

"THE BAD SEED"

By

John Lee Mahin

8/10/55

FINAL

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UNLESS DUPLICATED (BLUE PAGES) !!!

NO DIALOGUE CHANGES, EITHER ADDITIONS
OR DELETIONS, AND NO SET OR PRODUCTION
CHANGES ARE TO BE MADE IN THIS SCRIPT
WITHOUT THE WRITTEN APPROVAL OF
J. L. WARNER OR STEVE TRILLING

8/10/55

FINAL

CAST AND CREDITS

Warner Bros. Pictures

present

"THE BAD SEED"

Starring

Nancy Kelly as Christine

And Introducing

Patty McCormack as Rhoda

with

Henry Jones as LeRoy

Eileen Heckart as Mrs. Daigle

Evelyn Varden as Monica

William Hopper as Kenneth

Paul Fix as Bravo

Jesse White as Emory

Gage Clarke as Tasker

Joan Croyden as Miss Fern

Frank Cady as Mr. Daigle

A Mervyn LeRoy Production
Directed by Mervyn LeRoy
Screen Play by John Lee Mahin
Based upon the play "The Bad Seed"
by Maxwell Anderson and the
novel by William March as
produced on the stage by The
Playwrights Company
Director of Photography Hal Rosson, ASC

Art Director John Beckman
Film Editor Warren Low, A.C.E.
Sound by Stanley Jones
Music by Alex North
Orchestrations by Maurice de Packh
Set Decorator Ralph Hurst
Costumes Designed by Moss Mabry
Assistant Director Mel Dellar

* * * *

2-16-56

CAST OF CHARACTERS

CHRISTINE PENMARK..... Age: Late twenties to early thirties.

COL. KENNETH PENMARK..... Her husband. Age: Early to late thirties.

RHODA PENMARK..... Their daughter. Age: 8.

MONICA BREEDLOVE..... Age: 50-55. A plump widow, intelligent, voluble, and perhaps over-friendly, yet sweet.

LEROY..... The janitor. Age: 35. A sullen man with a sly expression and with stupid and dangerous emotions.

MISS FERN..... Age: 40-45. A maiden lady of poise, culture, and cautious endeavor.

EMORY..... Monica's brother. Age: 45. Genial and easy going, tolerant toward the world and his sister.

REGINALD TASKER..... Age: 45. A kind-looking "tweed and pipe" author and women's club lecturer, with capricious theories on criminology.

MRS. DAIGLE..... Age: 40. A poor soul without culture and yet with an intuition both drunken and womanly that only intensifies her agony in the loss of her son.

MR. DAIGLE..... Age: Early fifties. He married late and is totally at a loss.

RICHARD BRAVO..... Age: 55-60. A rugged, kind-looking man with seamed face and gentle eyes that have viewed much suffering in many climes.

DOCTOR..... Age: 50. A fine-looking medico of obvious authority who knows what he is talking about.

HOSPITAL NURSE..... Age: 30. Efficient and womanly.

STATE TROOPER..... Age: 30. Big, open-faced, and sympathetic.

SERGEANT-DRIVER..... Age: 24. A bright young soldier.

(CONTINUED)

cb
a

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b.

CAST OF CHARACTERS (Cont.)

WOMAN CLERK..... at toy counter. Age: 30. She has a pleasant smile.

PHARMACIST..... Age: 45. Careful in his work and sympathetic.

CHILDREN AT FERN SCHOOL..... Boys and girls. Ages: 8-14.

PEDESTRIANS ON STREET

WOMAN SECRETARY IN THE PENTAGON (voice only).

FADE IN

Under the main credit titles is the following:

1. FULL SHOT NIGHT SKY

On one side of the screen a full moon shines, yet on the other a dark patch of heavy thunderheads is forming, through which a streak of lightning flashes once or twice, followed by the distant, faint rumble of thunder. On the SOUND TRACK through all this comes a childish, yet strangely precise piano rendition of the classical "Au Clair de la Lune." We PAN DOWN and

DISSOLVE TO:

2. FULL SHOT VISTA OF ESTATE AT WATER'S EDGE NIGHT

The moonlight shows us a goodly lawn stretching down to the water's edge. It is dotted with several venerable trees, their hanging moss wavering in the slight wind. In the b.g. a boat-house and dock stretch out into the rippling waters of a large bay. The thunder continues to sound its soft rumble. The strange relentless piano rendition of "Au Clair de la Lune" continues.

3. REVERSE ANGLE ESTATE

We are shooting from the end of the dock toward the estate itself. We see the vague outline of an old mansion hidden behind the hanging moss of the trees in the far b.g. We pick up the sparse street lights of a small town. Its houses and apartments stop at the street which separates it from the rather run-down fence enclosing the estate. We start DOLLYING FORWARD toward this as we

DISSOLVE TO:

4. FULL SHOT SIGN ON FACADE

It reads: TIDEWATER ARMS APARTMENTS

WE PULL BACK for a better view of the building and then BOOM OVER AND TOWARD an open window on the first floor. Its chintz curtains are being sucked outside by the slight breeze. Another rumble of distant thunder. We BOOM ON to get a look inside the window at a bedroom. The moonlight discloses twin beds. In the f.g. is the sleeping form of a young woman. In the bed beyond is that of a man.

5. FULL SHOT INT. BEDROOM

It is that of KENNETH and CHRISTINE PENMARK, not a lavish room by any means, but furnished in economical good taste

(CONTINUED)

5 (Cont.)

reflecting Christine herself. Christine and Kenneth lie asleep in the twin beds. WE DOLLY TO them, the moonlight coming through the open window showing a very attractive couple, Kenneth of thirty odd and Christine in her late twenties. Christine stirs a little in her sleep, she is wide awake, sitting bolt upright, her hand jarring an ash tray on the night table between the beds. Kenneth stirs and wakens, too, turning over to look at his wife.

KENNETH:

What, honey?

CHRISTINE:

(vaguely)

I don't know....

(then, lightly, with a sleepy little laugh)

Dreaming, I guess...can't quite remember -

(again a distant rumble of thunder)

Hmm. Maybe it's that.

She gets up and goes to the window, looking out and up at the sky.

CHRISTINE:

If it's going to rain I better look at Rhoda's window.

She goes to slip into her mules as Kenneth pulls on the night table lamp and swings his feet to the floor. He rises and gets into his slippers as she starts for the door to the hall opening it.

CHRISTINE:

My job, now - back to -

KENNETH:

Feel a glass of milk coming on....

CHRISTINE:

Well, I'll get it.

He takes her shoulders in his hands and pushes her gently on ahead of him out of the door.

6. FULL SHOT · INT. HALL

In the far b.g., Christine and Kenneth come out of their room. Christine flipping a wall switch that makes a dim light come on in the hall from PAST CAMERA. They come TOWARD CAMERA, Kenneth having dropped his hands from her shoulders and walking behind her.

KENNETH:

Besides - I like your silhouette.

(CONTINUED)

6 (Cont.)

She stons on this and half turns back to him with an affectionate smile, putting her finger to her lips for silence. Then opens the door to Rhoda's room.

7. FULL SHOT INT. RHODA'S ROOM

As Christine enters, followed more slowly by Kenneth, the light from the hall and moonlight from the window disclose the appointments of a little girl's room. It is exceptionally neat and tidy, what we can see of it. A little girl's dress and underwear are neatly folded over the back of a chair. A doll and blackboard easel are in perfect position, etc. In a child-sized single bed is a sleeping form. A crystal ball with a jewel tree inside it hangs in a straw harness at the head of the bed. Christine crosses to the window which is opened wide. The curtains are blowing inward. She carefully lowers the window to about six inches from the bottom, and then crosses to the bed where Kenneth has come to look down at the sleeping form of the child.

