as* you think. Keep my things, and buy something pretty for yourself with it.

Mrs. Martin takes the bill.

MRS. MARTIN

But you haven't got a suitcase... a change of clothes.

UNCLE CHARLIE

No, I haven't. I haven't, have I? Well, I travel light.. I always travel light.

He turns and leaves her holding the money in her hand. He shuts the front door behind him.

11 EXT. NEW JERSEY STREET - DAY - MED. SHOT

Uncle Charlie comes out of the front door. On the top step he takes a deep breath and straightens his shoulders.

12 SEMI LONG SHOT

On the corner of the street opposite, the two men are still waiting.

13 SEMI LONG SHOT - UNCLE CHARLIE IN F.G.

The men beyond. With deliberation he starts to walk towards them.

14 SEMI CLOSEUP - UNCLE CHARLIE

with a calm expressionless face, advancing, CAMERA WITH HIM, towards them.

15 SEMI LONG SHOT - CAMERA MOVING TOWARD THE TWO MEN

until they are nearly in SEMI CLOSEUP.

16 SEMI CLOSEUP - CAMERA WITH UNCLE CHARLIE

advancing. Finally it STOPS and he goes out of picture.  
(NOTE: right)

17 SEMI CLOSEUP - THE TWO MEN

Uncle Charlie COMES INTO PICTURE (left). He passes them and turns the corner. The men do not move.

18 SEMI LONG SHOT - OVER THE TWO MEN'S SHOULDERS

we see him going down the street. He takes a sudden left turn. The men begin to follow.

19 ANOTHER STREET - DAY - LONG SHOT - SHOOTING FROM A HEIGHT

Uncle Charlie comes into a more deserted street, crosses and hurries into an alleyway. After a second the two men appear. Their pace quickens on realizing there is no sign of him. They pause then - one goes one way and one in the direction taken by Uncle Charlie.

20 ALLEYWAY - DAY - LONG SHOT

The one man hurries through the alleyway - there is no sign of Uncle Charlie. He hurries back again.

21 ANOTHER STREET - DAY - LONG SHOT

The same street as before. The man comes from the alleyway, meets the other man and they gesticulate hopelessly.

22 SEMI CLOSEUP

The two men look at each other helplessly. He has given them the slip. CAMERA PANS off them and begins to SWEEP UP until it comes to rest on a roof top. Uncle Charlie is watching them -- taking a quick pull from a cigarette - breathing heavily.

LAP DISSOLVE

23 INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH - DAY - SEMI CLOSEUP

Uncle Charlie is in a telephone booth in a drugstore. He holds a handful of silver.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Western Union? I want to send a telegram.  
To...Mrs. Joseph Newton, Santa Rosa,  
California. That's right. Here's the  
message....

CONTINUED

23 Continued

## UNCLE CHARLIE

(continued)

Ready?.....Homesick for you all...  
 stop...coming to stay a while...stop...  
 will arrive Thursday, and try and stop  
 me...will wire exact time later stop...  
 love to everybody and a kiss for little  
 Charlie from her Uncle Charlie.....  
 Yes, operator. That's the signature.  
 Uncle Charlie. No, no address. Never  
 mind reading it back.... How much?

He drops a quarter into the slot, another quarter and  
 another.

LAP DISSOLVE

24 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY - LONG SHOT

A beautiful shot of the countryside north of San Francisco.

LAP DISSOLVE

25 LONG SHOT - A SECTION OF THE COUNTRYSIDE

A main road winds its way into the distance, until it  
 disappears from view.

LAP DISSOLVE

26 EXT. SANTA ROSA - DAY - LONG SHOT

shooting from the top of a hill. CAMERA PANS round the  
 outskirts and finally onto the town.

LAP DISSOLVE

26A LONG SHOT - THE CENTER OF THE TOWN

A traffic cop is busy regulating the traffic.

27 LONG SHOT - A PEACEFUL RESIDENTIAL STREET

LAP DISSOLVE

28 LONG SHOT - ONE PARTICULAR MIDDLE-CLASS HOUSE

LAP DISSOLVE

29 SEMI LONG SHOT

CAMERA MOVES FORWARD toward the front door.

30 SEMI CLOSEUP

CAMERA MOVES FORWARD to an upstairs window, and, as in the first scene at the Rooming House, we were unable to see through into the room, we

LAP DISSOLVE

31 INT. YOUNG CHARLIE'S ROOM - DAY

CAMERA continues its FORWARD MOVEMENT through the window and into the room. It is a simply furnished young girl's bedroom.

CAMERA MOVES TOWARD the bed. On it lies a figure -- in the same position that we found Uncle Charlie -- hands behind head, gazing up at the ceiling.

YOUNG CHARLIE is between the ages of 18 and 20. Very pretty, capable of high spirits, but with a strong sense of responsibility. Her present mood is without self-pity or tearful exaggeration. When we have her in SEMI CLOSEUP, we HEAR the SOUND of a telephone ringing. She turns her head slightly toward the half-open door.

32 SEMI LONG SHOT - FLASH THE HALF-OPEN DOOR

as seen from Young Charlie's cyclone. We HEAR the telephone ring again.

33 INT. NEWTON SITTING ROOM - DAY - SEMI LONG SHOT

SHOOTING DOWN the stairs, we see across the hall and into the sitting room.

ANN NEWTON - Charlie's sister, aged 10, bespectacled, competent and solemn, is lying on her stomach on the floor, reading - and munching an apple. She wears braces on her teeth and she is at a ghastly stage. For some obscure reason, known only to herself, she wears a rose behind her ear.

34 CLOSEUP - ANN

engrossed in her reading - we HEAR Young Charlie calling.

YOUNG CHARLIE'S VOICE

Ann! Ann! Answer the telephone.

Ann, with her eyes glued on the book, gets up and goes to the wall telephone, CAMERA PANNING WITH HER.

CONTINUED

34

CONTINUED

She kicks a footstool along that will enable her to reach the height of the mouthpiece. During the following she continues reading. Her voice as she starts to talk is affected, but she forgets.

ANN

The Newton's residence. Ann Newton speaking. Oh, hello, Mrs. Henderson. This is Ann. Mother isn't home yet. A telegram?

(she looks vaguely  
around the table)

Well, I don't see a pencil, so maybe she'd better call you back. I'm trying to keep my mind free of things that don't matter. Because there's so much I have to keep on my mind.

(pause - with dignity)

Innumerable things. Yes, I'll have her call back. Thank you for calling. Goodbye.

She hangs up the receiver. Not taking her eyes from the page, she returns to her place on the floor. -  
CAMERA WITH HER.

35

SEMI CLOSEUP - ANN

in the foreground of picture. Beyond her we see her father come in the front door. He hangs his hat up and comes into the sitting room. He is a thin, mild-looking man in his forties. He carries a book with a bright jacket. It is a mystery novel. He sees Ann.

MR. NEWTON

Hello, Ann. Where's your mother?

Ann turns a page.

ANN

She's out.

MR. NEWTON

Out?

ANN

Mrs. Henderson just called from the Western Union office. We've got a telegram. I would have taken it down only I couldn't find a pencil. I looked.

36 CLOSEUP - MR. NEWTON

He looks round.

MR. NEWTON

A telegram? I knew there'd be trouble if your Aunt Sarah got her driver's license. Where was the accident?

ANN

I didn't take notes.

MR. NEWTON

Well, how about a kiss?

37 SEMI CLOSEUP - ANN

still without taking her eyes off the book for more than a second, goes to him, CAMERA WITH HER, and throws her arms around his neck. She catches a word or two behind his head even during the kiss. As she goes back to her place on the floor, CAMERA WITH HER, Mr. Newton puts his book down on the table beside her. Ann looks at it scornfully.

ANN

Isn't it the funniest thing! Here I am, practically a child, and I wouldn't read the things you read.

MR. NEWTON

I guess they'd give you bad dreams.

ANN

Bad dreams! You don't understand. Mystery stories have done more harm to the American people than.....

MR. NEWTON

Where's Roger?

ANN

Out. The average mind....

MR. NEWTON

Where's Charlie?

ANN

Out. No, I mean, she's upstairs. In her room. Thinking.

38 SEMI CLOSEUP - MR. NEWTON

goes to the stairs - he turns back to Ann:

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED

MR. NEWTON  
Light's bad here. You'll ruin your  
eyes. And leave my book alone.

CAMERA FOLLOWS him as he goes up the stairs smiling to  
himself.

39 INT. YOUNG CHARLIE'S ROOM - DAY - MED. SHOT

Repeat the SHOT of Uncle Charlie in the rooming house.  
Young Charlie lies on the bed in the f.g. There is a  
gentle tap on the half-open door. She makes no response.  
Then a louder knock.....

YOUNG CHARLIE  
(calling)

Who is it?

MR. NEWTON

It's no.

~~YOUNG CHARLIE~~

Come in, Papa.

He pushes the door further open and stands on the  
threshold.

MR. NEWTON

What's the matter? Don't you feel well?

YOUNG CHARLIE  
(without moving her eyes)

Oh, I'm perfectly well. I've just been thinking  
for hours. And I've come to the conclusion that  
I give up. I simply give up.

MR. NEWTON  
(only mildly concerned.)

What are you going to give up?

YOUNG CHARLIE

Have you ever stopped to think that a family  
should be the most wonderful thing in the world?  
And that this family's just gone to pieces?

MR NEWTON

We have?

CONTINUED

YOUNG CHARLIE

Of course, we have. We just sort of go along and nothing happens, and we've gotten in a terrible rut.

MR. NEWTON

Oh, come, now! Things aren't that bad. The bank gave me a raise last January...

CONTINUED

ES

YOUNG CHARLIE

39

Money! How can you stand there and talk about money when I'm talking about souls? We eat and sleep, and that's about all. We don't even have any real conversations. We just talk.

MR. NEWTON

And work.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Yes, poor Mother! She works like a dog. Just like a dog.

MR. NEWTON

That's what I came up to ask. Where is she?

YOUNG CHARLIE

She's out. But when she comes back, it will be the same thing. Dinner, then dishes, then bed. I don't see how she stands it.  
(at last some animation, she half-raises in the bed)  
She's really a wonderful woman. I mean, she's not just a mother. And I think we should do something for her. Don't you think we should?

MR. NEWTON

What were you thinking of doing for her?

YOUNG CHARLIE

(resuming her former attitude)

Oh, nothing, I suppose. I guess we'll just have to wait for a miracle or something.

ES

39 CONTINUED - 2

MR. NEWTON

You're right, Charlie. You're absolutely right. But you watch me. I'll reform. I'll reform so fast.....

YOUNG CHARLIE  
(resuming her former mood)

I don't believe in good intentions any more. All I'm waiting for is a miracle.

MR. NEWTON

Charlie!

MRS. NEWTON has come to the door behind her husband, in time to hear his remonstrative tone. She is 40; untended good looks; neither anxious nor complaining, but just meeting day-to-day demands without hope or discouragement. She looks as though she had dressed in a hurry, probably because she has. She hasn't time to worry about herself. She comes quietly over to the bed and sits down.

MRS. NEWTON

What's the matter, Charlie? Joe, what's the matter?

MR. NEWTON  
(evasively)  
Well, it seems like.....uh....

YOUNG CHARLIE  
(sitting up)

Oh, I've just become a nagging old maid, and you went downtown in that awful old hat you promised me you'd throw away.

ANN'S VOICE  
(calling from downstairs)  
Mother!

MRS. NEWTON  
Goodness! What on earth does it matter what hat I put on?

ANN'S VOICE  
(calling)

Mother!

(CHANGES - AUGUST 10, 1942.)

ES CONTINUED -

14A

YOUNG CHARLIE

I don't see why you let that child  
yell at you like that, Mother. If  
she has something to say....

CONTINUED

39 CONTINUED -- 3

MRS. NEWTON

(with a pacifying air)

I'm going downstairs anyway....

She goes towards the stairs; Mr. Newton follows.

40 INT. TOP OF STAIRS - SEMI-CLOSE UP

Mr. and Mrs. Newton start downstairs, CAMERA WITH THEM.  
Young Charlie comes up behind them.

YOUNG CHARLIE

(with mysterious  
authority as though  
she had a secret)Mama, I'm going downtown to send  
a telegram.

MRS. NEWTON

Why, Charlie, who do you know  
to send a telegram to?

YOUNG CHARLIE

I know just the person to come  
and save us, a wonderful person  
who'll come and shake us all up,  
so we'll be good and dignified  
and intelligent again.

MRS. NEWTON

Charlie, have you gone crazy?  
What do you mean 'save us'?

YOUNG CHARLIE

All this time there's been the one  
real, right person to save us.  
Mama, what's Uncle Charlie's address?

MRS. NEWTON

Charlie! You're not going to ask  
Uncle Charlie for money!

YOUNG CHARLIE

(opening the front door)

No! No! That wouldn't help us --  
what's his address?

41 FOOT OF STAIRS - MED. SHOT

They are now at the foot of the stairs. Roger, ago 8,  
and a demon for facts, bursts in the front door.

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED

ROGER

Do you know how many steps I  
have to take to get from here  
to the drug store and back?

Young Charlie looks at him witheringly.

MRS. NEWTON

(not hearing him)

The last address we had -- now,  
Charlie, if you've forgotten it  
I'm not going to tell you.

YOUNG CHARLIE

I remember -- Philadelphia.

ROGER

Six hundred and forty-nine.

MRS. NEWTON

Anyway, think of asking a busy  
man like that to come all this  
way for nothing...

Young Charlie goes out.

42 CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

looks back at her mother, smiling confidently.

YOUNG CHARLIE

He'd come for me. I'm named after  
him. With each present he sends me  
a special message. Besides, we're  
the only relatives he has in the world.

She turns out of picture and the door closes.

43 MED. SHOT

Ann in the f.g., beyond, Mrs. Newton comes toward her.

ANN

Mother, guess what?

ROGER

If you come by way of Fourth Street,  
it's eight hundred and two! I did  
that yesterday.

CONTINUED

MRS. NEWTON

I've no time for guessing.  
What's that thing in your hair?

ANN

Well, I'll tell you anyway, even though I think it's nicer when people guess. Mrs. Henderson says to call her at the telegraph office because she says we have a telegram.

MRS. NEWTON

I don't think you should put things behind your ears, Ann. Something might get into your ear.

MR. NEWTON

Emma, Ann says we have a telegram. I think you ought to find out about it. Somebody may be sick... or worse...

ANN

Mrs. Henderson didn't read the telegram because I couldn't find a pencil. When I have a house, it is going to be full of well-sharpened pencils.

MRS. NEWTON

Did you say a telegram? For me? Didn't Mrs. Henderson say who it was from?

ANN

No, she didn't.

MRS. NEWTON

That's funny. I think she might have said who it was from. Well....

ROGER

Tomorrow beginning when I got up in the morning, I'm going to count every step I take all day. It'll run into the millions.

MRS. NEWTON

I suppose I might as well call and see, if you'll all keep quiet for a second.

She goes to the telephone, and the rest of the family watch her, mildly interested.

CONTINUED

MRS. NEWTON

One-eight-one, please. I wonder who it could be. Oh, nothing, operator. Just one-eight-one.

MR. NEWTON

If it's from my sister.....

MRS. NEWTON

Hello, Mrs. Henderson? This is Emma Newton. Ann says you have a telegram?

ANN

Mother! You don't have to shout.  
(she turns to her father)  
Really, Papa, you'd think Mother had never seen a phone. She makes no allowance for science. She thinks she has to cover the distance by sheer lung power.

MRS. NEWTON

Why isn't that wonderful! Thursday, did you say?

MR. NEWTON

Looks like somebody's coming.

ROGER

Who's coming, Ma?

44 SEMI-CLOSE UP

Mrs. Newton still talks to Mrs. Henderson.

MRS. NEWTON

Well, it's a grand surprise! My brother, you know. My younger brother. The baby. A little spoiled, of course. You know how families spoil the youngest.

(she winks at Roger  
and he winks back)

Well, thank you awfully, Mrs. Henderson.

(she puts the receiver  
back on the hook)

Just think!

(she turns to her family)

Charlie's coming! Your Uncle Charlie! And Charlie's gone to send him a telegram -- now what made her think to do a thing like that at the same time?

CONTINUED

ROGER

Is he the one that just bums around?

MRS. NEWTON

He doesn't bum around. Quick! Go and catch Charlie and tell her,

Roger runs out.

MRS. NEWTON

Let's see. He can sleep in Ann's room, and Ann can sleep....

ANN

Why don't you move Roger? Why do you have to move me?

MR. NEWTON

You'll do what your mother says.

45 EXT. NEWTON HOME - DAY - MED. SHOT

Mrs. Newton comes out onto the porch. Mrs. Newton, calling:

MRS. NEWTON

Did you catch her, Roger?

Roger turns and walks back nonchalantly.

ROGER

She must have run -- it takes three minutes normal walking to get to Fourth Street.

MRS. NEWTON

Well, Mrs. Henderson will be sure to tell her in time to stop her sending her telegram.

They turn back to the house.

46 INT. TELEGRAPH OFFICE - DAY - SEMI-CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

is at the counter about to tear up her fourth attempt at phrasing a telegram. She adds the torn pieces to the pile beside her. She writes the address again, then chews her pencil and frowns. She starts to write again.

(Changes - August 10, 1942.)

20

:B

47 CLOSE UP - INSERT - SHOT OVER HER SHOULDER

we see:

"MR. CHARLES OAKLEY  
BELLEVUE - STRATFORD HOTEL  
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE -  
(she hesitates)  
IN MAKING YOUR PLANS FOR THE  
NEXT HALF YEAR DO WHAT YOU  
CAN TO COME AND SEE US."

48 SEMI-CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

in the f.c. Mrs. Henderson turns from a customer  
at the other end of the counter.

MRS. HENDERSON  
Why, hello, Charlie. I just called up  
your house. A telegram for your mother.

YOUNG CHARLIE  
(half hearing)  
Did you?

MRS. HENDERSON  
I was going to send it up by Bill  
Forrest, but you can take it.

YOUNG CHARLIE  
Thank you.

MRS. HENDERSON  
(holding the telegram out  
to her)  
It's from your uncle. The spoiled one.

Charlie looks at Mrs. Henderson completely ga-ga-

YOUNG CHARLIE  
My uncle? my Uncle Charlie?

She takes the telegram and reads it, and looks  
up ecstatically.

YOUNG CHARLIE  
Mrs. Henderson, do you believe in  
telepathy?

MRS. HENDERSON  
I ought to, it's my business.

CONTINUED

:B

48

CONTINUED

YOUNG CHARLIE

Not telegraphy. Mental telepathy. Like, well, suppose you have a thought. And suppose the thought's about someone who's in tune with you, and then over thousands miles that someone knows what you're thinking and they answer you.....and it's all mental!

MRS. HENDERSON

I don't know what you're talking about. I send telegrams the normal way.

Charlie crams the telegram into her pocket and moves swiftly out.

49

EXT. TELEGRAPH OFFICE - DAY - SEMI-CLOSE UP

We see her come from the office - her hand in the pocket with the telegram. Her face lit with excitement. She murmurs to herself.

YOUNG CHARLIE

He heard me - - - he heard me!

CAMERA PANS WITH HER as she makes her way across the Square, and is finally lost in the crowd.

LAP DISSOLVE:

49-A EXT. STREET - DAY - MED. SHOT

Young Charlie crosses the street by the policeman - she smiles as she passes him.

POLICEMAN

(temporary)

You seem very happy, Charlie - -

(temporary)

I am, Mr. Norton -- I am.

LAP DISSOLVE:

(Changes - August 10, 1942)

22

50 EXT. RAILROAD - EVENING - LONG SHOT - A TRAIN  
APPROACHING CAMERA WITH IT.

LAP DISSOLVE

51 INT. PULLMAN CAR - EVENING - LONG SHOT

the full length of the car. very conspicuous is one berth still made up with the baize curtains drawn together. CAMERA DOLLIES down to this one berth, at the same time the porter approaches it. In the next seat we see a foursome playing bridge. When we have the porter in SEMI CLOSE UP by the curtained berth, he is calling through:

PORTER

Mr. Otis! Mr. Otis!

UNCLE CHARLIE

Yes?

PORTER

We're almost in to Santa Rosa, Mr. Otis. You want to be ready when we get to Santa Rosa.

UNCLE CHARLIE

I'm ready now, thanks.

PORTER

I'll get your bags all out then. How you feelin', Mr. Otis?

UNCLE CHARLIE

Pretty well. A little weak, but pretty well on the whole.

52 SEMI CLOSE UP- THE FOURSOME PLAYING BRIDGE

The doctor's wife has had her eyes on the curtained berth whilst playing-- she turns to her husband, seated beside her:

THE WOMAN

Harry, tell the porter you're a doctor. Ask if there's anything you can do. Maybe you could help that poor soul.

DOCTOR

Now, listen, I'm on my vacation.....

DOCTOR'S WIFE

(ignores him)

Porter, will you come here? Porter, my husband's a doctor and if there's anything he can do.....

CONTINUED

52 CONTINUED:

PORTER

Oh, ma'am, he's an awful sick man.  
-- But he won't see no one. I  
haven't set eyes on him myself since  
he first got on the train.

Doctor

Your bid, Bella.

CAMERA PANS OVER to the curtained berth as we

LAP DISSOLVE

53 EXT. SANTA ROSA STATION - EVENING - LONG SHOT

THE CAMERA IS SHOOTING UP the main street beyond the station. Coming toward us is a small, not very up-to-date, sedan. CAMERA PANS with it as it comes to a stop at the parking lot. The family clamber out. Mr. Slocum, the station master, passes by carrying some papers.

MR. SLOCUM  
(To Mr. Newton)

Hello, Mr. Newton --- - expecting somebody?

MR. NEWTON

Yes - - wife's brother - - from the East.

MR. SLOCUM

Staying with you?

MR. NEWTON

Looks that way.

MR. SLOCUM

Long time .....

Their voices die away as the CAMERA FOLLOWS Roger to the track. He lays a penny on the rail.

CONTINUED:

53-A CLOSE UP - ROGER'S HAND

laying the penny on the rail.

54 MED. SHOT - THE GROUP - YOUNG CHARLIE, MR. NEWTON,  
ANN AND ROGER.

YOUNG CHARLIE has her arm through her father's,  
holding Ann with the other hand. We hear a train  
whistle some distance off.

CONTINUED:

54 CONTINUED:

MR. SLOCUM

You can hear her now! That's the whistle for Mill River bridge. Won't be three minutes now. A mile a minute's the way you can reckon it.

ANN

I'm going to count. When I count to three times sixty.....

ROGER'S VOICE

(shouting)

One hundred and eighty!

YOUNG CHARLIE

If you start that counting, I think I'll scream. Why can't you just wait. I'm just waiting, and seeing Uncle Charlie means more to me than it does to you.

ANN

Why?

MR. NEWTON

Roger! Get away from those tracks and stand back on the platform! I knew a little boy once who was sucked right under a train.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Because I knew him.

ANN

So did I. He used to tease me.

YOUNG CHARLIE

He didn't tease me -- he was lovely to me.

54 A SEMI CLOSE UP -

We HEAR the train approaching. Roger jumps up and down excitedly.

ROGER

Here she comes! Here she comes!

54 B SEMI CLOSE UP

MR. NEWTON

Roger! What did I tell you!

(Changes - August 10, 1942)

25

54 C SEMI CLOSEUP

ROGER  
Aw--I've got fifteen seconds yet!

54 D MED. SHOT - THE GROUP

YOUNG CHARLIE  
Papa, you watch that end and I'll  
watch up here!

Mr. Newton and Roger hurry up the platform, whilst young  
Charlie turns uncertainly from right to left.

55 SEMI LONG SHOT

The train pulls in and comes to a stop.

56 SEMI LONG SHOT - SHOWING THE LAST COACH

The porter we have already seen is lowering the steps.  
He turns and hurries up them.

57 SEMI CLOSE UP - UNCLE CHARLIE

appears, supported by the porter and the doctor. The  
doctor's wife solicitously looking down from the  
platform behind them.

UNCLE CHARLIE  
(weakly)  
Thank you, thank you. You're  
very kind.  
(he presses some money  
into the porter's hand)

PORTER  
Thank you, Mr. Otis.

Train whistles. Doctor and porter hurry into train.  
Beyond we see the station-master warning, and the train  
starts. CAMERA DOLLIES with Uncle Charlie in SEMI CLOSE  
UP - a bent figure walking slowly - his head lowered but  
his eyes raised - gradually he straightens himself,  
takes a deep breath and his expression changes.

58 SEMI CLOSE UP - TRAIN WINDOW

At the train window the doctor and his wife are looking  
at him with amazed, bewildered expressions. The porter  
appears behind them - even more bewildered. Their  
window moves from picture.

59 SEMI CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

looking towards the approaching figure with a slightly puzzled expression - her face clears with relief as she hurries forward - CAMERA DOLLIES with her. As she nears Uncle Charlie, his pace quickens also. As they meet, she hesitates.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Are you - ? Are you - ?

UNCLE CHARLIE

Why, young Charlie!

She flings herself into his arms.

YOUNG CHARLIE

At first I didn't know you! I thought you were sick. You aren't sick, are you? Papa! Papa! Here he is! Why, Uncle Charlie! You're not sick! Why, that was the funniest thing!

UNCLE CHARLIE

Sick! Me sick!

CAMERA PULLS BACK as Uncle Charlie turns to greet Mr. Newton who has hurried up.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Well, Joe! How are you! Haven't changed a bit!

MR. NEWTON

How are you, Charles? You're looking great!

Uncle Charlie bends down and puts out his hand.

UNCLE CHARLIE

And this is Ann! Bet you don't remember me, Ann?

Ann looks at him sharply and edges closer to Young Charlie.

ANN

I remember you, sort of. You look different....sort of....

ROGER

I only saw one bed made up on the train....  
But eighty-two people....  
Fifty-three males and twenty-nine females.  
I didn't have time to count the cars.

CONTINUED:

59 CONTINUED:

MR. NEWTON

Well, we better get started. Emma's got dinner almost ready. Couldn't persuade her to come to the station... Dinner came first!

YOUNG CHARLIE

Ann! Roger!  
(she indicates the baggage)

CAMERA PULLS BACK - the family, each one struggling with the baggage, pass by. We are left with the solitary figure of Uncle Charlie, not carrying a bag, strolling nonchalantly down the platform, lighting a cigarette.

LAP DISSOLVE

60-61 EXT. NEWTON HOME - EVENING - LONG SHOT

The car drives up. Mrs. Newton hurries out and stands on the top step. We hear voices from the car.

62 SEMI CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

is already out from the driving seat and is lifting the suitcase out. Uncle Charlie immediately starts to take it from her.

UNCLE CHARLIE

(laughing)  
That suitcase looks pretty heavy for you, Charlie.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Oh, it's nothing! I love to carry it!

Uncle Charlie looks up and sees:

63 MED. SHOT - FROM HIS EYELINE

MRS. NEWTON is hurrying down the steps.

63 A SEMI CLOSE UP - UNCLE CHARLIE

with outstretched arm, cries:

CONTINUED:

63 A CONTINUED:

UNCLE CHARLIE

Emma! Don't move! Standing there, you  
don't look like Emma Newton....

(he starts to walk towards  
her)

....You look like Emma Spencer Oakley of  
46 Burnham Street, St. Paul, Minnesota.  
The prettiest girl on the block!

CAMERA PANS with him until it includes Mrs. Newton.

MRS. NEWTON

(tears in her eyes)

Charles! Charles!

(she puts her arms around him)

By this time Ann and Roger fling themselves at her, too.

ANN

Mama, nobody got off the train but  
Uncle Charlie. We were the only  
ones who met somebody.

ROGER

There was only one bed still made up....

MRS. NEWTON

(shakes the children off  
like a mother cat)

Charles! It's wonderful to have  
you here! To think that you could  
take time off.....

UNCLE CHARLIE

(embraces her enthusiastically,  
but does not kiss her)

Emmy! Emmy! Don't cry!

64 CLOSE UP - MRS. NEWTON

smiles, with tears in her eyes.

MRS. NEWTON

And imagine your thinking of 46  
Burnham Street. I haven't thought  
of that funny old street for years.

65 CLOSE UP - UNCLE CHARLIE

with an expression of sentimental remembrance.

CONTINUED:

65 CONTINUED:

UNCLE CHARLIE

I keep remembering those things. All the old things...Somehow, the world since.....

His expression changes to one of distaste and he makes a gesture of dismissal.

