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STRANGER ON THE THIRD FLOOR

FINAL

PART I

5/24/40

58

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Received from

RKO RADIO PICTURES, INC.

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FINAL

PART I

STRANGER ON THE THIRD FLOOR

An Original Screen Play

by

Frank Partos

FADE IN

INT. DRUG STORE - DAY

- 1 FULL SHOT - it is early morning and the place is crowded with people having breakfast on their way to work.
- 2 MED. SHOT - part of lunch counter. Every stool is taken with the exception of one. There is a glass of orange juice waiting for the occupant of the empty stool.
- 3 MED. CLOSE SHOT - SHOOTING TOWARD the counter -- of a girl with her back to the camera, sitting next to the unoccupied chair. Her purse is on it. A young man comes into scene.

YOUNG MAN

Is this seat occupied?

GIRL

Yes, please.

The young man makes a wry face and reluctantly goes out of scene. The girl turns around to face camera. It is evident that she is impatiently waiting for whomever she is holding the chair. She is young and pretty. After a moment she turns back to her coffee and toast as a stout woman comes into scene.

STOUT WOMAN

Would you mind removing your purse?

GIRL

I'm sorry, but this place is taken.

(CONTINUED)

STOUT WOMAN

I don't see anybody sitting here.

GIRL

You will in a minute.

Grumbling, the stout woman goes out of scene. The girl looks toward the door impatiently and just as she turns back to her coffee, another young man comes into scene, grins, tips his hat. This is Michael.

MICHAEL

Is this chair taken, miss?

GIRL

Yes, it is.

MICHAEL

Sorry.

He tips his hat, grabs the orange juice from the counter and starts out.

4 MED. CLOSE SHOT - young man and girl. The girl turns quickly and catches his eye.

GIRL

Oh, it's you!

MICHAEL

Then it's not taken?

GIRL

Stop clowning, Michael, and sit down.

MICHAEL

(sitting down)

Thank you, miss.

GIRL

You're late. What held you up?

MICHAEL

(mysteriously)

Something very important.

GIRL

Drink your orange juice. We haven't much time.

MICHAEL

Oh...so you don't think it was important?

He starts to sip his orange juice, looking into mirror over the glass. She, too, is looking into the mirror over the coffee cup. Their eyes meet. They smile.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

All right -- wait'll you see the kitchen!

JANE

What kitchen? What're you talking about?

5 CLOSE TWO SHOT - SHOOTING FROM BEHIND counter.

MICHAEL

Electric stove, refrigerator, washing machine - everything, even a special hole to dump garbage in. And guess what else?

The counter man steps into scene from behind camera and puts a plate of toast and a cup of coffee in front of Michael.

COUNTER MAN

Whole wheat toast and orange marmalade. Right?

MICHAEL

Right.

The counter man goes out. Michael turns to Jane.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

It's a table. A real table on four legs, with two chairs so that two people can sit and really see each other -- without wrenching their necks trying to catch a glimpse in a mirror behind a lunch counter.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

Oh, Michael -- is that what
you were doing this morning?

MICHAEL

And the whole works is only
sixty a month!

JANE

What happened? -- Did you win
the sweepstakes?

MICHAEL

Better than that -- I got a
ten dollar raise.

JANE

(gives him
a hug)

Michael!

(she kisses
him)

But how come?

MICHAEL

If the girl I'm about to marry
were interested in my career,
she would've bought a late
edition of the New York Star
and found out.

JANE

Let me see!

Michael promptly produces a copy of a tabloid newspaper,
turns to the first page and points his finger to top of
page.

INSERT NEWSPAPER - the title of the article reads:

"The Murder of Nick Narbajan?

by

Michael Ward"

MICHAEL'S VOICE

By Michael Ward!

JANE

A by-line!

MICHAEL

(happily)

Yes, sir -- you might not have known it, but you're marrying a success -- From now on, our troubles are over!

JANE

Michael -- I can't believe it!

MICHAEL

There it is -- in black and white.

She looks at the front page of the newspaper.

INSERT

FRONT PAGE of the "NEW YORK STAR." There is a picture on the front page and above it, a banner headline which reads:

"Star" Reporter Key Witness
in Murder Case

The photograph shows a young man about twenty-two. The caption under the picture reads:

Joseph L. Briggs, taxi driver, goes on trial for his life today for the murder of Nick Narbajan, proprietor of a 6th Avenue lunch room.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

(triumphantly)

See what it says? -- "Star Reporter" -- that's me!

7

CLOSE SHOT - Jane and Michael.

MICHAEL

Do you think you can get a day off tomorrow?

JANE

Why?

MICHAEL

To get married.

JANE

(smiles)

I think I can manage.

(she turns

back to

paper)

Michael Ward -- the key
witness...

MICHAEL

Two and a half columns --
not bad, eh?

JANE

I didn't know he was so young --
He looks like a kid.

MICHAEL

Some of them start young.

JANE

Do you really think he killed
Nick?

MICHAEL

Certainly.

JANE

I don't know, but I have a
funny feeling...

(she breaks

off)

MICHAEL

What?

JANE

(turns and

looks at him)

Somehow I wish you'd never been
near Nick's place that night.

MICHAEL

What're you talking about? --
That was the break I've been
waiting for! -- If I hadn't
been there, there'd've been no
story, no raise, and we
wouldn't be getting married
tomorrow

(CONTINUED)

JANE
(hesitantly)
I know, but...
(stops)

MICHAEL
But what?

JANE
Nothing. I guess I'm just
being silly.

MICHAEL
It's becoming.

They smile at each other.

DISSOLVE

INT. CRIMINAL COURT BUILDING - DAY - (STOCK)

8 It is an old building.

DISSOLVE THRU

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

9 LONG SHOT - an old-fashioned New York City courtroom on a hot spring day -- drowsy, dusty, worn. There is the usual crowd of hangers-on, court attendants, unbuttoned cops, shyster lawyers, bail bond runners -- only a few and all bored. The Court Clerk stands up at his desk and mumbles with great rapidity, so that the words are hardly understandable.

COURT CLERK
Oyez, oyez -- the Criminal Court
Part Two, Special Sessions --

10 PAN SHOT - through a side door Joe Briggs, the prisoner, is led out by a burly policeman and is conducted to a table. The lawyer, waiting at this table, nods to him. Joe ignores the nod.

COURT CLERK
(continuing)
-- of the State of New York
is now in session. Mr. Justice
Soames presiding.

- 11 FULL SHOT - courtroom. The Clerk looks toward another door to Judge's chambers as it opens.

COURT CLERK

Everybody rise.

The people shuffle to their feet, including those in the jury box. The Judge, a grey-haired, elderly gentleman with an exceptionally kind face, enters, buttoning his robe, and climbs wearily behind the bench. As he sits down, everyone resumes their original positions. The District Attorney and the defense attorney (the public defender), a tired, disinterested, ineffectual-looking man, go immediately to the Judge.

- 12 MED. SHOT - at Judge's bench.

JUDGE

Well, gentlemen -- any objections to the jury as paneled?

- 13 MED. SHOT - jury. A box full of dull Bennies of both sexes.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S VOICE

They'll do.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY'S VOICE

Okay with me. No challenges.

- 14 MED. SHOT - Judge and two attorneys.

JUDGE

(leans over
and whispers
confidentially)
Will it take long?

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

I don't think so.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

We'll finish today easily.

(CONTINUED)

14 (CONTINUED)

JUDGE
 (sighs wearily;
 in a whisper)
 There ought to be a law against
 trials in trout season.
 (the lawyers
 nod. The
 Judge raises
 his voice)
 Proceed!

15 MED. SHOT - Clerk, as he rises.

COURT CLERK
 The People of the State of New
 York versus Joseph Briggs!

DISSOLVE

INT. PRESS ROOM - CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING - DAY

16 CLOSE SHOT - sign on wall. It has been defaced with
 penciled scrawls. Sign:

"THE TELEPHONES IN THIS ROOM ARE RESERVED
 FOR THE SOLE USE OF ACCREDITED MEMBERS
 OF THE PRESS"

In heavy black pencil someone has written:

"This means you!"

PAN DOWN to show a time-worn, dirty room with a group of
 dilapidated reporters sitting around a table, playing a
 depressed game of cards. They all wear their hats and
 vests. There are several small desks in the room, etc.,
 each one with a telephone and typewriter. Martin, a
 tall, lean man of fifty, is reading a paper in a corner.

FIRST REPORTER
 I meld three hundred --

The others study their cards and the game begins.

SECOND REPORTER
 Think he'll get the chair?

(CONTINUED)

THIRD REPORTER

Who?

The Second Reporter doesn't answer.

FOURTH REPORTER

(sorting
his cards)

Why can't I ever get a good
hand?

FIRST REPORTER

Those Public Defenders -- He
should have pleaded him guilty.
At least, he'd have saved his
life.

THIRD REPORTER

Suppose he isn't guilty?

FOURTH REPORTER

What's the difference? He
hasn't got a chance anyway.

The First Reporter plays a card, picks up the trick and
spreads his cards to show that he has completed his bid.

FIRST REPORTER

That's it, boys.

17 ANOTHER ANGLE - the door has opened and one of the
reporters looks up. Michael enters.

SECOND REPORTER

Look who's here!

MICHAEL

Hello, boys.

FIRST REPORTER

As I live and breathe -- Michael
Ward, the shining light of
journalism! -- The boy who made
good!

One of the reporters gets up and fixes Michael's tie.

(CONTINUED)

REPORTER

You want to look neat. It makes a good impression on the jury.

MICHAEL

(irritated
a little)

Cut out the humor.

THIRD REPORTER

Tell me, Mr. Ward -- how does it feel to hold the center of the stage in the eternal drama of life and death?

MICHAEL

Shut up.

FIRST REPORTER

So you don't like it?

SECOND REPORTER

I'll bet he liked the raise though.

FOURTH REPORTER

How about a little touch? --
Are you good for a fiver?

MICHAEL

Have they started yet?

SECOND REPORTER

(grins)

Sure -- but they'll wait for you. After all, you're the star of this show.

MICHAEL

Kill that stuff, will you?

Martin comes up to him.

MARTIN

Don't mind them, Mike. We're all tickled pink you got a break.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Thanks, Martin.

(starts
for door)

Aren't you guys going in?

FIRST REPORTER

What for? We know how it's
coming out.

MICHAEL

What makes you so sure?

FIRST REPORTER

What do you expect the jury to
do -- take a poor mugg's word
against that of a gentleman of
the press?

CAMERA QUICKLY MOVES UP to a CLOSE SHOT of Michael.

MICHAEL

(indignantly)

What the devil are you talking
about? -- It isn't a question
of my word against his -- it's
what I saw with my own eyes...

DISSOLVE

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

18 CLOSE SHOT - Michael, testifying on the witness stand.

MICHAEL

I was on my way home and I
looked into Nick's lunchroom
to see if anyone I knew was
there.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to INCLUDE the District Attorney
standing in front of the witness stand.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Well, did you see anyone?

MICHAEL

Yes, sir.

(CONTINUED)

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Who was it?

MICHAEL

(points)
Briggs.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

You mean the defendant?

MICHAEL

Yes, sir.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

What was he doing?

19 CLOSE SHOT - Joe Briggs, the young defendant. He is listening to Michael's testimony intently.

MICHAEL'S VOICE

He was standing behind the counter, near Nick, who was slumped over the cash register.

20 FULL SHOT - courtroom.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

What did you do?

MICHAEL

I ran into the place. As I went inside, I saw Briggs look around and then dash toward the kitchen in the back.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Did you follow him at once?

MICHAEL

No. I looked at Nick first.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Go on.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

It wasn't very nice...his throat was cut. The blood was still dripping into the open drawer of the cash register.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

What did you do then?

MICHAEL

I ran into the kitchen. The back door was open. I looked into the alley. But he was gone. I went back and called the police.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

You said you recognized the defendant. Where had you met him before?

MICHAEL

At Nick's.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

When?

21 CLOSE SHOT - Michael.

MICHAEL

A few days before Nick was killed. I was sitting in his place when Briggs came in and ordered some food. When Nick brought it...

(he stops
abruptly
as he sees
someone off)

22 MED. CLOSE SHOT - at entrance to courtroom. Jane has entered quickly. She looks off at Michael, smiles vaguely and takes a seat in the last row.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S VOICE

Go on.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL'S VOICE
...well, when Nick brought it,
Briggs said he didn't have any
money. Nick told him to get
out or he'd throw him out...
that he wasn't in business to
feed all the deadbeats in New
York.

Jane is hanging on to Michael's words with great, anxious
interest.

23 CLOSE SHOT - Michael. He is still looking in Jane's
direction.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S VOICE
What did the defendant do?

MICHAEL
He grabbed Nick and shouted
something like -- 'You wouldn't
call me a deadbeat if I had a
gun stuck in your ribs!'

24 FULL SHOT - courtroom. Jane is looking at Michael. So
is Joe Briggs. The jury seems greatly impressed.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY
Then what happened?

MICHAEL
Nick gave him a shove and
threatened to call the police.
I told Nick to leave him alone
and that I'd pay for his food.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY
You are a newspaper reporter,
Mr. Ward?

MICHAEL
Yes, sir.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY
As a newspaper reporter, you are
a trained observer of men and
events --

Before Michael can answer, the Public Defender is on
his feet.

(CONTINUED)

I object!

The Judge, who all during the trial has been looking at something on his desk, looks up.

JUDGE

What?

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

I object to this line of questioning.

JUDGE

Oh... Sustained.

He looks down again at his desk.

INSERT

TRAVEL FOLDER, with the heading:

"Come to Maine -- the
Fisherman's Paradise."

BACK TO SCENE:

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

(to defense
attorney)

Very well.

(to Michael)

One thing more. You say that
you're absolutely certain that

(points to
Briggs)

this is the man you saw in
Nick's on both occasions --?

(quickly)

Be careful now -- because on
your answer may depend a
man's life.