WORD
CHANGE

8. CLOSE SHOT CHILD (RHODA) THEIR ANGLE

Rhoda Penmark is a lovely little girl of eight or nine with golden braids. She lies on her back, the braids out and over the coverlet, a serene little smile at the corners of her mouth. Her arms are folded across her breast, possessively holding a small doll of about her age and appearance.

9. GROUP SHOT AROUND RHODA

Christine and Kenneth both smile down on their child with great love, yet we might notice just the slightest touch of motherly concern in Christine's expression.

KENNETH:

(softly, grinning)

Pretty much something, huh?

Christine brushes the doll's hair away from Rhoda's mouth. The little girl stirs, twists on her side and hugs the doll tighter.

CHRISTINE:

(indicating)

A possessive little something, I'll have you know - even in her sleep.

(CONTINUED)

9 (Cont.)

She goes back and tucks one of the curtains to keep it from waving.

KENNETH:

Motherly instinct. How would you act if you thought somebody was going to yank her away from you?

Christine comes back and looks lovingly down at the little girl.

KENNETH:

Or do you want to turn her in on a deep freeze?

Christine leans over and kisses the little girl softly on the forehead.

CHRISTINE:

(murmuring)

She's our baby....

WE PAN HER as she comes around and puts her arm around Kenneth as they leave the room, putting her head on his shoulder for a second.

CHRISTINE:

From you...to me....

10. FULL SHOT INT. HALL

As they leave Rhoda's room. Christine softly closes the door and Kenneth crosses the hall to the door to the kitchen on the other side. Christine follows him as he goes in.

11. FULL SHOT INT. KITCHEN

Kenneth switches on the light and goes to the ice box, getting out a bottle of milk. Christine goes to a cupboard, getting out a glass and a box of crackers.

CHRISTINE:

(during this)

I wish I could take you to the plane tomorrow.... see you off.

KENNETH:

They're sending a car from the base, honey.

CHRISTINE:

And I should take Rhoda to the school picnic....

(CONTINUED)

11 (Cont.)

KENNETH:

Sure you should.

He takes the bottle of milk to the table and sits down. She comes over with the glass and crackers.

CHRISTINE:

Do you really think they might send you overseas?

KENNETH:

That's up to the general. I'll be hanging around the Pentagon for a month.

Christine puts down the glass and crackers and suddenly gathers his head to her breast, putting her lips to his hair.

CHRISTINE:

Oh, darling - I'll miss you so. I wish it would start raining - buckets. Ground all planes - at least for tomorrow. One more day.

KENNETH:

What about Rhoda's picnic?

CHRISTINE:

I know. But when you got this assignment I thought we'd be stationed here for a good year anyway. All of us together - in this nice apartment - and Rhoda in her nice school - and now you're leaving me again....

KENNETH:

Sorry you got mixed up with the troops?

CHRISTINE:

(taking his head in her hands and looking down into his eyes)

It's just I seem to love and need you more and more every second.

He pulls her down on his lap.

KENNETH:

Make up for it when we're together, don't we?

CHRISTINE:

Yes.

She throws her arms around him, clinging to him.

12. CLOSE SHOT CHRISTINE'S FACE OVER HIS SHOULDER

Her expression is worried, concerned, almost puzzled. Her eyes become a little misty. There is another distant rumble of thunder.

(CONTINUED)

12 (Cont.)

CHRISTINE:

It's - it's just that this time - I don't know -
away from you I'm not as self-reliant as I thought
I was, I guess....

13. TWO SHOT CHRISTINE AND KENNETH

KENNETH:

(murmuring)

You smell good, you know that?

She straightens up with a smile and flicks an incipient tear
from her eyes.

CHRISTINE:

(reaching for milk bottle)

Well - come - have your -

KENNETH:

(pulling back her hand)

No rush.

CHRISTINE:

You wanted it, didn't you?

KENNETH:

(deep into her eyes; with a
little smile)

Just an excuse to hang around you.

CHRISTINE:

Kenneth - Kenneth, darling.....

Their lips meet slowly in a deep kiss, and he holds her
closer as we

DISSOLVE TO:

14. FULL SHOT EXT. TIDEWATER APARTMENTS DAY

An air force staff car drives up and comes to a stop. A
driver sergeant gets out and starts for the entrance. As
he does, Kenneth pokes his head out of the window. He is in
the uniform of an air force chicken colonel - wings and the
usual potato salad.

KENNETH:

(calling out)

Be right out, Sergeant!

SERGEANT:

(saluting)

Right, sir!

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15. FULL SHOT INT. HALL PENMARK APARTMENT

Kenneth comes from the bedroom at the end of the hall, carrying a large heavy suitcase. We TRUCK AHEAD of him. He calls into kitchen as he passes.

KENNETH:

Car's here, sweetheart.

WE TRUCK HIM on into the living room, PULLING BACK for a FULL VIEW to disclose the dining alcove off of it on which are still some breakfast dishes. Kenneth puts his bag down by the front door and goes to the desk on which lies his brief case. He starts putting in some official-looking papers, sorting them out as he rejects some and puts in others. O.S. we hear a meticulously childish rendition of "Au Clair de la Lune" on a piano. Kenneth looks at a closed door off the living room from whence the sound comes. He smiles.

KENNETH:

(calling)

Rhoda!

(no answer)

Rhododendron, pal.

On this he moves over and opens the door.

16. FULL SHOT INT. DEN

A small den and library with a spinet piano on which Rhoda is playing her piece, carefully, absorbedly. She is dressed in a little red and white Swiss polka dot and red shoes. Kenneth grins at her from the b.g.

KENNETH:

That's a mighty pretty piece.

RHODA:

(without looking up or stopping)

It's "Au Clair de la Lune," Daddy. In English that means "By the Light of the Moon."

He goes back to desk in b.g. and calls back in to her through door.

KENNETH:

Well, I hate to tune you off but have you got time to come and say goodbye to your old man?

RHODA:

(with sudden sweet smile)

Of course, Daddy.

She finishes a chord, methodically closes the piano and gets up to join him in the living room.

17. FULL SHOT INT. LIVING ROOM

As Rhoda comes in, Christine comes from kitchen and crosses to get Kenneth's cap and trench coat out of the closet.

RHODA:

Will you write Mother every day?

KENNETH:

I'll write both my girls every day.

RHODA:

Will you put in a special page just for me?

CHRISTINE:

She's got to have a page of her own, you know.

KENNETH:

A special page with lots of X's.

In the meantime the doorbell has rung and Christine has opened it admitting MONICA BREEDLOVE. She is a widow in her late forties, plump, intelligent, voluble and perhaps over-friendly. She carries a small package of wrapped tissue paper and an eyeglass case.

CHRISTINE:

Oh - Monica - how nice -

MONICA:

Yes. Here's your garrulous landlady from upstairs come to say goodbye. Have to be in on everything. No life of my own so I have to interfere with other people's.

(selects a chocolate bon bon from a dish on the center table and pops it into her mouth)
I'll speak for Emory, too. He had to go to the train to meet Reginald Tasker. That's the speaker at our Psychiatry Club this evening. But then my brother Emory doesn't have a chance to say anything when he's with me, anyway. There, I've said enough. You say something, Colonel.

KENNETH:

(liking her)

Afraid it'll just have to be goodbye, Monica. I'm taking off.

He extends his hand to her and she takes it in both of hers.

MONICA:

Do something about not having a war, will you? I'm not ready to be turned into a piece of chalk just yet.

KENNETH:

Well, by -

(quickly, with a look at Rhoda)
by gum, I'll try.

(CONTINUED)

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17 (Cont.)

RHODA:

You said "By gum" because I'm here.

MONICA:

And don't worry about your two darlings. If either begins to look peaked I'll send up smoke signals.

KENNETH:

Thanks, Monica. Goodbye.

MONICA:

Rhoda dear - let's you and I stay here so Mommie and Daddy can say goodbye by themselves. Also I've got a surprise for you.

Rhoda's eyes light up with an eager acquisitive look as she turns quickly to Monica.