66 MEDIUM SHOT

Young Charlie and the others join them. CAMERA DOLLIES in to Young Charlie; as she looks at her mother's smiling face, a smile of contentment comes over her own. During this, we HEAR Mr. Newton say:

MR. NEWTON'S VOICE

Well, how does he look to you, Emmy? Same old Charles, eh? ----- Roger, Ann -- get the other bags.

Young Charlie follows them all into the house with her eyes.

67 INT. SITTING ROOM AND HALL - EVENING

As they enter Mrs. Newton holds the door open for Uncle Charlie.

MRS. NEWTON

I hope you didn't eat dinner on the train...I always say that dinner on a train....

UNCLE CHARLIE

Been starving myself for days, Emmy, saving space for home cooking.

Uncle Charlie looks around the living room.

68 LONG SHOT

The shades are down and the room is dim. He goes to the windows and pulls up the shades, leaving Young Charlie and her mother in the foreground.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Light, Emmy. Light. Get the light as long as we can.

He walks back to Young Charlie and puts his hands on her shoulders, turning her so that the light falls on her face.

CONTINUED:

68 CONTINUED

UNCLE CHARLIE (cont'd)

Light on your face, and the light in it,  
Charlie.

(he speaks seriously;  
then he laughs and speaks  
more lightly)

Makes life pretty complicated to be  
as pretty as you are, doesn't it,  
Charlie?

YOUNG CHARLIE

I'm not so pretty. There are loads  
of prettier girls.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Lots of young men hanging around the  
house, Emmy?

MRS. NEWTON

Charlie isn't in love as far as I  
know. She's tired of the boys she's  
grown up with, I guess. And I don't  
worry about it. We're not anxious to  
lose her.

YOUNG CHARLIE

(passionately, but  
smiling)

I love what I have right her,  
Papa and Mama and the children. I  
don't want it to change except to get  
better and better, and -- well -- I'm  
so glad that you're here, Uncle  
Charlie -- you'll be good for us.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Good for you?

YOUNG CHARLIE

Yes, you can keep us all at our  
best, that's all.

CAMERA PANS with him as he ascends the stairs.

69 INT. TOP OF STAIRS - EVENING - MED. SHOT

as Uncle Charlie reaches the top, Mr. Newton and Roger  
come from Young Charlie's room.

CONTINUED:

69 CONTINUED

MR. NEWTON

You have Charlie's room, right here at the head of the stairs. Emmy was going to move Ann, but Charlie thought you'd be more comfortable here.

Uncle Charlie goes in.

70 INT. YOUNG CHARLIE'S ROOM - EVENING - SEMI CLOSE UP

Uncle Charlie comes in. As he stands he closes the door behind him. With no expression on his face he slowly looks about him.

71 SEMI LONG SHOT

the whole room, as he sees it.

72 SEMI CLOSE UP

CAMERA IN THE MIDDLE of the room. Uncle Charlie comes from the door until he is in SEMI CLOSE UP; he stands looking around.

73 CLOSE UP - ON THE TABLE

by the bed are a lamp with a flowered shade, one of those small books by William Lyons Phelps that people get for Christmas - no one has ever read it, and it is a refined touch - and the Best Short Stories of the year.

74 SEMI CLOSE UP

Uncle Charlie turns his head to the wall facing him.

75 CLOSE UP - ON THE WALL

are two cheap flower prints and some framed snapshots.

76 SEMI CLOSE UP

his head turns to the other side.

77 CLOSE UP - ON THE - ON THE BUREAU

are a vase, two fat and too tight at the top, full of flowers, all bunched together; a shoe horn, a very small ash tray, and a framed photograph of Young Charlie in her graduation dress.

78 SEMI CLOSE UP

CAMERA PANS WITH Uncle Charlie as he suddenly turns and goes over to the window. He looks down into the street.

79 EXT. NEWTON STREET - EVENING - LONG SHOT

In the peaceful street below, on the corner of the opposite sidewalk, stand two women chattering.

80 INT. CHARLIE'S ROOM - EVENING - CLOSE UP

BIG HEAD OF UNCLE CHARLIE. He turns from the window - a smile of contentment comes into his face - CAMERA PULLS BACK as he stretches his arms and looks round the room with an air of security.

81 INT. KITCHEN - EVENING - LONG SHOT

In the kitchen Mrs. Newton is busy at the stove in the foreground. The door opens like a whirlwind; Roger puts his head in,

ROGER

I think things should be served evenly. Everything should be counted. Last time Ann got three more slices of cucumber than I did.

The same whirlwind disappearance. Ann enters,

ANN

I know how to pass things like a maid. You do it from the left. You take away from the right.

MRS. NEWTON

Now, get out of this kitchen and stay out! All of you!

She gets no reply and as she goes out, Young Charlie comes in by the other door.

CONTINUED

81 CONTINUED

YOUNG CHARLIE

Mama, tell Roger he's not to eat his ice out of his glass. I've got ice in all the glasses, and he's not to make those disgusting noises.

Mrs. Newton straightens up; she is hot and nervous

MRS. NEWTON

Let's see, now.....is there anything we've forgotten?

YOUNG CHARLIE

Mama! You look roasting!

(she comes down and puts her arms around her mother)

I can't believe Uncle Charlie's here...he's so...well...so...almost like a foreigner, except of course he doesn't look like one. I have a feeling things will be different.

MRS. NEWTON

(she turns from the stove and tilts Charlie's head, looking into her eyes)

I'm glad you're pleased, Charlie. But don't set your heart on miracles. After all, just your uncle Charlie's being here won't make so much difference. We're just medium people, and I've never minded.

YOUNG CHARLIE

But! I don't want to be medium--I'd rather be dead.

Mrs. Newton looks up toward the door. Young Charlie turns around quickly with an 'OH'!

82 SEMI CLOSE UP - UNCLE CHARLIE

stands framed in the doorway - smiling.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

83

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT - SEMI LONG SHOT

The dinner table. The family are seated around the table - the remains of the dinner is on a dish in front of Mrs. Newton.

	<u>Joe Newton</u>	<u>Young Charlie</u>
Mrs. Newton		Uncle Charlie
Roger		Ann

CAMERA is behind Mrs. Newton, shooting up the table. Uncle Charlie at the other end has his back to the sitting room. He has been holding forth:

UNCLE CHARLIE

It was the biggest yacht in the world, but it had a nice little fireplace in the library, and the bar was panelled in bleached mahogany. You pressed a button and.....

He suddenly pauses as he sees the serious faces of the family - all heads, except Ann's turned towards him - politely listening. He looks deflated - coughs.

UNCLE CHARLIE

But, what am I talking about? All that's over. Let's talk about you. Charlie, that's the prettiest dress I ever saw.

YOUNG CHARLIE

(smiling now)

I think so, too.

MRS. NEWTON

(leaning forward)

Charles! don't you remember?

UNCLE CHARLIE

Remember? Remember what?

YOUNG CHARLIE

Why, Uncle Charlie, you sent it to me.

UNCLE CHARLIE

I did?

YOUNG CHARLIE

Don't you remember? Of course, I've grown. I had to sort of fix it.

CONTINUED:

UNCLE CHARLIE

Say! I've been forgetting something all this time!

84 SEMI CLOSE UP

Uncle Charlie, in foreground, Ann and Roger. He fumbles under his chair and brings out two packages which he places before the children. They tear off the wrappings. Roger's is a water pistol with belt and holster. He is delighted with it. CAMERA MOVES IN to CLOSE UP of Ann - Who is opening her present eagerly - her face drops as she sees what it is. A woolly elephant. She gives a glance at Uncle Charlie and quietly puts it behind her back.

85 SEMI CLOSE SHOT

Uncle Charlie, just in the foreground, is handing a small package to Mr. Newton.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Didn't know whether you had one, Joe.

CAMERA MOVES ALONG table as the gift is handed to Mr. Newton.

MR. NEWTON

(unwrapping his present)

You didn't have to think of me, Charles. Presents are all right for the children.

(he reveals a fine wrist watch)

Say- ... I've never had a wrist-watch. Fellows at the bank will think I'm quite a sport!

85-A MEDIUM SHOT

Uncle Charlie gets up and goes around to Mrs. Newton.

UNCLE CHARLIE

And two for you, Emmy. One new and one old.

CAMERA MOVES IN as she unwraps a rather flashy silver fox--2 skins.

(She takes the fur and strokes it softly, her eyes soft.)

MRS. NEWTON

Charles! I wanted one all my life.

(She gets up from the table and puts the fur around young Charlie's shoulder)

YOUNG CHARLIE

Mother, its for you.

(She takes it off and throws it around her mother's shoulders. It makes Mrs. Newton look prettier and very different.)

86 SEMI CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

YOUNG CHARLIE

And it's exactly right. It's what  
you should have.

Young Charlie smiles gratefully across at Uncle Charlie.

87 SEMI CLOSE UP

Uncle Charlie gives Mrs. Newton the other package - a  
leather case - she opens it - her face wreathed in smiles.  
She looks at it spellbound.

INSERT: Two restored daguerreotypes of their  
mother and father.

MRS. NEWTON

Charles! Did you have these all along?

UNCLE CHARLIE

All along. All these years. Safe in a  
deposit box...stored away safe...no matter  
where I was.

Mrs. Newton is almost overcome with emotion.

88 SEMI CLOSE UP

YOUNG CHARLIE gets up and CAMERA PANS with her as she  
goes behind her mother's chair. CAMERA MOVES IN. She  
looks in silence - then:

YOUNG CHARLIE

Grandpa and Grandma?

MRS. NEWTON

Yes.

Ann-and-Roger squeeze in to take a look.

ROGER

(reading)

1888 !! Fifty-three years ago!

YOUNG CHARLIE

She was pretty, and he is sweet.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Everyone was pretty and sweet, then, Charlie.  
The whole world...a wonderful world...not  
like the world today. It was great to be  
young then.

88 A CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

Turns swiftly to Uncle Charlie. She flings her arms around his neck.

YOUNG CHARLIE

We're happy now, Uncle Charlie. Look at us! For once we're all happy at the same time.

UNCLE CHARLIE

And now for your little present, Charlie.

Young Charlie backs toward the kitchen door, CAMERA PANNING with her:

YOUNG CHARLIE

I don't want anything. Right now, I have enough. Before you came, I didn't think I had anything...But, now, I don't want another thing.

She goes into the kitchen.

89

MEDIUM SHOT

Uncle Charlie's eyes watching after Young Charlie.

ROGER

She's crazy.

ANN

She doesn't mean it really. If you ask me, I think she's putting on. Like girls in books. The ones that say they don't want anything always get more in the end. That's what she's hoping.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Mr. Newton.

MR. NEWTON

She's not crazy. Smartest girl in her class at school. Won the debate against East Richmond High School single-handed. She's got brains.

UNCLE CHARLIE

She'll like this when she sees it.

He slips a small box into his pocket and goes into the kitchen, CAMERA WITH him.

90 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - SEMI CLOSE UP

CAMERA FOLLOWS UNCLE CHARLIE into the kitchen. YOUNG CHARLIE stands with her back against the electric ice-box.

90 A SEMI CLOSE UP - UNCLE CHARLIE

Stands watching her.

90 B SEMI LONG SHOT - FROM HIS EYELINE - YOUNG CHARLIE

looking at him seriously.

YOUNG CHARLIE

I meant it...Please don't give me anything.

90 C SEMI CLOSE UP - UNCLE CHARLIE

UNCLE CHARLIE

Nothing?

He starts to walk towards her, CAMERA PANNING WITH him until we have the two in SEMI CLOSE UP.

YOUNG CHARLIE

I can't explain. You came here, and Mother's happy. And I'm glad that she named me after you, and that she thinks we're both alike. I think we are, too. I know it. It would spoil things if you should give me anything.

UNCLE CHARLIE

You're a strange girl, Charlie. Why would it spoil things?

YOUNG CHARLIE

Because, we're not just an uncle and a niece. There's something else. I know you. I know that you don't tell people a lot of things. I don't either. I have a feeling that inside you somewhere, there's something...something nobody knows.....

91 CLOSE UP - UNCLE CHARLIE

looks at her intently.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Something nobody knows?

92 CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

CAMERA PULLS BACK as she takes a step or two away, and INCLUDES Uncle Charlie.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Something secret...and wonderful...and....  
(she laughs a little)  
I'll find it out,

UNCLE CHARLIE

It's not good to find out too much,  
Charlie.

YOUNG CHARLIE

But we're kind of like twins, don't  
you see? We have to know.

There is a moment of silence; then Uncle Charlie puts out his hand. Young Charlie looks at him, then down to his hand, not quite comprehending. Her eyes met those of Uncle Charlie.

UNCLE CHARLIE

(quietly)  
Give me you hand.....Charlie.

She slowly extends her right hand; he takes it and studies it with deliberate casualness. He draws it nearer to him and for a moment we think he is going to kiss it. With a quick movement he draws the ring from his pocket and swiftly slides it on her finger - it is a large, flat emerald. She drops her hand to her side, almost behind her back, and says, with a catch in her breath:

YOUNG CHARLIE

Thank you.

UNCLE CHARLIE

But you haven't looked at it.

YOUNG CHARLIE

I don't have to look at it. No matter  
what you gave me it'd be the same.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Here, now...let me show it to you. It's  
a good emerald, a really good one.  
Good emeralds are the most beautiful things  
in the world.

93 CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

She looks at it calmly and suddenly becomes more excited.

CONTINUED:

93

CONTINUED:

YOUNG CHARLIE  
 (looking at the ring)  
 Why, you've had something engraved  
 on it! That's different!

UNCLE CHARLIE'S VOICE  
 I haven't. But I will, if you'd like me  
 to.

YOUNG CHARLIE  
 But you have, Uncle Charlie. You have!  
 It's very faint. It's way down under  
 the stone.

94 CLOSE UP - THE RING

One can just read the words:

T. S. FROM B. M.

CAMERA GOES RIGHT UP to the initials as we hear YOUNG  
 CHARLIE'S VOICE SAY:

YOUNG CHARLIE'S VOICE  
 T. S. FROM B. M.

94 A CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

looks up enquiringly.

YOUNG CHARLIE  
 Why, they must be someone's initials.

Her expression slowly changes as she looks at him.

94 B SEMI CLOSE UP

Uncle Charlie slowly walks towards her. His face is  
 dead and expressionless. He comes into BIG CLOSE UP.

UNCLE CHARLIE  
 (in a low, cold voice)  
 The jeweler rooked me. The jeweler  
 rooked me.

95 SEMI CLOSE UP - THE TWO

YOUNG CHARLIE  
 It doesn't matter...Really it doesn't.

CONTINUED

95 CONTINUED:

His anger growing, Uncle Charlie trembles with rage - his fists are clenched.

UNCLE CHARLIE

The jeweler rooked me -- it's second-hand -- he rooked me. The whole rotten world's crooked. The whole rotten world.

He puts his hand out as though to take the ring back.

YOUNG CHARLIE

(very concerned)

But I like it this way. Someone else was probably happy with this ring.

UNCLE CHARLIE

The rotten ----

95 A SEMI CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

interposes:

YOUNG CHARLIE

It's not rotten. Not where you and I are....and Mother...and the rest of us.

She looks at him alarmed, and, in order to create a diversion, she turns away to the ice-box, taking out six frozen custards.

95 B SEMI CLOSE UP - UNCLE CHARLIE

UNCLE CHARLIE

(sharply)

Here-- Give it back to me. I'll have that taken off.

95 C SEMI CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

She brings the desserts from the ice-box.

YOUNG CHARLIE

No...It's perfect the way it is. Now, you bring the coffee, and we'll surprise them with perfect service.

CONTINUED:

95 C CONTINUED:

We see him beyond take the coffee pot. CAMERA DOLLIES WITH Young Charlie into the pantry. She starts to hum the Merry Widow Waltz. She passes CAMERA. Uncle Charlie approaches with an expression of reflective thought, which contains a slight note of fear. The humming voice of Young Charlie is picked up by the faint soprano voices in the distance, while the screen is slowly filled with the whirling figures of Edwardian ballroom dancers.

LAP DISSOLVE:

96 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT - SEMI CLOSE UP

As we DISSOLVE the dancing figures fade and Uncle Charlie and Young Charlie are back in the dining room. Young Charlie has her hand outstretched, showing her ring to the family. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO MEDIUM SHOT.

ANN

I told you so -----

MRS. NEWTON

It's beautiful --  
(to Uncle Charlie)  
You're too good, Charles.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Nothing's too good for my favorite niece.

During this we hear the Merry Widow Waltz faintly. Uncle Charlie takes his place again at the table and Young Charlie begins to serve the desserts.

MRS. NEWTON

Charles, why can't you stay here for ever?

UNCLE CHARLIE

I've been thinking about that. To tell you the truth, Emmy. I'd like to open up a new chapter in my life. New surroundings...everything new.....

Young Charlie hums a short phrase from the "Merry Widow Waltz.

ANN

Sing at the table you'll marry a crazy husband.

ROGER

Superstitions have been proved one hundred percent wrong.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Yes, I've been thinking about transferring some of my money out here from the East. Deposit it in your bank, say, until I see what's what. I suppose you take money at your bank, eh, Joe?

MR. NEWTON

(jovially)

That's one thing we do all right. Rake in the dough. Can't promise to give it back.

CONTINUED:

96 CONTINUED

UNCLE CHARLIE

Well, I'll go down tomorrow morning and open an account. Say thirty-forty thousand. Just to start things off right.

97 CLOSE UP - MR. NEWTON

MR. NEWTON

(gasps)

That's a lot of money.

97 A CLOSE UP - ROGER AND ANN

ROGER

He won't have it long. The government will get it. The government gets approximately.....

ANN

You're not to talk against the government, Roger.

MRS. NEWTON'S VOICE

Good heavens! The way men do things! And women always trying to save!

98 MEDIUM SHOT - YOUNG CHARLIE &amp; UNCLE CHARLIE

in foreground, SHOOTING towards mother's end of table. Young Charlie again starts to hum the eleven first notes of the "Merry Widow Waltz".

YOUNG CHARLIE

I can't get that tune out of my head. If somebody will tell me what it is, maybe I'll stop.

MRS. NEWTON

It's a waltz.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Of course, it's a waltz. But what waltz? You know, it's the funniest thing, but some times I think of a tune, and can't get it out of my head, and then pretty soon I hear somebody whistling it or humming it, too. I think tunes jump from head to head. What is it, Uncle Charlie?  
(she hums it)

99 . CLOSE UP - UNCLE CHARLIE

continues eating his dessert, raises his eyes to Young Charlie, then lowers them to his plate again.

UNCLE CHARLIE

(dead pan)

I don't know.

100 ; CLOSE UP - MRS. NEWTON

struggling hard to remember.

MRS. NEWTON

I know what it is, it's right on the tip of my tongue. It's a waltz... and it's Victor Herbert.

100 A CLOSE UP - ROGER

ROGER

Victor Herbert wasn't a waltz. He was a composer who composed operettas in the early part of the twentieth century. He.....

101 CLOSE UP - UNCLE CHARLIE

looks up sharply:

UNCLE CHARLIE

It's the Blue Danube Waltz.

102 CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

relieved.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Of course. That's what it is.....

There is a short pause, then suddenly she rises to her feet, CAMERA with her.

YOUNG CHARLIE

No, it isn't, Uncle Charlie. It's not the "Blue Danube" -- it's the "Merry.....

103 CLOSE UP - UNCLE CHARLIE'S HAND

deliberately upsets his drinking glass.

104 MED. SHOT

There is general confusion - UNCLE CHARLIE rises in loud apology.

UNCLE CHARLIE

I'm terribly sorry, Emmy. Hand me a napkin, Ann.

Mrs. Newton comes round to him.

MRS. NEWTON

Now, it's nothing to make a fuss about, Charles, while we do the dishes, why don't you go in the living room and stretch out on the sofa, and read the evening paper. You never were much on helping. Ann! Roger! Fold your napkins.

CAMERA FOLLOWS them as they go towards the sitting room.

MRS. NEWTON

Joe, isn't that Herb outside?

(calling to Herbie)

Come in, Herb. Charles, Herb is a friend of Joe's. They're literary critics.

ANN

(disgusted)

Mother! Critics! About the things they read!

104 A INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT - SEMI CLOSE UP

A figure can be seen in the background through the sitting room window. Herbie stands tapping gently - abashed, cap in hand.

105 MED. SHOT

Mrs. Newton beckons to him to come in. She leads Uncle Charlie over to the sofa and makes him put his feet up. Mr. Newton meanwhile meets Herbie at the door. Mrs. Newton turns as they enter.

106 SEMI CLOSE UP - HERBIE

cap in hand, stands a step or two behind Mr. Newton. He carries three copies of detective story books with lurid covers.

CONTINUED:

106 CONTINUED:

MR. NEWTON

Had your supper?

HERBIE

Had it an hour ago.

MR. NEWTON

Herb, I'd like you to meet my brother-in-law.  
Charles, this is Herb Hawkins.

CAMERA FOLLOWS them over to Uncle Charlie.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Nice to meet you, Mr. Hawkins.

Herbie stands awkwardly, then decides as Uncle Charlie is seated he should, too. He sits on the edge of a chair. Mrs. Newton sees a pillow she needs. She crosses and draws it from under Herbie. Mr. Newton takes his evening paper from the small table beside his favorite chair, but Mrs. Newton takes it from him and hands it to Uncle Charlie.

MRS. NEWTON

There, now! Lead a life of luxury!

She hurries toward the dining room. During all this time Young Charlie has been clearing the dishes from the table.

107 SEMI CLOSE UP

Mr. Newton gives Herbie a jerk of the head and CAMERA FOLLOWS them, Mr. Newton extracting his two detective books from the table as he passes out into the hall. He speaks in a lowered voice:

MR. NEWTON

Wife's brother on a visit....  
New York man...good for the children,  
you know what I mean?

HERBIE

In business?

MR. NEWTON

(nods with a slight tinge of jealousy)

Takes himself very seriously.  
How's everything?

108 EXT. PORCH - NIGHT - SEMI CLOSE UP

Still continuing the SHOT, we FOLLOW them onto the porch. Now they talk to each other with suppressed excitement and long judicious pauses.

HERBIE

(indicating book with his thumb)  
Seen this one?

MR. NEWTON

Huh.

HERBIE

(opening the book he carries)  
That little Frenchman beats all. They can talk all they want about Sherlock Holmes. The the little Frenchman beats them all.

MR. NEWTON

I read it. Air bubbles don't necessarily kill a person. Those writers from the other side get too fancy. The best way to commit a murder....

HERBIE

(wearily)  
I know, I know. Hit 'em in the head with a blunt instrument.

They sit on two rocker chairs - CAMERA MOVES IN SLOWLY:

Mr. NEWTON

Well, it's true, isn't it? Listen, if I wanted to kill you tomorrow, do you think I'd waste my time on fancy hypodermics or on inee?

HERBIE

What's that?

MR. NEWTON

Indian arrow poison.

HERBIE

Oh.

MR. NEWTON

Well, I wouldn't. I'd wait until I knew you were alone, walk in, hit you on the head with a piece of lead pipe or a loaded cane and....

CONTINUED:

108 CONTINUED:

HERBIE

What'd be the fun of that? Where's your planning? Where's your clues?

MR. NEWTON

I don't want any clues. I want to murder you. What do I want clues for?

HERBIE

If you haven't any clues, where's your book?

MR. NEWTON

I'm not talking about writing a book, I'm talking about killing you.

HERBIE

Well, if I was going to kill you, I wouldn't do a dumb thing like hitting you over the head. In the first place, I don't like the fingerprint angle. Of course I could wear gloves and press your hands on the pipe after you were dead, and make it look like suicide. But it don't seem likely that you'd beat yourself to death with a club. I'd murder you so it didn't look like murder. Make it look more like a lingering illness....

MR. NEWTON

And you don't think Emmy'd have a doctor in if I had a lingering illness? And you think they'd let you hang around putting poison in my milk?

HERBIE

(the voice of authority)

I've thought this over, Joe, let me tell you, and I'd plan it like this.....

109 INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT - SEMI CLOSE UP-UNCLE CHARLIE

reading his paper. Suddenly his eyes become riveted on one item on page three. He reads the news item further. There is a strong reaction - he sits up straight, crushes the paper down against his knees. He glances around the room. No fireplace, no hiding place. He stops to think. His eyes fall on Ann.

110 SEMI CLOSE UP - ANN

lying on the floor engrossed in her book. We hear Uncle Charlie call:

CONTINUED:

110 CONTINUED:

UNCLE CHARLES VOICE

Ann, Ann.

ANN

(without looking up)

What?

111 MED. SHOT - UNCLE CHARLIE

swings his feet off the sofa and comes over towards Ann, in a playful mood. CAMERA FOLLOWS him and MOVES IN to SEMI CLOSE UP of the two.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Come here, Ann - did you ever make a house out of newspapers? See what I mean? First you stretch 'em all out on the ground. See?

(he twists the paper  
deftly into a tent shape)

And then you...look....you cut out a door.

112 CLOSE UP - THE NEWSPAPER TENT

Uncle Charlie's hand comes in and tears a piece out - the item that has caused his alarm. This forms an opening in the tent. We follow his hand and see it put the item into a coat pocket. We hear his voice saying:

UNCLE CHARLIE'S VOICE

See? This is the doorway....

113 MED. SHOT - UNCLE CHARLIE

in the f.g. Ann looks at him with a serious expression.

ANN

I'm not a baby any more. Besides, that's Papa's paper.

She looks up as Roger dashes in, carrying his pistol (he's been filling it with water). He stands thunderstruck looking at the mass of paper on the floor.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Here you are, Roger! Look what we've got. A real esquimaux's igloo.

ROGER

You've got Papa's paper.

CONTINUED:

113 CONTINUED:

UNCLE CHARLIE

Say! I guess I should have thought of that. Well, we'll fold it up again and your father won't know the difference.

He is obviously worried by the conspicuous tear. He takes out the whole double page and folds it into smaller and smaller squares. Roger and Ann watch him, a little interested now.

ANN

Can you make hats?

UNCLE CHARLIE

Hats? Let's see. I don't think I can make hats. You show me how, Ann.

As Ann reaches over for a piece of paper, Uncle Charlie slips the folded piece into his pocket.

ROGER

I can make darts. I used to make them.

114 SEMI LONG SHOT - YOUNG CHARLIE

comes from the dining room.

YOUNG CHARLIE

What are you all up to? Why, Ann! Roger! That's Papa's paper.

She comes down to them.

UNCLE CHARLIE

It's my fault. I began it. I was showing them a game and I never thought about the paper.

YOUNG CHARLIE

(going down on hands and knees)

Well, it's all right. Page five...page one...page twenty-two...my, this paper seems to get bigger every day. Here's Part Two...Where's page three and four and eleven and twelve? Why, that's the funniest thing I ever heard of. Ann, did you go out on the porch with it somewhere?

UNCLE CHARLIE

(looks behind sofa)  
Curious.

CONTINUED:

114 CONTINUED:

ANN

We never touched it. Uncle Charlie's the only one that touched it.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Well, Papa may not notice. If we fold it very neatly...see..and very evenly.

115 CLOSE UP - UNCLE CHARLIE

a satisfied slight smile on his face. CAMERA PANS DOWN and we see his hand pushing the folded pages further down into his pocket.

115 A INT. HALL - NIGHT - SEMI LONG SHOT

Young Charlie comes to the foot of the stairs. She is carrying a tray on which are water pitcher and glasses. Her mother hurries down the stairs. As she comes into SEMI CLOSE UP, Young Charlie speaks:

YOUNG CHARLIE

Uncle Charlie said he liked water by his bed. He was sort of surprised we hadn't thought of it. I guess we're not fussy enough. From now on I'm going to try to be.

MRS. NEWTON

Yes, dear....Goodnight.

CAMERA PANS Young Charlie up the stairs to Uncle Charlie's room.

116 INT. TOP OF STAIRS & YOUNG CHARLIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

SHOT from outside the door. Young Charlie is knocking. We hear Uncle Charlie:

UNCLE CHARLIE'S VOICE

Come in.

She opens the door and enters, CAMERA FOLLOWING her.

YOUNG CHARLIE

I've brought your water.

Uncle Charlie is lying on the bed in his shirt-sleeves. His jacket is hung over the bed-post at the bottom of the bed. Young Charlie puts the tray on the bedside table.

CONTINUED:

116 CONTINUED:

UNCLE CHARLIE

Thank you, my dear -- you're very thoughtful. Sweet dreams.

She turns and comes back to the door, CAMERA with her. On her way she suddenly sees:

117 SEMI CLOSE UP - UNCLE CHARLIE'S COAT

over the bed-post. A small piece of the newspaper is protruding from the pocket.

118 SEMI CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

As she reaches the door she turns.