(pauses)

Are you absolutely positive he
is the same man?

MICHAEL

(looks at
Joe, then
back to
District
Attorney)

I am.

(CONTINUED)

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

That's all.
(turning to
defense
attorney)
Your witness!

As the District Attorney sits down, the defense lawyer rises and walks to Michael.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

You said you saw the defendant standing beside the body of the lunchroom proprietor?

MICHAEL

Yes.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

But did you see him actually commit the murder?

MICHAEL

(quickly)
No, I didn't.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

That's all!

Michael gets off the witness stand and starts out toward the door. The District Attorney and the lawyer are consulting their notes. As Michael passes by Joe Briggs, Joe calls in a low voice.

JOE

(bitterly)
Thanks...for that cup of coffee.

25 CLOSE SHOT - Michael. He stops for a moment, looks at him, then goes on.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S VOICE

Dr. Charles Evans.

As Michael walks down the aisle toward the door, CAMERA FOLLOWING, bailiff's voice, repeating, "Dr. Charles Evans" is heard. As Michael reaches Jane, he stops, sits down next to her, whispers:

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Jane - what're you doing here?

JANE

(uneasily)

I was upset and couldn't work
so the boss let me go home.
I came here instead.

MICHAEL

You shouldn't've.

JANE

Do you think they will convict
him?

MICHAEL

I don't know -- they might.

26 WIDER ANGLE - next to Jane is sitting a hatchet-faced,
neurotic woman of about 50 in old-fashioned clothes, who
has been following the trial with marked interest. She
turns and hisses at Jane and Michael.

WOMAN

Quiet, please!

DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S VOICE

Your name?

VOICE

Dr. Charles Evans. Police
surgeon.

27 MED. CLOSE SHOT - District Attorney and Police Surgeon.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

How long was he dead when you
examined the body?

POLICE SURGEON

About a half an hour.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

In your opinion, what was the
cause of death?

(CONTINUED)

POLICE SURGEON

A sharp instrument, either a knife or razor, wielded with great violence. The head was almost severed from the body.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

That's all.

DISSOLVE

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

28 MED. CLOSE TWO SHOT - Joe and the District Attorney. Joe is sitting in the witness chair. The District Attorney stands before him.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

So you want this jury to believe that you went back to Nick's just to repay a debt of thirty cents!

JOE

Yes, sir. That's the truth. Mr. Ward was very nice to me and I wanted to give him back the money he paid for my meal. That's all I went back there for.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

How did you know you'd find him there?

JOE

Well, I took a chance. That's where I met him.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

He wasn't there when you went in, was he?

JOE

No.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

(slyly)
What did Nick say to you when
you entered?

JOE

He didn't say nothing. He was
dead!

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

What did you do then...open the
cash register?

JOE

No, I didn't. It was open.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

How much money did you take out?

JOE

I didn't take no money. I
didn't need any. I worked that
day and made almost five dollars.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Well - why then...

He stops as he becomes conscious of a peculiar noise
over scene of a man snoring audibly. He looks toward
the jury box.

30 CLOSE SHOT - in the front row a mild, timid, little man
is asleep and snoring.

31 FULL SHOT - Judge, District Attorney, etc. -- The Judge
is staring at a paper on his desk, his eyes half closed.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

(low voice)
Your Honor --

JUDGE

(looks up with
a start)
Yes?

(CONTINUED)

The District Attorney nods in the direction of the jury box. The Judge looks at jury and knocks with his gavel.

JUDGE (cont'd)

(barking)

Juror number four! --

(sternly)

The jury must pay strict attention to the evidence!

The juror opens his eyes, then squirms uncomfortably.

JUROR

I'm sorry, Your Honor -- I was up all night with a toothache.

JUDGE

(frowning)

That's too bad -- But it's your duty to stay awake, so that you can follow the evidence with as much intelligence as you've got.

(to District Attorney)

Proceed.

The District Attorney looks at some notes in his hand.

32 CLOSE TWO SHOT - Jane and Michael.

JANE

(upset)

All they want is to get it over with and go home.

33 TWO SHOT - District Attorney and Joe.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

You say you didn't go there to rob -- Why didn't you call the police then instead of running away?

JOE

I got scared. I didn't want to get mixed up in it.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

You got so scared that you ran
all the way to your room to pack
your bag -- you were packing your
bag when you were arrested,
weren't you?

JOE

Yes, sir.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Why?

JOE

I don't know. I was panicky.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

I'll tell you why -- because
this is not the first time --

34 CLOSE SHOT - Joe. Terror seizes him as he listens to
the District Attorney's voice.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S VOICE

-- you committed a crime --
is it?

JOE

No, sir.

35 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Joe and District Attorney.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Why did you lie about your
previous conviction?

JOE

(stammering)

I.. I...

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

It was a mistake. You forgot
that fingerprints will always
give you away.

(steps closer to
him)

You spent three years in the
Ohio State Reformatory for a
hold-up of a gasoline station
in Lima. Didn't you?

JOE

Yes, sir. But I was a kid then. I was desperate...And I took only five dollars. There must've been at least fifty in there.

37

FULL SHOT - courtroom. The jurors are evidently greatly impressed. The District Attorney goes on mercilessly.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

But if that man at the filling station had put up a fight, you'd have killed him just as you killed Nick --

JOE

No, sir.

38

CLOSE SHOT - Joe.

JOE

And I didn't kill Nick. I swear I didn't.

39

CLOSE SHOT - Michael and Jane. She covers her face with her hands as Joe's desperate voice comes over...

JOE'S VOICE

I didn't... I didn't...
I didn't...

Jane suddenly stands up and darts almost panic-stricken out of the courtroom. Michael looks up, also disturbed, and follows her.

INT. COURT BUILDING - CORRIDOR - DAY

40

MED. SHOT - She runs out of the courtroom, followed by Michael.

MICHAEL

What's the matter, Jane?

JANE

I just...couldn't stand
listening to him scream.

MICHAEL

I know... it's always pretty
awful. But what else could he
say?

JANE

But suppose...for one minute...
that he's telling the truth?

MICHAEL

You're just upset, Jane --
Everybody is, at their first
trial.

JANE

(moving away
from him)

No, it isn't that. It's you --
If -- if they convict him --
it'll be on your testimony --

MICHAEL

What did you want me to do --
lie? I had to tell them what
I saw!

JANE

(embraces him
impulsively)

Oh, Michael, why did you have
to be there that night?

MICHAEL

Pull yourself together, darling.
I've got to call the office --
It'll only take a minute, and
we'll run over to see the
apartment.

JANE

No - no - not today.

MICHAEL

But they might rent it.

JANE
We'll find another place.

MICHAEL
Okay.
 (kissing her
 lightly)
Wait right here. We'll go
get a cup of coffee.

JANE
Michael!...

But Michael, obviously not hearing her voice, goes out of scene into Press Room. She stands looking at the door, then leans against the wall, brushes her hand against her forehead. Martin comes into scene. He sees Jane and stops.

MARTIN
Hello, Jane.

JANE
Hello, Martin -- Will you tell
Michael that I've gone home?

MARTIN
All right. Sure.

JANE
Thanks.

She goes hurriedly. Martin looks after her, then shrugs, and FOLLOWED BY CAMERA, goes to Press Room door and enters.

INT. PRESS ROOM - DAY

41. There are only two or three reporters in the room besides Michael, who is talking into the phone as Martin enters.

MICHAEL
 (into phone)
Yes -- it's about over. I'll
wait for the verdict.
 (pause)
Sure. I'll call right away.

He hangs up, starts out. Martin stops him.

MARTIN
Where're you going?

MICHAEL
Over to the drugstore with
Jane.

MARTIN
She just told me to tell you
she had to go home.

MICHAEL
Oh...

MARTIN
What's the matter -- have a
little family row?

MICHAEL
No. She got a little upset
by the trial.

MARTIN
Well, that happens. Come on,
I'll buy you a drink.

He takes Michael's arm and they start out as we

DISSOLVE

INT. BAR - DAY

42 MED. CLOSE SHOT - of Michael and Martin, standing,
leaning against the bar, drinking beer.

MICHAEL
The funny part of it is --
she acts as if I were personally
responsible for the whole thing.

MARTIN
(kidding him)
Well, maybe you are. After all,
if you hadn't seen him, he'd
never been caught.

MICHAEL
But I did see him! What was I
supposed to do?

MARTIN

Take it easy. You did the right thing.

MICHAEL

But what if she's right -- and he didn't do it -- and they give him the chair?

MARTIN

Well, suppose they do? -- What difference will it make? There're too many people in the world anyway.

MICHAEL

What's the use of talking to you -- You think everything's a joke.

MARTIN

(patronizingly)
My son, it is. If it weren't life wouldn't be worth living.
(to bartender)
Mine host, two more of the same.

MICHAEL

No, thanks. Not for me. I've got to get back to the courtroom.

MARTIN

That's a good boy. Go in there and earn your raise.

Michael goes out. The bartender, who has remained in scene, looks at Martin.

BARTENDER

One?

MARTIN

I said two!

Bartender starts out and we

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. COURTROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

43 FULL SHOT - the Judge has just taken his place on the bench and the jurors are filing back into the jury box. Some of the reporters are hastily taking their places at the reporters' table. Michael is already there, evidently greatly excited. As the jurors are all seated, tense silence fills the room.

JUDGE

The defendant will rise.

Joe Briggs stands up, his whole body trembling, looks at the Judge.

44 CLOSE SHOT - Michael, as he looks at Joe, then at the jury as the Judge's voice comes over.

JUDGE'S VOICE

Ladies and gentlemen of the jury -- have you reached a verdict?

45 SHOT OF THE JURY - tense, solemn faces. The foreman rises.

FOREMAN

Yes, Your Honor. We find the defendant guilty of murder in the first degree.

Instantly the sound of excited exclamations, shuffling feet and of people moving about, fills the courtroom as CAMERA QUICKLY SWINGS to a MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT of Joe. He covers his face with his hands as he cries out:

JOE

I didn't do it! I swear I didn't!

CAMERA SWINGS to MEDIUM SHOT of reporters' table. The reporters make a dash for the telephone in a wild scramble. Only Michael stands motionless, staring at Joe, off. He is evidently terribly upset by the verdict.

46 FULL SHOT - Joe is being led away by the guards.
When he disappears through the door, Michael starts out.
By this time the courtroom is practically empty.

DISSOLVE

INT. PRESS ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

47 FULL SHOT - Michael is seated at his desk, deep in thought. There is only one other reporter in the room beside him. He has just finished telephoning. Hangs up, sees Michael, steps to him.

REPORTER

What's the matter, Mike? --
didn't you like the verdict?

As Michael doesn't answer -

REPORTER (cont'd)

That's what you wanted,
wasn't it?

Michael still doesn't answer. Reporter shrugs and exits. Michael remains sitting for a moment, absorbed in his thoughts, then quickly reaches out for the phone and begins to dial.

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - EARLY EVENING

48 CLOSE SHOT - telephone, as it rings. A moment later a hand comes into scene and picks up the receiver. CAMERA PULLS BACK to CLOSE SHOT of Jane.

JANE

Yes, Michael!

(pause)

I don't know. I got awfully
tired.

(pause)

What was the verdict? They
have? I knew it...

INT. PRESS ROOM - EARLY EVENING

49 CLOSE SHOT - Michael.

MICHAEL

(into phone)

Well, it's over anyway. What
do you say we go to Tony's for
dinner?

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - EARLY EVENING

50 CLOSE SHOT - Jane.

JANE

No, Michael. I don't feel
like going out...tonight.

(pause)

Can't you understand? I want
to be alone. I'm tired --

(pause)

But I can't. I can't forget it!

INT. PRESS ROOM - EARLY EVENING

51 CLOSE SHOT - Michael, at phone.

MICHAEL

Please, Jane. After all, what
do you know about law and
trials and all those things.
The odds are a million to one
that that boy is guilty.

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - EARLY EVENING

52 CLOSE SHOT - Jane, at phone.

JANE

It doesn't make any difference,
Michael. He'll be with us for
the rest of our lives. I'll
always hear his voice 'I'm
dead and you're alive' ---

(starts

sobbing)

'I'm dead and you're happy.'

(she

hangs up)

INT. PRESS ROOM - EARLY EVENING

53 CLOSE SHOT - Michael.

MICHAEL

(into phone)

Jane! Jane!

(CONTINUED)

53 (CONTINUED)

He hangs up and starts to dial again, but stops after a few twists and slumps down in his chair, staring at the phone. The shadows have lengthened in the room and it has become quite dark. There is a click of a switch and the light goes on. Michael turns with a start, as though jumping out of some idea that is bothering him. A charwoman with a bucket and mop stands in the doorway.

CHARWOMAN

Oh, excuse me. I thought all
you had gone already.

MICHAEL

(stands up
wearily)
It's all right. I'm going, now.
(he goes
toward door)

INT. COURTROOM CORRIDOR - EVENING

54 FULL SHOT. The corridor leads to both the exit and the courtroom. It is dark, but some light comes through from the open doors of the courtroom. Michael hesitates in front of the courtroom and looks in.

INT. COURTROOM - EVENING

55 LONG SHOT. The room is empty and full of heavy shadows. It has an air of untidy desolation. Michael stands in the doorway, staring at this scene for a moment. Suddenly we hear Joe's voice ring out in the empty courtroom.

JOE'S VOICE

I didn't do it! I swear I
didn't!

56 CLOSE SHOT - Michael.

MICHAEL

What's the matter with me? --
I'm getting soft. He did it.
Of course he did.

He starts walking down corridor.

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

- 57 MED. SHOT - busy street, dense traffic. Street noises. Michael, deep in thought, walks down the street.
- 58 CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT - of Michael, as he walks staring ahead. Suddenly over the din of the traffic we hear Michael's voice:

MICHAEL'S VOICE

How do I know? -- I didn't actually see him kill Nick.