RHODA:

Presents?

CHRISTINE:

(half-laughing in reproof)

Rhoda - !

KENNETH:

All right. I'll take my goodbye present here.
(holds out his arms to Rhoda and half kneels
Now what will you give me if I give you a basket of kisses?

RHODA:

(throwing herself in his arms)
I'll give you a basket of hugs!

KENNETH:

I'll miss your hugs.

RHODA:

I'll miss your kisses, Daddy! You're so big and strong!

KENNETH:

(laughing up to Christine)
See my effect on girls?
(kissing Rhoda a second time)
Goodbye, sweetheart. Take care of Mommie, now.

RHODA:

I will, Daddy.

Kenneth rises, takes his coat and cap from Christine and picks up the suitcase.

KENNETH:

Come on, darling -

(CONTINUED)

17 (Cont. 1)

DIALOGUE
CHANGES
THROUGHOUT
PAGE

RHODA:
(turning to Monica immediately)
What have you got for me, Aunt Monica?

MONICA:
(her hands behind her back)
Let's see if you can guess!

RHODA:
Oh, what have you got?

MONICA:
Well....

18. FULL SHOT EXT. APARTMENT HOUSE AND STAFF CAR

Kenneth and Christine come out. The sergeant jumps to take his bag and coat.

CHRISTINE:
Good morning, Sergeant.

SERGEANT:
Morning, Mrs. Penmark.

WE DOLLY IN TO CHRISTINE AND KENNETH, as they turn to each other.

CHRISTINE:
Darling, when you see Daddy in Washington will you tell him to pay me a visit?

KENNETH:
Sure, I will.

CHRISTINE:
Oh, Kenneth.

KENNETH:
(his arms around her)
We've lived through this before.

CHRISTINE:
(quickly collecting herself)
I'm just not in any mood to shout hurray, that's all.

KENNETH:
(tilting up her chin)
Smile, girl....
(as she does so)
My girl?

(CONTINUED)

18 (Cont.)

CHRISTINE:

Ever and ever.

They kiss, and he turns quickly and gets into the car. The car pulls away as he looks at her out the window, blowing her a kiss. She blows one back to him, waving. Her smile fades for a second, as she seems to stare blankly after the car. Then she quickly dismisses whatever is on her mind, with a sigh, and walks briskly back into the apartment house.

19. FULL SHOT INT. PENMARK LIVING ROOM

Rhoda is in the foreground, preening herself before a mirror, as she regards herself in a pair of dark sun glasses. Monica looks on adoringly in the b.g. In the far b.g., Christine comes in the front door. Rhoda turns and confronts her mother.

RHODA:

Look, Mommie.

CHRISTINE:

What have you given her now?

MONICA:

They're to keep the sun out of those pretty blue eyes - and the rhinestones to frame them in. My, my - who is this glamorous Hollywood actress!

RHODA:

I like them. Where's the case?

MONICA:

Here, dear.

CHRISTINE:

(going to breakfast table,
picking up)

Monica - ever hear about spoiling people?

MONICA:

Nonsense. Now here's something else.

(unwraps a little gold heart
pendant from the tissue paper.
Rhoda turns eagerly)

This was given me when I was eight years old.
(dryly)

It's a little young for me now. But it's
still just right for an eight-year-old.

CHRISTINE:

(going toward kitchen with dishes)

Monica - Monica -

(CONTINUED)

19 (Cont.)

MONICA:

(going on, to Rhoda)

However, it has a garnet set in it - and we'll have to change that for a turquoise, since turquoise is your birthstone.

RHODA:

(taking necklace and admiring it)

Can I have both stones? The garnet, too?

Christine turns back quickly at kitchen door, annoyed and shocked by Rhoda's greediness.

CHRISTINE:

Rhoda - ! What a -

MONICA:

(delighted, laughing)

But of course she may!

(with a happy sigh)

How wonderful to be such a natural little girl! She knows what she wants and she asks for it - not like these over-civilized little pets that have to go through analysis before they can choose an ice-cream soda!

Rhoda goes to her and puts her arms around Monica, much to the latter's delight, hugging her.

RHODA:

(purring)

Aunt Monica! Dear, sweet Aunt Monica!

Christine watches from the kitchen entrance, skeptically, studying her child, knowing that she is putting on much more affection than she feels.

MONICA:

I thought children wore bluejeans or playsuits to picnics.

(standing off and appraising Rhoda)

Now you, my love, look like a princess in that red and white dotted Swiss. Tell me, aren't you afraid you'll get it dirty? Or you'll fall and scuff those new shoes?

Rhoda is engrossed with the locket, and only murmurs "Uh, uh," slowly shaking her head. Christine comes in from kitchen for the last things left on the breakfast table.

CHRISTINE:

Rhoda never gets anything dirty, though how she manages it, I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

19 (Cont.1)

RHODA:

I don't like bluejeans. They're not -

She hesitates for the word.

MONICA:

You mean bluejeans aren't quite lady-like, don't you, my darling?

(embraces the tolerant Rhoda again)

Oh, you old-fashioned little dear!

RHODA:

(indicating locket)

Am I to keep this now?

MONICA:

You're to keep it until I can find out where to get the stone changed.

RHODA:

Then I'll put it in my treasure drawer.

She starts for hall.

CHRISTINE:

(on way to kitchen)

We'll be leaving in a few moments, Rhoda. Your room all straightened?

RHODA:

(going into hall)

Yes, Mother.

CHRISTINE:

(going into kitchen; smiling)

Unnecessary question.

20. LIVING ROOM DIFFERENT ANGLE TOWARD FRONT DOOR

A male voice on the other side calls out "Leroy!" simultaneously with one sharp knock and the door bursts open admitting LEROY. He is a sullen man of about thirty-five with a sly expression in his eyes. He is the janitor. He carries a broom in his hand, a few keys hanging on a chain from his belt. He puts the keys back in his pocket. He starts crossing the living room toward the hall.

MONICA:

(aghast)

Leroy!

LEROY:

(stopping)

Yes, Mrs. Breedlove?

(CONTINUED)

20 (Cont.)

MONICA:

What on earth do you think you're doing?

LEROY:

(with assumed humility)

Just hurryin' with my chores, ma'am.

MONICA:

Well, ring first and wait! If there is no answer then use your key!

LEROY:

(seeing Christine who comes to
kitchen door, drying a dish)

'Morning, Mrs. Penmark. I left my shammy and
pail when I was doin' inside windows yestiday.

CHRISTINE:

Yes, Leroy. They're in the bathroom.

Leroy nods with a scarcely audible grunt and goes on o.s. into
hall. Monica follows Christine into the kitchen.

21. INT. KITCHEN

Christine is putting away the last of the breakfast things.

MONICA:

Does he always crash in that way?

CHRISTINE:

(tolerant smile)

Only when he knows we're up and about, I think.
Proving his individualism. Leroy doesn't mean
any harm.

MONICA:

He has the mind of an eight-year-old! But
since nature has unwisely endowed him with
the ability to have produced a large family,
I am forced through charity to keep him on...

22. INT. HALL

Leroy comes from the back bedroom, carrying pail, chamois
and broom. He slows down, gives a sly look toward the closed
kitchen door, and then stops by the open entrance of Rhoda's
room.

23. FULL SHOT INT. RHODA'S ROOM

Rhoda has the small top drawer of a child's bureau open. She is still admiring the heart pendant and just about to put it in. In the mirror she sees Leroy come to the door. He puts the broom under his chin like a beard, crosses his eyes, and makes a horrible grimace at her. Rhoda is calmly unperturbed. She puts the necklace in the drawer, closes it and turns to leave the room. Leroy partially blocks her leaving, as she coldly looks at him. Then he backs off, relaxing with an unpleasant, sneering smile.

LEROY:

(with a whispered giggle)
'Mornin', Miss Uppity....