YOUNG CHARLIE

(conspiratorially, teasing)

Uncle Charlie, I know something. I know a secret that you don't think I know.

119 SEMI CLOSE UP - UNCLE CHARLIE

his head turned in her direction.

UNCLE CHARLIE

What secret?

120 SEMI CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

YOUNG CHARLIE

Well, remember I said you couldn't hide anything away from me because I'd know? Well, now I know there was something in the evening paper about you.

121 SEMI CLOSE UP - UNCLE CHARLIE

UNCLE CHARLIE

About me? -- in the evening paper?

122 SEMI CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

YOUNG CHARLIE

About you. Please show it to me. I won't tell a soul.

She moves back towards the bed.

123 CLOSE UP - UNCLE CHARLIE

catches his breath. His eyes follow her as she comes towards the bed.

123 A SEMI CLOSE UP - THE TWO

She has now reached his side again.

YOUNG CHARLIE

And that's why you played that game with Roger and Ann. You didn't want us to know, and you wanted to tear the paper. So now that I know, you've got to tell me!

Young Charlie smiles at him, teasing and triumphant.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Well, you have me! But it wasn't about me!. It was about some people I used to know.

Suddenly Young Charlie moves swiftly to the foot of the bed; she grabs the paper and runs to the door. CAMERA PULLS BACK. She stands with her back to the door; as she holds the paper up it unfurls, showing the hole made by the torn-out fragment.

YOUNG CHARLIE

There!

Uncle Charlie springs from the bed and goes over to her.

124 SEMI CLOSE UP

He seizes her wrist.

UNCLE CHARLIE

It's none of your business!

He keeps a firm hold on her wrist and she looks up at him.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Uncle Charlie! You're hurting me!  
Your hand!

She lowers her eyes to his hand - she gazes fascinated. His hand relaxes.

UNCLE CHARLIE

(trying to treat the matter lightly)  
Charlie! I didn't mean to. I must have grabbed you harder than I thought. I was just fooling about it. It was just some gossip, not too pretty, about someone I met up with once. Nothing for you to read. Forget it!

CONTINUED:

124 CONTINUED:

CAMERA MOVES IN as he speaks to Young Charlie, who cannot take her eyes off his hand. CAMERA PANS DOWN to his large strong hand - now at his side. Then up again swiftly to Young Charlie. She turns swiftly, opens the door and almost blindly goes out.

125 INT. TOP STAIRS - NIGHT - SEMI CLOSE UP

Outside the room - Uncle Charlie comes to the door behind her and says genially:

UNCLE CHARLIE

Good night. Goodnight, Young Charlie!

Young Charlie comes into BIG HEAD. Composing her face and for the first time "acting" a friendly manner. She speaks calmly:

YOUNG CHARLIE:

Good night, Uncle Charlie. Pleasant dreams.

As the bedroom door closes behind her -

LAP DISSOLVE

126 INT. MRS. NEWTON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - MED. SHOT

Mrs. Newton in the foreground of picture, in a dressing gown, is seated before a dressing table rubbing cold cream into her face. Beyond her we see Mr. Newton sitting up in bed reading one of his mystery stories.

126 A CLOSE UP - MRS. NEWTON

She runs her fingers down the side of her neck, then opens the top of her nightdress a little. We hear Mr Newton's voice:

MR. NEWTON'S VOICE

Nice having Charles here. Squeamish about books like this, though. Tried to talk to him about it, but he acted squeamish.

She leans forward to the mirror again - she removes the shade from the table light. The added light makes her appear almost youthful - she smiles happily.

CONTINUED

126 A CONTINUED

MRS. NEWTON

(softly, almost to herself)  
46 Burnham Street...The prettiest girl  
in the block..I was the prettiest girl  
in the block.

MR. NEWTON

(looking over the top of his book)  
I know you were, Emmy.

MRS. NEWTON

(thoughtfully)  
Do you know, if I spent five minutes every  
night and five minutes every morning on  
my face, ....I mean there's no sense in  
letting myself go completely when it takes  
just a little time every day. Charles looks  
so well and I'm not so very much older than  
he is.

MR. NEWTON

His coming certainly pepped Charlie up.

MRS. NEWTON

She hasn't had much excitement. (she  
leans toward the mirror again) Do you  
know, my hair used to have a lot of red  
in it. I think I'll have a henna rinse.  
I think I'll do something for my face.

MR. NEWTON

You're face is all right the way it is.

MRS. NEWTON

Well, my face is my business.

127 INT. ROGER'S ROOM - NIGHT - SEMI CLOSE UP

Roger is kneeling on his bed in his pajamas. His pistol  
is laying on the table beside him. He is looking around  
at the flowered wallpaper in his room. He is counting  
the flowers.

ROGER

(muttering)

Two hundred and four and a bud, two  
hundred and five, two hundred and  
six and a bud.....

LAP DISSOLVE:

128 INT. ANN'S ROOM - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSE UP

There are two beds in Ann's little room. Ann is in one of them and Young Charlie stands over her in her night-dress.

ANN

(sleepily)

How long is Uncle Charlie going to stay here?

YOUNG CHARLIE

Forever, I hope. You go to sleep.

ANN

Hasn't he got a house of his own? Not that I mind you in here, but I never can tell when I'll want some privacy.

YOUNG CHARLIE

(stoops and kisses her)

You go to sleep, baby. Did you say your prayers?

ANN

I forgot.

She climbs out of the covers and kneels at the head of the bed.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Don't bless too many people -- it's late.

Ann snorts impatiently and mumbles to herself. CAMERA PANS with Young Charlie as she turns out the light and gets into her own bed. In the moonlight we see that she is still sitting up. Her eyes are happy. As Ann begins:

ANN

God bless Mama and Papa and Joe Palooka and the President of the United States...

YOUNG CHARLIE

You can't do them all tonight, Ann.

ANN

(triumphantly)

And Uncle Charlie, Amen.

Young Charlie starts to hum the "Merry Widow" Waltz.

LAP DISSOLVE:

129 INT. YOUNG CHARLIE'S ROOM - NIGHT - SEMI CLOSE UP

Uncle Charlie, still in his shirtsleeves, is sitting up on the bed. He is smoking a cigar with great satisfaction. He inhales, then blows a perfect smoke ring - he sighs with contentment. Over this we hear the soft strains of the "Merry Widow Waltz". Suddenly into it comes the distant sound of a shrill train whistle.

LAP DISSOLVE:

130 EXT. RAILWAY STATION - NIGHT - LONG SHOT

Santa Rosa station platform. A train is pulling out. From the far end of the platform two men are coming toward us. They are JACK GRAHAM and SAUNDERS. They are carrying suitcases and Saunders has photographic paraphernalia on his back. They advance nearer and nearer to CAMERA until, as they ominously fill the screen, we

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

131 EXT. NEWTON HOME - DAY - LONG SHOT

The exterior of the Newton house - light, cheerful music - sun shining - quiet and peaceful.

LAP DISSOLVE

132 INT. YOUNG CHARLIE'S ROOM - DAY - SEMI CLOSE UP

UNCLE CHARLIE is sitting up in bed. Mrs. Newton has just laid his breakfast tray across his knees. The sun streams through the window onto Uncle Charlie. Mrs. Newton is talking vivaciously.

MRS. NEWTON

Do you know, I'm never comfortable eating in bed. Of course, I had my meals in bed for a while after the children came, but I didn't like it.

UNCLE CHARLIE

I can't face the world in the morning. I must have coffee before I can speak.

MRS. NEWTON

Well, I don't mind coddling you your first morning. Though you're probably the first person in this town to have breakfast at ten-thirty. And while you've been sleeping, the whole town's talking about you.

UNCLE CHARLIE

About me?

MRS. NEWTON

About you. The telephone's never stopped. You see, everybody's heard you'd arrived. Mr. Slocum at the station must have told them. And the newspaper wants an interview, and the Women's Club I belong to want you to give a little talk.....

Mrs. Newton notices that the sun is shining directly on Uncle Charlie. CAMERA PULLS BACK as she goes to the window and adjusts the blinds.

UNCLE CHARLIE

(laughs)

A Women's Club! Where's Charlie?

CONTINUED:

132 CONTINUED:

MRS. NEWTON

She's buzzing around the house as though she'd lost her mind. Says it needs fixing. But what I was going to say was that you're not the only celebrity in town. The whole Newton family's going to be in the limelight.

UNCLE CHARLIE

What are you all up to?

MRS. NEWTON

Well, a young man came here this morning. Said his name was Graham. And he wants to interview everybody in the house.

Mrs. Newton starts to tidy the room up a bit. Picking up his shirt, straightening shoes, etc. Uncle Charlie follows her about the room with his eyes as the scene continues.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Interview everybody?

MRS. NEWTON

That's what I said. He's been sent around the country by a committee or institute or something, and he's to pick out representative American families and ask them questions. It's a kind of a poll. It's called the... National Public Survey.

UNCLE CHARLIE

How did he happen to pick this family?

MRS. NEWTON

He wanted a typical American family. I told him we weren't a typical family, at all. In the first place, the children are all above average, and they're not half as typical as a lot of families in this town I could name. Between you and me, I think he's wasting his time.

UNCLE CHARLIE

I wonder how he happened to come here?

MRS. NEWTON

That's what I asked him.

UNCLE CHARLIE

What did he say?

CONTINUED:

MRS. NEWTON

Well, he said he'd looked around and asked around...and he decided we were the ones he wanted.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Well, if he's going to ask a lot of questions, he can leave me out of it.

MRS. NEWTON

Why, you'd have more to tell him than any of us. He's going to take our pictures, too.

133 CLOSE UP - UNCLE CHARLIE - EYES ON HER

UNCLE CHARLIE

Pictures?

We hear her reply:

MRS. NEWTON'S VOICE

Yes, You see, there were really two young men -- one takes the pictures.

UNCLE CHARLIE

(quietly)

So there were two of them?

134 SEMI CLOSE UP - MRS. NEWTON

comes back to the side of the bed.

MRS. NEWTON

Mr. Graham was the nicest. He doesn't want us to dress up or anything. He wants us to just act the way we always do.

UNCLE CHARLIE

(pushing his tray aside;  
making it impressive)

Emmy, women are fools. They fall for anything. Why do you let two strangers come in your house and turn the place upside down? Why expose your family to a couple of snoopers? I thought you had more sense.

MRS. NEWTON

But, Charles ----

We hear Young Charlie's voice:

CONTINUED:

YOUNG CHARLIE'S VOICE  
Good morning, Uncle Charlie.

135 MED. SHOT - INCLUDING YOUNG CHARLIE

standing at the door. She comes across to the bed.

UNCLE CHARLIE  
Good morning, Charlie. Your mother's just been telling me about the Newtons being picked for All American Suckers. What do you know about it?

MRS. NEWTON  
Charlie wasn't here when they came. But the way Mr. Graham put it, it wasn't like snooping at all. It was our duty as citizens. It's something the government wants.

UNCLE CHARLIE  
The government?

MRS. NEWTON  
Well, maybe, not exactly. But it's for the public good. And when I told him about you and all the places you'd been, he was really interested.

UNCLE CHARLIE  
Look here, Emmy, I won't have anything to do with it. I'm just a visitor. And my advice to you is to slam the door in his face.

MRS. NEWTON  
I couldn't do that, but you don't have to meet him if you don't want to.

YOUNG CHARLIE  
I think it's kind of exciting. And he'd take a photograph of you, and then we could have it. It would be free.

UNCLE CHARLIE  
No, thank you. I've never been photographed in my life, and I don't want to be.

MRS. NEWTON  
Charles, what makes you talk that way? I had a picture of you -- I gave it to Charlie.

CONTINUED:

135 CONTINUED:

UNCLE CHARLIE

(astonished)

I tell you, there are none!

MRS. NEWTON

I guess you've forgotten all about it....Get it, Charlie.

Young Charlie goes out of picture.

136 SEMI CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

She crosses to the bureau; from amongst a collection of photographs she takes one small frame from the back of the bureau. As she returns, CAMERA WITH HER, to the bed, she smiles - a teasing twinkle in her eyes. She hands it to Uncle Charlie, leaning over his shoulder.

137 CLOSE UP - PHOTOGRAPH

The photograph is of a boy of nine. High forehead; singularly idealistic expression. Over it we hear Uncle Charlie's voice murmur:

UNCLE CHARLIE

46 Burnham Street.....

138 SEMI CLOSE UP - THE THREE

Young Charlie gazes at it almost in awe.

MRS. NEWTON

You had it taken the Christmas you got your bicycle. Just before your accident.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Uncle Charlie, you're beautiful!

MRS. NEWTON

(proudly)

Wasn't he though. And such a quiet boy! Always reading. I always said Papa should never have bought you that bicycle. You didn't know how to handle it! Why, Charlie, he took it right out on the icy road and skidded into a street car. We thought he was going to die.

YOUNG CHARLIE

I'm glad he didn't.

CONTINUED:

138 CONTINUED:

MRS. NEWTON

Well, he almost did, let me tell you. He had a fractured skull and he was laid up so long, and when he got well, there was no holding him. It was as though all that rest he got was too much for him and he had to get into all sorts of mischief to blow off steam.

(she laughs)

He didn't read much after that, let me tell you!

UNCLE CHARLIE

(looks at the picture and says under his breath)

The whole world's rotten. The whole world's changed. Everything's different.

139 CLOSE UP - THE PHOTOGRAPH

Over it we hear Mrs. Newton continue:

MRS. NEWTON

I can remember the day this was taken. You looked like an angel with your curls all combed back. They wouldn't stay back, and you got mad about that. You hadn't wanted to go, anyway, and Mama begged so. She said she wanted a picture of you the way you were that day.

CAMERA PANS UP swiftly to Uncle Charlie.

UNCLE CHARLIE

No!

CAMERA PULLS BACK to include the three again. Young Charlie is watching her mother's face intently, almost tenderly.

MRS. NEWTON

And then, that very afternoon, you had your accident. And when the picture came a few days later, how Mama cried! She wondered if you'd ever look the same. She wondered if you'd ever be the same.

UNCLE CHARLIE

What's the use of looking backward? What's the use of looking ahead? Today's the thing. That's my philosophy. Today, today, today.

CONTINUED:

139 CONTINUED

MRS. NEWTON

Well, Charles, if today's the thing,  
you'd better get your clothes on and  
get to the bank. Joe'll be waiting.

As they come from the bed, Young Charlie puts an arm  
round her mother's shoulder.

MRS. NEWTON

And, Charlie, don't be late back.  
The questionnaire man's coming at  
four o'clock.

As they go out of picture Uncle Charlie makes a move  
from the bed. LAP DISSOLVE

139 A EXT. TOWN - DAY - LONG SHOT  
A general view of the town.

LAP DISSOLVE

139 B

Young Charlie and Uncle Charlie stand waiting for the  
traffic cop's whistle to blow. Two young girls are also  
held up. They are about Charlie's age.

-YOUNG CHARLIE

Hello, Madge... Hello Catherine...  
(The girls call hello, look at Uncle  
Charlie admiringly. Charlie squeezes his arm)

YOUNG CHARLIE

Did you see the way they looked at  
you? I'll bet they've never seen anyone  
look half as nice as you do. It's  
wonderful walking with you, Uncle Charlie.  
I want everyone to see you.

LAP DISSOLVE

140 EXT. BANK - DAY - SEMI LONG SHOT

Young Charlie and Uncle Charlie going along the  
square towards the bank, CAMERA PANNING with them.  
They enter.

141 INT. BANK - DAY - SEMI LONG SHOT

SHOOTING from the doorway, they come into foreground.  
Young Charlie indicates the further end of the bank.

YOUNG CHARLIE

There's Papa over at that window.  
CAMERA FOLLOWS them up to the window.

UNCLE CHARLIE

(in a loud voice)

Hello, Joe. Can you stop emblezzling  
a minute and give me your attention?

Mr. Newton looks horrified around to right and left.

(Changes - August 10, 1942)

66 A

142 SEMI LONG SHOT

SHOOTING DOWN ONE SIDE, all heads turn curiously.

143 SEMI LONG SHOT

The other side - heads also turn.

144 SEMI CLOSE UP

Mr. Newton leans further forward and says in a frightened whisper:

MR. NEWTON

Charles...uh. ..we don't joke about such things in here,

UNCLE CHARLIE

(louder still)

What if there is a little shortage in the books at the end of the month? Any smart bank clerk can cover up a little shortage.

(he laughs loudly)

Isn't that so, Charlie?

Mr. Newton laughs feebly.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Uncle Charlie! You're awful! Everybody can hear you!

UNCLE CHARLIE

(turns deliberately)

Good thing they can. We all know what banks are! Look all right to the outsider, but no one knows what happens when the doors are locked! Can't fool me, though.

He makes a gesture of rubbing his thumb against his forefinger and winks.

145 SEMI LONG SHOT

The bank clerks' heads all turn back to their work.

146 SEMI CLOSE UP

UNCLE CHARLIE

Well, Joe, let's see your President.

MR. NEWTON

(anxiously)

Still want to open that account, Charles?

UNCLE CHARLIE

That's why I'm here.

CONTINUED:

146 CONTINUED:

MR. NEWTON

Then you wait right here and I'll see if Mr. Greene's busy. And, Charles, he doesn't care much for jokes about banks.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Well, forty thousand dollars is no joke. Not to him, I'll bet. It's a joke to me. The whole world's a joke to me.

MR. NEWTON

I'll be back in a minute.

He disappears from the window.

147 MED. SHOT.

We see him passing behind the backs of the other clerks, who half turn curiously, and make his way towards the president's office at the other end.

148 SEMI CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE AND UNCLE CHARLIE

YOUNG CHARLIE

You shouldn't tease Papa like that.

UNCLE CHARLIE

I wasn't teasing him. I hate this stuffy atmosphere. What are bankers so righteous about? They're strong-boxes and money-lenders, and that's all I want from them.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Look, he's waving for us to come in.

149 MED. SHOT - MR. NEWTON

At the door of the president's office he turns in, CAMERA with him. Mr. Greene, the president, is seated at his desk - a very solemn man. Mr. Newton talks to him almost in a whisper.

MR. GREENE

Did you say thirty thousand dollars, Joe?

MR. NEWTON

Thirty -- maybe, forty, Mr. Greene.

CONTINUED:

149 CONTINUED:

MR. GREENE  
Ask him right in. And Joe --

MR. NEWTON  
Yes, Mr. Greene?

MR. GREENE  
(intimate, low-voiced)  
We won't forget this -- you understand?

150 SEMI LONG SHOT - UNCLE CHARLIE &amp; YOUNG CHARLIE

Enter the president's office. At the far end, we see the clerks and tellers crane their necks and whisper among themselves.

151 INT. PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - DAY - MED. SHOT

Uncle Charlie is seated in a comfortable chair facing Mr. Greene. Young Charlie in a smaller chair beside him, whilst Mr. Newton stands meekly beside Mr. Greene. Uncle Charlie has just lighted up a cigar and is handing the lighter back to Mr. Greene.

UNCLE CHARLIE  
(the big city man)  
Well, Mr. Greene, I thought I might settle down here for a while. It's a great country. Great country.

MR. GREENE  
(smugly)  
We think so. What have you been doing, Mr. Oakley?

UNCLE CHARLIE  
Well, I suppose you'd call me a promoter. I've done a little bit of everything. Real estate...shipping...South America. It's not hard to make money, Mr. Greene. The only trouble I find is that once I make it I'm not interested in it.

MR. GREENE  
(stung)  
Not interested in money?

UNCLE CHARLIE  
Well, you know as well as I do that there's plenty of money lying around waiting for someone to pick it up. Making money's a boring business. Well....

153 A MED. SHOT

Uncle Charlie is unaware that two women have entered. - Mrs. Greene, the banker's wife and a Mrs. Potter, who is the widow of the "DOLLAR STORE" owner, come in. Mrs. Potter is a woman past fifty, over-dressed, too fat, slightly gushing, lonely and lost. She is not at all sure of herself.

MRS. GREENE

Oh, dear! I didn't know you were busy.  
We can come back.

The two women have a guilty look.

MR. GREENE

(A trifle coldly as it doesn't  
add to his dignity to have two  
women barge in his office)  
Come in, Now, that you're here. Come in.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Oh, Mrs. Greene! I want you to meet my  
Uncle Charlie. He's here opening an  
account. Uncle Charlie, this is Mrs. Greene  
and Mrs. Potter.

153 B SEMI CLOSE UP

CAMERA PANS as Uncle Charlie rises swiftly. Uncle Charlie turns and takes in Mrs. Potter quickly. He sees her rings, the way she is dressed. He knows what she is like.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Mrs. Greene. Miss Potter.

MRS. POTTER

(laughing)

Mrs. Potter.

UNCLE CHARLIE

(gallantly)

I'm sorry. There was something  
about you that made me think...

MRS. POTTER

(a little archly)

Yes?

Uncle Charlie smiles down at her.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Mr. Potter was a lovely man. We all  
felt terribly when...

CONTINUED:

(Changes - August 10, 1942.)

70B

153 B CONTINUED:

MR. GREENE

What did you want, Ella?  
(or whatever her name is)

MRS. GREENE

Well, we were going shopping and I  
only have five dollars and I thought...

Mr. Greene hands her some money.

MRS. POTTER

(cooly)

There is something to being a widow,  
isn't there? One doesn't have to  
ask a man for money, anyway.

They all smile a little awkwardly. Then the two  
women leave, and Mrs. Potter smiles in what she thinks  
is a dashing manner at Uncle Charlie. During the time  
he has been talking to her he has changed visibly.  
From the phoney business man he has become a dashing  
young chap. His air is boyish. He watches the women  
out of sight.

154 SEMI CLOSE UP - MR. GREENE IN FOREGROUND, UNCLE CHARLIE & YOUNG CHARLIE FACING HIM.

Uncle Charlie turns back to the desk and starts to fill out the blank.

MR. GREENE

Women! Well, Mr. Oakley, I must say, in all my experience as a banker, no one has ever come to be with forty thousand dollars in cash in his pocket. Sometimes, farmers back in the hills bring in cash - a few hundred - but forty thousand dollars.....

YOUNG CHARLIE

(who has been watching Uncle Charlie fill out the deposit slip)

Why do you do things different from other people, Uncle Charlie?

UNCLE CHARLIE

(raising his head; sharply)

Because I wouldn't be where I am if I had done things like other people. I would have stayed in that side street in St. Paul. But I pulled myself out of it. I had to.

Young Charlie, a little taken aback and disturbed by his sharp tone, puts her arm lightly around his shoulder.

YOUNG CHARLIE

I wasn't criticizing you. I was only joking.

UNCLE CHARLIE

(still frowning)

There you are, Mr. Greene. Now, Charlie, let's see the town and then we'll get some lunch. Good morning, Mr. Greene.

155 MED. SHOT - MR. GREENE

stands and shakes hands.

MR. GREENE

Good morning, Mr. Oakley. Call on us for advice any time.

(to Mr. Newton)

Joe, you may see Mr. Oakley to the door.

As they come toward the door, Young Charlie passes out of picture. When Uncle Charlie and Mr. Newton are in SEMI CLOSE UP Charlie speaks:

CONTINUED:

155 CONTINUED:

UNCLE CHARLIE

(he seems very amused by something - he says in a low voice confidentially)

Keep your eyes open, too, Joe. Watch everything. You'll have his job in two years.

He goes out of picture, leaving Mr. Newton open-mouthed.

155 A

As they come to the door of the bank, Uncle Charlie turns to young Charlie.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Attractive woman, that Mrs. Potter.  
A widow did you say?

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

156 EXT. NEWTON HOME - DAY - LONG SHOT

Though this is a long shot of the house, in the foreground of the picture a two-seater car is standing. In it, in SEMI CLOSE UP sit Jack Graham and Saunders. They have a map spread out on the wheel and have been "faking" looking at it. Actually they are keeping a sharp lookout. A local bus pulls up ahead of them. Graham nudges Saunders as they see

157 SEMI LONG SHOT - YOUNG CHARLIE & UNCLE CHARLIE

getting off the bus. They are laden with parcels.

158 LONG SHOT - as before

The two men exchange looks and commence to get out of the car, Saunders with his camera equipment. They carefully avoid looking in the direction of the bus, however, and walk up the pathway towards the house.

159 SEMI CLOSE UP

Young Charlie sees them. She turns to her uncle.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Why, those must be the questionnaire men. They're a whole hour early.

(Changes - August 10, 1942)

72 A

She glances at her wrist watch, and does not catch Uncle Charlie's expression as he replies:

UNCLE CHARLIE

I won't see them.

CAMERA DOLLIES with them towards the house.

CONTINUED:

159 CONTINUED:

YOUNG CHARLIE

Don't you worry. You don't have to see them if you don't want to. I'll see that you don't.

UNCLE CHARLIE

The way they got around your mother. I thought she'd have better sense.

160 SEMI LONG SHOT

As they go up the garden path Young Charlie runs along ahead and up the steps - the two men are still waiting on the porch.

161 SEMI CLOSE UP

Jack and Saunders turn as though surprised as Young Charlie approaches them.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Good afternoon. I suppose you're the men who want to interview us? I'll call my mother. She seems to have made the arrangements.

As she is opening the door, Jack speaks:

JACK

My name's Graham, Miss Newton. This is Fred Saunders.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Come in, won't you?

They are about to enter when Uncle Charlie comes up the steps. They stand aside and wait for him to pass. He goes between them, and with a slight nod, enters.

162 INT. SITTING ROOM & HALL - DAY - SEMI LONG SHOT

We see Uncle Charlie come in and go straight up the stairs. Jack and Saunders stand in the hall.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Mother! Mother! Here are the men from the government.

163 INT. TOP OF STAIRS - DAY - SEMI CLOSE UP

Uncle Charlie nearly at the top of the stairs gives a slight turn of the head, then passes into his room.

164 SITTING ROOM - DAY - MED. SHOT

Young Charlie invites the men into the sitting room as her mother enters from the kitchen. CAMERA MOVES IN as they greet one another. Mrs. Newton is not expecting them so early and she is flustered.

MRS. NEWTON

You said four o'clock! Nothing's ready now. The children are out, my husband's at work, and the house....

JACK

That's all we want now, Mrs. Newton. Some pictures of the house. Saunders can get busy, and I'd like to ask you a few questions, if you don't mind.

MRS. NEWTON

I wish you'd waited until I had the house at its best. Fresh flowers, and I was going to press the curtains in the kitchen. There are so many things I don't want you to photograph...

164 A CLOSE UP -

SAUNDERS

Mrs. Newton, I've taken pictures of the house of one of the richest women in New York, and I give you my word her beds weren't made in the middle of the afternoon.

164 B SEMI CLOSE UP -

Charlie looks at him sharply and he turns away. Jack takes out a notebook and turns the pages. There is something that does not ring true about him.

JACK

Now, the average American family usually owns an electric refrigerator,...

MRS. NEWTON

Don't even talk to me about a refrigerator. That one of ours...

CHARLIE

The top tray sticks.

164 B CLOSE UP -

SAUNDERS

If you'd wipe the bottom of the tray off before you put it back in, it wouldn't stick.

2

164 C SEMI CLOSE UP -

Charlie again looks at him scornfully.

JACK

I believe you told me you owned the house.

MRS. NEWTON

Own it! It owns us. It just seems to me that as soon as we get one thing fixed, another thing gets broken, or needs paint, or...

(Saunders has been getting his camera ready and is holding it up, ready to take a shot of a corner of the living-room.)

(Mrs. Newton turns on him sharply.)

MRS. NEWTON

Mr. Saunders! You simply can't take a picture with that chair in it! It needs a new slip-cover. Just move it, if you have to have that part of the room. It may look bare, but I'd rather have it look bare than..or (she turns to Charlie) Charlie might sit in it, so the worn place in the middle wouldn't show.

(Saunders moves the chair. Jack takes out a pencil and turns the pages of his notebook again.)

JACK

And there are six in the family?

CHARLIE

Five.

JACK

Five? But...

CHARLIE

My uncle. He's just visiting.

MRS. NEWTON

I told you about him. He's from the East. On a little visit.

CHARLIE

Just write down five. Because my uncle doesn't want to be bothered

CONTINUED:

3

with a lot of questions.

JACK

(putting his notebook back  
in his pocket)

On a survey.....

165 SEMI CLOSEUP-CHARLIE AND JACK  
Charlie takes a firm stand

CHARLIE

He's not interested in a survey. I  
promised him he wouldn't be bothered.

JACK

(looking at Charlie appraisingly)  
You've been so kind, We'd like it if  
we could get all of you. You know, your  
opinions. What you do or what you want to do..

CHARLIE

My uncle's opinions are not average,  
and I'm afraid they wouldn't help you a  
bit. Besides, when someone asks for  
privacy, he should have it.