(pause)

Of course, I didn't see him! Nobody ever sees a man commit a murder. If the courts had to have an eye witness for everything, nobody'd ever be convicted.

(pause)

They'll burn him and I'll never know.

Suddenly he bumps into a passerby.

MAN

Why don't you look where you're going?

Michael looks after him dully, then brushes his hand against his forehead.

MICHAEL

Gosh -- I'm tired...

DISSOLVE

EXT. STREET ANOTHER PART OF THE TOWN - NIGHT

- 59 MED. SHOT - Corner of Sixth Avenue and one of the side streets between Sixth and Fifth Avenue, near Washington Square. Michael is passing by a small lunchroom on the corner. The sign on the window reads: JACK'S ALL NIGHT COFFEE POT. The word, JACK'S, has been recently repainted and it stands out fresh and new in contrast to the rest of the sign, which is faded and cracking. Michael stops for a moment, looks at the lighted window. We hear his voice without his lips moving.

MICHAEL'S VOICE

Business as usual... All you have to do is repaint the sign -- put 'Jack' instead of 'Nick' ... and they'll go on drinking their coffee as though nothing had happened.

He turns into the street and crosses toward his house on the opposite side, CAMERA FOLLOWING.

MICHAEL'S VOICE (cont'd)

Why did I have to live across the street? -- A lot of people live in Brooklyn -- why couldn't I? -- Then I wouldn't be mixed up in it.

As he crosses over, a huge street-cleaning department sprinkler comes up on him. He jumps to get out of the way, and mutters a curse under his breath. CAMERA FOLLOWS him as he passes by old brownstone houses, once exclusive residences, now rooming houses. "Vacancy," signs on the front of almost every house.

A few steps lead up to the front entrance; short stairways with iron fences around them, down to the basements. In contrast to the section of street in the preceding scene, this block is almost deserted and fairly dark. An occasional motor car; few pedestrians.

In front of a house, Number 39 to be exact - a man stands, leaning against the iron fence. He wears an overcoat which is unbuttoned, and an unusually long scarf around his neck. He stands idle, almost motionless, watching Michael approach without much interest. Michael, his eyes on the pavement, does not see the man.

Michael lives in Number 39. As he approaches the house his hand mechanically goes into his pocket for the key. The man begins to show interest in Michael. He leans forward and turns so that he faces Michael, who at this moment, reaches the house. He looks up; sees the man, stops.

60 CLOSE SHOT - Michael, startled by the presence of the man, looks at him curiously.

MICHAEL'S VOICE

Funny looking customer --

- 61 CLOSE SHOT - the Man. He is a strange-looking individual with shaggy mustache, thick lips, bulging eyes. Shabby overcoat. The lights and shadows of the nearby street lamp falls upon his face and makes his appearance fantastic. For a moment his expression is tense, watchful; but then he starts to grin.
- 62 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Michael and the Man. With only the width of the stairway leading up to the front door between them, they stand for a moment, facing each other. The man is still grinning. There is something in his grin that makes Michael shudder. He quickly turns now and starts up the stairway. The Man's eyes follow him. The grin disappears from his face; he becomes tense and determined. A moment later, trying to look casual, he starts after Michael up the stairway. Michael turns; sees that the Man is following him. Vaguely uneasy he quickens his steps, reaches the door; opens it with nervous haste and goes into the house. Just as the Man reaches the door, obviously intent upon entering -- and as the CAMERA QUICKLY MOVES UP to the entrance door, Michael, from within, shuts the door quickly in the Man's face.
- 63 CLOSE SHOT - the Man. Great annoyance on his ugly face.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

- 64 FULL SHOT - Michael stands at the door, looking out curiously. The hall is small and badly lighted. The only light comes from a lamp hanging from the ceiling three flights up. There is a mirror with a stand against the wall. The staircase is in the back.

MICHAEL'S VOICE

Let him ring the landlady.

- 65 SHOOTING out to street through lace curtain on window. The Man's silhouette can be seen outside. Michael, his back to camera, stands looking out. The Man outside turns and walks down the steps, disappearing from sight. Michael shrugs, turns into camera, then FOLLOWED by the CAMERA, starts toward the staircase. He stops by the stand; picks up a bunch of letters, runs through them. There is no mail for him. As he starts up the steps the old wooden staircase creaks plaintively.

DISSOLVE

DISSOLVE IN

INT. THIRD FLOOR HALL - NIGHT

66 MED. CLOSE SHOT - at head of stairway. Michael comes up the stairs. As he reaches the landing, he stops to catch his breath; then he turns right, toward the door of his room.

MICHAEL'S VOICE

What a gloomy dump -- Why can't they put in a bigger bulb --

67 FULL SHOT - the hall is rather dimly lit because the lonely electric light hangs on a single wire and reaches below the landing. The banister, lit by the light from below, casts a fantastic shadow upon the wall. The landing itself is ten feet wide and twenty-five long. On the right side of the stairway, the direction into which Michael has turned, are two doors. There is a deep silence in the house, broken only by Meng's rhythmic snoring.

MICHAEL'S VOICE

Listen to him snore!

He opens the door and goes into his own room.

INT. MICHAEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

68 FULL SHOT. Michael enters from hall and switches on the light. It is a smallish room; a bedroom, really, but the bedroommy appearance is somewhat relieved by the fact that it has a studio couch instead of a bed. There is a desk with a writing set, obviously Michael's own. Pictures on the wall, an easy chair and a small table by the couch with an alarm clock. A lamp on the desk. Books on shelves. Next to the desk a small typewriter-table with the machine on it. It is early spring, but the window is closed.

The low, rhythmic sound of Meng's snoring continues.

Michael closes the door behind him, takes off his hat and tosses it on a chair in the corner. He looks around aimlessly, takes off his coat, hangs it on the arm of the chair. He becomes conscious of the snoring and looks toward the wide wall that separates his room from the next. We hear his voice again, without his lips moving.

MICHAEL'S VOICE

Sounds like a peanut wagon.

(he goes
toward
window)

It'll be a big day in my life
when I move out of here!

He opens the window, and the street noises help to drown out the snoring, but it still can be heard. Michael goes to an easy chair, sits down and leans back. He starts to untie his tie. His face is warm and his expression one of desperate melancholy. He looks around the room with distaste until his eye lights on a picture of Jane on his desk. He smiles and walks over to it.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

(picking up
picture)

Poor kid...

As Michael stares at it, his expression becomes hopeful.

MICHAEL'S VOICE (cont'd)

She'll forget all about it in
a couple of days.

He puts down the picture and straightens papers on his desk, then picks up a manuscript, leafing through it.

MICHAEL'S VOICE (cont'd)

My novel -- I wonder if I'll
ever finish it.

(he smiles)

Maybe, after we're married.
If it's only a success, Jane'll
be so proud. Boy, will I kiss
the newspaper business
good-bye!

He puts down the manuscript with a pat of affection and sinks into a chair. He starts taking off his shoes, replacing them with slippers.

MICHAEL'S VOICE (cont'd)

No wonder I couldn't finish
it. How could anyone write
cooped up in here?

He looks around the room.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL'S VOICE (cont'd)

Two years! -- I don't know how
I stood it.

(looking
toward
the wall)

With that snoring animal in
the next room. He was certainly
easy to spot --- I'll never
forget the way we met -- my
first morning in this
establishment ---

CAMERA QUICKLY MOVES UP to SO CLOSE to Michael that his
head goes out of focus and through that we --

DISSOLVE

INT. THIRD FLOOR BATHROOM - MORNING

69 MED. SHOT. Michael, wearing a bathrobe and humming, has
just finished shaving. Light streams in through a window.
Michael wipes his face with the towel, then picking up
his kit, goes into the hall.

INT. THIRD FLOOR HALL - MORNING

70 FULL SHOT. Michael comes from hall into bathroom. The
light comes in through a window in the ceiling. Suddenly
Michael stops as he hears voices from the room next to
his, the door of which is slightly open.

GIRL'S VOICE

(heavy accent)

Please, Mr. Meng - please don't
-- I have work to do --

MENG'S VOICE

Don't shout - do you want to
wake the house?

GIRL'S VOICE

Please, Mr. Meng -- let me go --
I'll lose my job -- please.

The sound of a scuffle is heard, then the door is flung
open and a young chambermaid rushes into hall, carrying
a broom and a basket of towels. Greatly agitated, she
rushes down staircase. A small, stocky man, over fifty,
appears in the doorway as if about to chase the girl.
However, as he sees Michael, he stops, surprised.

71 CLOSE SHOT - Meng. He is bald; his face is unpleasant. He is carefully, but cheaply dressed. At first he seems annoyed at seeing Michael, but then he forces a grin.

MENG

Those foreigners -- no sense
of humor -- can't take a
little friendly joke.

72 FULL SHOT - hall. Michael quickly starts toward his room, without looking at Meng.

MENG

We haven't met. You must be
the new tenant?

MICHAEL

I am.

INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM - MORNING

73 FULL SHOT - it is the same room we saw before, but it is morning now; the sun pours into the room through the window; and the furniture is quite differently arranged. There are no pictures on the wall yet; no books; and no writing set on the desk. Michael has moved into the room only a day before.

Michael comes in, followed by Meng.

MENG

My name's Meng. Albert Meng.
I live next door.

MICHAEL

(dryly)
Hello --

MENG

You'll like it here. This is
a nice house. Yes, sir, a
very nice house. No noisy
people, and all old tenants.
Myself, I've been living here
over ten years... And what's
your name, may I ask?

MICHAEL

Ward.

(CONTINUED)

MENG

You like to sleep late, eh,
Mr. Ward?

MICHAEL

Yes, I do.

MENG

Not me. I'm always up bright
and early. No use in sleeping
your life away, I say.

74 CLOSE TWO SHOT - Michael and Meng.

MICHAEL

(curtly,
trying to
get rid
of him)

Very wise.

MENG

What do you do for a living --
if you don't mind my curiosity?

MICHAEL

I work on a newspaper.

MENG

Oh, a journalist? Keep late
hours, I suppose! No wonder
you sleep late. I go to bed
at eight o'clock every evening.

(with
emphasis)

Every evening... Well... It
was a pleasure, I'm sure.
Good morning.

MICHAEL

(in a low
voice)

Good-bye.

Meng goes out, carefully closing the door behind him.
Michael stands, staring after him -- then the scene
quickly goes out of FOCUS and we

DISSOLVE OUT.

DISSOLVE IN

INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

- 75 CLOSE SHOT - Michael. He is sitting in the easy chair as before -- just taking off his tie. He puts his tie on the small table, leans back in the chair, brushes his hand against his forehead.

MICHAEL'S VOICE

I am tired.

He rises, stretches, goes to wash-stand, looks into mirror over the stand, scrutinizing his face closely, then picks up his towel from the rack, takes his shaving kit, and starts toward hall door.

INT. HALL - NIGHT

- 76 MED. CLOSE SHOT - at Michael's door, as it opens from within and Michael appears. He takes a step toward camera, then stops, staring ahead, surprised at what he sees off... and CAMERA, AS IF FOLLOWING his look, SWINGS to the bathroom door and we get a glimpse of a man's back disappearing into the bathroom, his arm reaching out nervously to close the door quickly behind him.

- 77 CLOSEUP - Michael. His expression shows that he is filled with vague misgivings. He is disturbed and uneasy. He stands motionless.

MICHAEL'S VOICE

Who's that? It isn't Meng.

- 78 FULL SHOT - hall. There is a deep silence in the house. Michael stands at the door of his room uneasily expectant, looking at the bathroom door. A few feet off this, then Michael, a thought occurring to him, quickly deliberately opens the door of his room and shuts it immediately, but he remains standing in the hall, looking toward the bathroom with increasing uneasiness. He is waiting tensely.

- 79 CLOSE SHOT - Michael. His eyes open wide as he sees something off.

- 80 MED. CLOSE SHOT - bathroom door as it is being opened from within, slowly, quietly, secretively.

- 81 FULL SHOT - hall. Michael stands in front of his room, motionless. The bathroom door keeps on opening... then when it is half open, the same man, the Stranger we saw downstairs as Michael came home, appears. At first he does not notice Michael. He opens the door wider.
- 82 CLOSE SHOT - Michael. He stands rigid, stunned, not so much by fear as by the surprise of seeing this man on the third floor.
- 83 CLOSE SHOT - the Stranger. He is about to step out into the hall when suddenly he sees Michael. A look of fear comes into his eyes. He stops involuntarily -- but the next instant, as though anxious not to betray that he feels like a man caught, he assumes an attitude of firm deliberation and, CAMERA FOLLOWING, starts walking across the hall toward the stairway. He carries his overcoat on his arm. The dirty-white scarf is hung across his shoulders. The scarf is so long that it reaches his knees. The shadow of the banister upon his face, it looks even more frightening. There is an almost maniacal glint in his bulging eyes, which he keeps averted from Michael as he goes toward the stairway. CAMERA FOLLOWING the Stranger, brings Michael into the shot. He stands motionless, rigid -- as if in a trance; and the Stranger, deliberate, obviously in haste but trying not to appear too anxious, starts down the stairway. CAMERA STOPS on Michael. The Stranger goes out of shot. The stairs are heard to creak under his steps. Suddenly Michael stirs, snapping out of the surprise the appearance of the Stranger gave him. He steps to the head of the stairway and calls after him.

MICHAEL

Looking for somebody?

- 84 CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT - the Stranger. He is going down the steps. He turns to look back toward Michael, but he does not answer. Instead, he quickens his steps.
- 85 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Michael. His excitement increases, and he shouts after the Stranger again.

MICHAEL

What do you want? Who are you?

(CONTINUED)

85 (CONTINUED)

No answer. Michael starts down the steps toward the Stranger, calling after him:

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Hey -- wait a minute!

86 TRUCKING SHOT - the Stranger. Without stopping for a moment, he looks back and realizing that Michael is after him, he almost runs as he reaches the second floor landing and, running the length of the second floor hall, continues his dash down the stairs. CAMERA STOPS on second floor landing as Michael, agitated and running, appears following the Stranger down the steps.