Rhoda stares at him for a second, then calmly pushes him further away with the flat of her hand and goes o.s. down hall toward living room. Leroy looks after her with his foolish unpleasant smile, flicking his tongue over his lower lip.

24. INT. LIVING ROOM FULL SHOT

Christine and Monica are moving back into the living room as Rhoda comes in from the hall. Christine goes to the desk for her pocket book and starts writing in a checkbook.

CHRISTINE:

(going to desk)
We'll go right along, dear. I want to make out this tuition check for Miss Fern.

RHODA:

Yes, Mother.

Monica watches Rhoda lovingly as Rhoda skips a couple of times up and down the hardwood floor, her heels making a tapping sound. Leroy comes from the hall and has to avoid her in her progress as she goes out the door.

LEROY:

'Scuse me.

Monica gives an annoyed look at Leroy exiting and then smiles back at Rhoda as the latter ends up near her.

MONICA:

You sound just like Fred Astaire - tap-tapping across the room! What have you got on those pretty shoes?

RHODA:

(showing her)
I run over my heels - and Mother had these iron pieces put on so they'd last longer.

(CONTINUED)

24 (Cont.)

CHRISTINE:

(from desk)

I'm afraid I can't take any credit. It was Rhoda's idea entirely.

RHODA:

They save money.

Monica clasps her hands in pleasure.

MONICA:

Oh, you dear, frugal little sweetheart! You think of everything. Take everything so to heart. That's why Aunt Monica thought you deserved some presents today.

(with gentle concern)

You wanted to win that penmanship medal at school very much, didn't you?

RHODA:

It's the only gold medal Miss Fern gives at school. And it was really mine. Everybody knows I wrote the best hand and I should have it.

CHRISTINE:

Now, Rhoda....

RHODA:

I just don't see why Claude Daigle got the medal.

CHRISTINE:

(coming from desk, ready;
gently)

These things happen to us all the time, and when they do we simply accept them. I've told you to forget the whole thing.

(puts an arm around her,
trying to soften her. Rhoda
pulls away impatiently.

Christine sighs, resigned)

I'm sorry. I know you don't like people pawing over you. Come on. We're off.

Rhoda runs ahead of her and opens the door as Christine and Monica follow.

RHODA:

(as she goes out the door,
stamping a little)

It was mine! The medal was mine!

25. FULL SHOT EXT. APARTMENT HOUSE ENTRANCE

Leroy is watering the flower beds on the side of the entrance stooped on his haunches like a baboon, as Rhoda comes down ahead of Christine and Monica. Leroy, slyly watching, flicks a dash of the hose water over Rhoda's shoes, almost without turning his head in her direction. Rhoda jumps aside with a "hey!".

MONICA:

(coming out to see this)

Leroy! Have you completely lost your senses?
Look at Rhoda's shoes!

Rhoda only glares at him and stamps the drops of water off her shoes.

LEROY:

(standing quickly)

Sorry, ma'am - she had to come runnin' out just
as I --

As he says this, the stream of water comes near Rhoda's feet again and she backs away. (Under his "innocence" is deliberation.)

MONICA:

Leroy!

He quickly resumes his squatting position and his attention on the flowers.

LEROY:

I'm sorry, Miz' Breedlove.

MONICA:

(starting a storm)

Leroy, I employ you! I've tried to give you the benefit of every doubt because you have a family! I've thought of you as emotionally immature. But after this I think you're definitely a schizophrenic with paranoid overtones. I've had enough of your discourtesy and surliness and so have my tenants. My brother Emory has wanted to discharge you! I've been on your side, though with misgivings! I shall protect you no longer!

CHRISTINE:

He didn't mean it, Monica. It was an accident.
I'm sure it was.

RHODA:

(suddenly)

He meant to do it. I know Leroy!

MONICA:

It was no accident, Christine! It was deliberate -
the spiteful act of a neurotic child!

(CONTINUED)

25 (Cont.)

RHODA:

He meant to do it.

(to Leroy)

You watched out of the corner of your eyes.

CHRISTINE:

Rhoda - dear -

RHODA:

You made up your mind in one second.

LEROY:

("piteously")

Oh, I never, I never. I'm just clumsy.....

He takes out his bandana and starts to wipe Rhoda's shoes.
Christine doesn't like to see the man humble himself.

CHRISTINE:

Oh, Leroy - please, please! It's not -

Rhoda continues on down the walk, loftily dismissing the subject.

MONICA:

(to Leroy)

Anyhow, my patience is at an end, and you may as well know it. Now get on with your work.

Leroy goes back to his squatting position at the flower bed.
Monica puts her arm about Christine and they walk on down to where Rhoda is hop-scotching on the main sidewalk.

MONICA:

(continuing - now gaily)

It's too lovely a morning for such tirades. Now don't forget our luncheon. I promised Reggie Tasker I'd have a pretty girl, you know! Dear me - I haven't put in my order yet.....

CHRISTINE:

Yes - what does one feed a famous criminologist?

MONICA:

Oh, prussic acid, blue vitriol, ground glass -

CHRISTINE:

Oh, hot weather things!

MONICA:

Nothing would hurt Reggie. He thrives on buckets of blood and sudden death.

(her hand on Rhoda's head)

Goodbye, dear. Have a wonderful, happy day!

(CONTINUED)

25 (Cont.1)

Christine and Rhoda leave, starting down the sidewalk, Rhoda murmuring, "Goodbye, Aunt Monica".

Monica turns and walks back up to the apartment entrance. She hesitates a second as she looks over at Leroy, then decides better and walks on in.

26. CLOSE SHOT FRONTAL LEROY

As he squats, watering the flowerbed, he looks o.s. following Monica's exit with a surly look.

LEROY:

(muttering)

Hmph! That know-it-all, that Monica Breedlove.
She don't think nobody knows anything but her.

He gets up and WE SLOWLY TRUCK WITH HIM as he walks along, aimlessly watering the row of flowers.

LEROY:

(continuing)

She ain't got long, anyway - old heifer's about ready for the canner's.

(thinks a second - then looks
o.s. in opposite direction Rhoda
and Christine have taken)

But that young trough-fed Miz' Penmark - she might git kina lonesome with that sojer-boy of hers gone. Yessir, Leroy....she might.....

(thinks a little - then smiles his
crafty, childish smile - looking
o.s. again)

That Rhoda's the real smart one. That's a smart little girl. She's almost as smart as I am.
She sees through me and I see through her.
Swallow me a frog, but she's smart.....!

DISSOLVE TO:

27. FULL SHOT FERN ESTATE

It is a bustle of activity as children gather for the picnic. The children, boys and girls, range from eight to fourteen, all dressed in blue jeans or play shorts. The older children are acting as "Monitors", supervising the gathering of children into groups, and pre-start play activity on swings, with ball games, etc. This takes place in front of the Fern House itself, a rambling old mansion. In the b.g. and to one side we see the rest of the estat stretching down to the bay and the boat house in the far b.g., and the old trees with their hanging moss identifying it with the area we saw at night in the opening shot of the picture. A station wagon comes in the gate and up to the front entrance, letting out a load of children who mingle with the others. On its side is: "FERN COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL."

(CONTINUED)

27 (Cont.)

Christine and Rhoda come from PAST CAMERA ON THE NEAR CURVE of the drive and approach the steps to the porch. During this in the f.g. one of the older girl monitors grabs a little girl of eight, in blue jeans, who is attempting to get by her.

GIRL MONITOR:

(with band on sleeve)

Ginny Forest - you come back here - !

GINNY:

(tugging)

But I wanna see the - !

GIRL MONITOR:

You're not to go near the water!

(shoves her back into group - calls
to children at large about her)

Now remember, everybody! Nobody goes out on
the pier or near the boat house!

28. TWO SHOT CHRISTINE AND RHODA

As they come up to the front of the steps, MISS FERN, a maiden lady of poise, culture and cautious endeavor, turns from giving instructions to two other teachers and greets them. Miss Fern carries a basket of tissue-wrapped favors on her arm.