JACK

But the whole idea of this thing.....

(Saunders's flashlight goes off)  
(The women are startled)

CHARLIE

Mr. Graham, perhaps you'd better choose  
some other family.

(Jack looks at her and his manner changes.  
He becomes friendlier not too convincingly)

JACK

We'll do anything you say, of course.  
But this family seemed right and...

MRS. NEWTON

It is a nice family, Charlie. Why don't  
you let the young men go ahead as long as  
they're here?

CHARLIE

Well.....

JACK

O.K. Saunders, you go ahead with another  
shot of the room. And Mrs. Newton, perhaps  
you can tell me what clubs, organizations,  
Mr. Newton

and you belong to.

(Saunders moves the chair back  
into the corner again)

166 INT. TOP OF STAIRS - DAY - SEMI CLOSEUP

Uncle Charlie stands inside the open door of his room, listening. He turns and we see him go inside his room and start pacing up and down.

167 INT. KITCHEN - DAY - MED. SHOT

In the kitchen Mrs. Newton is slipping an apron over her dress. Saunders is setting his flashlight, ready to take a picture of her making a cake. Eggs, butter, flour, etc., are on the table. Jack is standing inside the pantry. Charlie hands down a mixing bowl to her mother.

MRS. NEWTON

(looking at the bowl)

I forgot this had that crack in it.  
Wouldn't it look better if I used the  
fruit bowl? It has flowers and birds...

SAUNDERS

I can take the crack out.

MRS. NEWTON

You can? Isn't that wonderful, Charlie?  
Mr. Saunders says he can take the crack  
out. I suppose that's why pictures of  
things always look so wonderful.

JACK

Now, if you'll just start breaking an egg....

MRS. NEWTON

You don't start a cake by breaking an egg.  
I'll have to put the butter and sugar in  
first. After all, survey or no survey,  
I'm not going to start breaking eggs.

(She measures out a cup of  
sugar.) (Saunders flashlight  
goes off. Mrs. Newton jumps  
nervously.)

MRS. NEWTON

I thought I'd make a maple cake. My  
brother Charles loves maple cake.

CONTINUED:

5

(she goes about preparing the cake)

JACK

What does your brother do, Mrs. Newton?

MRS. NEWTON

I guess he just about does everything. Oh, you mean what does he do. Just in business. You know how men are. Now, my husband works in a bank, but I think Charles is just in business. (She turns to Mr. Saunders) Mr. Saunders, if you really want to take a picture of me breaking eggs, you'll have to wait until I cream the butter and sugar.

SAUNDERS

I'll wait.

JACK

I wonder if we could take a look at the upstairs. (to Charlie) Could you show us, and your mother can call us when she's ready?  
(Saunders begins to collect his equipment)

MRS. NEWTON

If you'd rather wait, Mr. Saunders. Folding in the eggs has to be done just right. I can't beat them and let them stand.

SAUNDERS

When I hear you call, I'll be right down, Mrs. Newton.

Charlie moves over to the door leading to the hall, Jack and Saunders follow her.

168 INT. HALL AND STAIRS - DAY - SEMI CLOSEUP

CAMERA PANS Jack and Charlie across and up the stairs. When they are about half-way up, she turns to him:

CHARLIE

Really, I don't see why you want to see anything up here.

They have reached the top step. The door to Uncle Charlie's room is now shut. Charlie is about to turn in the opposite direction. Jack indicates the closed door.

CONTINUED:

6

JACK  
What room is that?

CHARLIE  
It's my room. Uncle Charlie's using it now,  
though.

169

INT. TOP OF STAIRS. SEMI CLOSE UP

Jack pauses by the door.

JACK  
I'd like to get an idea of what your room  
looks like. Typical girl. Typical room.

CHARLIE  
Typical of you to ask. And I can't disturb  
my uncle. He's probably resting.

JACK  
Is there a back stairs?

CHARLIE  
At the end of the hall. They go down into the  
kitchen.

JACK  
(takes a coin from his pocket)

I'll bet you fifty cents, Miss Newton, that  
your uncle isn't there.

CHARLIE  
(she smiles)  
Betting's silly. You just want to photograph  
my room, doesn't he Mr. Saunders?

SAUNDERS  
That's it.

CHARLIE  
Besides, I'm sure my uncle's there.

JACK  
All right. I still bet he isn't. Let me knock  
and see.

Jack raises his hand to knock. Charlie is a little troubled,  
but Jack smiles at her and he is attractive as he smiles.  
Saunders whistles almost noiselessly to himself. CAMERA  
MOVES in to TIGHT TWO as she steps forward.

7

CHARLIE

Better let me knock.

(she knocks lightly)

Uncle Charlie!

(she knocks again)

Uncle Charlie! May we come in?

There is no answer - they smile at each other. Jack suddenly opens the door. We see beyond them that the room is empty.

JACK

See?

CHARLIE

Why! You were right.

SAUNDERS

Nice room. Do you mind if I take a picture or two as long as your uncle isn't around? I sure don't want to disturb your uncle.

CHARLIE

(embarrassed)

Well..I suppose so..but I can't imagine anyone being interested in my room. I mean, it isn't really the way I'd like to have it. I'd like to have it all yellow. Yellow and white.

(Saunders passes between them and goes into the room. Jack pulls the door to after him and stands with his back leaning carelessly against it.)

JACK

Might as well let him work in peace. Besides, I like to talk to you.  
(he smiles at her)

170 CLOSE UP THE TWO

Charlie looks at him steadily a moment, then:

CHARLIE

It's funny you happened to choose our family. Why did you?

JACK

Oh, we looked around, asked some questions. Thought you were about what we wanted. And why not choose your family? You haven't got any skeletons in your closets, have you?

CHARLIE (laughing)

Of course, we haven't. I wish we did have a few. We're pretty prosaic. You know, your picking us out as an average family gave me kind of a funny feeling.

8

JACK

What kind of a funny feeling?

CHARLIE

Oh, I don't know. I guess I don't like to be an average girl in an average family.

JACK

Average families are the best. Look at me. I'm from an average family.

CHARLIE

As average as ours?

JACK

Sure. Besides, I don't think you are average.

CHARLIE

That's because your seeing me now. You should have seen me a few days ago. I was in the dumps. And then Uncle Charlie came, and he's so wonderful, he's waked us all up. He makes me feel wonderful, too.

She looks at him earnestly - he lowers his eyes a moment.

JACK

But he only got here last night. And you haven't seen him in a long time.

Maybe, you just think....

171 CLOSE UP YOUNG CHARLIE  
Over Jack's shoulder

CHARLIE

I don't think, I know. It's funny, when I try to think how I feel, I always come back to Uncle Charlie. (she looks at him sharply) Are you trying to tell me not to think he's so wonderful?

Suddenly we see a shadow across her face--she raises her hand and touches her wrist reflectively. Her eyes turn toward the bedroom door--she remembers Uncle Charlie's grip on her wrists. Suddenly she comes to.

172 SEMI CLOSEUP THE TWO  
Jack has been watching her closely--he relaxes as she speaks again.

MRS. NEWTON'S VOICE FROM DOWNSTAIRS

Mr. Saunders! I'm ready with the eggs!

CHARLIE

Mr. Saunders is taking ages with those pictures. I hope he isn't moving anything around. My uncle's very neat and very fussy.

9

172 CONTINUED:

JACK

Saunders is neat and fussy, too.

While Jack is speaking, we see his eyes dart quickly along the passage.

173 EXT. BACK STAIRS-DAY-SEMI LONG SHOT

On the side wall of the house is the shadow of Uncle Charlie, mounting the back stairs.

174 INT. TOP OF STAIRS DAY CLOSE UP

Jack thinks quickly. CAMERA PANS DOWN SWIFTLY as he taps on the door behind him. CAMERA PANS BACK swiftly as he speaks, raising his voice above normal.

JACK

Is this your uncle you were telling me about.

175 MED. SHOT YOUNG CHARLIE

turns, as Uncle Charlie comes along the corridor towards them. As he approaches, Charlie speaks:

CHARLIE

They're taking pictures of my room. Mr. Saunders is. He'll be through in a minute.

Before he has time to reply, the door opens and Saunders appears, holding his camera shoulder high. The flashlight goes off. A picture has been taken. The camera is not pointed directly at Uncle Charlie. It must not be obvious to Charlie that it is intentional. Uncle Charlie comes forward a step or two.

UNCLE CHARLIE

(smiling genially)

My sister told me to remind you something about eggs and a cake. And I don't like to be photographed. I think I'll have to ask you to let me have that reel.

CHARLIE

But, Uncle Charlie.....

176 SEMI CLOSE UP UNCLE CHARLIE AND JACK

UNCLE CHARLIE

(lightly)

Give it to me, please.

CONTINUED:

JACK

. Give it to me, Fred.

177 Med. Shot

Young Charlie looks from one to the other as Saunders turns away toward the wall, resting his knee up on the wall to balance himself. He starts to take out the reel.

SAUNDERS

Too bad. Mrs. Newton's on this reel, too.

CONTINUED:

Uncle Charlie takes a step to the door. Saunders hands Jack a roll of exposed film. Jack hands it to Uncle Charlie. Without a word he turns into the room and closes the door behind him.

178 SEMI CLOSEUP THE THREE

Young Charlie is troubled. She looks from one to the other.

CHARLIE

Oh, dear...  
(Mrs. Newton's voice breaks in from the bottom of the stairs:)

MRS. NEWTON'S VOICE

Mr. Saunders! I'm ready to fold in the eggs. I can't let them wait another minute.

179 INT. SITTING ROOM AND HALL MED. SHOT. MRS. NEWTON IN FOREGROUND

Young Charlie and the two men come down the stairs. As she nears her mother she speaks.

CHARLIE

Mr. Saunders took Uncle Charlie by mistake. And you were on the reel, so you'll have to pose all over again.

MRS. NEWTON

Pose all over again?

CHARLIE

Well, Uncle Charlie's got the reel. I guess he wasn't joking when he said he didn't want to be photographed.  
(she is half-amused by the incident and half-puzzled)

JACK

We didn't want to start a family feud.

SAUNDERS

I'll get you making the cake again tomorrow.

MRS. NEWTON

I won't be making a cake again tomorrow, Mr. Saunders. We want to help you in an important work but....

JACK

(interrupting her)  
You have helped. And now, I'd like to ask another favor. Could I borrow your daughter. I'd like to poke around the town a little.

CONTINUED:

(Changes - August 10, 1942.)

82A

10

MRS. NEWTON  
(amused and knowing)  
Ann or Charlie?

JACK  
Why, Charlie!

11

MRS. NEWTON  
(still amused)

Ann would be better. She knows everything  
about everybody.

JACK  
(firmly)

Charlie.

MRS. NEWTON

Well, if Charlie doesn't mind.....

CHARLIE

I don't mind.

They move to the front door.

180

EXT. PORCH - MED. SHOT - DAY

They all come out on the porch.

JACK

Thank you -- and, goodbye, Mrs. Newton.

He turns to Young Charlie:

JACK

Half-past six?

YOUNG CHARLIE

Half-past six.

Jack and Saunders raise their hats and go off.

CAMERA MOVES IN on Young Charlie and her mother.

MRS. NEWTON

He seems like a nice young man. I wonder if he is?

YOUNG CHARLIE

(looking after him)

Of course, he is, Mother. I think he's a little different, because... because he's serious about the work he's doing.

MRS. NEWTON

I thought you were going to the movies with Catherine.

CAMERA MOVES IN to BIG HEAD of Young Charlie.

YOUNG CHARLIE

(her mind on Jack)

Yes -- Oh, I'll tell her I don't feel well or something.

180 A

EXT. CAR - SEMI CLOSE UP - DAY

Jack and Saunders are driving along in their car.

SAUNDERS

So you're taking Miss Newton out, are you?

JACK

Why not?

SAUNDERS

She's a pretty girl. But there's a relative of hers that isn't so pretty.

Jack does not answer.

CONTINUED:

180 A

CONTINUED:

SAUNDERS (cont'd)

I suppose you think she might know something?

JACK

She might.

SAUNDERS

And the best time to find out what a girl knows is about dinner time?

JACK

Listen, I'm going to take her out. I've got my reasons. That's that.

SAUNDERS

Well, don't mind me, I only work here.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

180 B

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT - MED. SHOT

We see Jack and Young Charlie seated at a table inside the window - Jack is leaving a tip - Young Charlie makes a gesture on his extravagance - he laughs and gestures back with a shrug of his shoulders. They rise and come out laughing and happy.

LAP DISSOLVE

180 C

EXT. MOVIE HOUSE - NIGHT - MED. SHOT

CAMERA PANS them past the movie house - still laughing and happy. Catherine and Madge approach the pay box, when Catherine sees Charlie.

YOUNG CHARLIE

(embarrassed)

Oh, hello, Catherine - hello, Madge - this is Jack Graham . . . . .

(an awkward pause)

....he's in town.

JACK

How do you do?

Catherine eyes Jack - then to Charlie:

How's your throat, Charlie?

CONTINUED:

180 C

CONTINUED:

YOUNG CHARLIE  
(smiles nervously)  
Oh, it's much better, thank you.

CATHERINE  
(cattily)  
Bill Forrest was asking about you --

YOUNG CHARLIE  
(she laughs it off awkwardly)  
Oh -- Bill Forrest?

There is an awkward pause, then:

YOUNG CHARLIE  
Well, goodbye.....

CATHERINE & MADGE  
Goodbye -- goodbye.

Jack has been amused during all this. As they  
move off,

LAP DISSOLVE:

FADE IN

(Changes - August 10, 1942)

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181 EXT. FOUNTAINS IN SQUARE - NIGHT - LONG SHOT  
Young Charlie and Jack walking across the square.

182 MED SHOT - YOUNG CHARLIE & JACK

Walking toward the fountain--they sit on the rim. CAMERA MOVES IN to a SEMI-CLOSE UP. Young Charlie is animated and happy.

YOUNG CHARLIE

I can't get over your breaking your arm when you were ten and my breaking my arm when I was ten in exactly the same place.

JACK

Right at the elbow. And my wanting to run away from home, and your're wanting to run away from home.

YOUNG CHARLIE

I didn't want to really--it was just a gesture.

JACK

I didn't want to either. What'd your mother do?

YOUNG CHARLIE

She packed my suitcase. What'd yours do?

JACK

She packed my suitcase. How far did you get?

YOUNG CHARLIE

To the front door.

JACK

I got three blocks, spent the quarter I had and went back home. I told them I had forgotten something.

YOUNG CHARLIE

What did your mother do then?

JACK

She was very decent about it. She begged me to stay.

(They both laugh.)

JACK

I guess I was just showing off.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Well you don't have to show off with me.  
(She sighs contentedly)  
This is a peaceful sort of town.....

Jack begins to whistle the Merry Widow Waltz softly. Young Charlie is not conscious of the tune he is whistling.

YOUNG CHARLIE

I think you have an awfully interesting job, going into people's houses taking pictures, asking a lot of questions, just like an international spy.

183 CLOSE UP - Jack

turns his head in such alarm he gives himself away.

184 CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

stares at him and says in a low voice:

YOUNG CHARLIE

I know what you are, really. You're a detective. (she stands and backs away from him) There's something the matter, and you're a detective!

185 SEMI CLOSE UP

Jack takes a step towards her:

JACK

Charlie! Listen!

CHARLIE

I don't want to listen! You're a detective! (she turns on him furiously) Why, you're not making a survey at all. You just lied to us. You lied to mother. You wanted to get in our house. Well, let me tell you, you're not going to get into our house any more. You keep away from our house, or we'll go to the police. (As she says the word police, her face becomes terrified)

CHARLIE

Police. That's what it is. What do you want with us? What are you doing around here lying to us?

(she turns and takes a step or two away, turning her head to call over her shoulder:)

CHARLIE

Keep away from us!

(Changes - August 10, 1942)

86 A

186 SEMI CLOSE UP

CAMERA FOLLOWS JACK as he starts after her and catches up with her. He takes her arm:

JACK

Charlie!

(She shakes his arm off)

CHARLIE

Keep away!

JACK

Look, Charlie. You've got to listen to me.

CHARLIE

Just wait until I tell them. Just wait until I tell my mother you lied to her. Just wait until she hears you're a detective.

JACK

(sharply)

Charlie! You can't tell her.

CHARLIE

I'll tell her. You'll see. I'll tell everyone. We're not afraid of you.

JACK

I know you're not afraid of me. Charlie, listen, will you listen?

CHARLIE

I'm not afraid.

JACK

Not afraid of me. I don't want you to be afraid of me. You've got to listen. You've got to trust me.

187 CLOSE UP

(Charlie stops and looks at him furiously.)

CHARLIE

Trust you! When you've done nothing but lie. When you probably didn't want to take me out at all tonight, the way I thought you did. When you probably only took me out to ask a lot of questions.

188 CLOSE UP

JACK

Have I asked you a lot of questions? Have I? All right, I'm a detective. A lousy one. Won't you even listen to me?

189 SEMICLOSE UP- THE TWO

CHARLIE

Why should I when you lied to me?

JACK

I had to. You've just got to believe

CONTINUED:

-I had to. When I came here to this town to find a man, I hadn't counted on you. I hadn't counted on your mother or your family.

CHARLIE.

Find a man! What man?

JACK

There's a man loose in this country. We're after him. We don't know much about him. We don't even know what he looks like. Charlie, think! How much do you know about your uncle?

CHARLIE

Why, he's my uncle! He's my mother's brother. What has he done?

JACK

I can't tell you what he's done.  
Charlie! This man we want may be  
your uncle.

190 CLOSE UP-

Charlie looks at him - frightened for a moment then....

CHARLIE

I don't believe you. Get away from  
me and leave me alone.

191 SEMI CLOSEUP- THE TWO

JACK

We're after one man. Your uncle may  
be the man. We've followed him. We  
think he is. But in the East, there's  
another man who's being hunted, too,  
Hunted through Massachusetts and into Maine.  
He may be the man.

CHARLIE

(hysterically)

Uncle Charlie hasn't done anything. He  
knows it would kill my mother if he'd  
done anything. Why, he's her little  
little brother. Just like Roger is mine.  
Why don't they arrest the man in Maine.  
Why don't you go away and leave us alone?

JACK

Charlie, when we were eating tonight  
and talking about our folks and what  
we'd done and how we felt, we were like  
two ordinary people, weren't we? I  
mean, we've been brought up about the  
same. You liked me. I know you did. And  
I liked you.

CHARLIE

It doesn't matter now.

JACK

What do you mean it doesn't matter?  
It's the only thing that does matter!  
If it weren't for you, you don't think  
I'd care when or how I caught up with your  
Uncle Charlie, do you? Because, if he's  
the guy, I am going to catch up with him.  
Charlie. Remember that! And you've got  
to keep your mouth shut. You've got to  
keep your mouth shut, because your a nice  
girl. Because you're such a nice girl  
that you know you'd help me if you knew

JACK (Cont)

your uncle was the man we wanted.

CHARLIE

I wouldn't help you.

JACK

And I know you would. And I'm  
trying to make it easier for you. If  
your Uncle Charlie's the man we want,  
we'll get him out of town--quietly--  
we won't arrest him here.

192 CLOSE UP - THE TWO

CHARLIE

Arrest him here.... in this town..  
with mother.

JACK

I'm trying to tell you we won't.  
Charlie, I like you. I ...Charlie!  
He puts his hand on her arm and she stands looking down.

JACK

Please, Charlie.

CHARLIE

(very quietly)

All right. I won't say anything.  
Now, take me home.

193 SEMI LONG SHOT

They walk back in silence to his car.

193 A SEMI CLOSEUP

They get in. Charlie is completely crushed. Jack doesn't start the car for a minute.

JACK

Charlie, he may not be the one,  
It may be the other guy. The one  
in the East.

She looks at him. Her face a little brighter. But her voice is very tight.

CHARLIE

Of course. It's probably all a mistake.

JACK

I hope I'm wrong. I never wanted to be wrong  
so much in my life.

As the car begins to move,

LAP DISSOLVE

194 EXT. NEWTON HOME NIGHT MED. SHOT

The house is in darkness except for a bright light shining in the sitting-room. Jack's car pulls up in the foreground. As they get out, Jack takes Charlie's hand.

JACK

Goodnight, Charlie.  
(she smiles at him.  
She is pathetic)

CHARLIE

It's going to be funny when you find  
out you're wrong. Goodnight.

He stands watching her. His face is serious as she turns to go up to the house.

CONTINUED:

(Changes - August 10, 1942)

39-A 90

196 SEMI LONG SHOT - YOUNG CHARLIE

hurries up to the path to the house. We hear Jack's car drive away.

197 MED. SHOT

She stands when she reaches the top of the steps. She can see into the brightly lit sitting room.

198 INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT - SEMI LONG SHOT

through the window - UNCLE CHARLIE'S back is to her, Mrs. Newton is seated facing him. She is leaning forward in her chair listening to him with admiring affection.

199 EXT. NEWTON HOME - NIGHT - SEMI CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

is moved - she turns her head sharply as she hears voices. CAMERA PULLS BACK as Mr. Newton and Herbie come into view from the sideporch, talking as usual with long thoughtful pauses.

HERB

Did you taste anything funny about  
the coffee you had at my house  
tonight?

CONTINUED:

199

CONTINUED:

MR. NEWTON  
Nope. Tasted all right.

HERB  
That's what I mean. It wasn't all right.

MR. NEWTON  
(mildly interested)  
Put something in it?

HERB  
Put a little soda. About the same amount  
I'd of used if I'd wanted to put in cyanide.

MR. NEWTON  
You don't say? I never tasted a thing.  
Of course, I might not notice the soda.

HERB  
Notice the soda more than you would the  
cyanide. For all you knew, you might  
just as well be dead now.

MR. NEWTON  
(seeing Charlie)  
That you, Charlie?

199-A SEMI CLOSE UP

Young Charlie comes up to him.

YOUNG CHARLIE  
Yes, Papa. It was so nice out, I was  
just getting a breath of air before I  
went to bed.

MR. NEWTON  
Well, better run in now. Your Uncle  
Charlie's been asking about you.

YOUNG CHARLIE  
I'll just stay out a minute more.  
Then I'll go up the back way to bed.  
I don't feel like talking. I'm tired.

MR. NEWTON  
Suit yourself.

YOUNG CHARLIE  
(kissing him and clinging to him  
a moment)  
Goodnight, Papa. Take good care of yourself.

CONTINUED

199 A CONTINUED

MR. NEWTON

Goodnight. Looks as though Herb were trying to take care of me.

Mr. Newton and Herb move on. Before they disappear, we hear the last murmurs of their conversation:

MR. NEWTON'S VOICE

You see, Herb, I don't claim you couldn't have killed me. But you would have gotten caught. Cyanide smells. They'd have you behind bars before you could make a move....

Young Charlie glances at the sitting room window again then quickly goes round towards the back.

200 EXT. NEWTON HOME - BACK STAIRS - NIGHT - SEMI LONG SHOT

Young Charlie hurries up the dark back stairs.

201 INT. TOP OF STAIRS - NIGHT

She comes along the passage from the backstairs - as she nears the top of stairs, she comes into SEMI CLOSE UP. She stops and listens - the sound of Uncle Charlie's voice floats up:

UNCLE CHARLIE'S VOICE

You and I never knew what the world was really like, did we Emma? Children should be brought up to know what the world is really like. They should be prepared....like an army....

Young Charlie is about to turn away to her room, when her eye falls on the closed door of Uncle Charlie's room. With a sudden decision she opens it and goes in.

202 INT. UNCLE CHARLIE'S ROOM - NIGHT - SEMI LONG SHOT

She comes into the darkened room. She looks around not knowing what to do first. She puts on the light. She goes over to the bureau, opens a drawer or two. Then to the bedside table, opens the drawer. Her eye catches the waste-paper basket. CAMERA MOVES IN as she picks the double sheet of newspaper from it. It has been torn into many pieces and crumpled together. She gathers it up and hurries from the room.

203 INT. ANN'S ROOM - NIGHT - MED. SHOT - YOUNG CHARLIE

comes in and quietly closes the door. Ann is sleeping in one of the beds. She lights a candle - stands it on the floor so as not to disturb Ann. She starts to piece the torn paper together on the floor. CAMERA MOVES IN TO CLOSE UP - as the pieces go together the torn out fragment emerges.

ANN

What are you doing on the floor?  
What are you making a noise with that paper for?

204 SEMI CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

Looks up over to her - Ann sits up in bed, blinking her eyes.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Go back to sleep. I'm looking for a recipe that I thought I saw in the paper. It's been torn out. Too bad.

ANN

They have papers in the library. The new ones and the old ones. Miss Corcoran will get them out for you. She won't even notice if you cut out a little bitty recipe.

205 CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

reacting.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Oh, it's not that important.

She quickly glances up at the clock on the bedside table - it says eight forty-five.

YOUNG CHARLIE

What time does the library close?

205 A SEMI CLOSE UP

Young Charlie gathers the pieces together as Ann says:

ANN

If you read as much as you should,  
you'd know it closes at nine.

She gets up - stands for a moment looking down at Ann.

CONTINUED:

205 A CONTINUED:

YOUNG CHARLIE

Well, if I think of it, I may go tomorrow.  
You go to sleep.

ANN

(closing her eyes)

Recipes don't interest me.

As Young Charlie begins to move quietly toward the door

LAP DISSOLVE:

206 EXT. BACK STAIRS - NIGHT - SEMI CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

As she hurries down the backstairs, she is whispering  
to herself.

YOUNG CHARLIE

It can't be anything really awful...  
it's nothing at all....I'll just  
prove it's simply nothing at all.

LAP DISSOLVE:

207 EXT. STREET - NIGHT - SEMI CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

CAMERA MOVING WITH YOUNG CHARLIE as she starts running  
along the street.

YOUNG CHARLIE

I'll prove that it's nothing at all.

LAP DISSOLVE:

208 EXT. ANOTHER STREET - NIGHT - SEMI CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

CAMERA MOVING with her, she approaches the shopping  
district - lights flash across her face. She looks  
up at a clock:

208 A CLOSE UP - CLOCK

It is four minutes to nine.

208 B SEMI CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

She runs faster and faster - her hair flying behind  
her.

LAP DISSOLVE:

209

EXT. STREET NEAR SQUARE - NIGHT - SEMI CLOSE UP

CAMERA MOVING with her as she almost races along - suddenly she is pulled up sharply by a voice:

MR. MORTON

Just a moment, Charlie. What do you think I'm here for?

At a street crossing she was about to dash across against the policeman's signal. She steps back onto the sidewalk, breathlessly.

YOUNG CHARLIE

I'm sorry, Mr. Morton.

MR. MORTON

(blows his whistle)

It's all right now.

She hurries across, CAMERA WITH HER, and begins to gather momentum again.

IAP DISSOLVE:

210

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - NIGHT - SEMI CLOSE UP

She almost races again along the street near the library - her eyes ahead - her lips moving but with no sound we can almost feel her saying to herself "It can't be - it can't be..."

IAP DISSOLVE

211

EXT. LIBRARY - NIGHT - SEMI CLOSE UP

She arrives at the foot of the library steps - breathing heavily.

212

SEMI CLOSE UP

Through the library door we see a light inside go out. Young Charlie dashes up to the door and tries it. It is locked. There is a faint light somewhere inside. She knocks. Then faintly booms on the door. An elderly spinster librarian appears behind the glass; she shakes her head reprovingly, saying something, then indicates some wall clock inside. Young Charlie makes an urgent gesture.

212 A

CLOSE UP - FROM INSIDE

Young Charlie's lips move in urgent request.

213 INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT - SEMI CLOSE UP

At last the librarian opens the door and Young Charlie quickly steps in.

LIBRARIAN

Really, Charlie, You know as well as I do that this library closes at nine. If I make one exception, I'll have to make a thousand.

YOUNG CHARLIE

I'm terribly sorry, Miss Corcoran...  
(she brushes by her)  
...but there's something in a newspaper that I've just got to see...

LIBRARIAN

Charlie, I'm surprised at you!  
No consideration!

YOUNG CHARLIE

I won't be a minute. I promise I won't.

She hurries past the librarian and out of picture.

214 SEMI LONG SHOT

She hurries across in the darkened room towards the further corner where the newspapers are. Miss Corcoran, muttering, turns on a light over them, still grumbling and muttering to herself.

LIBRARIAN

You've had all day, Charlie, to come here. I don't see why you have to rush in at night like a mad-woman. You may have just three minutes.

She withdraws into an office.