87 HIGH CAMERA - LONG SHOT - of stairway, shooting from above down on the curving stairway as Michael runs after the Stranger. They are just turning into the last flight of steps. Michael seems to be gaining on the Stranger, who increases his speed, careful not to stumble.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

88 FULL SHOT - shooting toward the stairway. The Stranger has almost reached the last landing. Michael is just a step or two behind him. There is no pretense between them now. The Stranger is the pursued, and Michael the pursuer. The Stranger runs out of the shot, Michael suddenly stumbles on the last step; he almost falls -- but he succeeds in catching his balance.

89 REVERSE ANGLE - Michael's stumble has given the Stranger a slight advantage. He reaches door; opens it, runs out into street. The door is shut by the time Michael reaches it. Michael fumbles with the knob; finally opens the door and runs out.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

90 MED. SHOT - Michael runs down the steps, reaches the sidewalk. Looks right...

91 LONG SHOT - down the street. It is completely deserted. There is no one in sight.

other side of the street from Michael's angle toward Fifth Avenue is also deserted.

- 93 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Michael. He looks once more toward Fifth Avenue, then again toward Sixth. He does not see the Stranger. He has disappeared. A taxicab whizzes by. Michael shrugs.

MICHAEL'S VOICE

What the devil was he up to?

(turns and
starts back
into house)

What do I care?

CAMERA PANS AWAY from Michael to the basement entrance of the adjoining house. The Stranger is hiding there, grinning.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

- 94 FULL SHOT. Michael, preoccupied, vaguely disturbed, enters from the street, and goes aimlessly toward the stairway. His voice comes over, but his lips are not moving.

MICHAEL'S VOICE

Why did he run like that?

(pause)

Was he trying to rob the place?
Can't be very bright. There
isn't anything worth stealing
in the whole block.

He makes a gesture indicating that he wants to dismiss the subject, and continues upstairs.

DISSOLVE

INT. THIRD FLOOR HALL - NIGHT

- 95 FULL SHOT. Michael comes into scene from stairway, still preoccupied, still disturbed. CAMERA PANS with him, as he goes toward his room.

MICHAEL'S VOICE

What an evil face! He and
Meng would make a swell team --

He is at Meng's door, as he finishes the above.

door to Meng's room; and whispering to himself, he repeats his thoughts, his lips moving now:

MICHAEL

Meng!

CAMERA FOLLOWING, he goes closer to door and listens intently, holding back his breath -- there is no sound from the room. Michael listens a moment, then straightens up impatiently.

MICHAEL'S VOICE

He must be awake -- Maybe he
heard that man in the hall --

CAMERA MOVES OUT of his way as he starts toward his own room, nervous, excited; stops after a few steps, looks toward door again; his face worried.

MICHAEL'S VOICE (cont'd)

But why is he so quiet? -- I
can't hear a sound --

(then terror
comes into
his face)

Is he -- is there something
wrong with him?

He stands as if paralyzed by his thought --

MICHAEL'S VOICE (cont'd)

That man -- maybe he did
something to him! Maybe he
killed him!

(pause)

The terrified look disappears from his face. Now he speaks, his lips moving.

MICHAEL

What's the matter with me? --
I'm acting like an old woman!

He waits a moment, then glances back at Meng's door, again frightened.

MICHAEL'S VOICE

Why don't I go and see if he's
all right?

97 MED. SHOT - Michael at Meng's door. He is about to press the knob when his hand stops in mid-air.

98 CLOSEUP - Michael. He is looking down at his hand with terror. He remembers what the District Attorney told Joe at the trial.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S VOICE
....fingerprints always give
you away!

99 MED. SHOT - hall. As Michael quickly turns from Meng's door and rushes into his room.

INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

100 MED. CLOSE SHOT - at door as Michael enters, shuts it behind him. He leans against the door and stares ahead, frustrated, helpless, desperate. A moment later a new thought fills him with relief once more. His face brightens.

101 FULL SHOT - room. He rushes to closet, brings out his overcoat and hurriedly takes gloves from pocket. He puts coat back and in nervous haste begins to put on the gloves. Suddenly his movements slow down. Then he stops. He stares ahead.

102 CLOSE SHOT - Michael. His tortured thoughts break into words on his lips.

MICHAEL'S VOICE
Suppose he is dead.... Suppose
somebody sees me going into his
room with gloves on my hands!...

He sways, and instinctively holds out his hand to support himself against the wall.

103 FULL SHOT - room. A moment later he steadies himself. Takes off the one glove he has already put on; throws the gloves back into the closet; shuts the closet door; then crosses to the easy chair and sits down. He brushes his hand across his forehead, his expression indicating that he is trying to reassure himself -- to dispel this nightmare that tortures him.

MICHAEL'S VOICE

Come on -- pull yourself
together.

But his efforts to calm himself aren't very successful.

MICHAEL'S VOICE (cont'd)

(pause)

I guess I left the door unlocked.
He must've come in right behind
me.

104 FULL SHOT - Michael begins to pace the floor excitedly.

MICHAEL'S VOICE

I ought to do something about
it! I'll wake the landlady....

He dashes to the door, but he stops dead in front of it.

MICHAEL'S VOICE (cont'd)

What'll I tell her? -- That
I saw a strange man in the
house ---

105 CLOSE SHOT - Michael, at door.

MICHAEL'S VOICE

If he is dead, it'll look
suspicious. Nobody else saw
him. It'll look as though I'm
trying to cover up something.

After a moment he goes to the door of Meng's room that
opens on his. He presses his ear against it. CAMERA
FOLLOWS him.

MICHAEL'S VOICE (cont'd)

Why is it so quiet in there?
(knocks very
lightly and
listens)

He didn't hear me. Shall I
knock again? I'll wake the
whole house.

He straightens. Once more an expression of relief comes to his face.

MICHAEL'S VOICE (cont'd)

What if I do? Why should they think I had anything to do with it.

For an instant there is even a faint smile on his face. He brushes his hand across his face, and with this gesture brushes away the smile. When he looks up, his expression shows that he is again seized with terror. His eyes stare ahead as he fairly shrieks the question which, however, sounds like an answer to what his tortured mind asked a moment ago.

MICHAEL'S VOICE (cont'd)

Why? -- Sure -- last winter...

He keeps on staring ahead as if looking into the past. CAMERA MOVES UP to him till he is OUT OF FOCUS, then

DISSOLVE

INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

106 FULL SHOT - the ceiling light isn't on now, only the lamp on the desk is burning. Michael, in shirt sleeves, is seated at the desk, working on his typewriter with the enthusiasm of a writer whose work is going well. He smiles faintly-contentedly to himself, when there is a sharp knock on the door. Michael doesn't hear it; but the next instant the door is burst open from without, and the landlady, Mrs. Kane, appears, followed by Meng, who wears a heavy, checked, flannel robe over his pajamas. Michael stops working and looks up, surprised.

MICHAEL

What do you want? What's the idea breaking in that way?

He rises. Meng looks at him contemptuously, hostilely. Michael looks at Mrs. Kane questioningly; she speaks angrily, her voice rasping.

MRS. KANE

Mr. Meng complains that he can't sleep with you pounding away at that machine.

MICHAEL

I've some work to do. It's
only ten o'clock.

Meng, who has been silent so far, now speaks up in a curt,
viciously biting tone.

MENG

People who don't loaf in the
daytime, don't have to work at
night. This isn't an office
building.

MRS. KANE

(grateful for
Meng's help)

That's right. This is a
rooming house.

Michael is getting angry. He takes a step toward Mrs.
Kane and Meng. Meng instinctively backs away.

MICHAEL

(with an angry
gesture)

Exactly. I've paid my rent
and I'll do as I please and
now, if you don't mind...

Mrs. Kane doesn't know what to say next. She is the kind
of woman who is aggressive only until she is strongly
rebuffed. She even seems to think vaguely that there is
something in what Michael says. She looks at Meng
helplessly. Meng, realizing he is losing authority,
assumes a cruelly peremptory attitude as he turns to
Mrs. Kane.

MENG

Very well, Mrs. Kane. If
there's nothing you can do to
restrain this man from disturbing
my sleep, I'll move out at the
end of the month. Let this
serve as my notice.

MRS. KANE

Now see what you've done.

MICHAEL

What?

MRS. KANE
You've driven my best tenant
out of the house!

MICHAEL
I'd like to kick him down the
stairs.

MENG
(to Mrs. Kane)
What did I tell you? - He's a
menace - You heard him
threaten me, didn't you?

MRS. KANE
(to Michael)
You ought to be ashamed of
yourself. Mr. Meng's been
living here for nearly fourteen
years. And he pays his rent
promptly.

MENG
Every week!

MICHAEL
So do I!

MENG
But you won't live here
fourteen years.

MICHAEL
Heaven forbid!

MRS. KANE
But as long as you do live here..
(points to
typewriter
with pretty
feeble
authority)
Stop using that thing.
(to Meng)
Come, Mr. Meng.

MENG
(at the door)
If you have to write, write
with a pencil!

As they go toward the door the scene goes OUT OF FOCUS
and we
DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

107 MED. CLOSE SHOT - the room is lighted the same way as it was before the preceding scene; ceiling light on, desk light out. The window is open. Michael is standing in the spot where we left him, mumbling to himself.

MICHAEL'S VOICE

Everybody knows you don't kill
a man for a silly thing like
that.

As though unconsciously, Michael begins to pace the floor. Passing the desk, he stops abruptly. His eyes fall upon something on his desk.

108 CLOSE SHOT - a sharp, long stiletto, which Michael obviously uses as a paper knife. It is a beautiful, old piece, but it can also be a dangerous weapon...

MICHAEL'S VOICE

But there was that time in Nick's...

109 CLOSE SHOT - Michael. Horrified, he stares at the knife, as CAMERA QUICKLY MOVES UP to OUT OF FOCUS, then

DISSOLVE

INT. NICK'S PLACE - NIGHT

110 FULL SHOT - it is a small, cheap lunchroom. No tables, only a semi-circular counter with stools in front of it. A glass-covered case with some stale pies, drooping cakes and faded apples. The sign, "NICK'S ALL NIGHT COFFEE POT" is painted on the glass window outside. Inside, it appears backward. Nick, the proprietor, a small, stocky, bald man, is putting plates of food in front of Michael and Martin, who are seated at the counter. There is a taxi driver at the other end of the counter, eating.

NICK

(heavy accent)

Very special. Just the way you
like it, Mr. Ward.

MICHAEL

Thanks, Nick.

TAXI DRIVER
Another cup o' java, Nick.

NICK

Coming up.

Michael and Martin start to eat. Nick goes to taxi driver, takes his cup, fills it up with coffee and turns back as the door opens and Meng enters.

NICK (cont'd)

Good evening, Mr. Meng.

Meng sees Michael, gives him a grin and a "good evening," Michael returns the greeting. Martin looks up at Meng and watches.

MENG

Just a bottle of milk, my friend.

NICK

Coming up.

111 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Michael and Martin.

MARTIN

(in a low voice)

Who's that citizen?

MICHAEL

My next door neighbor.

MARTIN

He looks like he'll sit up with
a sick friend to eat his grapes.

Meng comes into scene with the milk, on his way out.

MENG

(to Michael,
with a grin)

Hello, neighbor.

(he peers down
at what they're
eating)

Shouldn't drink coffee before
going to bed. Milk's the thing
-- settles your stomach.

(he goes)

MICHAEL

(looking
after Meng)

Did you ever want to kill a man?

MARTIN

(knows it's
a cliché)

There's murder in every
intelligent man's heart.

112 FULL SHOT - SHOOTING through window to street, with Meng
in scene as he crosses it carefully, holding cautiously
to his bottle of milk.

MICHAEL

He isn't a man. He's a worm.
The kind that you ought to
jump on with heavy boots.

MARTIN

You'd get awfully tired before
you're finished. They cover
the earth.

As though unconsciously, Michael picks up his knife and
begins to beat the counter with it.

MICHAEL

It'd be a real pleasure to cut
his throat...

MARTIN

Say, you're not kidding...
Put that knife down!

The scene goes out of focus and we

DISSOLVE QUICKLY

INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

113 MED. CLOSE SHOT - of Michael, standing rigidly at the
desk, staring at the knife. With a quick gesture he
drops the knife. Then, hurriedly, he opens the drawer
and hides the knife in it.

MICHAEL

Martin'll remember that.

He looks toward the wall, then, as the sound of approaching footsteps is heard from the hall, Michael stiffens, listens, and, CAMERA FOLLOWING, goes to door. The sound of footsteps grows louder; a door is heard to open and shut; then silence again. Someone has come home, probably on the second floor. With an instinctive movement, Michael turns the key in the lock, then leans against the door, exhausted.

MICHAEL'S VOICE (cont'd)

But it was just talk -- just
something you say ---
(a moment later)
You can't convict a man on that.
In every crime there has to be
a motive. I hadn't any.

New horror seizes him, as he almost shrieks.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Wait a minute! How about last
month - the night it rained?

CAMERA MOVES UP to him to OUT OF FOCUS, then

DISSOLVE

INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

114 FULL SHOT - the room is completely dark. It is raining outside. In the silence only the ticking of the alarm clock is heard and the patter of the rain against the window. A moment of this, then the door is heard to open. CAMERA TURNS TOWARD the door through which dim light seeps into the room, and in the dimness we discover Michael. He steps into the room, and after him a girl. Even before Michael switches on the light, we hear the whisper of the girl:

JANE

(whispering)

Are you sure it's all right for
me to come up here?

MICHAEL

(whispering)

Certainly. I was never told
not to have friends in my room.

As he speaks he switches the light on. The girl is Jane. Both she and Michael are wearing raincoats, wet and dripping. Water is trickling down from Michael's hat. Michael turns away from her to shut the door.