MISS FERN:

Well, Mrs. Penmark - how splendid -

RHODA:

(curtseying)

Good morning, Miss Fern.

MISS FERN:

Good morning, Rhoda. That was a perfect curtsey.

RHODA:

Thank you, Miss Fern.

CHRISTINE:

All right, dear - go join the fun. I'm going
to stay and talk with Miss Fern a moment.

RHODA:

(as Christine kisses her)

Yes, Mother.

She walks o.s.

CHRISTINE:

(to Miss Fern)

That is - if you have a moment - ?

(CONTINUED)

"THE BAD SEED"
FINAL

CHANGE
9/20/55
21.

28 (Cont.)

MISS FERN:

We're somewhat rushed this morning - but
of course, Mrs. Penmark -

(gesturing toward o.s.)

Shall we talk while I place the favors on
the tables.

BUSINESS
ADDITION

They exit o.s. NOTE: Miss Fern is carrying a wicker basket
of favors on her arm.

29.
SCENE
CHANGE

FULL SHOT ANOTHER PART OF THE LAWN ROW OF LUNCHEON TABLES
WITH PAPER PLATES, CUPS AND VARIOUS COLORED PAPER RIBBONS
DOWN THE LENGTH OF THE TABLES AS MODEST DECORATION

BUSINESS
CHANGE

Christine and Miss Fern come into f.g. Miss Fern moves along
the tables putting the favors at the various places as the
scene continues. During the following scene, Miss Fern is
graciously polite, yet careful and cautious in her answers
to Christine. WE KEEP TRUCKING WITH them as Miss Fern moves
from place to place, and have a feeling that Miss Fern is
glad to keep moving away from Christine as though to terminate
Christine's relentless questioning.

CHRISTINE:

(handing Miss Fern the
check)

Here's the check for the last quarter,
by the way.

MISS FERN:

Why, thank you!

CHRISTINE:

(with a little smile)

Now - naturally, about Rhoda. Tell me
frankly, Miss Fern - is she always as
perfect in everything as - well, as
in her curtsy?

MISS FERN:

She does everything extremely well -
as you must know better than I.

CHRISTINE:

And, as a person, does she fit in well
here at school?

MISS FERN:

Let me think - in what way, Mrs. Penmark?

(CONTINUED)

dp
ac

"THE BAD SEED"
FINAL

CHANGE
10/31/55
22.

29 (Cont.)

CHRISTINE:

Well, Rhoda has been - I don't know quite how to say it. There's a mature quality about her that's disturbing. My husband and I thought that a school like yours, where you believe in discipline and the old-fashioned virtues - might perhaps teach her to be more of a child.

MISS FERN:

Yes - yes, I know what you mean. In some ways, in many ways, Rhoda is the most satisfactory pupil the school has ever had. She's never been absent or tardy. She's the only child in the history of the school who has made a hundred in deportment each month in every class and a hundred in self-reliance. If you had dealt with as many children as I have, you'd realize what a remarkable record that is. She's the neatest little girl I've ever encountered.

CHRISTINE:

Oh Kenneth says he doesn't know where she gets her tidiness, certainly not from him or me.

MISS FERN:

She has many good qualities.
(searching and glad to find it)
And she's certainly not a tattle-tale.

CHRISTINE:

(inquiringly)
Oh....?

MISS FERN:

One of the children broke a window - and we knew Rhoda knew who it was. When we told her it was her duty as an honorable citizen to report the offender, she just continued eating her apple, shaking her head, denying she knew anything - and looking us over with that pitying, calculating look she has at certain times....

CHRISTINE:

(with a wry smile)
Oh, I know that look so well!

MISS FERN:

But that was admirable, too, for she was merely being loyal to a playmate.

CHRISTINE:

(pleased and hopeful)
Then - the other children do like her?
She is popular?

(CONTINUED)

DIALOGUE
CHANGE

ADDED
DIALOGUE

ADDED
DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE
CHANGE

29 (Cont.1)

MISS FERN:
(caught, hesitating)
The other children -
(collecting herself)
Why, of course, Mrs. Penmark.
(looking at watch)
I should really start things moving. Will
you excuse me?

CHRISTINE:
Of course.
(as Miss Fern exits)
Thank you, Miss Fern....

BUSINESS
DELETION

Christine stands for a second, troubled by Miss Fern's hurried
cover-up, then starts slowly o.s. toward the gate.

30. FULL SHOT DRIVE ENTRANCE NEAR INNER BUSHES

Christine comes along slowly, and then stops as she comes
INTO CAMERA CLOSE, as a little girl's voice comes from o.s.

LITTLE GIRL'S VOICE:
(from o.s.)
Rhoda Penmark - why act that way?

Christine looks quickly toward bushes.

BUSINESS
DELETION

31. EFFECT SHOT HER ANGLE THROUGH BUSHES RHODA AND TWO OTHER
LITTLE GIRLS

RHODA:
(vehemently)
But Claude Daigle shouldn't have won it!

1ST LITTLE GIRL:
(indicating the other)
Margie wanted to win the medal just as much
as you. But she's a good sport about it.

RHODA:
Her writing isn't as good as mine!

1ST LITTLE GIRL:
(disgusted)
Don't you want people to like you?

RHODA:
I don't care.

NEW
TECH

(CONTINUED)

31 (Cont.)

MISS FERN'S VOICE:

(calling from o.s.)

All right, children - everybody gather
at the porch!

1ST LITTLE GIRL:

C'mon, Margie.

She runs o.s. with a disgusted look at Rhoda. But Margie
wants to be kind and puts her arm around Rhoda.

MARGIE:

(gently)

C'mon, Rhoda.

Rhoda merely shrugs her off and starts o.s. after first
little girl.

MARGIE:

(putting hands on her hips)

Well!

She walks on after Rhoda.

32. CLOSE SHOT CHRISTINE

This has been disturbing to see. She starts as if to call
Rhoda or follow her, but sees the picnic has started, turns
and walks out of the gate, her brow furrowed, as we -

DISSOLVE TO:

33. FULL SHOT FERN ESTATE LATER DAY

On an area of lawn back of the estate, the children watch a
potato sack race, wildly cheering and yelling. They are in
f.g., backs to camera. Among them is Rhoda. She loses in-
terest in the race and calmly looks from left to right and
PAST CAMERA. Suddenly, she sees something, looks to see if
she is noticed, and darts o.s.

34. FULL SHOT SHOOTING TOWARD PIER AND BOATHOUSE

Rhoda comes in from PAST CAMERA. SHE walks as WE DOLLY BEHIND
HER THEN HOLD as she stops, looking at bushes on either side.

RHODA:

(calling)

Where are you, Claude Daigle? I saw you.

She gets no answer, then slowly walks on toward the wharf in
the b.g. WE PAN DOWN AND DOLLY on her moving feet, then

DISSOLVE TO:

"THE BAD SEED"
FINAL

CHANGE
10/1/55
25.

35. FULL SHOT INT: MONICA'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM DAY

The layout is similar to the Panmark's on the floor below. REGINALD TASKER, EMORY (Monica's brother), Monica and Christine are seated in the dining alcove at the finish of luncheon. They are sipping their iced coffee. The men have their top coats off. TASKER is a nice-looking, middle-aged man, a tweed-and-pipe author. EMORY is about 45, is genial, easy-going, tolerant of the world and his sister Monica. WE DOLLY IN TOWARD the group as the scene starts. Christine seems preoccupied with her thoughts, as the others are talking.

MONICA:

.....But I did meet Freud. Nobody seems to believe me when I tell them I met Sigmund Freud.

WORD
DELETION

EMORY:

They don't believe you're old enough, little sister.

MONICA:

They know I'm old enough but they voice doubts to make me feel better. Anyhow, it wasn't Freud who analyzed me. It was Dr. Kettlebaum in London.