215 SEMI CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

Young Charlie stands before the racks where the day's newspapers are hanging. She looks at them and rejects them. On the shelves nearby she finds the recent issues arranged in piles. CAMERA MOVES IN TO CLOSE UP as she finds the paper she is looking for. She finally finds the page. CAMERA GOES IN to the paper - her finger traces down the page until it reaches the place where the fragment was torn. CAMERA GOES in to the item:

CONTINUED:

215

CONTINUED:

POLICE CLOSE IN ON  
HUNTED CRIMINAL

Boston, Mass., Feb. 8. In their search for the so-called "Merry Widow" murderer, the police have thrown a cordon around the Northeastern States and the announcement of his arrest is expected daily.

(the "Merry Widow Waltz" is heard faintly from the sound-track)

A peculiarity of the case lies in the fact that no photograph of the suspected man has ever been obtained and all names he has used are thought to be aliases. When found he will be charged with the murder of three, and perhaps four, wealthy women. His victims have uniformly been widows of large means living in resort hotels and this fact has led to his being known as the "Merry Widow" murderer. His latest victim, whose body was found on January twelfth at Gloucester, Mass., was Mrs. Bruce Matthewson, the former musical comedy star, known to audiences at the beginning of this century as "Teresa Schenley".

216

CLOSE UP - BIG HEAD OF YOUNG CHARLIE

she is quite still - her eyes fixed on the paragraph. Slowly her eyes lower from the newspaper to her hand:

217

CLOSE UP

the CAMERA SWEEPS From the paper to her hand - it MOVES in CLOSER AND CLOSER until the ring itself fills the screen and the initials "T.S. from B.M." stand out. The "Merry Widow Waltz" slowly swells to a fortissimo. At the same time, the CAMERA PULLS UP AND UP to the roof of the library until YOUNG CHARLIE is a tiny figure. As she slowly begins to drag herself across the room, the dancing Edwardian figures DISSOLVE IN until they completely obliterate her.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

218 EXT. NEWTON HOME - DAY - LONG SHOT

the outside of the Newton house. The waltz tune can still be faintly heard, and as the picture fully appears it dies away.

LAP DISSOLVE:

219 SEMI LONG SHOT - UNCLE CHARLIE.

is strolling round the garden at the back of the house.

219 A SEMI CLOSE UP

Mrs. Newton appears at the kitchen window, near the foreground. Uncle Charlie calls over to her:

UNCLE CHARLIE

Emma, where's Charlie?

MRS. NEWTON

(indicating upstairs with her eyes)

Ssh - she's asleep and I don't want to wake her.

He turns toward CAMERA - the slightest look of concern comes into his face.

LAP DISSOLVE:

220 INT. YOUNG CHARLIE'S ROOM - DAY - SEMI CLOSE UP

Uncle Charlie is fussing with a pair of shoes - he flicks a tiny speck of dust from the toe. Through the open door beyond him we see Mrs. Newton go to Ann's room and knock on the door.

MRS. NEWTON

Charlie, are you awake? Your Uncle's been asking for you all day.

There is a pause - Uncle Charlie listens sharply. Mrs. Newton gets no reply - she turns away. Uncle Charlie becomes slightly worried.

LAP DISSOLVE:

221 INT. SITTING ROOM - EVENING - SEMI CLOSE UP-UNCLE CHARLIE

stands in the opening to the hall, a long cold drink in his hands, looking up the stairs. Mrs. Newton comes into picture.

CONTINUED:

221 CONTINUED:

MRS. NEWTON

I suppose I shouldn't let her sleep so long, but I'm glad she's had a good rest. She's not looking like herself - but she'll be down for dinner.

Uncle Charlie's expression is one of concern for Young Charlie, but behind it we see something deeper is troubling him.

LAP DISSOLVE:

222 INT. OUTSIDE ANN'S ROOM - NIGHT - SEMI CLOSE UP

The door opens and Young Charlie emerges from the room. Her face shows anxiety and watchfulness. CAMERA PANS WITH HER as she comes towards the stairs. Uncle Charlie's VOICE floats up.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S VOICE

Funny thing. To look at her you would have thought she didn't have any sense at all, but she was a darned fine bridge player. I never saw her lose but once. I opened with two spades....

Her expression changes to repulsion. She turns and hurries to the back stairs.

223 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - SEMI CLOSE UP - MRS. NEWTON

is busy mashing potatoes. She is so occupied that she does not hear or see Young Charlie enter by the back door. She pauses for a second by the door, then assumes an air of cheerful but firm generalship as she says:

YOUNG CHARLIE

Mother, let me finish mashing those. I'll fix the rest of the dinner and get it on the table. You go in and talk to Uncle Charlie....

She crosses to her mother.

MRS. NEWTON

Well, Charlie! How do you feel?

YOUNG CHARLIE

Who, me? Oh, I feel fine. I must have been tired or something. I slept like a log.

CONTINUED:

MRS. NEWTON

Well, Uncle Charlie's been asking for you again. He's awfully fond of you. And that nice young man came twice and asked after you.

Young Charlie looks up.

MRS. NEWTON (cont'd)

I told him you were sleeping and I didn't want to disturb you.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Well, now I'm rested and ready for anything. I'm going to serve the whole dinner.

(she takes the potato masher from her mother's hand)

Is the gravy made?

Mrs. Newton takes off her apron and fluffs out her hair. She starts to hum a bar of the "Merry Widow Waltz"

CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

looks around swiftly - then with an effort speaks calmly:

YOUNG CHARLIE

Now, you're humming that waltz - whatever you do, please don't hum that tune anymore. I've almost got it out of my head and I don't want to get it started again. Please remember: don't hum that tune, and

(she searches for some diversion)

-- don't you get up from the table every few minutes. You just sit there and be a lady without a single care on your mind.

MRS. NEWTON

If you say so - but at least I can carry in the soup.

We see her, beyond Young Charlie, go to the door into the dining room, open it and call through:

MRS. NEWTON

Roger, wash your hands. Dinner's ready. Charles! Joe! Dinner!

CONTINUED:

224

CONTINUED:

Ann enters the kitchen. She has a fresh rose behind her ear again and carries a rose in her hand. Although she is a pretty untidy child, she has an air of elegance and affectation. At the moment she seems worried and serious.

As the door is open we hear Uncle Charlie's voice:

UNCLE CHARLIE'S VOICE

Where's our little Charlie? I've missed her all day.

MRS. NEWTON

She'll be in in a minute.

Ann has been edging toward her mother, trying to whisper something. Mrs. Newton lets the kitchen door fall shut. Young Charlie crosses with the soup to her mother.

ANN

Mama...

MRS. NEWTON

Your face is a sight, Ann.

ANN

Mama, I want to ask you something.

225

CLOSE UP - ANN

Mrs. Newton leans down to her.

MRS. NEWTON

What is it, Ann? Stop pulling at me. Don't whisper. When you whisper, anyone could hear you a block away.

ANN

May I sit by you at the table?

MRS. NEWTON

Sit by me? I should think you'd rather sit by your Uncle Charlie.

226

CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

looks down at Ann, wondering.

227

SEMI CLOSE UP

ANN

I want to sit by you.

CONTINUED:

YOUNG CHARLIE

Let her change with Roger, if she wants to.

MRS. NEWTON

Certainly not. Uncle Charles might think...certainly not.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Oh, mother - let her change if she wants to.

MRS. NEWTON

All right; but Ann has too many foolish ideas.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Go on in. Go on in.

She practically pushes them through the door. Then she stands listening at it - concentrated.

228

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Mrs. Newton places the tureen on the table and commences to serve it. Ann has quickly taken Roger's place and Roger takes hers, next to Uncle Charlie. Mr. Newton is taking a glimpse of the front page of his paper. Uncle Charlie becomes aware of the change in places.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Well, what's all this? Have I lost my little girl?

MRS. NEWTON

Roger wanted to sit next to you for a while. I thought it would be nice if they took turns.

ROGER

I never....

UNCLE CHARLIE

(his eyes on Ann)

You never what, Roger?

ROGER

(catching his mother's eye)

Nothing.

UNCLE CHARLIE

(facetiously)

You never nothing! Well, Roger, wait till you see the present I'm going to give you. I sent for it yesterday.

Roger smiles; pleased and smug.

CONTINUED:

228

CONTINUED:

MRS. NEWTON

Charles! You're not to give the children another thing! Not another thing!

Mr. Newton has been surreptitiously looking at a newspaper which he holds in his lap. It drops to the floor and he picks it up.

MRS. NEWTON

Joel

MR. NEWTON

Brought it in by mistake. Had it in my hand, I guess. Nothing special in it.

(hands it to Uncle Charlie)

Want a look at the headlines?

229

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - SEMI CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

is preparing herself to enter the dining room. She has her hand on the door - she takes a deep breath. Suddenly she turns to a mirror on the wall - goes across to where her handbag is lying and takes out a lipstick. Comes back to the mirror and applies some lipstick with a concentrated look on her face.

230

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT - MED. SHOT

SHOOTING from Mrs. Newton's end of the table. Uncle Charlie is looking through the inside of the paper, with increasing satisfaction.

UNCLE CHARLIE

(without looking at him)

You're right, Joe, nothing special tonight. Nothing special.

But he continues to glance through to the back page. Young Charlie appears - there is a general ovation - she is welcomed as though she had been away.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Well, here she is! Here's my girl!

ROGER

I wonder how many hours you slept. If you could tell me the exact minute you went to sleep, and the exact minute you woke up, and then tell if you woke up in between and how long you stayed awake each time you woke up, I could tell you exactly how long.....

CONTINUED:

MR. NEWTON

You won't be able to sleep tonight, Charlie. Nobody who sleeps all day can sleep all night, too.

During this Young Charlie has been gathering up the soup plates. She indicate to Ann to help her.

YOUNG CHARLIE

I slept all right. And I kept dreaming. Perfect nightmares. About you, Uncle Charlie.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Nightmares? About me?

YOUNG CHARLIE

(sweet and determined)

About you. I'll tell them to you if you like. You were on a train, and I had a feeling you were running away from something. And when I saw you on the train, I felt terribly happy and....

230 A SEMI CLOSE UP

Mrs. Newton looks shocked.

MRS. NEWTON

Charlie! How could you be happy seeing Uncle Charlie on a train. Goodness knows, I don't want to see him on a train. I hope he stays here forever.

YOUNG CHARLIE

(smiling brightly at Uncle Charlie)

Well, I suppose he will go sometime. I mean, we all realize he has to go sometime. We have to face facts.

231 SEMI CLOSE UP - UNCLE CHARLIE

UNCLE CHARLIE

(over his newspaper he has been watching Charlie musingly)

I like people who face facts.

MRS. NEWTON

Well, we're not going to face any such facts as those.

Ann is standing beside Uncle Charlie about to take his soup plate away from under his paper.

CONTINUED:

231

CONTINUED:

UNCLE CHARLIE

Want to see the funnies, Ann?

Ann removes his plate and lowers her eyes.

ANN

I'm too old for funnies. I read two books a week. I took a sacred oath I would. Besides, in this family no one's allowed to read at the table. It isn't polite.

MRS. NEWTON

Ann! Don't correct your elders.

UNCLE CHARLIE

She's right, Emmy. I'm forgetting all my manners. I'm going to blame this paper on Joe. Now, Roger, you go to the icebox and bring me a big red bottle you'll find there.

232

SEMI CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

about to go back into the kitchen, turns at the door.

YOUNG CHARLIE

You can throw the paper away. Papa's read it, and you've read it, and I'm sure we don't need it to play games with tonight.

She goes quickly into the kitchen.

233

CLOSE UP - UNCLE CHARLIE

now begins to feel uneasy. We hear Mrs. Newton speaking:

MRS. NEWTON'S VOICE

Ann, you help Charlie bring in the vegetables. Don't fall.

He thinks hard for a moment, then with a knowing smile turns to Mrs. Newton.

UNCLE CHARLIE

I guess Charlie slept a little too long. She's not awake yet. I suppose that young journalist--or whatever you call him--kept her out half the night.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO INCLUDE Mrs. Newton.

CONTINUED:

233 CONTINUED:

MRS. NEWTON

No, she got back quite early. I was surprised. I thought they might go dancing somewhere, but when I took a look at Ann about ten, Charlie was sound asleep.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Well, Charlie's a pretty girl. I suppose he's been hanging around today?

MRS. NEWTON

He called twice. But she didn't see him.

UNCLE CHARLIE

What do you think of him, Emmy?

MRS. NEWTON

I haven't really thought. He seems all right....I....

Uncle Charlie raises his eyes and clutches his napkin with his fist. Roger returns with a bottle of Burgundy. He places it beside Uncle Charlie.

MRS. NEWTON

(smiling)

I saw that bottle when I was getting dinner. Is it...wine?

UNCLE CHARLIE

Wine it is! You know what St. Paul said: "Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake."

MRS. NEWTON

Wine for dinner sounds so gay, remember the time they had the champagne when the oldest Jones girl got married, Charles?

(Uncle Charlie and Mrs. Newton look at one another intimately over the memory and laugh)

(Mr. Newton feels out of it)

UNCLE CHARLIE

This is sparkling burgundy.

MRS. NEWTON

One sip and I'll probably be calling it sparkling burguldy. Maybe I'd better not take any.

234

MED SHOT

showing all the table. Mr. Newton leans forward knowingly.

MR. NEWTON

Imported.

234 CONTINUED

MRS. NEWTON  
Remember Imported Franklin and his Tweeds?

UNCLE CHARLIE  
And his loaded cane?

MRS. NEWTON  
His loaded everything.  
(they laugh again at this obscure family joke)  
(and Mr. Newton is again out of it.)

UNCLE CHARLIE  
Roger!

Uncle Charlie whispers a direction to him. Roger runs to the kitchen again just as Young Charlie comes in with the roast, followed by Ann with the vegetables. She places the roast before her father and sits down next to him quietly with lowered eyes. While Mr. Newton carves and the plates are passed round the following conversation takes place:

MRS. NEWTON  
Charles, you're going to kill me  
when you hear what I've done.

UNCLE CHARLIE  
Emmy, I'd never kill you no matter  
what you've done.

MRS. NEWTON  
Well, I've simply promised Mrs. Greene,  
the president of our club, that you'd  
speak to the ladies. And she wants to  
know what you're going to talk about. She  
wants to announce it in the newspaper.

UNCLE CHARLIE  
So speeches have to have titles, do they?  
Well, let's see. First, what am I going  
to talk about. Don't lecturers usually  
give 'em travel or current events?

MRS. NEWTON  
Oh, not current events, Charles! We  
get current events! We all take notes  
on them, and then the next day everything's  
changed, and we don't know where we are.....

MR. NEWTON  
(serving)  
Rotary and Kiwanis are fighting over you, too,  
Charles. Mr. Greene's Rotary, and he wants  
you for them. And I'm Kiwanis, and looks like  
I've got to produce you for them. Puts me on  
the spot.

CONTINUED:

234

CONTINUED:

MRS. NEWTON

Have you made many speeches, Charles?

UNCLE CHARLIE

It's one of the things you can't get out of, Emmy, when you're in my position. Easier to make the speeches than to refuse to make them.

CAMERA STARTS TO MOVE IN TOWARD Young Charlie.

MRS. NEWTON

Well, I'm going to have to introduce you. I'll certainly feel foolish having to say a lot of nice things about my own brother. Not that it will be hard to say nice things about you, Charles. It's just that I get self-conscious.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Emmy, when you have to face any sort of test, you've got to keep calm.

MRS. NEWTON

Yes, I suppose you do.

Young Charlie has slowly turned her head towards her uncle, THE CAMERA HAS HER IN CLOSEUP; She stares fascinated at him. He has started to unwind the wire from the neck of the bottle.

235

CLOSE UP

as seen by Young Charlie. Uncle Charlie's large hand unwinding the wire with meticulous care. Over it we hear him speaking:

UNCLE CHARLIE'S VOICE

You've got to make a plan. Think of every detail of what you're going to say or do. Nothing in the world is difficult if you plan ahead. Plan every little detail.

His hand is now rubbing the neck of the bottle with a rotary motion and pulling at the cork.

236

CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

watching his hands. Her horror mounting.

CONTINUED:

236 CONTINUED:

## UNCLE CHARLIE'S VOICE

Then when you've planned everything to the last detail, forget it until the moment arrives. Use the moment when it comes. Don't keep turning it over in your mind beforehand...or after...Soon, it's all over, and you'll be thinking of other things. There! Like that!

237 CLOSE UP

His hand pulls the cork out firmly.

238 CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

is almost going to scream. She shuts her eyes. We hear:

## MRS. NEWTON'S VOICE

Well, that was easy. You always did make things look easy, Charles.

With a tremendous effort Young Charlie pulls herself together. She forces herself to look towards Uncle Charlie once more.

239 MED. SHOT

from her eyeline. Uncle Charlie is now pouring out the wine. He does this meticulously, talking casually:

## UNCLE CHARLIE

What kind of audience will it be?

## MRS. NEWTON

Oh, women like myself. Pretty busy with our homes, most of us.

## MR. NEWTON

Women's clubs!

## ROGER

For a while it was astrology.

## ANN

When I get up my next club, I'm going to have it a reading club. I'm going to be the treasurer and buy all the books.

Uncle Charlie passes the glasses around.

240

CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

receives her glass of wine. She abruptly drains half of it. Her eyes return to Uncle Charlie.

241

MED. SHOT

Over Young Charlie's shoulder. Uncle Charlie seems to be in a brooding mood for a moment; then says from some deep, inner resentment:

UNCLE CHARLIE

Women keep busy in towns like this. In the cities it's different. The cities are full of women...middle-aged...widows...their husbands are dead...the husbands who have spent their lives making thousands...working...working...working...and then they die and leave their money to their wives...their silly wives. And what do the wives do? These useless women? You see them in ... hotels, the best hotels, by the thousands...eating the money, drinking the money, losing the money at bridge..playing all afternoon and all night...smelling of money...proud of their jewelry...proud of nothing else...horrible, faded, fat and greedy women.....

Suddenly Young Charlie's voice cuts in from the f. g.

YOUNG CHARLIE'S VOICE

(a cry wrung from her)

But they're alive! They're human beings!

He looks up across at her, as though awakened.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Are they? Are they, Charlie? Are they human or are they fat wheezing animals? And what happens to animals when they get too fat and too old?

(he suddenly calms down)

(laughing)

I seem to be making my speech here.

242

SEMI CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

hastily picks up her fork. Her eyes lowered. We hear Mrs. Newton say:

CONTINUED:

242 CONTINUED:

MRS. NEWTON

Well, for heaven's sake, Charles,  
don't talk about women like that in  
front of my club. You'll be tarred  
and feathered! The idea! (teasing him)  
And that nice Mrs. Potter is going to be  
there, too. - - - She was asking me about you.

She sees Herbie appear at the window.

MRS. NEWTON

(cont'd)

Joe, it's Herb. He always comes when  
we're eating!

243 MED. SHOT

showing the door. Herbie appears, as before, his cap  
in hand. He mumbles "Good evening, M's Newton...Good  
evening, Mr. Oakley."

MRS. NEWTON

Had dinner?

HERBIE

Had it an hour ago. You folks are getting  
stylish. Having dinner later every night.

He sits stiffly on the edge of a chair near the door.

244 CLOSE UP - HERBIE

exposes one of his lurid magazines. He tries to catch  
Mr. Newton's eye by clearing his throat.

HERBIE

Picked some mushrooms before dinner, Joe?

245 MED. SHOT

Herbie in f.g. Beyond we see Mr. Newton rise nonchalantly.

MR. NEWTON

That so?

HERBIE

Mushrooms mean anything to you, Joe?

MR. NEWTON

Eat 'em on steak sometimes when I'm  
out and the meat isn't good enough  
to eat by itself.

CONTINUED:

245

CONTINUED:

HERBIE

(looks at him significantly)  
If I was to bring you some mushrooms,  
would you eat 'em?

MR. NEWTON

Suppose I would. Why?

He comes to him in SEMI CLOSE UP.

HERBIE

Then I've got it, you see?  
Worst I'd be accused of would be  
manslaughter. Doubt if I'd get  
that. Accidental death, it would be.  
Pure and simple. A basket of good  
mushrooms and two-three poisonous ones.

MR. NEWTON

An innocent party might get the  
poisonous ones. I thought of  
something better when I was shaving.  
A bath tub. Pull your legs out from  
under you and hold you down. Been  
done, but it's not bad.

245 A SEMI CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

half rising, with a touch of hysteria.

YOUNG CHARLIE

You're just two ghouls, that's what  
you are. Why do you have to keep  
talking about killing people?

246 CLOSE UP - UNCLE CHARLIE

watching her closely.

247 MED. SHOT - GROUP

MR. NEWTON

We're not talking about killing  
people. Herb's talking about killing  
me, and I'm talking about killing him.

MRS. NEWTON

Charlie, it's Papa's way of relaxing.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Well, can't he relax some other way?  
Can't he play golf, or something?

248 SEMI CLOSE UP - HERBIE

Most embarrassed and helpless, backs slowly to the door.

249 MED. SHOT

There is silence for a second. Mr. Newton returns to his seat at the table.

MR. NEWTON

(scornful)

Golf! Nothing exciting about golf. Nothing like a nice murder to keep your mind off your troubles.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Can't we have a little peace and quiet without dragging in poisons all the time?

MRS. NEWTON

Charlie, you're just tired. Why your father's been doing this for years. You ought to get away for a few days.

YOUNG CHARLIE

(mastering herself and trying to smile)

I guess I am tired. Excuse me, everybody. (she leans over and kisses her father)

250 SEMI CLOSE UP - HERBIE

Sidles back into the room again and sits on his seat by the door.

251 MED. SHOT - TOWARDS UNCLE CHARLIE

UNCLE CHARLIE

I guess you're worn out from showing that busy-body young man through the house and through the town these days.

MR. NEWTON

That reminds me, he stopped in at the bank and asked me a few questions today.

UNCLE CHARLIE

(hits the table with his fist)

Well, that's what I call nerve! Emmy, I don't see why you allow it. He's been all over the house, and now he turns up at Joe's office. What business has he got with Joe?

CONTINUED:

251

CONTINUED:

It was wonderful up on Prospect Point.  
And I like to hear him talk.

114

MRS. NEWTON

Why, I think his work is very interesting....

UNCLE CHARLIE

Do you really know what he's here for? To find out whether you have an electric ice-box and a furnace? How do you know he's what he pretends to be? He's making fools of you all.

MRS. NEWTON

You mean he may be from the insurance company?

YOUNG CHARLIE

Of course, he isn't, Mother. He's conducting a poll.

UNCLE CHARLIE

(relaxing)

Well, I suppose you ought to know. You've spent a lot of time with him.

YOUNG CHARLIE

(dreamily)

It was wonderful up on Prospect Point. The lights below and everything. And I like to hear him talk.

251

CONTINUED:

UNCLE CHARLIE

And what did you talk about in the moonlight?

252

CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

YOUNG CHARLIE

(calmly, lowered eyes)

Oh, about people, and electric things, and...

(she raises her eyes and looks at Uncle Charlie)

....you.

253

CLOSE UP - UNCLE CHARLIE

smiling - but watching Young Charlie closely.

UNCLE CHARLIE

You don't know much about me.

CONTINUED:

253

CONTINUED:

MRS. NEWTON'S VOICE

Charlie, you haven't touched your food.

YOUNG CHARLIE'S VOICE

No. I don't know much. But Jack, Mr. Graham, was interested in the way you acted about having your picture taken...a mere photograph.

MR. NEWTON'S VOICE

What picture?

254

SEMI CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE AND MRS. NEWTON

YOUNG CHARLIE

Jack thought you must be a difficult person to live with. But I told him....

Mrs. Newton looks at her bewildered.

MRS. NEWTON

Charlie, what are you talking about?

As young Charlie rises, CAMERA FOLLOWS HER as she goes toward her uncle.

UNCLE CHARLIE

I told him how wonderful you were to all of us. About the presents you'd given us. And how your visit had made us all feel exciting and different. And I told him that I wanted to remember you as you were that first night, when you gave mother the pictures of Grandma and Grandpa.

Uncle Charlie rises as she approaches - CAMERA MOVES IN until we have them standing facing each other in TWO BIG HEADS.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Charlie.....

YOUNG CHARLIE

And I told him we'd miss you if you went away.

(she looks him straight  
in the eyes)

Don't go. Don't go. We're the only relatives you have in the world. Think of us sometimes.

255

SEMI CLOSE UP - HERBIE

Feeling uncomfortable again, gets up and begins to make another exit.

256 CLOSE UP - SAME AS 254

There is a silence. Young Charlie and Uncle Charlie stand facing each other. CAMERA PULLS BACK swiftly as Young Charlie turns to her mother.

YOUNG CHARLIE

(almost lightly)

Mama, I'm going to take a walk. I'll be back soon.

She goes quickly from the room - there is a dead pause - then Mrs. Newton breaks it:

MRS. NEWTON

(half calling to her)

Charlie! Why she doesn't make sense, talking like that. I'm worried about her. Roger, run after her and tell her to come back.

UNCLE CHARLIE

No, I'll go. Where do you suppose...?

MRS. NEWTON

Nothing to get excited over. She often goes for walks. Maybe she's got a date with that young man.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Now, sit down and finish your dinner. I'll catch up with her.

He hurries from the room.

257 SEMI CLOSE UP - MRS. NEWTON

turns back and resumes her dinner - after a mouthful she thinks for a moment, then turns to her husband:

MRS. NEWTON

Joe, I feel uncomfortable. It's as though something strange were going on....You and Herb are so clever solving things, can't you find out what's the matter now?

258 CLOSE UP - MR. NEWTON

looks at her helplessly, as we

LAP DISSOLVE:

259 EXT. STREET - NIGHT - SEMI CLOSE UP

CAMERA WITH YOUNG CHARLIE as she hurries along. She takes firm, quick steps - her eyes looking straight ahead. From behind her we hear Uncle Charlie's voice:

UNCLE CHARLIE'S VOICE

Charlie!

She hears - her expression does not change - she quickens her pace.

LAP DISSOLVE

260 EXT. STREET - NIGHT - SEMI CLOSE UP - UNCLE CHARLIE

hurrying along the same street. He realizes she has heard him but doesn't wish to stop. He calls again in a more insistent tone of voice:

UNCLE CHARLIE

Charlie!

261 EXT. ANOTHER STREET - NIGHT - SEMI LONG SHOT

The street nearing the shopping district. SHOOTING OVER Uncle Charlie's shoulders we see Young Charlie ahead - he is slowly advancing on her. She almost breaks into a run.

LAP DISSOLVE

262 EXT. STREET NEAR SQUARE - NIGHT - SEMI CLOSE UP

Again Young Charlie runs into the policeman, Mr. Morton. But this time he has just stepped aside and is allowing pedestrians to cross. Young Charlie almost bumps into him.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Oh, Mr. Morton! I didn't see you!

MR. MORTON

I never saw a girl who ran around through the streets at night as much as you do. Where were you going in such a hurry last night?

YOUNG CHARLIE

(laughs breathlessly)

Just doing an errand.

Uncle Charlie catches up with them.

CONTINUED:

262

CONTINUED:

UNCLE CHARLIE

Better let me walk along with you,  
Charlie.

MR. MORTON

Is this gentleman your uncle I've  
heard about?

YOUNG CHARLIE

Yes, he is. Uncle Charlie, this  
is Mr. Morton.

MR. MORTON

Glad to meet you. What's the name?

UNCLE CHARLIE

Oakley. Charles Oakley. Nice meeting  
you.

MR. MORTON

Well, keep an eye on that niece of  
yours, Mr. Oakley. I'll have to  
give her a ticket for speeding one  
of these nights. City ordinance  
against running on the sidewalks.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Hear that, Charlie. Don't want to  
break the law. I'll take care of  
her, Mr. Morton. Goodnight.

With a charming smile Uncle Charlie grasps Young  
Charlie's arm. Mr. Morton, still laughing at his own  
humor, waits till they have crossed the street then  
blows his whistle to allow the traffic to start again.

263

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - SEMI CLOSE UP

CAMERA FOLLOWING the two along a fairly busy street.

UNCLE CHARLIE

(low and insistent)

What's the matter, Charlie. What's  
the matter?

She doesn't answer and suddenly pulls away from his  
grasp. She swiftly crosses the street and we see her  
in the distance being stopped by Mrs. Greene and  
engaged in conversation. Uncle Charlie crosses and  
we see him in LONG SHOT greet Mrs. Greene. Young  
Charlie makes some excuse to hurry on, Uncle Charlie  
beside her.

CAMERA FOLLOWS THEM a few yards until, as she is passing the HAVE-ONE BAR, he again stops her. He grips her arm even more firmly.

UNCLE CHARLIE

We're going in here. I've got to talk to you.