- 115 CLOSE SHOT - Michael. He is looking at the girl, smiling with infinite happiness, unaware that water is trickling down his neck from his hat.
- 116 CLOSE SHOT - Jane. Her hat is wet too, as is her raincoat. She is looking at Michael; deep happiness in her smile.
- 117 CLOSE TWO SHOT - in deep silence they are looking at each other happily. For a moment neither moves. One would think that the raindrops on their faces were tears. Another moment of silence, then Jane whispers:

JANE

Michael...

They fly into each other's arms. They don't kiss. Completely lost in the happiness of the embrace, they are unaware of their wet clothes. She does not seem to notice that the water dripping from Michael's hat is trickling down her face. They hold each other tight, their wet faces pressed against one another. They are almost motionless for a moment; then, inadvertently, her hat brushes against Michael's and it almost falls off. Instinctively Michael reaches for his hat and the spell is broken. They separate.

- 118 FULL SHOT - room. Michael throws his hat on a chair and helps her to take her coat off, then takes off his own, throwing it carelessly on the chair. She takes off her hat, gives it to Michael; womanlike, she arranges her hair a little, then looks around the room. This is the first time she has seen where Michael lives. She is pleased.

JANE

Michael, I like your room. It's very nice.

Impulsively she goes to look at a picture on the wall, Michael following her closely. She goes to the bookshelf next, scans the books for a moment, takes one out, turns to Michael.

JANE (cont'd)

I've read this one. I liked it.
Didn't you?

MICHAEL

(looking at her)

Yes.

Their eyes meet for a moment; they smile at each other. She turns her attention to the book again as she replaces it, then, without looking at Michael, goes to desk. Michael turns, his eyes following her graceful movements. Her photograph in a frame, stands on the desk. She picks it up, looks at it, then turns back toward Michael, who is standing in the same place watching her. Her lips part as she smiles at him, and CAMERA, cutting out Michael, MOVES SLOWLY TOWARD her. Keeping her poise, she looks straight into the camera as it APPROACHES her - a faint, curious, almost frightened smile on her face. She lifts her face a little as CAMERA IS QUITE CLOSE to her, then

119 BIG CLOSEUP - the two. Michael is standing very near her ...they are looking at each other for a moment in a reserved, almost embarrassed silence -- their faces serious...then Michael speaks, his voice cloudy...

MICHAEL

Your face is wet.

He takes his handkerchief, and the smile comes back to her face as he wipes the raindrop off her cheek.

JANE

Thank you.

The next instant they are in each other's arms. They kiss. It is a long, hungry kiss.

120 FULL SHOT - room. Jane frees herself from his embrace. Her face is flushed. With an apologetic gesture, she takes his hand and moves away from him, pulling him after her. Reaching the easy chair, she sinks into it, letting go of his hand. Michael stands by the chair for a moment, looking down at her, then sits down on the floor at her feet. She brushes her hand against his hair.

JANE

I'm glad I came up.

MICHAEL

(looking up
at her)

I have the rain to thank for
that.

JANE

(playfully)

I've always liked the rain.

MICHAEL

I do too -- now.

They smile at each other through the short silence that follows.

JANE

The park was wet and damp tonight.

(a snug gesture)

It's nice and warm here.

MICHAEL

(resentful)

I'm tired of the park.

JANE

(slangy)

Me too.

MICHAEL

I'm tired of the movies, too. They're so dark, I can never see your face.

JANE

I'm tired of the bus-tops. Even in spring.

MICHAEL

I hate Riverside Drive.

JANE

So do I.

A moment of silence. Michael puts his head in her lap; she caresses his hair.

MICHAEL

I hate every place where I can't take you in my arms...

She bends down and kisses his hair. He does not move.

JANE

I've always wanted to see your room...to know where you sit when you're tired...where you sleep...

(mockingly)

Do you talk in your sleep?

MICHAEL

I don't know. I've always lived alone.

JANE

I'm sure you do -- telling your secrets to the walls.

MICHAEL

Maybe.

A short silence again. She looks down at Michael, smiling happily. He is too snug and happy to move.

121 CLOSE TWO SHOT - Michael and Jane.

MICHAEL

Jane...

JANE

Yes?

MICHAEL

Do you stand or sit when you talk to me on the telephone?

She utters a little laugh. Michael continues.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

I've always wondered.

(reproachfully)

You've never let me see your apartment...

JANE

You know it's against the rules.

Michael straightens and looks up at her.

MICHAEL

You should've moved.

JANE

It's cheap.

MICHAEL

We couldn't be alone in your place anyway. That roommate of yours...

JANE

She pays half the rent.

MICHAEL

I know.

He looks down, sees her shoes, speaks in alarm.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Darling, your shoes are soaking wet. You'll catch cold. I should've thought of it before.

He takes off her shoes, touches her stockinged feet, exclaims:

MICHAEL (cont'd)

The stockings, too. You'd better take them off. I'll get a towel.

He rises and goes out of shot. She looks after him; seems to hesitate for a fraction of a moment, but then with slow, deliberate movements, begins to take off her stockings, looking off after Michael. Just as she is finished, Michael comes back into shot with a turkish towel, begins to dry her feet with it.

122 CLOSE SHOT - Jane. She isn't smiling now. She looks down at Michael, her eyes misty.

123 CLOSE SHOT - Michael. He is rubbing the towel against her foot; then his movements slow down; he stares at her foot, takes off towel, holds her naked foot in his hand for a moment, then slowly looks up at her.

CLOSE TWO SHOT. They are looking at each other in a tense, crowded silence. A faint smile comes to Jane's face. Michael lets her foot down -- in a moment they will be in each other's arms... but at that moment there is an insistent knock on the door.

The mood is broken. They both look off toward the door. Jane is frightened; looks at Michael questioningly. Michael is greatly upset.

JANE

Who is it?

MICHAEL

I don't know.

JANE

Go and see, Michael.

He rises and, FOLLOWED BY THE CAMERA, starts toward the door. The knock on the door is repeated more insistently. Michael reaches the door, turns the key in the lock, then opens the door.

Meng and Mrs. Kane are standing in the doorway. Meng wears the same heavy flannel dressing robe he wore in a previous scene. Michael's face flushes with fury.

MICHAEL

(angrily)

What do you want?

MRS. KANE

Mr. Meng here says you've got a woman in there.

MICHAEL

What if I have?

MENG

What'd I tell you?

MRS. KANE

It's against the rules of the house, Mr. Ward. You ought to know better'n that.

Before Michael can prevent it, Meng brushes past him and steps into the room. As Michael turns after him, Mrs. Kane steps into the room, too.

125 CLOSE SHOT - Jane. She is still sitting in the chair, pulling her skirt down over her naked legs protectively.

126 FULL SHOT - room. Meng stands staring at Jane, raises his hand menacingly and points at her, turning to Mrs. Kane.

MENG

There she is! -- Look... look at her legs!

MRS. KANE

I'm surprised at you, Mr. Ward. I thought I made it clear to you that ladies are not allowed in the rooms.

MICHAEL

(shouting
furiously)

You did nothing of the kind!

Mrs. Kane knows that she has never told Michael anything of the sort. But she is anxious to save her face before Meng -- at the same time she doesn't want to drive Michael out of the house. She tries to be as diplomatic as she can under the circumstances.

MRS. KANE

(feebly
insistent)

Oh, yes, I did. I tell that to all the tenants.

(with a look at
Meng who is
still staring
at Jane)

Anyway, you'd better get her out of here.

MENG

This is a respectable house, I want you to know.

MICHAEL

(shouting)

Get out of here -- both of you, before I throw you out!

(CONTINUED)

MENG

Don't you dare! I'll call the police!

JANE

(getting up)

Please, Michael -- don't argue with them.

(to Mrs. Kane)

Don't worry. I'll go at once.

Michael turns to Jane furiously.

MICHAEL

Oh, no, you won't! You won't leave just because this...

(he turns to

Meng with

increasing

rage)

... this obscene old fool....

He suddenly lunges at Meng, who tries to back away from him, frightened.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

(grabbing him)

I ought to wring your neck!

MENG

(squealing)

Take your hands off me! --

Mrs. Kane!

Jane and Mrs. Kane rush in and try to tear Michael away from Meng.

JANE

Michael, let him go -- please!

MRS. KANE

Mr. Ward! Mr. Ward!

Michael gives Meng a terrific push which sends him against the wall, and Meng falls.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

(to Mrs. Kane)

Get him out of here, before I
kill him!

MRS. KANE

(frightened)

All right -- all right.

She hurries to Meng and helps him out of the room.

127 TWO SHOT - Jane and Michael. Michael puts his arm
around her.

MICHAEL

I'm sorry, darling -- terribly
sorry.

JANE

I don't care - I really don't.
They can't hurt me.

MICHAEL

I should've known this would
happen. He's always spying on
me. He probably had his ear
glued to the wall from the
minute we came up here.

JANE

Forget it, darling -- please.

MICHAEL

But you believe me, don't you?
She never told me I wasn't
supposed to have you up here.

JANE

Of course, she didn't.

(looks at
window)

Look! It's stopped raining.

MICHAEL

Uhum.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

I love the smell of the park
after the rain.

MICHAEL

So do I.

JANE

I love the park anyway... and
the movies... and Riverside
Drive....

128 CLOSE SHOT - he takes her in his arms, lifts her up,
turns around with her.

JANE

Michael... stop it!

Michael covers her face with kisses. She laughs happily.

MICHAEL

Jane... why do you love me?

JANE

What makes you think I do?

MICHAEL

Just a hunch.

JANE

Let's go, Michael, before they
come back again...

MICHAEL

You're right. Let's.

She frees herself and goes out of shot toward chair. He
stands looking after her, smiling happily.

129 CLOSE SHOT - Jane. She sits down and begins to pull on
her stockings, speaking as she does.

JANE

You know, Michael, when I first
met you, I thought you were
awful homely.

JANE

I love the smell of the park
after the rain.

MICHAEL

So do I.

JANE

I love the park anyway... and
the movies... and Riverside
Drive....

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come back again...

MICHAEL

You're right. Let's.

She frees herself and goes out of shot toward chair. He
stands looking after her, smiling happily.

129 CLOSE SHOT - Jane. She sits down and begins to pull on
her stockings, speaking as she does.

JANE

You know, Michael, when I first
met you, I thought you were
awful homely.

MICHAEL

Is that so?

CAMERA PANS him to include Jane, who looks up at him.

JANE

I still do.

MICHAEL

That's nice...

JANE

But that's why I love you.

MICHAEL

Just for that?

JANE

Isn't it enough?

MICHAEL

No!

She has finished. She rises, stands facing him.

JANE

Well, then... I love you because
you're a Mick... because you're
twenty-four years old...

MICHAEL

Twenty-five.

JANE

...twenty-five... and I love
you because you wear green ties
... and because in about ten
years you'll be bald... Enough?

MICHAEL

It'll have to do.

He takes her in his arms again. They kiss. For a moment
they lose themselves in the joy of being close to one
another; but Jane frees herself again.

JANE

(gently)
Let's go.

She goes out of shot. Michael stands looking after her for a moment, then follows her out.

- 131 FULL SHOT - room. Jane goes to the chair on which Michael has put their coats. She takes hers; Michael helps her with it. She puts on her hat as Michael puts on his own raincoat. Finally, Michael takes his hat, but doesn't put it on. They go to door; Michael opens it for her; she goes out. Michael follows her.

INT. THIRD FLOOR HALL - NIGHT

- 132 MED. SHOT. As Michael shuts the door of his room, Meng shuts his from within. He has been obviously waiting for them to leave. Michael and Jane stop for a moment in front of Meng's door, they both make faces at it; then they smile at each other. Michael takes her arm and they start down the steps.
- 133 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Michael and Jane. CAMERA TRUCKS AHEAD of them as they go down the steps. Suddenly, a noise is heard from above; they stop, look back.
- 134 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Meng, at banister of third floor, looking down at them.
- 135 CLOSE SHOT - Michael and Jane. They look up, see Meng, and increase their pace.
- 136 TRUCKING SHOT - Michael and Jane.

MICHAEL

(angrily)
I'm moving out of here
tomorrow!

(CONTINUED)

JANE

(smiling
at him)
Why bother?

MICHAEL

What do you mean?

JANE

Nothing -- but I thought that
in a few weeks we both might
move --

Michael looks at her seriously for a moment.

MICHAEL

Darling...

JANE

(smiling)
What's the matter? Don't you
like the idea?

MICHAEL

(he is smiling
too)
What a dope I am! Why didn't I
think of it?

JANE

Why didn't you think of what?

MICHAEL

Of getting married.

JANE

(with mock
reproach)
Michael... you really never did?

MICHAEL

Not because I'm bashful -- I
just could never figure out
what we'd live on --

They have reached the door to the street, and Michael
opens it.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

137 TWO SHOT - Jane and Michael -- as they come out of the house. The street is wet, but it isn't raining now.

JANE

That doesn't matter -- I can wait.

MICHAEL

You will?

JANE

Forever --
(laughs)
- if necessary.

MICHAEL

(laughs, too)
It won't be that long. One of these days I'll get a break.

JANE

(smiling
at him)
I got mine tonight.

They kiss. The scene goes out of focus and we

DISSOLVE

INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

138 MED. CLOSE SHOT, Michael is still leaning against the door; then begins to pace the floor. He stops, presses his fists against his temples... looks down the wall of Meng's room -- goes there, presses his ear against the wall... Deep silence.

MICHAEL'S VOICE

Poor Jane... They'll drag her into it... I won't let them!... How?... Even if Meng is dead, the landlady is alive... She'll talk...

(thinks hard)

But I can tell them about the strange man in the hall....

(mocking
himself)

A mysterious stranger! Who'll believe that?

He has been pacing the floor. Suddenly he stops and looks down at the floor in terror. He really speaks this time.

MICHAEL'S VOICE (cont'd)

I might wake the man below! --
He'll tell them I was up all
night... But Meng isn't dead.
What's the matter with me?