DIALOGUE
CHANGE

EMORY:

Monica's been spread out on couches from New York to Los Angeles.

Monica gives him a dark look and Tasker smiles.

TASKER:

What was Kettlebaum's verdict?

MONICA:

He said that my whole trouble was associating ideas with words and names. My marriage to Fred Breedlove, for example. He said I married Fred because of the combination of ideas suggested by his name. The last syllable "to love" - romantic, eternal. And the first syllable...hmmmm, yes - that is rather obvious, isn't it?

TASKER:

And the result of the analysis?

(CONTINUED)

35 (Cont.)

MONICA:

Oh, naturally, it broke up my marriage.
(sighing, with a far-away
look)

When I explained it to Mr. Breedlove he
became so confused between his first and
last syllables he just gave up.

EMORY:

Great Scott, Monica!

MONICA:

(purring)
Emory's so mid-Victorian.....

EMORY:

(rising)
Well, let's sit over here where we can
get away from analysis - at least be
comfortable.

WE PULL BACK as the others rise and distribute themselves
about the room, taking their iced coffee with them.

MONICA:

Come then, Reggie - entertain us with your
latest work. What is your bloodthirsty
scribbling about to disclose now?

TASKER:

Oh, I'm collecting some data on Mrs.
Allison. News Budget wants an article
on her.

EMORY:

You mean that practical nurse that killed all
those people?

MONICA:

My, yes! That simply fascinating, paranoid
female!

(seeing Christine in
reverie)

Listen, Christine!

Christine snaps out of her reverie and smiles politely at
Tasker.

(CONTINUED)

DIALOGUE
DELETION

35 (Cont. 1)

TASKER:

Yes, Mrs. Allison was quite definitely a personality. She did away with nine patients for their life insurance with just about as many different poisons.

(to Christine)

But then you read about her in the papers, didn't you, Mrs. Penmark?

CHRISTINE:

Only hastily, I must say. I'm afraid I shy away from reading about such things.

MONICA:

(to Tasker and Emory)

Now that's an interesting psychic block. Why should Christine dislike reading about murders?

CHRISTINE:

(with a light smile)

It's - it's just that I have an aversion to violence of any kind. I even hate the revolver Kenneth keeps locked in the house.

MONICA:

Do you hate the revolver more than poison?

CHRISTINE:

I hate them both.

MONICA:

Hmm, maybe if you'll try saying the first thing that comes into your mind, we can get at the root anxiety. Just say it, no matter how silly it seems to you! Tell your story, Reggie, and Christine will associate.

EMORY:

Oh, nonsense, Monica.

CHRISTINE:

What do you mean "associate"?

MONICA:

Just speak up - because any idea that comes into your mind will be an associated idea.

CHRISTINE:

Oh.

TASKER:

I don't think Mrs. Penmark has any interest in -

DIALOGUE
CHANGES
THROUGHOUT
PAGE

(CONTINUED)

35 (Cont.2)

CHRISTINE:

(politely)

Oh, please, Mr. Tasker - go ahead anyway.

She leans back against the couch and regards Tasker vaguely with a polite smile, yet only half listening.

TASKER:

Well, they finally caught on to Mrs. Allison when she poisoned her eighty-year old father with arsenic in his buttermilk. But I guess that's the most famous part of it.

MONICA:

(quickly, to Christine)

There - say anything, quickly.

CHRISTINE:

But what?

EMORY:

(jumping up quickly;
disgusted)

Well, I'm a middle-aged mongoloid from Memphis!

WE PAN HIM as he goes to a parakeet stand and talks with sugary sweetness to the lovebird inside the cage.

EMORY:

(continuing)

Sweetsie, I'll love bird - you play your cards right and instead of a piece of cuttlebone Uncle Emory'll get you a piece of Dr. Kettlebaum!

MONICA:

(shushing him with her hand)

Emory - !

(to Christine)

Go on, Christine - no matter how silly.

CHRISTINE:

(with an honest little laugh)

Well - right then I happened to be thinking that outside of Kenneth, my father is the dearest man in the world. That silly?

MONICA:

(thinking)

No, certainly not. Hmmm...inverse transgression.

(CONTINUED)

55 (Cont.3)

TASKER:
(suddenly, to Christine)
That's what I wanted to ask you: Isn't
your father Richard Bravo?

CHRISTINE:
(brightening a moment)
Yes.

TASKER:
There's a man can write for you! Those
pieces from the Pacific during the war!
And going through that experience at his age!

CHRISTINE:
I'm very proud of him.....

MONICA:
The whole country is. But we've disclosed
nothing yet. Go on with your story, Reggie.

By this time, Emory is over at the table pouring himself
some more iced coffee.

EMORY:
I've got a theme song. "Come Sweet
Maureen and Dry Clean the Guillotine!"
(with a fake boisterous laugh)
That's a sharp one!

MONICA:
(waving him back with her hand)
Emory - !

TASKER:
Oh, I've been spouting long enough. I
think we could afford a change of subject.

MONICA:
(to Christine)
All right, then - there! Anything will
do. What does that suggest to you?

CHRISTINE:
(with a wry little smile)
As a matter of fact, it doesn't suggest
any change at all. Because I'm still
thinking about my father....

MONICA:
What about him?

CHRISTINE:
(hesitating)
Well -

(CONTINUED)

35 (Cont.4)

MONICA:

(brightly)

Come now - no editing - no skipping -

CHRISTINE:

Well, what I'm thinking is silly now. I've always had the feeling that I was an adopted child, and that the Bravos weren't my real parents.

Monica gets up with a gay laugh and goes over to light a cigarette.

MONICA:

Oh, you poor darling beginner! Don't you know the changeling complex is one of the commonest of childhood? I once was fully convinced I was a foundling with royal blood - Plantagenet, I think it was. And Emory -

(thinking)

Let's see, Emory was....

EMORY:

I was a chipmunk.

TASKER:

(to Christine)

You've really always had this - suspicion - that you were adopted?

CHRISTINE:

Yes, always.

MONICA:

But no evidence, of course?

CHRISTINE:

Only that I dream about it.

MONICA:

What kind of dreams?

CHRISTINE:

(rising with a laugh)

Monica, must I tell you my dreams, too? It's all so silly I haven't even ever mentioned it to Kenneth.

She goes back to the table to get some more iced coffee. Emory suddenly snaps his fingers and turns to Tasker.

(CONTINUED)

35 (Cont.5)

EMORY:

But say - the gal that really took the prize was the one you wrote about in that first book of yours. The one that pulled all those jobs and they couldn't convict her...you know the one back near St. Louis?

TASKER:

Oh, you mean Bessie - Bessie Denker -

36. CLOSE SHOT CHRISTINE

She is just putting down the pitcher of iced coffee when her head snaps up a little and she stares at the wall, a little quizzical expression coming over her.

TASKER'S VOICE:

(continuing o.s.)

Most amazing woman in all the annals of homicide. She was beautiful, she was brainy, she was ruthless. She never used the same poison twice, either. Her father, for example, dies of rabies, contracted supposedly from a mad dog. It just happened that all his money went to Bessie...

CHRISTINE:

(slowly)

Did you say Bessie Denker....?

37. FULL SHOT MONICA'S LIVING ROOM

TASKER:

(a little surprised at her tone)

Yes.

MONICA:

There now. We might have struck something. Murderess - poisons, etcetera, ad infinitum.

CHRISTINE:

Monica - this really is nonsense. Come - let's clear these away.

She starts taking some luncheon things off to the kitchen. Monica shrugs her shoulders a little unhappily and does likewise. In the meantime Emory has looked at his watch and moves toward the small radio.

EMORY:

Say! You still planning on hanging around for a few days fishing?

(CONTINUED)

37 (Cont.)