YOUNG CHARLIE

You're hurting my arm...again...

UNCLE CHARLIE

Then come in with me.

YOUNG CHARLIE

I can't. I've never been in a place like this.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Come in.

He opens the door and practically pushes her in.

SHOOTING from the entrance. Uncle Charlie and Young Charlie enter. A long bar runs along one side and booths along the other wall. Neon lights run along behind the bar. A juke box plays so loudly that voices have to be raised to hear above it. It is smoky and hot. Uncle Charlie leads her to one of the booths.

As they seat themselves Young Charlie looks around the place in disgust.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Why do you make me come in here?  
It's an awful place.

UNCLE CHARLIE

What does it matter where you are?

Louise, the waitress, comes to their table. She is a weak-minded type; vacant, melancholy.

LOUISE

Hello, Charlie.  
(to Uncle Charlie)  
Hello.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Hello, Louise. Uncle Charlie, this is Louise Finch; she was in my class at school. This is my uncle, Louise.

CONTINUED:

266

CONTINUED:

LOUISE

Glad to meet you.

(to Charlie who keeps  
her head down)

I sure was surprised when you  
came in. I never thought I'd see  
you in here. I been here two weeks.  
Lost my job at Kern's. I been in half  
the restaurants in town. What'll you  
have, Charlie?

YOUNG CHARLIE

I'll have a chocolate milk shake.

LOUISE

(faintly amused)

Oh, we don't have anything like that.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Bring her a ginger-ale. I'll have  
a double brandy. What brands have  
you.

LOUISE

Brandy? We may have some. Never  
heard anyone wanting brandy. I'll  
see.

(she wanders off)

267

SEMI CLOSE UP

Uncle Charlie's face hardens - he speaks:

UNCLE CHARLIE

Well, Charlie.

YOUNG CHARLIE

(raising her eyes)

Well?

UNCLE CHARLIE

You think you know something.  
That young fellow told you something.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Jaak? Why should he know anything  
about you?

Suddenly the juke box stops. There is almost a  
silence - a faint mumble of voices. Uncle Charlie  
clears his throat, pulls himself together and  
changes his manner; kindly:

CONTINUED:

267 CONTINUED:

UNCLE CHARLIE

Look, Charlie. Something's come between us, and I don't want that to happen. Why, we're old friends. More than old friends. Like twins. You said so yourself.

He puts out a hand to touch her elbow confidentially. She draws away - glaring at him.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Don't touch me, Uncle Charlie!

268 CLOSE UP - UNCLE CHARLIE

Subsides - the wind knocked out of him. As he speaks he begins to take one paper napkin after another - twists them and throws them on the floor.

UNCLE CHARLIE

(tensely)

What did he tell you? What did that boy tell you?

YOUNG CHARLIE

He has nothing to do with it. I hope he never knows anything about you!

269 CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

She looks down and sees his hands - twisting the napkins. As he begins to talk she stares down at them with a fixed stare.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S VOICE

(reasonably, as though he were explaining something to a child)

Now, look here! You're a pretty understanding girl -----

270 CLOSE UP - UNCLE CHARLIE'S HANDS

Clenching and unclenching; as he continues speaking the CAMERA PANS up to his face.

270 A CLOSE UP - UNCLE CHARLIE

speaking earnestly:

CONTINUED:

270 A CONTINUED:

UNCLE CHARLIE

....And if you've heard some little things about me, why I guess you're enough of a woman of the world to overlook them. You're the head of your family, really. Anybody can see that. And I'm not so old, Charlie. And I've been chasing around the globe since I was sixteen. I guess I've done some pretty foolish things. Made some foolish mistakes. Nothing serious. Just foolish.

271 CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

Staring transfixed at his hands.

272 SEMI CLOSE UP - THE TWO

He becomes aware that she is gazing at his hands. He slowly withdraws them from the table and hides them.

UNCLE CHARLIE

(shaken)

Now don't imagine things, Charlie

Her gaze is still fixed on the table where his hands were.

YOUNG CHARLIE

How...could...you...do things like that? You're my uncle. You're my mother's brother. We thought you were the most wonderful man in the world. The most wonderful and the best.

UNCLE CHARLIE

(a touch of genuine anguish)

Charlie, what do you know?

She fumbles in her handbag.

273 CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE'S HAND

Draws the ring from her handbag and places it on the table between them. CAMERA PANS UP to her face - for the first time she looks at him steadily. His eyes flicker down to the ring, and he looks back at her. Suddenly we hear Louise's voice:

274

SEMI CLOSE UP - LOUISE

Comes to the table carrying a tray.

LOUISE

I'm sorry I was so long. I had to explain to the fella about the brandy.

Uncle Charlie takes the glass and drinks the double brandy down.

UNCLE CHARLIE

It's too quiet in here. Maybe we ought to have a little music.

He fishes in his pocket for a nickel and puts it in the coin box at the side of the table. A tune reminiscent of the "Merry Widow Waltz" starts to play. For a moment we think it is.

274 A

CLOSE UP - THE TWO

Young Charlie and Uncle Charlie stare at each other as though they were hypnotized. The tune switches to another waltz - simultaneously their eyes go down to the ring.

275

CLOSE UP - LOUISE

Louise's eyes widen as she too looks down at the ring.

LOUISE

Why, what's that? Ain't that beautiful.

(she picks it up)

I'd die for a ring like that.

(she turns it around and around)

Yes, sir. For a ring like that I'd die. I'm funny that way. I just love real jewelry.

(for the first time her face is animated and she sways a little with the music)

Did you notice how I didn't even have to ask if it was real? You can tell. I can.

276

SEMI CLOSE UP - THE THREE

Louise puts the ring reluctantly back on the table.

CONTINUED:

UNCLE CHARLIE

Bring me another double brandy.

Louise turns away in a dream, murmuring:

LOUISE

I'd die for a ring like that.

She moves out of picture.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Someone will.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Will what?

YOUNG CHARLIE

Die.

(she pauses)

Someone did.

(she rises, about to  
leave in sheer revulsion)

UNCLE CHARLIE

(calmly)

Sit down. Sit down.

She sits down and stares at the ring. CAMERA MOVES IN.

UNCLE CHARLIE

You think you know something, don't you? You think you're the clever little girl who knows something. But there's so much you don't know. So much.

(he takes the ring and  
puts it in his pocket)

What do you really know? You're just an ordinary little girl living in an ordinary little town. You get up every day of your life, and you know there's not going to be a thing in the world to trouble you. You go through your ordinary little day, and at night you sleep your untroubled ordinary little sleep filled with pleasant, stupid dreams. I brought you the nightmares? Or did I? Or was it a silly unexpert little lie? You live in a dream. You're a sleepwalker...blind. What do you know about the world? Do you know that it's a foul sty? Do you know that if you rip away the fronts of houses you'll find swine? The world is a hell. What does it matter what happens in it? You're afraid to wake up.

CONTINUED:

276

CONTINUED:

UNCLE CHARLIE (cont'd)  
 Afraid to learn. Are you silly enough  
 to imagine that what I've done is  
 important to anyone? Wake up. Use  
 your wits. Learn something.

Sick to her stomach, Young Charlie rises and goes  
 from picture.

277

SEMI LONG SHOT

Louise is just bringing the other brandy from the bar.  
 She calls out to Young Charlie, who doesn't see or  
 hear her.

LOUISE  
 Are you going, Charlie?

Uncle Charlie is standing as she reaches the table.  
 He drinks the brandy down, gives Louise two dollars  
 and hurries after Young Charlie.

278

SEMI CLOSE UP

By the door a noisy party of newcomers are entering and  
 delay Young Charlie's exit. The juke box starts up  
 again playing some raucous tune. She passes out into  
 the street as Uncle Charlie reaches her.

278 A

EXT. HAVE-ONE BAR - NIGHT - SEMI CLOSE UP

Young Charlie hurries out, followed immediately by  
 Uncle Charlie. He lays a restraining hand on her arm.

UNCLE CHARLIE  
 So you think you've found me out?  
 You and your young friend, Graham?

YOUNG CHARLIE  
 I don't know.  
 (looking up at him)  
 I'm not going to tell him what I  
 know. He may find out, but I  
 won't tell him.

Uncle Charlie thinks a minute, then says with a  
 contemptuous dismissal:

UNCLE CHARLIE  
 He won't find out.

YOUNG CHARLIE  
 I'm only asking you one thing.  
 Go away and leave us alone.

CONTINUED:

278 A CONTINUED:

He looks at her steadily:

UNCLE CHARLIE  
(in a low voice)

No.

There is a tense pause. Young Charlie turns and in silence begins to walk away. Uncle Charlie's eyes never leave her. As he follows CAMERA PANS THEM a step to two.

LAP DISSOLVE:

279

EXT. NEWTON HOME - NIGHT - SEMI LONG SHOT

CAMERA DOLLIES WITH them as Uncle Charlie and Young Charlie come along the side street by the house - they have obviously walked home in silence. As they near the corner of the street, Uncle Charlie stops. She automatically does the same. He is about to put his hands on her shoulders to emphasize his points, but restrains himself.

UNCLE CHARLIE  
Charlie, will you help me?

YOUNG CHARLIE  
Help you!

UNCLE CHARLIE  
Charlie, the same blood flows through our veins.

(he lowers his voice)

A week ago, I was at the end of my rope. I'm so tired, Charlie. There's an end to the amount of running a man can do. You'll never know what it is to be so tired. I was going to...well... then I got the idea of coming out here. It was my last chance. Give it to me. These men, Graham and the other, they don't know. There's another man in the East. They suspect him, too. They're trying to catch him. If they catch him...give me this one chance, Charlie?

During his speech she will not look at him - her eyes are on the house - her emotion gradually builds.

YOUNG CHARLIE  
(almost crying)  
Take your chance. And go!

CONTINUED:

279

CONTINUED:

UNCLE CHARLIE

I'll go, Charlie, if you'll give me a few days. Help me, Charlie, I'm your uncle. Think of your mother. It would kill your mother.

280

CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

She draws back and straightens up.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Yes, it would kill my mother. It would kill you, too, wouldn't it, Uncle Charlie? Go! Get away from here! You can have your few days!

281

CLOSE UP - UNCLE CHARLIE

watching her carefully - he changes his mood again.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Did you realize what it means...if they get me?

282

CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

Is silent. There is a pause then we hear his voice:

UNCLE CHARLIE'S VOICE

(softly)

The electric chair.

She is frightened and horrified. With a tremendous effort she looks at him steadily, then turns and goes towards the house. Uncle Charlie takes a step forward - uncertain - then follows her swiftly.

283

SEMI CLOSE UP

Walking toward the house.

UNCLE CHARLIE

I count on you. Don't forget. You said it yourself. We're not any ordinary uncle and niece. No matter what I've done....we're twins.

Young Charlie takes a swift look at him. She stops, frightened.

CONTINUED:

283

CONTINUED:

UNCLE CHARLIE

Go in.....I'll come in - in a  
few minutes ---

She walks across the lawn while he goes up the steps  
to the house.

284

INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT - SEMI LONG SHOT

In the foreground, Mr. Newton is smoking a pipe  
contentedly, while Mrs. Newton is knitting a sweater  
for Ann. Uncle Charlie enters behind them - he  
puts on a jovial manner. They both look at him  
simultaneously.

UNCLE CHARLIE

East, West, Home's best.

MRS. NEWTON

(laying aside her knitting)  
Where's Charlie?

Uncle Charlie walks over to the fireplace, speaking  
as he goes, standing with his back to the fireplace.

UNCLE CHARLIE

She's all right. Calmed down. We  
had a nice little talk - she'll  
be in in a minute.

MR. NEWTON

Strange girl, Charlie. Glad I  
just have to love her. Be hard to  
understand.

UNCLE CHARLIE

She's like me. High-strung. Got  
brains. Resourceful.

MRS. NEWTON

(not entirely reassured)  
Just the same, I think she needs a  
change. Maybe she'd like to visit  
your sister, Joe.

MR. NEWTON

Who? Sarah? Paints. Wears a smock.  
Not fit company for anybody.

MRS. NEWTON

(rising)  
I've saved your dessert for you, Charles.

CONTINUED

284 CONTINUED:

UNCLE CHARLIE

Don't want it, thank you, Emmy dear.  
We had a bite downtown. I think I'll  
turn in. Big day tomorrow.

284 A SEMI CLOSE UP

As she goes past him, he taps his sister's shoulder.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Don't worry about Charlie. She's  
a fine girl.

MRS. NEWTON

(smiling)

She's like you. Like you when you  
were little. Charlie's quiet. You've  
changed, Charles, but I love you  
anyway.

His expression changes.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Yes, I've changed. Goodnight, Emmy.

285 EXT. NEWTON HOME - NIGHT - SEMI CLOSE UP

Young Charlie on the porch is just in time to see her  
mother saying goodnight to Uncle Charlie. She is  
smiling happily. He goes up the stairs and out of  
sight. Ann appears from the kitchen in her nightgown,  
a glass of milk in her hand. She says something - her  
mother and father laugh happily. Mr. Newton goes over  
to her and picking her up, carries her upstairs.

286 CLOSE UP

Young Charlie turns away from the window. CAMERA  
FOLLOWS HER as she leans against the porch post sobbing.

FADE OUT:

286 A FADE IN - INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - DAY - MED. SHOT.

Saunders is shaving - he stands at the mirrored door of the bathroom - talking over his shoulder to Jack in the bedroom.

SAUNDERS

Well, what's the word?

JACK

No word. I don't understand it. I even went to the telegraph office to ask.

SAUNDERS

Well, the picture's in New York. Of course, three of the witnesses are in Canada. We'll hear this afternoon sure. He's the guy all right.

JACK

Looks that way. Say, listen, Fred, I'm in a hell of a spot.

SAUNDERS

You put yourself there.

JACK

So, all right, I did. Anyway you look at it, I'm a heel. If the wire comes and we have to get Oakley, I can't see myself walking into that house and making a pinch.

SAUNDERS

Oakley doesn't seem to want to get out of town.

286 B CLOSE UP

Jack - we see Saunders beyond

JACK

If we put it up to Charlie now. Talk to her. Tell her the whole story...

SAUNDERS

You're getting soft. What's the use of talking to her?

JACK

Give her one more chance to get her uncle out of here.

286 C CLOSE UP

Saunders pauses in his shaving a second.

SAUNDERS

And maybe lose him?

286 D SEMI CLOSEUP

Camera follows Jack over to the bathroom.

JACK

How can we lose him? We'll be right on top of him all the time. I'll even let you talk to her.

SAUNDERS

Thanks.

JACK

They're all at church. We could wait until she comes out. Give her another shot at getting him to leave.

SAUNDERS

O.K. But I'll do the talking. And if you ask me, I think you're a sucker. And if I ask myself, I think I'm a sucker.

JACK

Well, let's get it over with.

SAUNDERS

You're going to a hell of a lot of trouble for a girl you happen to like.

JACK

Who said I just happen to like her?

SAUNDERS

Come to think of it, nobody did.

LAF DISSOLVE

287 EXT. CHURCH - DAY - LONG SHOT

Its bells are ringing. Into the foreground of the picture come Jack and Saunders. They stand waiting. The congregation is emerging from the church. Finally the Newton family appear, but not Uncle Charlie. Young Charlie stands talking and laughing with her friend Catherine. We see Ann run ahead of the others.

SAUNDERS

(his voice kind)

There's my girl. Hsst! Ann!

(Changes - August 10, 1942)

132

288 SEMI CLOSE UP

Ann has run out into the middle of the street. She wears a hat, and the instant she is outside she takes it off and taking a flower which has been pinned to her dress, she sticks it in her hair. We hear Jack call!

JACK'S VOICE

Ann!.....

She turns.

289 SEMI CLOSE UP

She runs to the two men.

ANN

Hello!

(she laughs)

You must be trying to hide or something.

JACK

We're not hiding.

ANN

Well, you said "hast!" People who are hiding always say "hast."

SAUNDERS

We don't like to yell on Sunday.

JACK

(bending down to her)

Look, Ann. Ask your sister if she'll come over here a minute. Don't noise it around. Just ask her quietly. We'll be just around here....

(he gestures with his hand)

289 A CLOSE UP

ANN

Did my father and your father have a feud?

JACK

My father.....

ANN

Because if they didn't, there's no sense in your meeting Charlie secretly. Mama won't care. She thinks girls ought to marry and settle down. In a book I'm reading.....

CONTINUED.

JACK  
(wearily)  
Just ask her, Ann. Don't be literary.

Ann  
All right.

She runs off. CAMERA PANS UP as Jack straightens and INCLUDES Saunders. They stroll across the street.

290 LONG SHOT

As the two men stroll across, Ann runs back to Charlie and nudges her. She looks over to the men, and we see her making her excuses to her parents. Her friend, Catherine turns away with her and the three of them cross the street.

291 EXT. STREET -DAY - MED. SHOT

Jack and Saunders walking slowly. Young Charlie, Ann, and Catherine catch up to them. There is anxiety on Young Charlie's face.

292 SEMI CLOSE UP

Catherine ogles Saunders as they meet.

YOUNG CHARLIE  
(to Jack)  
Ann says you want to speak to me.

JACK  
(smiles, but also looks anxious)  
Saunders wants to speak to you. It's important. Ann, you come over here and talk to me. Tell me the plot of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

He leads Ann on ahead. Catherine goes with them reluctantly. Young Charlie and Saunders walk. CAMERA DOLLIES with them.

YOUNG CHARLIE  
What do you want?

SAUNDERS  
It's about that photograph we took.  
The one of your uncle.

YOUNG CHARLIE  
You gave it back to him. He's probably burned it.

292 CONTINUED:

SAUNDERS

Not that one, he hasn't. We gave him the wrong film. We got the picture all right. We wired it East. They got witnesses in the East who can identify the man we want from that picture.

Young Charlie stops dead.

YOUNG CHARLIE

What are you talking about? What do you mean identify him?

SAUNDERS

Just what I said. The minute the witnesses see that picture, we'll know whether or not Oakley's the man. We're waiting for the wire now.

YOUNG CHARLIE

And then Uncle Charlie will be.....

SAUNDERS

That's right. That's the way it is.  
(he shifts the responsibility)  
Graham thought if you could get your uncle to leave now or within an hour or so.....it wouldn't be.....

Young Charlie looks at him gratefully.

YOUNG CHARLIE

I've got to, haven't I? I've got to. If anything happened to Uncle Charlie here, it would kill my mother. What's the most time you'll give me?

Saunders

(softening somewhat)

Say, two hours?

YOUNG CHARLIE

I'll make him leave. I'll make him.

293 CLOSE UP

Saunders with very little expression, not looking at her.

SAUNDERS

You seem to be pretty sure he's the man we want. Why?

294 CLOSE UP

Young Charlie comes to another stop - she looks sharply at him, then covering up, answers:

YOUNG CHARLIE

Why? There's no reason why. I'm just afraid. You're the ones who seem sure. I can't stand it if anything happens here.

295 EXT. STREET NEAR HOUSE - SEMI CLOSE UP

They start to walk again.

SAUNDERS

You know what he's done, don't you?

YOUNG CHARLIE

No! I don't want to hear!

SAUNDERS

Well, I want you to get this. We're trying to do you a favor. You got a bad break. But if you know anything about your uncle you haven't told us... And we want to know when he's leaving town and how. If you hold out on us...

YOUNG CHARLIE

I won't. I'll tell you.  
(her eyes are lowered)

Jack drops back and joins them. Catherine turns into her house - waving goodbye. Ann runs on ahead, jumping over cracks.

ANN

(chanting)

Step on a crack, you'll break your mother's back.

Jack looks at Young Charlie anxiously - she smiles.

SAUNDERS (almost groaning)

I wish I knew we could trust you.

YOUNG CHARLIE

I won't do anything to help him. I promise. But...

(turning to Jack)

he's my uncle. You can't ask me to spy on him and come running to you. We've made a bargain now. I'll get him to leave. That's all I'll do. I'll get him to leave.

(Changes - August 10, 1942)

134 B

296 CLOSE UP - JACK AND YOUNG CHARLIE

JACK

(desperately)  
Think, Charlie! Think! He's  
dangerous. If he gets away from us,  
he'll go on.....

YOUNG CHARLIE

I don't want to hear what he'll do.  
We made a bargain. I'll keep it.

297 EXT. NEWTON HOME - DAY - SEMI CLOSE UP

Young Charlie turns to Saunders.

YOUNG CHARLIE

I'll let you know when he leaves.

Her face is appealing. Saunders weakens and says  
awkwardly:

SAUNDERS

Funny thing if he turned out to be the  
wrong man. Could be. Ann!

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO SHOW ANN - WAITING FOR THEM. She  
comes up and puts her hand in Saunders.

ANN

I broke my mother's back three times.

SAUNDERS

Not bad. Say, Ann, you never finished  
telling me whether Miss Rose married  
the rich guy or the one she was in love  
with.

297 CONTINUED

CHARLIE

Well! When did you two get so friendly?

SAUNDERS

Oh, we play games. I ask questions and Ann knows all the answers. The only thing is, I can't make out what she knows and what she's making up.

Charlie looks at him sharply.

ANN

I never make up anything. I get everything from books. They're all true.

CHARLIE

Well, come along, Ann. We'd better get home and help with dinner.

She takes her hand and they go up the front path - - leaving the two men watching them.

298 SEMI LONG SHOT - UNCLE CHARLIE

stands expansively on the top step - he seems to be at peace with the world - as Young Charlie and Ann come along the path he waves. Young Charlie waves back. Mr. Newton and Herbie are in the garden. Mr. Newton is still in his church-going clothes.

299 MED. SHOT

As they reach the steps Young Charlie says:

YOUNG CHARLIE

Ann, why don't you pick some flowers for the dinner table?

ANN

(smugly)

Simple flowers are the best.

YOUNG CHARLIE

I didn't ask for orchids.

ANN

(adjusting the scraggy rose in her hair)

I wish I'd been born in the South. Southern women have a lot of charm. They pick flowers with gloves on. They carry a basket and shears and wear big hats. You know, I don't think people here have much charm.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Beat it, darling. Simply and purely, beat it.

Ann goes off being a lady. This leaves Young Charlie strolling and lingering at the foot of the steps. We hear Mr. Newton's and Herbie's voices drifting in;

299

CONTINUED:

MR. NEWTON'S VOICE

Anything special on the noon broad-  
casts?

HERBIE'S VOICE

Nope. Just international politics.

UNCLE CHARLIE

(to Young Charlie)

How was church, Charlie? Did you  
count the house? Turn anybody away?

YOUNG CHARLIE

No. Seats enough for everyone.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Glad to hear it. Show's had such a  
long run, I thought maybe attendance  
might be falling off. Think they'll  
be able to keep it on till Summer?

HERBIE'S VOICE

A fellow on the radio said.....

300

SEMI CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE.

in foreground at foot of steps - Uncle  
Charlie above.

YOUNG CHARLIE

We prayed for you, Uncle Charlie.  
At least, I did.

Uncle Charlie starts to laugh - when  
suddenly they are both conscious of Herbie's voice:

HERBIE'S VOICE

This fellow said they'd caught that  
other fellow. The fellow they call  
the "Merry Widow" murderer.

Young Charlie turns slowly - Uncle Charlie looks in  
the same direction. His laugh dies.

300 A CLOSE UP - UNCLE CHARLIE

tense.

300 B CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

tense.

301 SEMI CLOSE UP - MR. NEWTON AND HERBIE

talk in a guarded manner - though they are not aware of the attention they have received.

MR. NEWTON

They did, did they? Where?

HERBIE

State of Maine, Portland. Didn't catch him exactly. He was running from police at the airport. They were about to nab him when he ran plunk into the propeller of an airplane. Cut him to pieces. Identified him by his clothes. Shirts were all initialled. 'C. O apostrophe H. Pretty fancy having your shirts initialled. Must have been an Irish fellow. 'C. O apostrophe H.'

302 CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

listens tensely - we hear them continue speaking while the full realization comes into her face.

MR. NEWTON'S VOICE

(judicially and impersonally)

Well, makes a good ending.  
Couldn't have done better myself.

HERBIE'S VOICE

I guess that closes that case pretty final.

MR. NEWTON'S VOICE

Sure does. Never cared much for that case.

Young Charlie turns slowly back and looks up at Uncle Charlie - CAMERA PANS UP to him - he is straightening himself up, he adjusts his tie, and then smiles down at her blandly. In an extremely normal voice he says:

UNCLE CHARLIE

Well, think I'll go upstairs and wash up for dinner. I'm hungry. I don't know when I've been so hungry. See you at the table, Charlie.

He turns and goes into the house.

303 INT. SITTING ROOM & HALL - DAY - SEMI CLOSE UP

CAMERA PANS with Uncle Charlie across the hall and up the stairs - as he gets near the top he pauses - slowly he turns and looks back down to the bottom of the stairs.

304 SEMI LONG SHOT - YOUNG CHARLIE

standing at the foot of the stairs - looking up at him - a tiny accusing figure.

305 SEMI CLOSE UP - UNCLE CHARLIE

His expression changes - his eyes waver for a moment then turn away self-consciously and he slowly resumes his journey upstairs.

FADE OUT:

306 FADE IN:

INT. YOUNG CHARLIE'S ROOM - DAY - LONG SHOT - UNCLE CHARLIE

pacing up and down the room. Each time he passes the window he glances out. Finally he stops at the window.

307 EXT. NEWTON HOME - DAY - LONG SHOT

From his eyeline. Young Charlie is standing at the bottom of the path - waiting impatiently. Jack's car drives up - he is alone - she runs across the sidewalk to meet him.

308 INT. YOUNG CHARLIE'S ROOM - DAY - SEMI CLOSE UP

Uncle Charlie pushes his window farther open - but stands back from view. He strains to listen - we hear the voices coming up from outside:

JACK'S VOICE

Well, Charlie, I have great news for you!

A heavy truck passes by and drowns out his explanation and her reply - when we are able to hear again we pick up:

JACK'S VOICE

.....So everything's O.K. You don't have to worry. Happy?

YOUNG CHARLIE'S VOICE

Of course I am.

309 EXT. NEWTON HOME - DAY - SEMI CLOSE UP

As they walk across the lawn; CAMERA DOLLIES with them

JACK

Look, Charlie, I want to talk to you. Alone.

310 INT. YOUNG CHARLIE'S ROOM - DAY - CLOSE UP - UNCLE CHARLIE

attempts to hear more - his expression becomes one of increased concern and irritation.

311 EXT. NEWTON HOME - SEMI CLOSE UP

CAMERA DOLLIES with young Charlie and Jack as they walk across the lawn.

JACK

(sighing with relief)

Well, we got a wire from Maine. They called us off the job. I'm just coming up for air.

CHARLIE

Me, too.

JACK

And here you were trying to get your uncle out of town. Say, he must have thought you were crazy.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Now that it's over, I don't want to talk about it anymore. I want to pretend that nothing ever happened.

JACK

(linking his arm through hers)

You won't have to pretend much. Nothing did happen. I'm glad you never did know what we suspected your uncle of.

312 CLOSE UP YOUNG CHARLIE Lowers her eyes. She is fighting hard to control herself.

313 DELETED

314 DELETED

315 MED. SHOT. They walk across in the direction of the garage.

316 SEMI CLOSE UP. Young Charlie, in an attempt to switch the conversation.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Mother's lost her gloves. She always does.

(she looks toward the garage)

Maybe they're in here. She probably dropped them when she got out of the car.

She turns in the garage - the door stands open and the car is out.

317 INT. GARAGE - DAY - MED. SHOT

The garage is half work-room, half store-room, too. Along one side a practical work-bench for carpentering - stacks of detective magazines are arranged neatly on shelves along another wall.

YOUNG CHARLIE

I think I see them.  
(she sees the gloves lying on the floor and picks them up)

YOUNG CHARLIE

(dusting off the gloves)  
They have oil on them. They're her best ones, too.

JACK

Look, Charlie. Saunders and I.....

YOUNG CHARLIE

I know. You have to go away.

She walks over and sits down on the bench - she bends her head CAMERA MOVES IN When she raises it, there are tears in her eyes.

YOUNG CHARLIE

I knew you'd have to go away, but I haven't thought about it. I'll be alone again.

JACK

(smiling a little)  
Alone? In that beehive you live in? Besides, I'm coming back.

YOUNG CHARLIE

When? When are you coming back?

JACK

As soon as I can make it.

YOUNG CHARLIE

I don't want you to go. I feel...  
(she half turns and looks toward the door)

JACK

How do you feel? You're not frightened now, are you, Charlie?