(he slumps into
a chair)

I'm just tired. I can't think
straight any more. If I could
only drive it out of my mind
and get some sleep...

He covers his eyes with one hand, leaning exhausted against the chair back. At this moment, a strong spotlight falls upon his head, and CAMERA QUICKLY MOVES UP to a:

139 CLOSE SHOT - Michael. His face is still buried in his hands as the voices of detectives are heard.

FIRST DETECTIVE'S VOICE

Why did you kill him?

SECOND DETECTIVE'S VOICE

Come on, come clean!

Michael lifts his face slowly.

THIRD DETECTIVE'S VOICE

Confess, and we'll go easy on
you.

MICHAEL

I didn't...

SECOND DETECTIVE'S VOICE

Stop lying -- you know you
killed him!

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

(turning
his head)
I didn't... I didn't... !

CAMERA QUICKLY PULLS BACK to a

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT - DREAM

140 CLOSE SHOT. Michael sits under a strong spotlight. Several detectives are third-degreeing him. Michael keeps turning his head from one side to the other. In this scene, as in all the following scenes, Michael wears the same shirt, open at the neck, and the same trousers.

MICHAEL

The Stranger did it! -- The man I saw in the hall.

FIRST DETECTIVE

(ignoring
this)
Where did you hide the gun?

MICHAEL

I never had a gun!

SECOND DETECTIVE

Where did you put the knife?

MICHAEL

What knife?

Third Detective holds up the knife Michael had earlier on his desk.

THIRD DETECTIVE

This one.

FIRST DETECTIVE

You thought we wouldn't find it, eh?

MICHAEL
(shouting)
But I didn't kill him! --
I didn't!

From over scene, as though at a distance, come the
voices of newsboys.

NEWSBOYS' VOICES
Extra! Extra! -- Read all
about it!

DISSOLVE

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY - DREAM

142 CLOSE SHOT - Jane, holding a newspaper. The front page
headline is toward camera. It reads:

REPORTER INDICTED FOR MURDER

She holds it for a moment, then lets it fall from her
hands as she utters a startled scream.

INT. PRESS ROOM - NIGHT - DREAM

143 Several reporters are sitting around.

FIRST REPORTER
Whew! What a story!

SECOND REPORTER
Who'd've thought that of Mike!

THIRD REPORTER
Boy -- has he got a by-line now!

FOURTH REPORTER
How do you know he did it?

The third reporter lowers his paper and we see one of
the reporters who appeared earlier.

THIRD REPORTER
Who cares? What a story! --
What a story!

144

Michael, wearing the same shirt and trousers, sits wearily, his face buried in his hands. Jane stands before him rigidly. A guard can be seen standing nearby.

JANE

(after a
moment)

Oh, Michael, why did you do it?

Michael springs up, faces Jane.

MICHAEL

I didn't do it, Jane... I
didn't. It was that man I saw.
(pleadingly)
Nobody believes me... But you
do -- don't you?

JANE

(soothingly,
but without
much conviction)
Of course, Michael...
(after a
moment)
But all this evidence... what
are they going to do to you?

Michael puts both hands on Jane's shoulders, looks into her eyes, and speaks in a very serious tone.

MICHAEL

Look at me, Jane...

She looks into his eyes; after a short pause Michael continues:

MICHAEL (cont'd)

We made a promise to each other...
once. Remember?

JANE

Yes, Michael.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

...that whatever happens we'll
always tell the truth. We'll
never lie to each other.
Remember?

JANE

(weakly)
Yes, Michael.

Jane lowers her eyes, unable to stand Michael's steady
gaze.

MICHAEL

Well, I give you my word I
didn't kill Meng! I didn't!

Involuntarily he makes his grasp on Jane's shoulder so
strong that it obviously hurts her.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Now, do you believe me?

Jane wriggles out of his grasp.

JANE

Michael -- you're hurting me!

Michael lets his hands fall. There is utter despair in
his face.

INT. CELL - COUNTY JAIL BUILDING - DREAM

145 Michael is seated on his cot. The lawyer who defended
Briggs, enters.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

(after a
moment)

I'm your lawyer. I'm supposed
to defend you at your trial.
I must know the truth!

MICHAEL

(wearily)
I didn't do it.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

That's not enough! You were
the only person on the third
floor at the time of the murder.

MICHAEL

No, I wasn't. The Stranger
was there, too.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

Who're you going to fool with
that?

MICHAEL

But he was there! I saw him
with my own eyes.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

But nobody else did.

MICHAEL

(rises
excitedly)

Look at me -- Do I look like
a murderer?

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

That's what they all say. My
advice is -- plead guilty and
throw yourself on the mercy
of the court.

MICHAEL

I won't do it.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

Don't be a fool! Do you want
to get the chair, like Briggs?

MICHAEL

I won't do it! I won't admit
something I didn't do. Somebody
on that jury will believe me.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

Oh, yeah?

- 146 LONG SHOT - Michael is being led by two guards into the courtroom.
- 147 CLOSE SHOT - Judge. Unmistakably the same man who presided over the opening trial, but he seems to have gone through a strange, dream-like transformation.

JUDGE

Proceed.

- 148 CLOSE SHOT - the District Attorney, as with utter self-confidence he rises slowly, challengingly, into the camera. His face, too, is made up to resemble a mask; a mask different from that of the Judge only in the fact that it can move; it leers, it winks its eyes, it is viciously alert. He bows stiffly toward the Judge, then turns toward Michael, off, with a malicious and self-confident leer; then, CAMERA FOLLOWING, he goes toward the jury box. As the first juror appears in shot, we go to:
- 149 MED. SHOT - the jury box. Eight men and four women -- the same jury as that of the first trial scene -- the same faces; but their faces too, resemble masks. They sit rigidly motionless, asleep.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S VOICE

Ladies and gentlemen of the jury...

- 150 CLOSE SHOT - the District Attorney.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

(raising his
voice abruptly)

The State will prove that the defendant, Michael Ward, deliberately, wilfully, intentionally and with malice aforethought murdered Albert Meng on the night of May seventeenth....

151 CLOSE SHOT - Michael and his lawyer, They are seated at the same table where Joe sat in the opening scene. Michael is still wearing the same shirt.

MICHAEL

But I didn't.

152 CLOSE SHOT - Judge.

JUDGE

The Defendant will refrain...

DISSOLVE

INT. COURTROOM - NIGHT - DREAM

153 CLOSE SHOT - Mrs. Kane, testifying from the witness stand.

MRS. KANE

Mr. Meng lived in the house fourteen years...he was quiet and generous... He wouldn't hurt a fly... Bless his soul...

(raises her
finger, points
at Michael)

And he... He has a vicious temper. He's always picking fights. Once he almost struck me!

154 CLOSE SHOT - Michael.

MICHAEL

(rises)

But it isn't true! When?

155 CLOSE SHOT - Defense Attorney. He looks at Michael murderously and whispers to him:

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

Sit down!

156 CLOSE SHOT - Judge. The lips of the mask move:

JUDGE
The defendant will refrain.

QUICK DISSOLVE

INT. COURTROOM - NIGHT - DREAM

157 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Mrs. Kane and the District Attorney.

MRS. KANE
I heard with my own ears what
he told Mr. Meng when he asked
him to get his lady-friend out
of his room...

DISTRICT ATTORNEY
(quickly)
What did he tell Mr. Meng?

MRS. KANE
(to District
Attorney)
He told him, "You'll be sorry
for this. I'm going to kill
you."

158 CLOSE SHOT - Michael. Beside himself with rage, and
unable to control himself, he rises into the camera,
shouting:

MICHAEL
I didn't!... She's lying!

159 CLOSE SHOT - Defense Attorney. He pulls Michael down
into his chair and whispers to him furiously:

DEFENSE ATTORNEY
Keep your mouth shut!

160 CLOSE SHOT - the District Attorney. He turns to the
Judge indignantly.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY
I object!

161 CLOSE SHOT - the Judge.

JUDGE
The defendant will refrain...

QUICK DISSOLVE

INT. COURTROOM - NIGHT - DREAM

162 CLOSE SHOT - Jane, sitting on the witness chair.

JANE
(in a low voice)
He said, "Get him out of here
before..."

CAMERA PULLS BACK to INCLUDE the District Attorney.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY
Before, what?

JANE
I... don't remember.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY
Do you realize you're under
oath to tell the truth... the
whole truth, and nothing but
the truth?

JANE
(weakly)
I do.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY
Did he say, "Before I kill him?"

JANE
I don't remember.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY
Would you swear that he didn't
say it?

Jane does not answer immediately; she looks at the
District Attorney with terrified, pleading eyes. The
District Attorney is relentless:

(CONTINUED)

(shouting)
Would you? Would you?

JANE
(breaking under
the stress --
mumbles)
No, I... I wouldn't.

The District Attorney turns to the jury with a
triumphant gesture.

163 CLOSEUP - Jane. She turns toward Michael.

JANE
I'm sorry, Michael. I had to
tell the truth.

QUICK DISSOLVE

INT. COURTROOM - NIGHT - DREAM

164 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Michael and the District Attorney.
Michael is in the witness stand.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY
You hated Meng, -- didn't you?

MICHAEL
(after a
short pause)
Yes. But I didn't kill him.

DISTRICT Attorney
But did you ever think of
killing him?

MICHAEL
I don't know. I might have.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY
(with great
satisfaction)
That's all!

(CONTINUED)

Michael rises slowly and begins to speak in a low voice at first.

MICHAEL
No, it isn't. I'm telling you
I didn't do it!

Michael jumps from the witness stand and goes toward the jury, pleading with them.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
Ladies and gentlemen, you're
the jury. Please believe me.
I'm innocent. There was a man
in the hall - a Stranger. He...

165 MED. SHOT - jury box. The jurors are all asleep.
Michael hangs on the rail of the box.

MICHAEL
Why aren't you listening to me?

166 REVERSE ANGLE - including Judge's bench. Michael runs
to Judge.

MICHAEL
Please, Your Honor -- they're
not listening. Make them
hear me. They've got to!

DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S VOICE
I object!

JUDGE
The defendant will refrain...

MICHAEL
I didn't kill him. I didn't!

167 CLOSE SHOT - the District Attorney. Beside himself with
rage, he shouts in a shrill voice, gesticulating
furiously.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY
I object! I object!

168 CLOSE SHOT - the Judge, rapping his gavel.

JUDGE

Order in the Court! The
defendant will now rise and
face the jury.

169 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Michael struggling with two burly
guards.

MICHAEL

You can't convict me!... You
can't!... I'm innocent....
I didn't kill him...

170 CLOSE SHOT - Judge. His face is turned toward the jury.

JUDGE

Ladies and gentlemen of the
jury, have you reached a
verdict?

171 MED. SHOT - the jury. They all rise.

JURY

(in unison)
Guilty...

172 CLOSE SHOT - Michael, as he rises into camera and
shouts desperately.

MICHAEL

But I'm not guilty! The
Stranger killed him!
(hoarsely)
There... There he is!

CAMERA PANS to the first row where the Stranger is
sitting with a grin on his face. Over scene comes
the District Attorney's voice:

DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S VOICE

I protest!

JUDGE'S VOICE

Order in the Court!

173

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Michael.

MICHAEL

Arrest him! Why don't you do something? He'll get away!

174

CLOSE SHOT - Judge. A shaft of light envelopes him as he speaks:

JUDGE

Michael Ward -- stand up --
It is the judgment of this Court
that you be taken to the State
Prison, and be there put to
death in the manner prescribed
by law. And may God have mercy
on your soul!

175

MED. SHOT - Statue of Justice. Her face is a death's head.

DISSOLVE

INT. MICHAEL'S CELL IN DEATH HOUSE - NIGHT - DREAM

176

FULL SHOT - SHOOTING from corridor into cell, where Michael, still in the same clothes, is seated on the cot and is being put through the usual preparations for the electric chair. A guard, kneeling before him, is cutting slits in his trousers; a barber is shaving the top of his head. Several guards in front of the cell door, among them the warden. The Minister stands inside the cell, reading from a prayer book. His mumbling is low and the words he speaks are completely unintelligible.

177

CLOSE SHOT - Michael. He seems completely spent, apathetic. Two guards lean into the SHOT and lift Michael to his feet. Michael, looking at Minister, steps up to him, CAMERA FOLLOWING to INCLUDE him in the shot. Michael looks at him for a moment, then speaks, his voice low, reasonable, without any trace of passion or rancor.

MICHAEL

I'm not afraid to die, even
though I don't know why I
have to die.

The Minister goes on mumbling without looking up.

ct

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL (cont'd)

But before I do, I've got to know that there's someone on this earth who does believe I'm innocent. You're the last man I'll ever talk to. Please say you don't believe I killed him.

At this moment a loud, shrill laugh is heard from off scene, and Michael looks in the direction of the sound.

178 CLOSE SHOT - Joe Briggs, through the bars. Joe, the young defendant of the first trial, is hanging on to the bars of his cell.

JOE

Aha -- now you're looking for somebody to believe you --- to say you ain't done it!

(sarcastically)

Why should they? Did you believe me? Would you tell me you didn't think I done it -- Naw!

(screaming)

Okay, kid -- go and fry!

QUICK DISSOLVE

INT. CORRIDOR OF DEATH HOUSE - NIGHT - DREAM

179 MED. SHOT - Guards on either side of him, the Minister and the warden behind him, Michael is being led toward the death chamber...

QUICK DISSOLVE

INT. DEATH CHAMBER - NIGHT - DREAM

180 FULL SHOT - Michael is in the chair; two guards are strapping his hands and feet. Michael is passive, moving like an automaton, as they make him ready for the execution. Suddenly he notices something off scene and begins to struggle violently.

MICHAEL

Look!..... look!.....

181 REVERSE ANGLE. Down the center aisle between the empty rows of seats comes Meng, smiling and looking about him curiously.

MENG

My, my.... Quite an occasion, isn't it. I told you not to drink coffee at night.