TASKER:

I'd sure like to. But I don't want to bother you any. I -

EMORY:

(turning on radio)

Listen, any excuse for me with fishing! Let's get the weather for tomorrow. If the channel reflects a good deep blue, why we can -

He stops as the announcer's voice comes on.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE:

....but says that nothing more important has happened for many years in the field of foreign affairs. That's all the international news for the moment. Now let's look at the local weather forecast. For tomorrow and - hm?

(pause, slight change of tone)

I interrupt this program to - I have been asked to announce that one of the children on the annual picnic of the Fern Country Day School was accidentally drowned in the bay early this noon.

38. CLOSE SHOT CHRISTINE AND MONICA

They both have come in from the kitchen and are picking things up from the table again. Both freeze on this. Christine drops a plate back on the table which she has just picked up. She stares wildly at the radio.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE:

(continuing)

The name of the victim is being withheld until the parents are first notified. More news of the tragic affair is expected momentarily.

39. FULL SHOT LIVING ROOM

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE:

(continuing)

To continue with the weather locally -

It dies away as Emory turns it down and he and Tasker look toward Christine. Monica grabs Christine as if to steady her.

MONICA:

Christine - it was not Rhoda. Rhoda is too self-reliant a child. It was some - some timid, confused youngster - afraid of its own shadow. It certainly wasn't Rhoda.

(CONTINUED)

39 (Cont.)

CHRISTINE:
(almost inaudible)
Emory - please -

She gestures for him to turn up the radio, which he does.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE:
(continuing)
.....sunny with low clouds tomorrow, although
possibly scattered showers and -

CHRISTINE:
(quickly, through this)
No - no - what am I standing and - ?

At the same time she starts hurriedly for the front door.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE:
(simultaneously)
Yes -- we now have the full story on the
Fern School drowning.

Christine turns and freezes, listening at door.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE:
(continuing)
We are now authorized to give you the name of
the victim. It was eight-year-old Claude
Daigle, the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Henry
Daigle of 126 Willow Street.
(Christine seems to wilt a little
and holds on to a chair, head
dropping into her hand)
He appears to have fallen into the water from
the abandoned pier on the Fern property. It
is a mystery how the little boy got on the pier
for all the children had been forbidden to play
near or on it, but his body was found off the
end of the landing, wedged among the pilings.
The guard who brought up the body applied
artificial respiration without result. There
were bruises on the forehead and hands, but it
was assumed these were caused by the body washing
against the pilings. And now - to continue with
the report of local weather - scattered showers
night -

Emory clicks off the radio.

CHRISTINE:
Poor child - poor little boy!

(CONTINUED)

39 (Cont.1)

MONICA:
(deeply shocked)
Ghastly! But I knew it couldn't have
been Rhoda.

CHRISTINE:
(sinking into chair,
weakly)
I hardly know what to say to her.
Rhoda is only eight. I remember I
didn't know much about death - or it
didn't touch me closely - until I was
much older. A teacher I adored died.
My whole world changed and darkened -
for days....

(with sudden thought)
But this certainly put a halt to the
picnic.

(rises and hurries to
the window)
They must be sending them all-
(at window)
Yes - here comes the bus now.
(turning to them)
I know you'll excuse me.

MONICA:
(going to door with her)
I'll come with you, dear. But I think
mother and child are better alone at
a time like this.

CHRISTINE:
I must say the correct thing....

She seems to take a deep breath and goes out of the door.

40. EFFECT SHOT INT. STAIR WELL TIDEWATER APARTMENT

Christine comes hurrying down from the upper floor and WE
PAN WITH HER as she stops and waits for Rhoda who comes

(CONTINUED)

40(Cont.)

BUSINESS
CHANGE

up the foyer steps in the b.g. Rhoda seems quiet and unruffled. Christine doesn't seem to notice this at first, only filled with compassion for what the little girl's shocked and confused feelings must be.

CHRISTINE:

(gently)

Darling.....!

RHODA:

Mother - you know we didn't get to have our lunch because Claude Daigle was drowned.

CHRISTINE:

I know. It was on the radio. We'll talk about it inside, shall we?

Christine opens the door to her apartment and gently herds Rhoda inside.

41. FULL SHOT INT. PENMARK LIVING ROOM

Christine closes the door and studies Rhoda with concerned compassion.

RHODA:

He was drowned, so then they were all rushing and calling and hurrying to see if they couldn't make him alive again, but they couldn't, so then they said the picnic was over and we had to go home.

CHRISTINE:

I'm glad you're home...

RHODA:

So could I have a peanut-butter sandwich and milk?

As she says this she sits down on the couch and starts to look at a magazine from the cigarette table. Christine sits on the side of the couch and puts an arm around her.

CHRISTINE:

Did you see him, dear?

(CONTINUED)

41 (Cont.)

RHODA:

Yes, of course. Then they put a blanket over him.

CHRISTINE:

Did you see him taken from the water?

RHODA:

Yes. They laid him out on the grass and worked and worked. But it didn't help.

CHRISTINE:

You must try to get these pictures out of your mind. I don't want you to be frightened or bothered at all. These things happen and we must accept them.

RHODA:

I thought it was exciting. Could I have the peanut-butter sandwich?

CHRISTINE:

(rising)

Of course. I'll make it for you right away....

As she goes to the kitchen she looks back at Rhoda, puzzled by her blithe attitude on all this. After Christine enters kitchen, Rhoda gets up and skips into hall o.s.

42. INT. RHODA'S ROOM

She enters from the hall, opens her closet door. She takes off her red shoes, puts them neatly in a rack, and takes out a heavier pair of black oxfords and a pair of roller skates. She starts to put on the black oxfords.

43. FULL SHOT INT. PENMARK LIVING ROOM

Leroy makes his usual "man-of-the-world" entrance from the front door. He carries a large catch-all basket with him. He sees nobody is there, but as he dumps the basket under the desk he hums a very off-key version of "Au Clair de la Lune." Christine comes in from the kitchen carrying

(CONTINUED)

"THE BAD SEED"
FINAL

8/10/55
37.

43 (Cont.)

the sandwich and milk just as Rhoda comes in from the hall, carrying her skates and in her change of shoes.

LEROY:

Just doin' my baskets, Miz' Penmark.

CHRISTINE:

Good.

RHODA:

(sitting down)

I thought I'd go skating out front after, Mother.

CHRISTINE:

(puts milk and sandwich
down on small table by
chair)

All right, dear.

LEROY:

(stopping on way to
hall).

Mighty awful event at the Fern
place this mornin', huh, Miz' Penmark?

CHRISTINE:

Very sad, Leroy.

He starts to go on with the talk, but behind Rhoda, Christine makes him a shushing gesture with finger to her lips and indicates Rhoda, shaking her head.

LEROY:

Yes'm, yes Miz' Penmark.

He goes on o.s. into hall, carrying his catch-all basket. Rhoda has almost entirely finished her milk by this time. Christine stands looking at Rhoda.

CHRISTINE:

Darling - I think you're doing
wonderfully after - after what's
happened. You're controlling yourself
very well. But just the same it was an
unfortunate thing to see and remember.
I understand how you feel, my darling.

(CONTINUED)

43 (Cont.1)

RHODA:

(taking a bite of her
sandwich)

I don't know what you're talking about.
I don't feel any way at all.

She finishes the milk. Christine is now most puzzled, as she regards her child. Rhoda takes her mother's silence as displeasure, gets up and rubs her cheek against Christine's hand.

RHODA:

Oh, Mommie.....!

CHRISTINE:

(suddenly, vaguely)
Have you been naughty?

RHODA:

Why, no, Mother.
(facing her)

What will you give me if I give you a
basket of kisses?

Christine embraces her with a great rush of affection.

CHRISTINE:

I'll give you a basket of hugs!

RHODA:

I want to finish my sandwich while I
skate.

CHRISTINE:

Of course! Why not?

Rhoda picks up her skates and hurries to the front door.

RHODA:

Thank you, Mother.

CHRISTINE:

You're welcome, my darling!