318 CLOSE UP YOUNG CHARLIE OVER JACK'S SHOULDER

Charlie looks at him, ready to cry. She is about to tell him everything. She looks down at the gloves in her lap so that he won't see the tears starting in her eyes.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Mother and her gloves! She's always losing something. She usually loses one glove and then she has to go around wearing one and carrying another that doesn't match. Like Meg and Jo in Little Women. Remember when Jo split her gloves and.....

JACK

I never read it. I'll get Ann to tell me the plot.

(Charlie sits smoothing the gloves. Without looking at him, she says:)

YOUNG CHARLIE

(smiling a little.)

I love Ann.

319 CLOSE UP THE TWO

JACK

I love you.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Do you?

JACK

That's why I'm coming back.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Oh.

JACK

I thought if we got engaged now.  
Today, I mean, why then we could get  
married when I get back.

YOUNG CHARLIE

I suppose it is better to be engaged  
for a while, even if it is only for a  
little while.

319 CONTINUED:

He kisses her--then--

JACK

We'll get married. That's all  
there is to it. We'll get married.

(He looks as though he would like to crow)

YOUNG CHARLIE

(more solemnly)

Yes, We'll get married. Do you  
know I've never been engaged before?

JACK

Neither have I.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Well, almost a few times. But not  
really. I suppose you have, too, almost,

JACK

Not me.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Well, mine were really nothing. You  
know, for a moment you think you like  
someone, and it turns out to be really  
nothing.

JACK

(looking around)

I'm going to put a bronze plaque here.  
This is a swell place.

320 MED. SHOT

The open leaf of the door swings a halfway to and then  
swings open again, squeaking shrilly on its hinges.

321 SEMI CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

Jack pulls Charlie closer to him.

JACK

Charlie, I love you. I can't say  
anything else. I just love you.  
Listen, Charlie, when I'm away, will  
you drive to that square in the  
middle of town and take a good look  
at it? Because that's the place where  
I knew I loved you. That's the place where  
we had the fight, and I didn't know what  
to do. We came close to something pretty  
ugly that night. I like my job, but I  
didn't like it that night.

CONTINUED:

321 CONTINUED:

YOUNG CHARLIE

I hated it that night.

JACK

You don't hate it now, do you?

YOUNG CHARLIE

No. I don't hate it now. We'll have to make up something to tell Mother, though. About what you really do. We can think of something. And you be careful.

JACK

Oh, I'll be careful. Charlie, you don't think you'll mind marrying a man like me?

YOUNG CHARLIE

(puts her arms around him)

Mind! I don't mind anything.

Suddenly the garage door swings to again with a violent noise - they are thrown into half-darkness.

322 CLOSE UP - THE TWO

Young Charlie has turned startled toward the door.

JACK

Goodby, darling Charlie.  
(He kisses her again)

YOUNG CHARLIE

Goodbye, darling.

323 SEMI LONG SHOT

They go over to the door. Jack attempts to open it, but it sticks. At last with another effort he manages to get it open.

324 EXT. NEWTON HOME - DAY - SEMI CLOSE UP

The door of the garage bursts open and Young Charlie and Jack come out. The sudden burst of sunlight almost blinds them; they blink their eyes - laugh at each other. CAMERA PANS with them toward the house. Suddenly Young Charlie pulls up sharply - CAMERA PULLS BACK - Uncle Charlie is strolling along toward them.

CONTINUED:

UNCLE CHARLIE

Well! What have you two been locking yourselves in the garage for? When I was young, we sat in the parlour.

JACK

Hello, Mr. Oakley...I was saying goodbye to Charlie....

UNCLE CHARLIE

In the garage....?

JACK

In the garage. And the door got stuck. Well, now - I'll have to say goodbye to you.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Well, say goodbye here on the lawn. No use taking a chance on the garage again.

They shake hands.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Finished here?

JACK

All finished. But I'll be back. You'll be seeing me around.

325 CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

During the last speech she is watching her uncle closely.

326 CLOSE UP - UNCLE CHARLIE

UNCLE CHARLIE

Oh?

We hear Jack's voice:

JACK'S VOICE

Not on business, though.

There is the slightest change of expression - he looks at Young Charlie.

326 A SEMI CLOSE UP - THE THREE

UNCLE CHARLIE

Well, sometimes I'm pretty obtuse, but I think I understand about your coming back. Charlie's a fine girl. She's

CONTINUED:

326 A CONTINUED:

UNCLE CHARLIE (cont'd)  
the thing I love most in the world, and I mean it. Have a good trip, Mr. Graham - and don't take any more pictures without permission. Rights of man, you know. Freedom.

JACK  
We'll have a talk about freedom some day, Mr. Oakley.

He says the last half over his shoulder as he turns toward the house.

JACK  
(to Charlie)  
I'll run in and say goodbye to your mother. Let me give her the gloves.

YOUNG CHARLIE  
(quickly)  
I'll come along, too.

With another nod to Uncle Charlie, they move out of picture toward house, leaving Uncle Charlie. His smile dies as his eyes follow them.

LAP DISSOLVE

327 INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY - SEMI CLOSE UP - MRS. NEWTON

Mrs. Newton, Young Charlie and Jack - Mrs. Newton holds the Sunday gloves in her hand and is talking.

MRS. NEWTON  
We'll be glad to see you when you come back, Mr. Graham. Charlie, pack up some of those cookies so that Mr. Graham and Mr. Saunders will have something to munch on the train. We used to pack lunches, but now the children won't let us. They want to eat in the dining car. They say eating out of a lunch box looks funny. They say foreigners eat out of lunch boxes. Perfectly silly, of course, as everyone knows the lunch boxes are an American custom.

Young Charlie goes out to the kitchen

CONTINUED:

327 CONTINUED

MRS. NEWTON (cont'd)

And it's a shame you had the little disagreement with my brother. Charles is a very fine man, but sometimes he wants his own way and...

JACK

Oh, I can see that he's a very....

327 A CLOSE UP - THE TWO

MRS. NEWTON

To tell you the truth, I think he was just trying to be funny. He loves practical jokes even when they get him into scrapes. Why..once..and I've never even told the children ...he acted just like a bad boy. He played a dreadful joke on a whole town full of people. Just like a bad boy.

JACK

(pleasantly but absentmindedly looking toward the door waiting for Charlie to come back)

Is that so?

327 B MED. SHOT

Young Charlie enters with a box.

YOUNG CHARLIE

There. You may not eat them, and there'll be a diner on the train, but.... well....., Mama always thinks people will starve to death.

JACK

I'll eat them in bed. Thanks, Mrs. Newton, and goodbye. Say goodbye to the rest of the family for me.

CONTINUED:

327 B CONTINUED:

MRS. NEWTON

Goodbye, and come back soon.

(she laughs)

As though I knew you wouldn't.  
Goodness! The things mothers  
aren't supposed to know!

Young Charlie and Jack laugh.

328 EXT. NEWTON HOME - DAY - SEMI LONG SHOT

They hurry from the house. Uncle Charlie is leaning  
against the farther end of the porch. Jack turns and  
waves cheerily to him - he is joined by Mrs. Newton  
who waves, too.

328 A SEMI CLOSE UP

Catherine passes, library books under her arm.

CATHERINE

(eyeing Jack)

Hello! Charlie- - I'm just going to the  
library. Anything I can do for you?

YOUNG CHARLIE

Thanks a lot Catherine--

I owe six cents on my last book already.  
I think I'd better take it back myself.

CATHERINE

All right. Goodbye--Goodbye, Mr. Graham.

She passes on, as Jack goes to the car.

329 SEMI CLOSE UP - JACK

gets in the car - he takes one of Young Charlie's hands  
and squeezes it - they exchange an understanding look.  
Jack looks toward the house - a slight shadow passes over  
his face - then he breaks into a smile. In the background  
we can still see Uncle Charlie and Mrs. Newton on the porch.

JACK

Take good care of her!

330 SEMI CLOSE UP - UNCLE CHARLIE

calls back - with a wave of the hand.

UNCLE CHARLIE

I will! I certainly will!

331 SEMI CLOSE UP - JACK

is about to move off - Young Charlie has backed a few  
steps onto the lawn - suddenly she takes a step forward  
with hand raised as though to call him back.

CONTINUED:

(Changes - August 10, 1942)

148-A

CONTINUED

YOUNG CHARLIE

Jack!

But the acceleration of the car has deadened her call -  
Jack does not hear her. The car drives off.

332 SEMI LONG SHOT - YOUNG CHARLIE

slowly drops her hand to her side. She turns and walks toward the house. As she nears the steps she looks up to Uncle Charlie - hesitates - then quickly walks round to the back of the house. Uncle Charlie watches her.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

333 INT. TOP OF STAIRS - DAY - SEMI CLOSE UP

SHOOTING UP the stairs, we see Young Charlie leaning over the rail, calling downstairs. She reads from a shopping list in her hand.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Anything else? I've got butter... fruit...green thread...return library book....

MRS. NEWTON'S VOICE

And whatever vegetable looks the freshest. I think that's all. If I've forgotten something I'll send Ann later. Aren't you coming this way?

YOUNG CHARLIE

I'm in a hurry. I'm cutting through the back lots. I'll be home about five.

She hurries along the passage toward the back stairs.

334 EXT. BACK STAIRS - SEMI LONG SHOT - DAY

SHOOTING DOWN from the top. Young Charlie hurries down; when she is about half way suddenly she loses her foothold and slips - all we can see is her hand clutching at the air and just managing to get a hold on the bannister, and HEAR a loud scream.

335 MED. SHOT - FROM THE BOTTOM

Mrs. Newton comes rushing from the kitchen.

MRS. NEWTON

Charlie! Darling! Are you hurt?

Young Charlie is struggling to a sitting position - she breathes heavily.

CONTINUED:

335

CONTINUED:

YOUNG CHARLIE

I almost...I tripped....

Mrs. Newton goes up the stairs to her.

336

SEMI CLOSE UP - MRS. NEWTON

looks at her leg with concern.

MRS. NEWTON

I worry every time I hear one of  
you children starting down these  
stairs. They're so steep and  
rickety. Are you hurt? Your ankle?

YOUNG CHARLIE

I'm all right, I think. I grabbed  
the bannister.

CAMERA MOVES IN to CLOSE UP of Young Charlie.  
She looks at the bannister and sees that it has  
been torn loose. At the point where it joins  
the wall, it has been ripped away. She turns her  
head, looking up toward Uncle Charlie's room.  
She turns back again to the bannister. During  
this we HEAR:

MRS. NEWTON'S VOICE

Charlie, you might have broken your  
neck.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Yes, I might have broken my neck.

A shadow of fear crosses her face as she looks up  
again toward the top of the stairs.

337

INT. YOUNG CHARLIE'S ROOM - CLOSE UP - DAY

Uncle Charlie is lying on his bed smoking a cigar.  
He looks up at the ceiling with half-closed eyes.

LAP DISSOLVE:

338

DELETED

339

INT. SITTING ROOM - EVENING - SEMI CLOSE UP -  
YOUNG CHARLIE

coming down the stairs. She pauses half-way  
down.

340

## SEMI LONG SHOT - UNCLE CHARLIE

is playing slap-jack with Roger in the sitting room. Roger has the air of humoring his uncle. The sequence is punctuated by the slow bangs of their game. Mrs. Newton is sewing. Ann is reading. Ann has the usual flower in her hair but now wears what she thinks is a mantilla. Mr. Newton and Herbie can be seen talking in whispers at the dining room table.

ROGER  
(very bored)  
Slap-jack.

UNCLE CHARLIE  
(phoney enthusiasm, the way  
people act with children)  
Good! Good for you! Say you're a  
world beater!

ROGER  
Oh, I used to be good. Don't play  
much any more.

MRS. NEWTON  
Roger likes chess.

ROGER  
(wearily)  
Your turn, Uncle Charlie.

341

## MED. SHOT - YOUNG CHARLIE

comes down the stairs - when she is at the foot she takes three letters from her pocket and calls:

YOUNG CHARLIE  
Who wants to walk to the post-office  
with me? Ann? Mother?

Mrs. Newton looks at her anxiously.

MRS. NEWTON  
Sure you don't still feel shaky?

UNCLE CHARLIE  
(boyishly)  
Slap-jack.  
(he laughs immoderately)

ROGER  
I didn't get it myself only because  
Mama and Charlie were talking.  
Women always talk during card games.

CONTINUED:

341 CONTINUED:

MRS. NEWTON

(to Charlie)

I don't understand it. I knew the stairs were shaky, but I can't get over the way that bannister pulled out. Roger, have you been fooling with the screws?

ROGER

That's the fifth time you've asked me that.

MRS. NEWTON

Well, we'd better put a chair in front of the stairs or fix them. One or the other. Joe! Mr. Hawkins! Why don't you boys go up and fix those stairs right now? Somebody will forget all about them and.....

342 SEMI CLOSE UP - MR. NEWTON &amp; HERBIE

Without looking up Mr. Newton speaks:

MR. NEWTON

Just a minute, Emma.

He goes on talking to Herbie.

343 SEMI CLOSE UP - MRS. NEWTON

MRS. NEWTON (continues)

Oh, well, I suppose the house is getting old. We've lived in it sixteen years ourselves and..Joe... how long did the Stevensons have this house before we bought it?

344 SEMI CLOSE UP - MR. NEWTON &amp; HERBIE

Mr. Newton still does not look up.

MR. NEWTON

Long time. Their children grew up here.

Heads together again.

345 MED. SHOT - YOUNG CHARLIE &amp; MRS. NEWTON

in the f. g. Uncle Charlie and Roger beyond.

CONTINUED:

345

CONTINUED:

MRS. NEWTON

Charlie, why don't you let Roger take your letters for you? I don't think you ought to go out, feeling so wobbly.

YOUNG CHARLIE

I want to walk, Mother.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Emma, this house is falling apart. I think it's up to me to see that you get a new one.

MRS. NEWTON

(laughing)

Charles, you do like a joke, don't you?

UNCLE CHARLIE

(ruffles the cards, his smile fixed, his manner too hearty)

No joke, Emmy, dear. I'd like nothing better. And why not? I can afford it, and you're my sister. Charlie, don't let your mother disown me!

346

CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

Looking at Uncle Charlie directly.

YOUNG CHARLIE

I like this house. It's where we live.

346 A

SEMI CLOSE UP - UNCLE CHARLIE

As he deals the cards his eyes are on Young Charlie.

ROGER'S VOICE

I'd like a house with an electric eye. You don't have to push the doors open.

ANN'S VOICE

I'd like a house with big white pillars and a big wide porch...I mean...verandah.

347

MED. SHOT

Mrs. Newton speaks flatly:

CONTINUED:

347 CONTINUED:

MRS. NEWTON

We don't need another house.

(she turns to Joe)

Joe, you tell Charles not to talk any nonsense about a new house.

Mr. Newton strolls to the partition that separates the living room and dining room.

348 SEMI CLOSE UP - UNCLE CHARLIE

his eyes on Young Charlie.

UNCLE CHARLIE

But I'm going to give you a house. And it's going to be perfect in every detail. The kitchen. Why, the kitchen is going to have everything to make work easier that money can buy. You're too young and pretty, Emmy, to spend your time wrestling with a lot of out-of-date things.

During the speech CAMERA PANS over to Young Charlie - She looks at him steadily.

349 MED. SHOT - FROM HER EYELINE

Mrs. Newton, happily reproving, again turns to Mr. Newton.

MRS. NEWTON

Joe! Make him stop this foolish talk!

UNCLE CHARLIE

What do you think, Charlie?  
Don't you think a brother should do everything he can for his sister?

349 A CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

still looking at him steadily.

YOUNG CHARLIE

I like this house the way it is. Maybe Mother does, too.

349 B SEMI CLOSE UP - UNCLE CHARLIE

UNCLE CHARLIE

She just thinks she does. No, Sir!  
I've been doing a lot of thinking,  
and I've come to a lot of conclusions.  
There's another thing I'd like to do,  
and you can help me with this, Emmy.

(he lowers his voice; his  
manner is almost Christ-like)

I'd like to do something for the  
town...something for the children's  
hospital, maybe...something, Emmy, in  
memory of our father and mother...  
something good.

350 CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

cannot believe she has heard Uncle Charlie correctly.  
She looks at her mother's flushed, excited face. She  
becomes angry - we hear Roger shouting:

Slap Jack! Now you've only got  
four cards, Uncle Charlie. I  
certainly am beating the life out  
of you. You'll wish you were dead,  
at the end of the game.

Young Charlie turns on Roger sharply:

YOUNG CHARLIE

Roger! Don't gloat when you win.  
Mother, tell him it isn't nice to  
gloat.

350 A MED. SHOT

MRS. NEWTON

Roger, Charlie's right. When you win,  
you've got to pretend you wish you  
hadn't .

ROGER

Why?

ANN

Roger, don't you want to have people  
think you're sporting? Don't you  
want to be modest when you're on top?

ROGER

I like to be on top. Besides,  
according to the law of averages, I  
can't always win. The chances are  
something like.....

CONTINUED:

350 A CONTINUED:

UNCLE CHARLIE

(rising)

I give up, Roger. You win.

As Uncle Charlie comes to them, Young Charlie turns away.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Roger, Ann. Run and get the hammer and nails. They're in the tool box in the garage. We'll fix the backstairs right now. They're the only things in the house that aren't right.

Roger and Ann go out.

MRS. NEWTON

No, Charlie. Let your father and Mr. Hawkins fix them. Get along, Joe.

Mr. Newton and Herbie go into the kitchen.

351

CLOSE UP - MRS. NEWTON

turns to Uncle Charlie. She puts her hands on the lapels of his coat.

MRS. NEWTON

Don't think I'm not grateful, Charles. I think you're the only person that has ever even thought that...well, maybe the kitchen wasn't too pleasant to work in. But just to know you thought about it; is enough for me.

(she kisses him)

If you want to do something for the town...Why, that's different.

They loved children and they loved you. And I know how you feel about children who've been hurt, because you were so terribly hurt yourself once. It's a miracle you're all right now. You might have been crippled for life.

(she pats him)

I know. I know how you feel about children.

Much moved, she goes into the kitchen. Young Charlie is about to follow her.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Charlie! I want to see you for a moment.

352

SEMI CLOSE UP

Young Charlie stands quite still - Uncle Charlie comes into picture.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Haven't had a chance to say a word to you all day. And that other business...it's over. I want to forget it.

YOUNG CHARLIE

(she turns-her face like stone)  
When are you leaving, Uncle Charlie?

UNCLE CHARLIE

Oh, come now, Charlie. There's no need to hurry now. We're all happy here. You heard what your mother just said.

352 A CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

looking at him steadily.

YOUNG CHARLIE

When are you leaving, Uncle Charlie?  
(her voice is insistent  
and soft)

UNCLE CHARLIE

Look here! I wasn't joking about that house. I'll build one. Give it to you.

YOUNG CHARLIE

When are you leaving?

352 B - CLOSE UP - UNCLE CHARLIE

UNCLE CHARLIE

(as petulant as a woman)  
I'm not going. You see? I'm not going. Not yet. I want to settle down. I want to live where people know me. Have money in the bank, have some sort of business. Be a part of this family.

We hear Young Charlie's voice, coldly:

YOUNG CHARLIE'S VOICE

I see.

CONTINUED:

352 B CONTINUED:

UNCLE CHARLIE

And the most sensible thing for you to do is to be friends with me. I can do a lot for you, Charlie. A lot for you all. Make life easier for your mother. Make you all happy.

352 C SEMI CLOSE UP - THE TWO

YOUNG CHARLIE

No! Not you! We don't want anything from you. I wish I'd told mother about you. I wish I had.

UNCLE CHARLIE

I know what you've been thinking. And how do you think your mother would have felt? What do you think it would do to her now?

YOUNG CHARLIE

I know! I know! Don't be afraid. I can't tell her.

UNCLE CHARLIE

But I'm not afraid, Charlie. And what have you to tell? Who'd believe you? A waltz runs through your head. You don't like the initials in a ring. You connect it all up with a newspaper clipping. And now you haven't the ring. I don't know what became of it.

YOUNG CHARLIE

You have it.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Have I? Oh, no, my dear. I gave it to you.

YOUNG CHARLIE

I don't want you here, Uncle Charlie. I don't want you to touch my mother. I don't want to live with a lie. So... go away. I'm warning you. Go away! Or I'll kill you myself. You see, that's the way I feel about you.

She stares at him a moment, then plunges out of the room. Uncle Charlie smiles coolly, then has his belated reaction of rage.

LAP DISSOLVE:

353 EXT. NEWTON HOME - NIGHT - LONG SHOT

The house is fairly well-lit - lights in most of the windows.

LAP DISSOLVE:

354 EXT. NEWTON HOME - NIGHT - SEMI LONG SHOT - UNCLE CHARLIE

in dinner coat, red carnation in button-hole, emerges from the garage doors, smoking a cigarette. He gives a quick glance round, satisfied. He has a handkerchief in his hand - he replaces it in his coat pocket - and strolls towards the back of the house.

355 INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT - SEMI CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

in her best evening dress, sits by the telephone.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Hello, Mrs. MacCurdy. This is Charlie Newton. My mother's been trying to reach you for two days...Oh, she was? Well, I'm terribly glad she's better. Well, Mrs. Blodgett told mother that you and Dr. MacCurdy are going to my uncle's lecture tonight...and we wondered if you wouldn't like to come over here afterwards and meet him. Just the Greenes and the Phillipses. That's fine, and we'll look forward to seeing you. And will you tell Dr. MacCurdy that we all thought his sermon was wonderful last Sunday? In the High School auditorium...we'll probably see you there. Goodbye.

356 INT. TOP OF STAIRS - NIGHT - SEMI CLOSE UP-UNCLE CHARLIE

stands at the top of the stairs, obviously having heard the end of the conversation. He smiles to himself and adjusts his tie casually. Mr. and Mrs. Newton come out from their bedroom. Mr. Newton is in his dinner suit. Mrs. Newton is in evening dress. She is very excited.

MRS. NEWTON

You both look very handsome, I must say. I'm pretty proud of the men in my family.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Emmy, you're a dream.

CONTINUED:

356

CONTINUED:

Mrs. Newton is pretty and flushed. She looks gay and young. As they start downstairs, CAMERA CRANES with them. Uncle Charlie is behind them.

MRS. NEWTON

It's a shame the children have to sit on our laps.

MR. NEWTON

Tight squeeze for everybody. Won't do my pants any good.

MRS. NEWTON

Joe, you're a real back number. Can't even drive a car!

MR. NEWTON

We'll do it this way. Charles can sit....

They have now reached the bottom of the stairs where Young Charlie is standing. Uncle Charlie is still half-way up the stairs.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Mother, Uncle Charlie can sit in back with Papa and Roger and Ann will fit in perfectly well beside them...

UNCLE CHARLIE

Nonsense! I'm getting a cab. You all go in the cab and Charlie and I will go on in the car alone.

There is a swift look of distaste from Young Charlie up to Uncle Charlie.

YOUNG CHARLIE

No. You go in the taxi, Uncle Charlie.

Roger and Ann run in.

ROGER

I want to go in the taxi. In some cities taxis charge twenty cents for the first quarter mile, five cents for every....

UNCLE CHARLIE

Of course you do. So that's settled. And Charlie.....

YOUNG CHARLIE

Yes?

CONTINUED:

356

CONTINUED:

UNCLE CHARLIE

You run out and get the car from  
the garage.

YOUNG CHARLIE

I'd much rather drive the family.

UNCLE CHARLIE

No. You've got to hear my speech.  
My severest critic...isn't that so,  
Charlie?

MRS. NEWTON

Ann, you telephone Mr. Abercrombie  
for a taxi.

357

SEMI CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

to her mother:

YOUNG CHARLIE

Mother, please ride with me. Papa  
can take the children. Please!

She goes out through the front door.

357 A

MED. SHOT

As Mrs. Newton fusses, Uncle Charlie turns and with an  
inaudible excuse goes up the stairs again.

MR. NEWTON

Emma! Where are my good handkerchiefs?

MRS. NEWTON

They're...never mind...Roger, you  
find them for your father. There in  
the back of the bottom bureau drawer  
in a box marked 'ribbons'.

Roger rushes upstairs as Ann comes to Mrs. Newton  
in the foreground.

ANN

I think you ought to try to change  
your voice when you speak, Mother.  
You have an awfully American  
accent. People who speak in public  
don't have American accents.

CONTINUED:

357 A CONTINUED:

MRS. NEWTON

Did I leave a damp napkin on those sandwiches. Yes, I did. Where's Charlie? Oh, she's getting in the car.

Roger rushes downstairs again, bringing a clean handkerchief.

MRS. NEWTON

Now, Joe. Stand still.

She tucks the handkerchief into his pocket.

MR. NEWTON

Perfume.

MRS. NEWTON

Just the nice clean fresh smell of lavender.

358 EXT. NEWTON HOME - NIGHT - SEMI LONG SHOT - YOUNG CHARLIE  
goes across the lawn to the garage. She turns the lights on from outside.

359 SEMI CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE  
She tries to open the door - it sticks. With some difficulty she finally pulls it open and goes in.

360 INT. GARAGE - NIGHT - SEMI LONG SHOT  
She finds the car engine is running fast. The garage is full of fumes. She runs quickly over to the driver's seat.

361 SEMI CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE  
The fumes begin to make her choke and feel faint. She gropes for the key of the engine. She puts a hand over her mouth in an attempt to keep away the fumes.

YOUNG CHARLIE

(muttering)

Where's the key?--

362 CLOSE UP - THE DASHBOARD OF THE CAR  
The key is missing from the engine.

363 SEMI CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

looks round, then down on the floor of the car - then round again to the door of the garage.

364 SEMI CLOSE UP - THE GARAGE DOOR

is slowly closing.

365 SEMI CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

is about to scream, but the fumes choke her. She struggles from the car over to the door, CAMERA WITH HER and tries to open it.

366 INT. SITTING ROOM-NIGHT-MED. SHOT-MRS. NEWTON

is fussing with her husband's tie.

MR. NEWTON

I bet I'll be the only man there besides Charles fool enough to dress.

MRS. NEWTON

You look distinguished.

(she kisses him)

Charles! Charles! Are you ready?  
And Joe, your topcoat's upstairs.

Mr. Newton goes upstairs, meeting Uncle Charlie coming down.

UNCLE CHARLIE

It's getting late, but the lecture can't begin without me.

He crosses to the radio.

367 SEMI CLOSE UP - UNCLE CHARLIE

He turns on the radio.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Might as well listen to the news while we're waiting.

(he closes a window)

Getting kind of cool.

CONTINUED:

367

CONTINUED:

## VOICE FROM RADIO

(Woman's voice)

...and as Edgar Guest, one of America's most beloved poets once wrote: 'It takes a heap o' livin' to make a house a home.' So that is why we urge you to live in your home. And in order to live in a home, that home must be protected against this same living with Martin's wax.....

MRS. NEWTON

Charles, I'm as nervous as a witch about introducing you.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Remember what I told you. Just keep your nerve. Keep calm.

MRS. NEWTON

Well, I won't have to say much. I'm relatively unimportant. First I thought I might tell something amusing about you....

UNCLE CHARLIE

That's always a good way to begin.

MRS. NEWTON

I thought I might tell about the time you changed your name to O'Higgins and....

368

CLOSE UP - UNCLE CHARLIE &amp; MRS. NEWTON

He thinks quickly - then 'acting' he is remembering, puts his hands on Mrs. Newton's shoulders.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Changed my name to O'Higgins! What are you talking about, Emmy dear?

MRS. NEWTON

Don't tell me you've forgotten it! You know that time, about ten or twelve years ago. Remember you borrowed a hundred dollars from Joe and you wanted the check made out to Chapman O'Higgins...

CONTINUED:

368

CONTINUED:

UNCLE CHARLIE

(staggered)

Emmy! I swear I'd forgotten that.  
 And please don't mention it to a soul.  
 Changing your name's a foolish thing  
 to do. I was a crazy sort of fellow,  
 and if you tell it now, people might  
 think I was really crazy. You don't  
 want them to think that, do you?

MRS. NEWTON

Of course not.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Then keep it under your hat. Forget it.

MRS. NEWTON

(patting his hand)

I will, naturally.

369

SEMI CLOSE UP - UNCLE CHARLIE

He turns to the radio - the voice has died down -  
 he switches over to another station. A symphonic  
 broadcast comes through - he brings it up very loud.

MRS. NEWTON

Do you have to have that so loud?

UNCLE CHARLIE

(shouting)

.....hear the lower tones...

ROGER

I like it loud. When music's too  
 soft, I can't tell what they're  
 playing. If I have a band I'm  
 going to have at least eighty-seven.

During this Mr. Newton has come downstairs again -  
 they are all ready.