182 CLOSE SHOT - Michael, trying to wrench free.

MICHAEL

He's alive! -- Can't you see?
That proves I didn't kill him.
Let me go!

The Guards pay no attention, but throw him violently back into the chair. CAMERA SWOOPS in CLOSE, filling the scene with Michael's face. CAMERA PULLS BACK to:

INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

183 CLOSE SHOT - Michael. He is seated in his own chair in his own room, struggling desperately as if trying to free himself from the nonexistent straps of the chair. Suddenly he opens his eyes, jumps up from the chair, looks around, still under the spell of the nightmare. He realizes where he is.

MICHAEL'S VOICE

(with relief)
Of course, he's alive.

184 FULL SHOT - Michael goes to washstand, bends and splashes cold water on his face, then straightens up.

MICHAEL'S VOICE

(returning
panic)
But why don't I hear him?
(he dashes
toward door)
I'll go in there and wake him up!

INT. HALL - NIGHT

185 MED. CLOSE SHOT - as Michael comes into scene from his room and dashes across the hall to the door of Meng's room, tears it open without hesitation.

INT. MENG'S ROOM - NIGHT

- 186 MED. CLOSE SHOT - on door, as Michael appears, steps closer into camera, then stops, stares ahead with indescribable horror in his eyes. CAMERA SWINGS AWAY from him to a
- 187 CLOSE SHOT - an arm hanging down limply over the edge of bed, the fingers half-clenched in rigid immobility. CAMERA SLOWLY PANS over dark spots of blood on the bedclothes.
- 188 CLOSE SHOT - Michael, horrified.

MICHAEL
(hoarsely)
He's dead...

INT. HALL - NIGHT

- 189 Michael backs out of Meng's room, closes the door behind him, then turns in panic, and dashes back into his own room.

INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

- 190 He has entered. He closes the door, leans against it - brushes his hand against his forehead; tries to think.
- 191 MED. SHOT - he dashes to the closet, drags out a suitcase, starts to throw things into it; but a moment later he stops, picks up his hat and starts out of the room.

DISSOLVE

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

- 192 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Michael at the public telephone. He dials excitedly.

INT. JANE'S ROOM - NIGHT

193 CLOSE SHOT - the telephone, as it starts to ring. CAMERA PULLS BACK to FULL SHOT - room. Anita, a sleeping mask over her eyes, asleep in a wall-bed; Jane sleeps on the couch. The telephone rings again. Jane wakes up. Anita turns over uneasily. Jane gets out of bed and picks up receiver.

JANE

Hello...

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALL IN MICHAEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

194 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Michael, standing at the telephone, holding the receiver, waiting excitedly. Michael presses his mouth close to the transmitter and speaks in a breathless, excited whisper.

MICHAEL

Jane?

(short pause)

Listen to me! Get dressed and meet me in the park.

(pause)

I can't now. I'll tell you when I see you. It's terribly important. Bring all the money you have with you.

(pause)

Yes! Hurry!

He hangs up, looks around to make sure nobody has seen him. The house is silent, only the floor creaks as he goes to the door, opens it quickly and goes out.

EXT. ROOMING HOUSE - NIGHT

195 As Michael closes door behind him and comes down steps, turns and starts down street, CAMERA PANS to MED. CLOSE SHOT - the Stranger, hiding in the basement entrance of the neighboring house. He leans forward to look after Michael, grinning...

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

196 MED. CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT - of Michael and Jane as they walk down the path excitedly.

MICHAEL

No, Jane -- I've got to leave town at once! The minute they find the body I'll be arrested.

Jane stops, takes hold of Michael's arm, forcing him to look at her.

JANE

Oh, Michael, pull yourself together. Nobody's going to arrest you. Why should they?

MICHAEL

I've told you why!

JANE

But it doesn't make sense! -- Besides, where would you go? They'll find you no matter where you hide.

MICHAEL

It's the only chance I've got. Did you bring any money?

Jane takes the money out of her purse.

JANE

Michael -- don't you realize that this will only make things worse for you?

(she pulls
him down
on bench)

Why don't you try to think it out first? Are you even sure that Meng is dead?

MICHAEL

Of course, I'm sure! Nobody can live with his throat slashed wide open like.....

197 CLOSE SHOT - Michael. This stops him. A thought flashes through his mind. He rises excitedly into camera.

MICHAEL
His throat!....

He whirls around to face Jane.

198 CLOSE SHOT - Jane. She looks up at him excitedly.

JANE
What is it, Michael?

199 TIGHT TWO SHOT - Jane and Michael.

MICHAEL
It was cut just like Nick's!

JANE
What're you talking about?

MICHAEL
Nick - on the corner! --
Don't you remember? He was
killed the same way.

He grabs her arm almost savagely as he raises his voice.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
The same way -- I tell you,
Jane! -- The same man killed
them both!

JANE
The same man?

MICHAEL
It must've been. It couldn't've
been anybody else!

JANE
Than you think that boy is
innocent?

200 CLOSE SHOT - Michael. He is beside himself with excitement.

MICHAEL

Of course he is, but what's the use? I can't prove it. They'll convict me just like they did him. Can't you see, Jane -- I've got to get away.

201 CLOSE SHOT - Jane.

JANE

And let Briggs die when you know he's innocent!

202 CLOSE TWO SHOT - Jane and Michael.

MICHAEL

But what do you want me to do? -- I can't help him.

JANE

Yes, you can. You can help the police find the man you saw.

MICHAEL

A lot you know about cops -- They won't even listen to me.

JANE

They will! They've got to! --

MICHAEL

All right - if that's what you want me to do.

JANE

Please. Let's go and call the police.

MICHAEL

In a minute -- I want to be with you for just a little while -- before the music starts.

JANE

I... Michael....

MICHAEL

Yes?

JANE

I'm sorry about yesterday. I acted like such a fool, but I got so upset about that boy --

MICHAEL

You were right.

JANE

(after a
pause)

Don't you love this little park? Somehow, you forget that there are buildings all around you, and miles and miles of concrete.

MICHAEL

We've sat here so often it has almost become our own. If we wanted to, we could claim squatter's rights.

JANE

Let's.

203 REVERSE SHOT. The camera is behind the bench, and we can see the street.

MICHAEL

It's funny how our lives are wrapped around this spot.

(pointing)

You live two blocks that way --

(pointing the
other way)

I live two blocks the other way -- I wonder where our friend with the knife lives?

JANE

What makes you think he lives around here?

MICHAEL

Maybe he doesn't. But he certainly hangs around here a lot. -- First he cuts Nick's throat -- then three months later, he cuts another across the street.

(he points to
lighted window
in house across
street)

For all we know, he might live up there ... or there.

JANE

Let's go, Michael.
(standing up)
We've got to call the police.

MICHAEL

(also rising)
All right. But first I'm taking you home.

JANE

Don't you want me to go with you?

MICHAEL

(firmly)
No.
(he smiles as
he squeezes
her arm)
And no arguments.

JANE

All right.

As they walk off.

DISSOLVE

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

204

FULL SHOT - the shot includes the corner and part of the street where Michael lives. The police car is already in front of the house. A small crowd of curious spectators has gathered, a few more people can be seen running toward the house. A taxi driving by on the other side of the street stops, the driver and passenger leaning out of the car curiously. Michael has just come into scene, and goes toward the house with unhurried, firm steps.

205 MED. SHOT - in front of the house. The police car is parked at the curb. Two uniformed officers are guarding the entrance. People are lining up on either side, craning their necks, looking toward the front door.

CROWD

(ad lib)
.... what's happened?
.... I don't know...
.... I just got here myself...
.... somebody got killed....
.... you don't say...
.... who did it ...?
.... did they catch him yet...?
Etc. etc.

Michael comes into scene and pushes his way through the crowd. He tries to be very calm and collected.

MICHAEL

Pardon me.

People look at him curiously, but they let him through.

206 MED. CLOSE SHOT - at entrance. Michael goes up the steps. One of the officers stops him.

OFFICER

Where do you think you're going?

MICHAEL

I live here.

OFFICER

Well, you can't go in now.
A guy got killed in there.

MICHAEL

(quietly)
I know. I called the police.

OFFICER

Oh, that's different. Come on,
the Lieutenant wants to see
you.

(CONTINUED)

He lets Michael ahead and follows him into the house. As they enter, CAMERA PANS AWAY from door to a MED. CLOSE SHOT - SHOOTING through the iron fence of the basement stairs -- the Stranger. He presses his face against the iron bars, looking off toward the door. He grins with great satisfaction, evidently getting a great pleasure out of the whole thing.

INT. THIRD FLOOR - NIGHT

207

Another uniformed officer is standing in front of the door to Meng's room. Several tenants, all wearing dressing robes over their night clothes, are standing on the other end of the hall, talking excitedly in low tones. Mrs. Kane stands beside the officer, wailing.

MRS. KANE

I knew it! I knew it as sure as I'm standing right here this moment - that something like this would happen to me. Just the other day I told my married daughter, I said - "Mazie...."

OFFICER

(cutting in)

Take it easy, lady. Take it easy.

Mrs. Kane looks at him indignantly, but before she can answer, the door of Meng's room opens and Lieutenant Jones, followed by the police surgeon, enters scene from the room.

LIEUTENANT

What do you say, Doc?

POLICE SURGEON

Death was instantaneous. The jugular vein was cut.

LIEUTENANT

How long ago?

POLICE SURGEON

I'd say about six hours.

(CONTINUED)

The police surgeon goes out of scene to the staircase just as Michael comes in with the officer.

OFFICER
(to lieutenant)
This guy here says he sent in the call.

MICHAEL
Hello, Lieutenant.

LIEUTENANT
Oh, hello, Ward. You found the body?

MICHAEL
Yes.

LIEUTENANT
(pointing to
door of
Michael's
room)
You live there?

MICHAEL
Yes, that's my room. Any leads so far?

LIEUTENANT
Nothing much. They're checking for fingerprints now.

MICHAEL
Any idea what's behind it?

LIEUTENANT
One thing's sure -- it was no robbery. There's thirty-two bucks right on the night table. Whoever did it must've had it in for him - unless it was some kind of a lunatic. What do you know about it?

MICHAEL
Not much. But I've got a slant that might help you.

(CONTINUED)

LIEUTENANT

Yeah?

MICHAEL

There was a man hanging around here last night when I came home.

LIEUTENANT

Yeah?

MICHAEL

He got inside somehow. I saw him right here in the hall.

LIEUTENANT

So what? Maybe he was visiting somebody.

MICHAEL

Maybe. But when I spoke to him, he ran.

LIEUTENANT

He did, huh? Well, thanks, Ward -- it's a lead anyway.

MICHAEL

Here's another one. Remember Nick?

LIEUTENANT

Sure.

MICHAEL

His throat was cut the same way.

LIEUTENANT

Yeah?

MICHAEL

Well, I don't think it's a coincidence.

LIEUTENANT

You don't, huh?

(CONTINUED)

207 (CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

What do you think?

LIEUTENANT

I think you got something
there.

MICHAEL

Well, don't you think we'd
better let the D.A. know? --
A fellow was convicted for
the other murder yesterday....

LIEUTENANT

I guess so -- if we can get
him out of bed.

DISSOLVE OUT

(END OF PART 1)

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

208

A large, well-furnished part of an expensive apartment. The District Attorney is sitting on the edge of his bed in a dressing gown. His hair is tousled and he still shows signs of sleep. Michael and the Lieutenant are standing nearby, looking down at him as he talks.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

(to Michael)

Amazing -- almost incredibly so.

(to Lieutenant)

Have you men out to pick up that fellow he says he saw?

LIEUTENANT

Yes, sir -- I have.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

No sign of him yet, I suppose?

LIEUTENANT

No, sir - not so far.

209

ANOTHER ANGLE. The District Attorney rises and goes into the bathroom, leaving the door open. He takes off his robe and starts lathering his face.

MICHAEL

(impatiently)

But in the meantime, something's got to be done about the Briggs case.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

(lathering
his face)

Yes, of course.

(he looks at
Michael through
mirror, in front
of which he
stands)Now, let me get this straight.
You said you had....er....a
premonition that Meng was dead
right after you ran into that
mysterious-looking customer
in the hall.

MICHAEL

Yes.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Extraordinary!

(to Lieutenant,
smiling)We could use a few men with a
gift like that on the police
force, eh, Lieutenant?(more seriously,
to Michael)Why didn't you do something
about it?

MICHAEL

But it was only a vague feeling
I had.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

I see. Then what made it
less vague later on?

MICHAEL

(impatiently)

I had a nightmare -- I told
you about it.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

You must be psychic. Do you
often have such nightmares?

MICHAEL

(flatly)

No, I don't.

(impatiently)

Listen, I didn't wake you up
to talk about my dreams.What're you going to do about
Briggs?

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Why're you so worried about him?

MICHAEL

Because it was me who helped
you convict him.

The District Attorney starts shaving meticulously without
answering. When he completes a stroke, he examines the
shaved skin carefully, then speaks.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

That's true...So you believe
now that both murders were
committed by the same man.

MICHAEL

(irritably)

Yes, I do.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Well, maybe you're right. As
you pointed out, there are
certain similarities between
the two crimes. But...

(he stops shaving
to make his point)

...you missed one. Perhaps the
most important. Both murders
were discovered by the same
man -- you.

MICHAEL

(startled)

What're you driving at?

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Tell me - was there ever any
insanity in your family?

MICHAEL

Listen, I'm as sane as you are,
and if you think I had anything
to do with it, you're crazy. I
tell you, it was that man I saw!

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Might be. But for your sake,
Ward, I hope you didn't dream
him up, too.

MICHAEL

What do you mean?

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

(to Lieutenant)

Better take him down to the
station with you.

MICHAEL

(to District
Attorney)

Congratulations -- you'll be
governor yet!

DISSOLVE IN

INT. SMALL OFFICE - DAY

210

It isn't a very elegant place; more like a small office of a dress manufacturing plant. Jane is seated beside the desk, taking notes, as the boss, a small, fat man, is dictating, pacing the floor.

BOSS

...and thanks for your order of...
(he stops)
Better say thank you...instead
of thanks.

JANE

(preoccupied)
Yes, Mr. McLain.

BOSS

Say, what's the matter with you
this morning? You look like
you wasn't here.

JANE

I'm sorry, Mr. McLain.

The telephone rings, Jane pounces on it excitedly as McLain watches her, shaking his head.

JANE (cont'd)

(into phone)
Yes. -- Hello, Michael!
(pause)
Arrested?

The boss listens with growing interest.

JANE (cont'd)

But why? Can't they find that
man?
(pause)
But why aren't they looking?
(pause)
I see... Yes, I do -- more
than ever... I'll come over as
soon as they'll let me see you.
Goodbye.

There is a click as the receiver is hung up on the other
end. Jane hangs up, too, rises excitedly.

JANE (cont'd)

Please, Mr. McLain -- can I
have the rest of the day off?

BOSS

What - again?

JANE

I'm sorry, but something terrible
has happened. Won't you let me
go, please?

BOSS

What can I do?

JANE

Thanks, Mr. McLain.

She runs out --

DISSOLVE

EXT. STREET - DAY

211 In front of a rooming house not unlike the one in which
Michael lives. Jane is standing at the basement entrance
beside the janitor, who has just brought up a large
garbage can.

JANE

Please -- do you know a strange-
looking man -- He has big bulging
eyes, thick lips, and...er...
wears a long white scarf.

JANITOR

(heavy accent)

Ain't nobody living in this
house like that. He no get
room if he come. This first
class, A number one place.

JANE

Well, I don't mean he lives
here -- But maybe you've seen
somebody like that in the
neighborhood?

JANITOR

No, I ain't.

Jane turns away.

DISSOLVE

EXT. STREET - DAY

212 Jane is standing on the sidewalk with the Postman she has obviously stopped.

POSTMAN

But what's his name?

JANE

I don't know.

POSTMAN

Sorry, lady. People are just names to me. Sometimes I try to think what this or that name might look like -- but I never thought of anybody that looked like that.

JANE

Thank you.

She walks on, a bit less vigorously than before, and we

DISSOLVE

EXT. STREET - DAY

213 Jane is standing on the corner, across the street from Nick's place, talking to two taxi-drivers, whose cabs are parked at the curb.

DRIVER

(thinking)
Thick lips?

JANE

Yes.

DRIVER

Bulgy eyes?

JANE

(eagerly)

Yes.

DRIVER

(trying hard
to remember)

Long scarf?

JANE

Yes. Yes.

DRIVER

(shaking
his head)

Naw. Never saw a guy like that.

(turns to the
other driver)

How about you, Charlie?

SECOND DRIVER

Me neither.

JANE

(wearily)

Thanks.

She goes, CAMERA FOLLOWING, and as she walks wearily,
she looks into the faces of passersby. She crosses the
street to Nick's place -- looks into it.

DISSOLVE

214 A SERIES OF CUTS AND DISSOLVES OF

Jane ringing doorbells... of

Faces of janitors and landladies either saying, "No --"
"Not here" -- "No, never did" -- "Nobody like that" --
or just shaking their heads negatively... of

Jane walking down the street more and more wearily...

DISSOLVE

EXT. STREET - EVENING

215 CLOSE SHOT - Street lamp. It goes on.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. NICK'S PLACE - NIGHT

216 Jane goes wearily by, then stops and decides to go in.

INT. NICK'S PLACE - NIGHT

217 Jane enters and sits at the counter. She is weary and exhausted. For a moment she sits, her head buried in her hands; then looks up as Jack approaches.

JANE
Cup of coffee, please.

JACK
Yes, miss.

Jane watches him abstractedly as he draws coffee from the tank.

JANE
(mechanically)
Have you seen a man who....
(she breaks off
with a little
laugh)
Oh, I'm getting all mixed up.
I've asked you that before.

Jack brings the coffee to her.

JACK
Here y'are, miss.
(making
conversation)
Caught up with that fella yet?

JANE
No...

From off scene comes SOUND of a door opening. Jack turns away to greet a customer.

JACK
Yes, sir. What'll it be?

(CONTINUED)

217 (CONTINUED)

MAN'S VOICE

A couple of hamburgers, please.
I'd like to have them raw.

JACK'S VOICE

Two hamburgers raw - right away.
(making a
little joke)
Tartar style. Kind of like the
taste of blood, huh?

At this Jane looks up.

218 ANOTHER ANGLE - to include the Stranger with Jack at the counter.

STRANGER

Never mind the buns. Just put
them in some paper. I want to
take them with me.

JACK

Okay. Twenty cents.

219 CLOSEUP - Jane. She is staring intently at the Stranger, trying to decide whether he is the man she is looking for or not.

220 FULL SHOT. The Stranger walks out, carrying his package. Jane hesitates, then puts down coin and hurries after him.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

221 In front of Mike's place. The Stranger is standing under a street lamp, unwrapping the hamburgers for a little yellow mongrel dog.

STRANGER

(to dog)
Here you are, you poor mutt --
Not too fast now -- You'll get
a tummy ache.

222 MED. SHOT - Jane. She is standing in front of Nick's place, watching the Stranger. She takes a step toward him as he notices her.

STRANGER

(politely)

Poor little devil. He followed me for two blocks. I had to get him something to eat. -- Look at him, you can see every bone in his body.

Jane doesn't answer, but keeps on staring at him.

STRANGER (cont'd)

(simply)

Why're you looking at me like that?

JANE

(embarrassed)

Oh, I'm sorry. I thought for a moment that you were someone I...knew. I'm afraid I made a mistake.

STRANGER

Oh, that's all right.

JANE

(petting dog)

You ought to keep him. He's awfully cute.

STRANGER

I wish I could -- but I have no home to give him. -- Well, good night.

(pets dog)

Good night, pooch.

He starts off. Jane watches him for a second, then hesitates, trying to decide which way to go herself, when her face suddenly gets tense.

223 SHOT - Stranger, crossing the street. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a long white scarf.

224 CLOSE SHOT - Jane, reacting to it. After a second's hesitation, she starts after him.

225 MED. SHOT - the Stranger, as Jane hurries up to him. He turns and confronts her.

STRANGER

(coldly)

What do you want? Why're you following me?

Jane is frightened, but manages an explanation.

JANE

I...I was going in the same direction. I thought maybe I could walk with you.

STRANGER

Why?

JANE

It's so late. And it's so dark, I....

The Stranger becomes sympathetic.

STRANGER

(smiling)

Oh... Come along. 'I'll see that nothing happens to you.

JANE

Thank you.

226 MED. TRUCKING SHOT - as the Stranger and Jane walk along the street.

JANE

It's this neighborhood that frightens me. So many terrible things have happened here.

STRANGER

(cunning)

What things?

(CONTINUED)

JANE

Don't you live around here?
Haven't you heard what
happened over there in number
thirty-nine?

STRANGER

(stops suddenly;
ominously)

Have they sent you to take me
back?

JANE

(trying to
control her
fright)

No! Who?

STRANGER

You know. People who lock you
up.

JANE

(acting)

Oh... No, of course not.

STRANGER

How do I know I can trust you?

JANE

They wouldn't send a woman,
would they?

STRANGER

(laughs)

No. That's right. They
wouldn't... The only person
who's ever been kind to me was
a woman... She's dead now.

JANE

(venturing)

Why... Why do they want to
lock you up?

STRANGER

So they can hurt me. They put
you in a shirt with long
sleeves and pour ice water on
you.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

That's terrible. Did Nick want to send you back to them?

STRANGER

Yes. He did.... How did you know?

JANE

Did Meng try to do it, too?

STRANGER

Meng? Who's Meng?

JANE

The man who lived in that house.

STRANGER

Oh, that man. He said that he was going to report me. I had to kill him.

Jane looks around desperately, trying to think of something to do. She stops.

STRANGER (cont'd)

What's the matter?

JANE

Nothing, er...
(an idea comes
to her)
I live in here.

STRANGER

Oh. Well, good night.

JANE

Don't go! I...forgot my key.
I'll have to ring the bell.
Please wait until I get in.

STRANGER

All right.

(CONTINUED)

Jane runs up the stairs to stoop and rings doorbell. At first there is no answer. She rings violently, then looks back anxiously at the Stranger who smiles back.

STRANGER (cont'd)

They must be all asleep.

JANE

I guess so.

She rings again. Finally the door opens part way and a sleepy, hatchet-faced woman stares at Jane with a scowl.

WOMAN

What do you want?

JANE

(very low voice)

Please let me in! I've got to call the police!

WOMAN

(hissing)

Drunk! Waking people up at this hour of the night! -- Get away from here or I'll call the police!

She slams the door in Jane's face.

227 ANOTHER ANGLE. Jane looks down at the Stranger fearfully, pressing herself against the door.

STRANGER

(coming up
one step)

Why did you lie to me?

JANE

(panic-stricken)

I...I didn't. I just made a mistake. The houses are all alike here. Mine must be next door.

(CONTINUED)

STRANGER

No. You don't live next door.
You don't live here at all.
You live there -- with them.

JANE

No. No, I don't. I'm your
friend.

STRANGER

Then why are you afraid of me?

He puts his hand in his pocket and starts up stairs.

JANE

I'm not. I'm not afraid.

STRANGER

They sent you because they
knew I'd trust a woman.

JANE

(turns and
pounds on door)
Let me in! Please!

The door remains shut. The Stranger takes her by the
hand and she tries to wrench free.

STRANGER

I'm not going back. I won't
let you...

JANE

(struggling)
Let me go! Don't! Help!...

She manages to wrench free and dashes headlong down the
steps and into the street. The Stranger runs after her.

228 LONG SHOT - street. Jane runs out into the street. A
large, street cleaning machine is coming toward her.

229 MED. SHOT - street cleaning machine. The driver honks
the horn.

- 230 REVERSE SHOT - Jane reaches curb - just as the Stranger runs into street, in front of machine.
- 231 MED. SHOT - the Stranger. He sees the truck and tries to dash in front of it.
- 232 MED. SHOT - driver. He tries to slow truck, still sounding his horn.
- 233 FULL SHOT - the Stranger is struck by the enormous brushes on the machine.
- 234 CLOSE SHOT - Jane, on the opposite curb. She hears the screech of brakes, turns, stops, then hurries to accident.
- 235 MED. SHOT - at truck. The Driver has jumped out and is pulling the Stranger from under the machine.

DRIVER
(almost sobbing)
It's not my fault, miss. I
couldn't help it! I honked --
You can't stop one of these
things in five feet. You'll
be a witness for me, won't you?

Jane stares down at the Stranger and nods.

- 236 FULL SHOT - taking in corner at Nick's place. From it comes a policeman, running, blowing his whistle. Behind him comes Jack in his apron.
- 237 MED. SHOT - at truck. Jane is leaning against truck, sobbing hysterically. The Driver leans over the Stranger.

DRIVER
He's alive.

(CONTINUED)

POLICEMAN
(dashing up)
What happened?
(to Jack)
Call an ambulance!

Jack dashes off.

DRIVER
It wasn't my fault. He ran
right under it. She saw it.

POLICEMAN
(turns to Jane)
Is that right?

JANE
(makes effort to
control herself)
Yes... He was chasing me... He
was going to kill me.

In the meantime, several more people have come up. A
man in a bathrobe bends down and picks up something from
near curb.

MAN
(holding up razor)
Look at this!

POLICEMAN
(bending down).
Say, he looks like the guy we
were looking for this morning.

JANE
Yes... he is... And he admitted...
everything. He killed them both.

POLICEMAN
Did you?

238 CLOSE SHOT - Stranger. He slowly opens his eyes.

STRANGER
Yes. But I'm not going back.

(CONTINUED)

The Stranger shuts his eyes. As the Policeman straightens up, CAMERA PANS UP with him.

POLICEMAN
I guess he won't at that...

DISSOLVE

INT. DRUGSTORE - DAY

- 239 FULL SHOT - the place is crowded with people having breakfast.
- 240 MED. SHOT - part of lunch counter. Every stool is taken with the exception of one. There is a glass of orange juice waiting for occupant of the empty chair.
- 241 MED. CLOSE SHOT - shooting toward the counter. Jane has her purse on the empty chair. She looks back to see if Michael is coming. As she turns back toward the counter, Michael comes into scene.

MICHAEL
Is this place taken, miss?

JANE
Yes, it is.

MICHAEL
I beg your pardon.

He starts out, Jane whirls around and catches his arm.

JANE
Sit down.

MICHAEL
Thank you, miss.

- 242 CLOSE TWO SHOT - REVERSE ANGLE - Michael sits down. They look at each other.

JANE
Where were you -- you're late again.

MICHAEL

Why, I....

COUNTERMAN

Whole wheat toast and orange
marmalade. Right?

MICHAEL

Wrong.

COUNTERMAN

(a little
indignant)

What do you mean, wrong? --
That's what I serve you every
morning.

MICHAEL

But that isn't what I want.

JANE

But that's what you always have.

MICHAEL

Never again. From now on, I'm
switching to eggs -- cooked by
my own wife, in her own kitchen...
Bill, you've lost two customers.

BILL

Is that so? Congratulations.

MICHAEL

(taking
Jane's arm)

Come on.

They start out, CAMERA FOLLOWING.

JANE

Where're we going?

MICHAEL

The Judge and the D. A. are
waiting for us.

JANE

Michael -- something wrong again?

He opens door and pushes her through it.

MICHAEL

Not if the marriage license is
okay.

EXT. STREET - IN FRONT OF DRUGSTORE - DAY

243 Michael and Jane come out of the drugstore and start
down the street.

JOE'S VOICE

Taxi?

They stop, smile, then FOLLOWED BY CAMERA, go to the
curb where Joe has parked his cab. He is leaning out
of the front seat, grinning happily, as we

FADE OUT

THE END