MR. NEWTON

Well, let's get started.

369 A

CLOSE UP

Herbie's face appears at the window - terrified - he  
 gesticulates. Mrs. Newton looks toward the window.

CONTINUED:

369 A CONTINUED:

MRS. NEWTON  
What's keeping Charlie?

Herbie's face has appeared at another window. He gesticulates and rushes on to the front door. Mr. Newton turns and her expression changes.

370 SEMI CLOSE UP - HERBIE

rushes in the door of the sitting room.

HERBIE

Help! Everybody! Charlie's caught in the garage! She's suffocating! Something's the matter with the door!

371 MED. SHOT

There is a general rush to Herbie.

MRS. NEWTON

(gasping)  
Joe! Charles!

She starts to run from the room crying. Uncle Charlie becomes a model of resourcefulness - calmly he takes charge of the situation.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Have you a flashlight, Emmy?

She gets one from the hall table drawer. There is a general rush out.

MRS. NEWTON

Hurry!

372 EXT. NEWTON HOME - NIGHT - SEMI LONG SHOT

They run toward the garage - Uncle Charlie on the way is tying a handkerchief round his mouth. He hands the flashlight to Mr. Newton to hold while he struggles with the door.

373 SEMI CLOSE UP - UNCLE CHARLIE

Finally he manages to force it open. Young Charlie is lying in a heap unconscious. Mrs. Newton and Joe kneel by her. Uncle Charlie steps over her and goes in.

(Changes - August 10, 1942)

167

374 INT. GARAGE - NIGHT - SEMI CLOSE UP - UNCLE CHARLIE

steps quickly to the car and without us seeing where he gets it, puts the engine key in its place.

375 EXT. NEWTON HOME - NIGHT - MED. SHOT - UNCLE CHARLIE

hurries out again.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Keep back, everybody. Keep back, Joe.

CAMERA MOVES IN as he bends down and lifts Young Charlie tenderly from the floor. CAMERA PANS him over to the lawn. The others following.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Joe, there's a flask of whiskey on the top of my bureau..get it..and quick!

Mr. Newton hurries off.

376 SEMI CLOSE UP - UNCLE CHARLIE

begins slapping her face.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Charlie! Charlie! Dear Charlie!

MRS. NEWTON

Charlie! (She can barely speak)

UNCLE CHARLIE

Emmy, rub her feet! Roger, run in and get something to fan her with!

As Mrs. Newton kneels and starts taking off her shoes to rub her feet, CAMERA MOVES IN TO CLOSE UP of Young Charlie and Uncle Charlie. She opens her eyes and closes them again.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Charlie! Charlie!

She opens her eyes again - gazes at Uncle Charlie a moment. She murmurs something.

377. CLOSE UP - ANN

gazing down at her, terrified - suddenly she flings herself down onto Young Charlie, bursting into tears-- CAMERA DOWN with her. Uncle Charlie quite firmly pushes her away - and leans over Young Charlie.

CONTINUED:

377 CONTINUED:

UNCLE CHARLIE

What is it, Charlie? What are you trying to say?

YOUNG CHARLIE

(faintly, but with unmistakable hatred)

Go away. Go away.

UNCLE CHARLIE

She wants you, Emmy.

378 SEMI CLOSE UP - MRS. NEWTON

goes to her and takes her in her arms:

MRS. NEWTON

I'm here, darling - Mother's here.

Mr. Newton rushes in with the whiskey. Uncle Charlie pours some out and hands it to Mrs. Newton. She holds it to Charlie's lips.

MRS. NEWTON

That's right, my darling. That's right, my brave little girl. Take a little sip of this.

Young Charlie recovers enough to be able to sit up.

YOUNG CHARLIE

I'm all right.

She pushes it aside - shuts her eyes and takes a deep breath.

MRS. NEWTON

Joe! Call Doctor Phillips!

YOUNG CHARLIE

Don't Papa. I'm all right. I want to get up. Help me.

379 SEMI CLOSE UP - UNCLE CHARLIE

Herbie stands by looking on:

UNCLE CHARLIE

You had a wonderful escape, Charlie. Someone must have left the engine running. Or did you start the car yourself and try to warm the engine up? They say this sort of accident is most common.

HERBIE

Lucky thing I passed by.

379 CONTINUED:

Young Charlie rises into picture assisted by her mother and father.

MRS. NEWTON

(in tears)

She might have died.

(to Uncle Charlie)

You saved her. You kept your head.  
You knew just what to do.

HERBIE

Don't know why I happened to  
come around that way.

MR. NEWTON

We'll put off the lecture. There  
isn't going to be any lecture.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Yes, there is. I want you all to  
go. There's the taxi now. Go on---  
all of you.

MRS. NEWTON

I couldn't, Charlie. I just couldn't go.

Young Charlie, almost recovered, puts her arm around her mother and begins to lead her across the lawn towards the taxi.

380 MED. SHOT

CAMERA PANS them to taxi.

YOUNG CHARLIE

I'm all right. Really. I'll just  
sit on the porch a while. I just  
need some air. I'd rather stay alone.

MRS. NEWTON

(struggling)

I won't have it!

YOUNG CHARLIE

Ann, you get in. I'm perfectly fine.  
I could go to the lecture, but I'd  
rather rest and then get things  
together for the party.

MRS. NEWTON

Charlie!

Suddenly Young Charlie pauses:

CONTINUED:

380 CONTINUED:

YOUNG CHARLIE

Who found me in the garage? The last thing I remember.....

MR. NEWTON

Herb heard you beating on the door.

They all look at Herbie who has been quietly standing in the background.

381 SEMI CLOSE UP - HERBIE

is embarrassed - but proud. He keeps an eye on Mr. Newton as he speaks:

HERBIE

I was coming across the back yard and I heard this gasping and beating on the door, and I figured there must be a human being in there.

MR. NEWTON

Quick thinking,, Herb.

HERBIE

Lucky thing!

Young Charlie comes into the picture

YOUNG CHARLIE

I'm glad you happened to be going by, Mr. Hawkins.

381 A SEMI CLOSE UP

Uncle Charlie stands by silently watching the scene. We hear:

MRS. NEWTON'S VOICE

Charlie, I want to stay with you.

CAMERA PANS Uncle Charlie over to Young Charlie

UNCLE CHARLIE

Well, I don't feel much like making a speech. When I think of what might have happened to you.....

Young Charlie lowers her eyes.

382 SEMI CLOSE UP

They get in the taxi -- it starts to move.

382 A INT. TAXI, SEMI CLOSE UP - NIGHT

Mrs. Newton sits on the edge of her seat - puzzled -

MRS. NEWTON

I just don't understand it. First the stairs....

The cab pulls out before she has time to say more.

383 EXT. NEWTON HOME - NIGHT  
CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

waves - she lowers her hand - her expression changes. She looks over toward the garage, then comes to a decision. She turns and hurries towards the house.

LAP DISSOLVE:

384 INT. HALL - NIGHT - CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

is speaking at the telephone. She holds the list of Jack's addresses in her hand.

YOUNG CHARLIE

You're sure Mr. Graham's not there?  
This is the Hotel California in Fresno? And he's not expected?  
Thank you.

She waits a second and hangs up. She is distressed. She looks at her list again and picks up the receiver.

384 A INT. LECTURE HALL - NIGHT - MED. SHOT

Lecture platform. Mrs. Newton sitting on stiff chair with other members of committee also on still chairs. They all wear unfashionable-looking dinner dresses. Uncle Charlie stands by a mission table, on which is a pitcher and glass half-filled with water. He is giving. He knows women.

UNCLE CHARLIE

You know, when one travels abroad one hears that American women are the most spoiled women on earth, but I know that they are the most unspoiled women on earth. American women are the best-dressed.....

384 B INT. NEWTON HALL - NIGHT - CLOSE UP

Young Charlie at the telephone.

CONTINUED:

384-B

CONTINUED:

YOUNG CHARLIE

.....Can you tell me where I can reach him? I've already tried to get him at the address he gave me in Fresno.... She hesitates, then hangs up - - she is very distressed. After a second's pause she looks upstairs-- a moment of indecision, then she hurries up the stairs.

385 INT. TOP OF STAIRS - NIGHT - SEMI CLOSE UP

At the top of the stairs she turns into Uncle Charlie's room.

386 INT. YOUNG CHARLIE'S ROOM - NIGHT - SEMI CLOSE UP

Once in the room CAMERA PANS her around as she hurries first to the bureau - pulling drawers out, she searches frantically. Leaving them open, she dashes over to the night stand, searches there--finally over to a closet. Flinging the door open, she sees the suitcase he carried. She throws it onto the bed and finally finds what she is looking for. Wrapped in a piece of paper is the ring he gave her.

387 CLOSE UP

She stands holding it, then with grim determination, she starts towards the door. As her face fills the screen we

LAP DISSOLVE:

387-A INT. LECTURE HALL - NIGHT - SEMI CLOSE UP -  
(Mrs. Potterrin front row fascinated.)  
Uncle Charlie talking charmingly:

UNCLE CHARLIE

.....and I'm proud of them. You know, and I guess I don't have to tell you, that there isn't a man in the world who could live without women? Can you imagine a world without women? What a place it would be! Although I don't like to admit it, naturally, being a man myself, but I actually depend on the women in my family to feed me, take care of my clothes and.....  
(stops for his feeble gag)  
tell me what to think!

LAUGHTER - all feminine.

LAP DISSOLVE:

388 INT. ANN'S ROOM - NIGHT - SEMI CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE  
is sitting on the edge of her bed. Her face is strained  
and resolute. Headlights from the cars flash round the  
room and she hears the chatter of voices. Her expression  
becomes even harder.

389 EXT. NEWTON HOME - NIGHT - LONG SHOT  
Several cars are pulling up outside - people chattering.

390 INT. HALL AND SITTING ROOM - NIGHT - SEMI LONG SHOT  
LAP DISSOLVE:

SHOT down the stairs. There is general commotion -  
the Phillips, the Greenes, etc. Mrs. Newton is  
taking their wraps and laying them on the table. Uncle  
Charlie is taking Mrs. Potter's wrap. His eyes drop  
slightly to her pearls. As the guests pass into the  
sitting room, Mrs. Newton comes to the stairs.

MRS. NEWTON  
(nervously).

Charlie!

She hurries up towards CAMERA.

391 DELETED

392 INT. ANN'S ROOM - NIGHT - MED. SHOT

Mrs. Newton puts her head in the room. Young Charlie  
is standing before the dressing table powdering her nose.

MRS. NEWTON  
Oh, Charlie, darling, I could scarcely sit  
still all evening, thinking about you.

YOUNG CHARLIE  
I'm all right now. How was the lecture?

MRS. NEWTON  
It was wonderful! Really, it was  
wonderful! Uncle Charlie was so  
funny that everyone laughed and laughed.  
He talked about women in the nicest,  
most amusing way....nothing mean and  
so understanding over their problems.....  
I must go down and light the fire under  
the coffee. Sure you're all right?

CONTINUED:

392 CONTINUED:

YOUNG CHARLIE

Sure, I'll be down in a minute.

Mrs. Newton hurries out.

393 INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT - SEMI LONG SHOT

Uncle Charlie is surrounded and is being congratulated. He goes over to a table on which stands a bottle of champagne and starts to open it. During this the Reverend Dr. MacCurdy makes his way to his side.

394 SEMI CLOSE UP

As Uncle Charlie is opening the wire, etc., the Reverend Dr. MacCurdy is talking--During all this Uncle Charlie is smiling at Mrs. Potter.

DR. MACCURDY

Now, now, Mr. Oakley! I thought champagne was for battleships!

(jovially)

None for me and none, I'm sure, for my wife, but we hope you'll just forget we're here.

Uncle Charlie commences to fill punch glasses with the champagne. Mrs. Newton comes from the stairs towards him.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Well, I want to propose a little toast to.....

(he looks up the stairs)

Is Charlie coming down?

MRS. NEWTON

(passing sandwiches)

Yes, she'll be down. Mrs. Potter, don't take that tomato one. I can't think why I made any tomato. They soak through the bread so when they've been standing. Take one of those little rolled ones...just whole wheat bread and cream cheese...the paprika gives them color.

395 SEMI LONG SHOT

Mr. Greene, the bank manager, steps to the center of the room.

CONTINUED:

395 CONTINUED:

MR. GREENE

I think I'd like to propose a toast, too.  
(he stands up pompously)

To our distinguished visitor! To  
the man who's made the best speech  
heard in this town for years. To  
that very good fellow, Mr. Oakley.

(turns to Uncle Charlie)

We don't get many American speakers,  
Mr. Oakley. Seems like foreigners  
make the best talkers.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Thank you, Mr. Greene. But I can't  
drink to myself, you know!

The guests all drink. There is a pleased hubbub.  
During all this scene Uncle Charlie is veering toward  
Mrs. Potter.

396 SEMI CLOSE UP - UNCLE CHARLIE

looks anxiously towards the stairs.

397 INT. ANN'S ROOM - NIGHT - SEMI CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

is feverishly applying lipstick. She is nervous, but  
still determined. She moves away from the mirror,  
then turns back again. She mutters under her breath:

YOUNG CHARLIE

I'll tell them. I'll tell them all!

398 INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT - MED. SHOT

Uncle Charlie, in foreground, looks again up the  
stairs. He raises a hand smilingly.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Now, save a drop in your glasses  
for one more toast. A toast to someone  
who is very dear to us all.....

There is a buzz among them. CAMERA MOVES over to Dr.  
Phillips.

DR. PHILLIPS

Carbon monoxide! I had a case of  
it in Petaluma last year.....

398 A CLOSE UP - HERBIE

HERBIE:

Don't know why I come around that way--  
Lucky thing, though.

(Changes - August 10, 1942)

175 A

CAMERA PANS on to Mrs. Newton

MRS. NEWTON

Just think, Dr. Phillips. My brother  
knew just what to do! Really, it  
was a miracle he was there!

398 A CLOSE UP -

HERBIE

Lucky thing!

399 SEMI CLOSE UP - UNCLE CHARLIE & MR. NEWTON

UNCLE CHARLIE

(to Mr. Newton)

It's an old car. That was the trouble.  
Something went wrong with the key.  
After this scare, I'm going to get a  
new car tomorrow for this family.

Suddenly he catches sight of:

400 SEMI LONG SHOT - THE STAIRS

Through the bannisters Young Charlie's legs can  
be seen coming down the stairs - CAMERA PANS UP quickly  
to her face - it is set and determined.

401 SEMI CLOSE UP - UNCLE CHARLIE

He turns away from stairs, but raises his voice:

UNCLE CHARLIE

Emmy, what you need is a new car.  
A good one. The best.

He turns again to stairs.

UNCLE CHARLIE (cont'd)

Ah, here she is.

He half raises his glass. His expression slowly  
changes as he sees:

402 SEMI CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

comes slowly down, her hand on the bannister rail,  
until her face FILLS THE SCREEN. Her eyes are fixed  
on him with significant determination.

403 CLOSE UP - UNCLE CHARLIE

cannot mistake their significance. He is dead still.  
Then his eyes lower from her face to her hand.

404 CLOSE UP

CAMERA PANS DOWN TO YOUNG CHARLIE'S hand on the bannister  
rail. She is wearing the ring. As she moves down the  
stairs the ring comes nearer and nearer CAMERA until  
it FILLS THE SCREEN.

405 CLOSE UP

Uncle Charlie is alarmed, then slowly raises his glass  
in Charlie's direction.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

UNCLE CHARLIE

Charlie, you're just in time for a  
farewell toast. I hate to break the  
news like this, but tomorrow, I must  
leave Santa Rosa. Oh, not forever!  
Not forever!

406 MED. SHOT

All the guests' heads turn in his direction. Mrs. Newton,  
in foreground, gasps:

MRS. NEWTON

Charles!

407 CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

stands motionless at the foot of the stairs - hope and  
relief on her face. A shadow comes over it though as  
she hears her mother's plaintive voice.

408 MED. SHOT - MRS. NEWTON

rushes over to her brother's side - clinging to him.  
Uncle Charlie puts an arm around her.

UNCLE CHARLIE

I didn't want to spoil your fun tonight, Emmy  
darling. But I got a letter today. Have to  
leave on the early morning train for San Francisco.  
I'm going to miss you, Emmy, but (raising his  
voice as though he were again speaking from the  
platform) I want you all to know that I will always  
think of this lovely town as a place of hospitality,  
kindness and homes. Homes.

His eyes go to Young Charlie again.

409 CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE - FROM HIS ANGLE

Her expression changes to one of hope and relief. CAMERA  
PANS DOWN - she takes the ring from her finger and slips  
it into a small bag.

410 CLOSE UP - BIG HEAD. UNCLE CHARLIE  
takes a deep breath.

411 MED. SHOT

As she walks slowly into the room - Herbie hands her a glass of champagne. She stands holding it, her eyes on her mother and Uncle Charlie.

412 SEMI CLOSE UP - MRS. NEWTON

is completely overcome. She sinks down to a chair - there are tears in her eyes:

MRS. NEWTON

I can't bear it if you leave, Charles. Why, you're the only family I have (she pauses and indicates her own family-laughing a little) I mean, we grew up together, you and I. We lived on Burnham Street. And just your being here has made me feel like the girl who lived on Burnham Street again. And I'd made so many plans... We were going to take you to see the ocean....and the redwoods.

413 CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

watches the display of pathetic devotion from her mother - deeply moved - she closes her eyes a second to keep control over her feelings. We hear Uncle Charlie say:

UNCLE CHARLIE'S VOICE

Oh, I'll be back, Emmy. I've arranged with Dr. Phillips about our little memorial for the children.

MRS. NEWTON

(with tears in her eyes.)

I know you have, Charles. But it isn't that.. I can't explain...it's been just the idea that we were together again.

414 CLOSE UP - MRS. NEWTON

414 A CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

watches - a look of pity on her face.

414 B CLOSE UP - MRS. NEWTON & UNCLE CHARLIE

As Mrs. Newton speaks--  
He raises his eyes and looks over to Young Charlie.

MRS. NEWTON

(turning to the people in the room, ashamed of her tears and trying to explain)

You see we were so close growing up, and then I got married and Charles went away. And I haven't seen him for so long. And when he came back, he was so exactly as I prayed he might be.....

(Changes - August 10, 1942)

179

414 C CLOSE UP MRS. POTTER - UNCLE CHARLIE

she looks looks at him frowning, then smiling:

MRS. POTTER

Did you say the early morning train, Mr. Oakley?  
If that isn't the strangest coincidence,  
Why, I was planning to go to San Francisco  
on the early morning train!

415 CLOSE UP BIG HEAD YOUNG CHARLIE

She looks stricken--her eyes close--her head lowers as  
we FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

416 EXT. RAILROAD STATION - DAY - LONG SHOT

between the shoulders of Jack and Saunders we see,  
along the platform. At the far end is the family  
group including Herbie saying farewell to Uncle  
Charlie. Saunders turns to Jack:

SAUNDERS

There he is all right--the great  
Chapman O'Higgins.

(pause)

All right. The minute the train  
crosses the town line..a mile and  
a half down.....

JACK

(gratefully)  
Thanks, Fred.

In the distance we see two cars drive up and the  
MacCurdys and the greens get out and hurry to the  
group. There is the sound of the train whistle and  
it comes sweeping by them and draws up.

417 SEMI LONG SHOT - THE GROUP

Mrs. Newton is tearful. Mr. Newton embarrassed. Ann  
and Roger are excited simply because it is an event.  
Young Charlie is relieved. Uncle Charlie is talking  
to the Greens and MacCurdys. (Mrs. Potter is  
travelling, too)

UNCLE CHARLIE

I'll be back. Can't say when,  
though, you know what business  
trips are like.

MR. GREENE

We'll be looking for you, Mr. Oakley. We  
feel you're one of us--don't we, Margaret?

MRS. GREENE

Indeed, we do! And I want to thank you  
on behalf of the club members.....

417 CONTINUED:

DR. MacCURDY  
And bless you for your gift to our  
hospital. The children will bless  
you, too, in all the years to come.

Uncle Charlie turns and takes both Mrs. Newton's hands  
in his. They talk in low voices. She looks up at  
him adoringly.

418 SEMI CLOSE UP - DR. MacCURDY AND MR. GREENE

DR. MacCURDY  
(to Mr. Greene)  
Blood's thicker than water.  
Family ties....hard to break.....

Mr. Greene nods understandingly.

419 MED. SHOT - MR. NEWTON COMES TO UNCLE CHARLIE  
looking at his watch:

MR. NEWTON  
Better get aboard, Charles. We'll  
watch for you. There's Mrs. Potter getting on.

We see her getting on in the background.  
Uncle Charlie looks around and calls the children.

UNCLE CHARLIE  
Ann, Roger, come and see the train.  
Have we a minute, conductor?

CONDUCTOR  
(his thumb on his watch, weightily)  
Yes, yes -- a minute or two.

ROGER  
There's time. I want to see the rooms.  
The private ones. I've seen berths.  
I've slept in two uppers and one lower  
with Papa.

CAMERA PANS them over to the coach - Uncle Charles  
turns to Young Charlie,

UNCLE CHARLIE  
Bring them along, Charlie. You can  
see they get off all right.

The children climb up the car steps.

YOUNG CHARLIE  
All right, but just a minute.

419 A SEMI CLOSE UP - UNCLE CHARLIE

stands on the steps. His face is young. He looks handsome and gay.

MRS. NEWTON

Write us, Charles. Write me.

Mrs. Newton's eyes never leave him for a moment. He leans down and kisses her again goodbye.

UNCLE CHARLIE

I will! I will! And you write me!  
I'll send my address!

MRS. NEWTON

Don't forget to write, now.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Write you often, and you write me.  
Goodbye!

420 MED. SHOT

Uncle Charlie waves to everybody.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Goodbye! Goodbye!

He goes inside.

421 INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR - DAY - SEMI CLOSE UP - UNCLE CHARLIE as he walks along to his compartment, he passes Mrs. Potter. They nod and smile to one another. A porter comes along.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Porter....A large black brief-case....  
Very important. I swear I thought  
I saw it being carried into that  
next car. Will you take a look?

PORTER

Yes, sir.

He hurries off. We hear the train whistle blow.

422 INT. COMPARTMENT - DAY - MED. SHOT - THE CHILDREN

are having the time of their lives in the drawing room--  
seeing where the beds come down - touching things--  
switching the electric fan on and off. Uncle Charlie  
appears.

CONTINUED:

422 CONTINUED:

ANN

Charlie, the train's starting.  
We'd better get off. I don't want to  
get carried away.

ROGER

Oh, boy! Maybe it's too late  
- maybe I'll have to go along.

UNCLE CHARLIE

Plenty of time. Run along - we'll  
follow you.

The children race off down the corridor.

422 A SEMI CLOSE UP

Young Charlie is about to follow, but he lays a  
restraining hand on her arm. - - She turns - -

YOUNG CHARLIE

You know that I know about you. Don't you  
Uncle Charlie? And if I ever hear or read about  
anything..well, you know what I'm talking about,  
don't you Uncle Charlie?

UNCLE CHARLIE.

You're being a foolish girl, my dear.

YOUNG CHARLIE

I'm warning you, Uncle Charlie.

She starts to go into the corridor.

423 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY - SEMI CLOSE UP - CAMERA TRACKING  
WITH THEM

Uncle Charlie grips her arm.

UNCLE CHARLIE

You did a fine thing for your  
mother & you were right not to  
let her know -- After all she's  
not very strong.

Young Charlie attempts to hurry on - the train is  
moving - she gasps:

YOUNG CHARLIE

The train's really going!

She rushes on to the end of the corridor. Uncle  
Charlie still gripping her arm - the door has been  
closed.

424 CLOSE UP

Swiftly Uncle Charlie's hand goes across and opens it. Young Charlie swings her head round - her eyes widen with terror - she looks down at the open space again - then shrinks back.

425 CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE

eyes wide - she looks down to her arm held in a grip of iron. She looks at him with terror.

YOUNG CHARLIE  
You're mad. You're a madman!

426 CLOSE UP - UNCLE CHARLIE

murmuring soothingly:

UNCLE CHARLIE  
Wait...just a little faster...Just  
a little faster....I don't want you  
to be hurt...so just a little faster.

427 CLOSE UP - THE TWO

Young Charlie starts to struggle frantically.

428 INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR - DAY - SEMI CLOSE UP - JACK AND SAUNDERS

passing along another coach. Jack looks out of the window.

JACK  
We're still in the town.

429 INT. FIRST CORRIDOR - DAY - CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE AND UNCLE CHARLIE

in a desperate struggle. She is twisted round until she is back to the opening.

430 CLOSE UP - HER TERRIFIED FACE

with the swiftly passing rails beyond. With a tremendous effort she manages to force herself round and get a hold of the iron rail.

(Changes - August 10, 1942)

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194

- 431 CLOSE UP - THE TWO  
She twists herself round until she is in a crouching position.
- 432 SEMI LONG SHOT - JACK AND SAUNDERS  
come into the foreground of corridor - beyond they see the two struggling.
- 433 SEMI CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE  
levering herself, gives a tremendous push-- just at the same time another oncoming train passes. Uncle Charlie's grip gives way and he crashes through the opening.

LAP DISSOLVE

There is a crash of noise and lights. The "Merry Widow Waltz" tune rises to a discordant note, then slowly dies away and there is perfect quiet as the next picture

DISSOLVES IN

- 434 EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY - LONG SHOT

An impressive funeral procession passing round the square of the town. A hearse and a score of automobiles pass by. Solemn-faced people stand in the streets.

- 435 SEMI LONG SHOT

The first limousine passing by.

- 436 INT. FIRST LIMOUSINE - DAY - MED. SHOT

In it sits Mr. Newton mutely pressing his wife's hand, as she strokes the silver fox Uncle Charlie gave her. On her other side sits Young Charlie, looking resolutely out of the window. The two children are sitting sideways on the facing adjustable seats.

- 437 SEMI CLOSE UP - THE CHILDREN

are darting their heads in and out of the windows trying to count how many automobiles there are in the procession.

CONTINUED:

437

CONTINUED:

ANN

Twelve.

ROGER

Eleven.

ANN

There's twelve.

ROGER

That last one isn't ours. It's  
somebody driving up the street.

ANN

It does too belong to us. It's  
Mr. Hawkins. He likes funerals, too.

438

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY - SEMI LONG SHOT - THE SECOND  
COACH

passing by.

439

INT. SECOND LIMOUSINE - DAY - MED. SHOT

Jack is seated by Mrs. Greene, her husband on her  
other side. She is dressed in deep black and holds a  
black-edged handkerchief.

MR. GREENE

No, we don't grow much alfalfa around  
here. They grow that farther South.

MRS. GREENE

(fumbling her handkerchief)

Oh, my father grew miles of alfalfa.

JACK

You don't say.

440

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY - SEMI LONG SHOT

The last car comes into view - it is an open model and  
in it, driving himself, sits Herbie.

441

SEMI CLOSE UP - HERBIE

With a sedate lift of an eyebrow he acknowledges the  
greetings of an acquaintance on the sidewalk.

LAP DISSOLVE

442 EXT. CHURCH - DAY - LONG SHOT

The hearse has already gone in. Mr. and Mrs. Newton and family are getting out of their limousine and walk toward the door.

443 SEMI LONG SHOT - AT THE CHURCH DOOR

They pass in closely followed by Ann and Roger. Young Charlie stands aside for someone to pass. Jack catches up with her. Without any exchange or signal they turn from the door and go towards the walk at the side of the church.

444 SEMI CLOSE UP - YOUNG CHARLIE AND JACK

As they walk slowly along by the side of the Church, we HEAR the organ music coming from inside. CAMERA PANS with them until finally they stop.

YOUNG CHARLIE

I did know more...I couldn't tell you...he was my uncle...

JACK

I know.

He kicks some loose gravel in the path thoughtfully. The minister's voice comes through a window:

REV. MACCURDY'S VOICE

Santa Rosa has gained and lost a son - a son that she can be proud of. Brave, generous, kindly.....

His voice fades out.

445 CLOSE UP - THE TWO

Young Charlie, serious, worried.

YOUNG CHARLIE

He thought the world was a horrible place. He couldn't have been very happy ever...

JACK

(taking her hand gently)

No.

YOUNG CHARLIE

He didn't trust people. He hated them. He hated the whole world.

CONTINUED:

445

CONTINUED:

JACK

Sometimes, the world needs a lot of watching. Seems to go crazy every now and then. Like your Uncle Charlie.

The worried look goes from her face and she smiles up at him. They turn and walk away from CAMERA, hands clasped. The organ music swells.

FADE OUT:

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THE END