Rhoda exits just as Leroy comes out of hall and heads for front door after her. Christine's brow furrows a little, as she stares at the floor. Leroy goes out with a covert look at her.

44. FULL SHOT EXT. TIDEWATER ARMS ENTRANCE

BUSINESS
CHANGE

Rhoda is sitting down putting on her skates. She holds half-eaten sandwich in her mouth. Leroy comes and squats in back of her, putting down his catch-all basket, and looking covertly around to see if his conversation is going to be heard.

LEROY:

How comes you go skating and enjoying yourself when your poor little school-mate is still damp from drowning in the bay? Looks to me like you'd be in your room crying your eyes out. Either that or be in church burning a candle in a blue cup.

(Rhoda does not even look back at him, finishes putting on her skates.

Leroy hisses in her ear)

Ask me, and I'll say you don't even feel sorry for what happened to that little boy...

RHODA:

(standing up)

Why should I feel sorry? It was Claude Daigle got drowned, not me.

WE PAN HER as she starts expertly down the walk on her skates and on down the block, her pigtails flying.

45. CLOSE SHOT LEROY

He looks at her dumbly shaking his head, both bewildered and in admiration, as we

DISSOLVE TO:

46. FULL SHOT INT. RHODA'S BEDROOM

NIGHT

Rhoda sits primly propped up in bed, her hands folded properly on her lap, listening to Christine who is reading to her from a chair by the bed. Christine is in a sensible negligee. On the night table by Rhoda's bed is a glass of fruit juice and two pills. WE DOLLY IN CLOSE as Christine is reading:

(CONTINUED)

46 (Cont.)

CHRISTINE:

"...and then the knight alit from his steed and sought what way he could find out of the labyrinth, and a path appearing, he began to make his way along it, and it began at that time to grow dark. The knight had not gone more than a dozen paces when he saw beside the path a beautiful lady who laid out a fair damask cloth under an oak, and set thereon cakes and dainties and a flagon with two silver cups...."

WORD CHANGE

On this last Christine raises her head a little and stares toward the window, unseeing, ceasing to read.

RHODA:

Mother.

CHRISTINE:

Yes.

RHODA:

Why aren't you reading?

CHRISTINE:

I was just thinking.

RHODA:

About the accident?

CHRISTINE:

Partly - and about my phone call. The circuits were busy.

RHODA:

What are cakes and dainties?

WORD CHANGE

CHRISTINE:

Little cakes, I think.

RHODA:

Oh.

(CONTINUED)

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41.

46 (Cont1)

WORD CHANGE

CHRISTINE:

(brought back to her reading)

"...and set thereon cakes and dainties
and a flagon with two silver cups. 'Knight,'
she called, 'knight, come eat and drink with
me, for you are hungry and thirsty, and I am
alone'".

(brings her mind to look at
pills on table)

You didn't finish your vitamins, dear.

Rhoda takes a pill from the table, picking up the glass
and chasing it down.

RHODA:

I took one before. This is the second.
I was saving them because I like the juice.

CHRISTINE:

You better take the third one now....
you're getting sleepy.

RHODA:

All right.

(She pops third pill into her
mouth, drains the rest of the
juice, then lies down fully,
settled, closing her eyes)

I'll close my eyes, but I won't be asleep.

CHRISTINE:

I know.

(continues reading)

"Then the knight answered her, 'I thank
you, fair lady, for I am not only hungry
and thirsty but I am lost within the
forest.'"

Again her eyes lift on these last words.

RHODA:

(not opening her eyes)

Umhm...

CHRISTINE

(continues to read)

"Then he let his palfrey graze nearby and
he feasted with the lady, who gave him
loving looks, sweeter than the wine from
the flagon, though the wine was sweet and
strong, and in this fashion the time passed
till the light was gone out of the wood
and it was dark".

(looks at Rhoda, senses she is
almost asleep, so continues a little
more hurriedly and softly)

(CONTINUED)

46 (Cont.2)

CHRISTINE:

(continuing)

"The knight heard music softly playing and he perceived that a fair pavilion stood nearby under the oak trees, lighted by a torch at the entrance where there were servants going to and fro. And he was aware that the pavilion had not been there in the daylight, but had been created out of darkness - by magic -

(stops, turns and gently speaks)

Rhoda? Rhoda - ?

There is no sound but Rhoda's regular, deep breathing. Christine puts down the book, raises the window, comes over for a look at Rhoda, leans down and kisses her on the cheek as she softly turns out the light. She goes out into the hall as WE PAN, leaving the door slightly ajar.

47. FULL SHOT INT. LIVING ROOM

Only the light by the desk and another across the room are lit. Christine comes from the hall, closing that door gently and down to the desk in the f.g. She sits, and from under the desk pad takes out a couple of sheets of unfinished letter. She thinks for a second and starts writing.

CHRISTINE'S VOICE: (on track)

"because of this terrible accident - I have no idea why - I feel I must write you something that has been on my mind for a long time. Dearest Kenneth - only you - outside of Daddy perhaps, could possibly understand. For the longest time, I've had the feeling that --

Her hand stops writing, as does her voice on the track, as the phone o.s. rings suddenly and sharply.

48. CLOSE SHOT CHRISTINE

She jumps up quickly, and crosses to phone stand.

(CONTINUED)

48 (Cont.)

CHRISTINE:

(into phone)

Hello - Yes, I did - to Washington, D.C. Mr. Richard Bravo - that's right - yes, Bethesda 7-1293. Daddy? I'm so glad I found you at home. I've been trying to get you all evening. Daddy - you said in your last letter that you might be coming for a visit. Well, that's not really far from here. Couldn't you come to see me? Daddy, could you make it sooner? Could you - Oh, no - we're both well. It's not that. Oh, you met Kenneth at the airport? How is he? Tell him I love him and miss him very much. But Daddy - I must see you - No, it's nothing like that. - Daddy, do you remember that recurrent dream I used to have when I was a little girl. - Now I'm beginning to have it again and again. I know what the Freudians say - but even they tell you dreams can't come out of any past but your own. Daddy, is there some terrible thing about my past that I don't know? No - nobody. It's something I dream. All right - I'll be good. And remember I love you. And tell Kenneth I'm finishing my first letter to him tonight, and I'll send it air-mail special in the morning. And Daddy I will see you, won't I? All right dear - Goodnight.

Christine hangs up, returns to the desk and starts continuing to write her letter. After a halting sentence she stops, looks towards Rhoda's bedroom and slowly starts to tear up the letter, as we

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

49. FULL SHOT EXT. TIDEWATER ARMS APARTMENTS DAY

The Fern School station wagon drives up and parks. Miss Fern gets out and starts o.s. toward entrance. She seems perturbed and hesitant.

50. INT. PENMARK LIVING ROOM

The door bell is chiming, and Christine is hurrying from the kitchen to answer it. O.s. in the den, we hear Rhoda practising her "Au Clair de la Lune." Christine opens the door, to disclose Miss Fern, who stands there somewhat constrained.

MISS FERN:

May I come in, Mrs. Penmark?

CHRISTINE:

(as Miss Fern enters)

Of course, Miss Fern.

(closes den door; Rhoda's
playing sounds fainter)

I was coming to see you. I got your note.

MISS FERN:

We're in such distress, all of us at the school, and we've suffered such a blow, losing one of the children that way, I'm sure you'll excuse us for going over and over things!

CHRISTINE:

(Rhoda's playing stops o.s.)

I think everybody has been puzzled and worried and saddened. Please sit down.

MISS FERN:

(sitting on edge of couch)

I've never known any happening to puzzle so many people in so many ways. And I can help so few of them. I've just come from seeing Mrs. Daigle. Of course, our first thought was for her. The rest of us are touched only lightly by this tragedy. She will have to live with it the rest of her days.

CHRISTINE:

I know.

(CONTINUED)

"THE BAD SEED"
FINAL

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45.

50(Cont.)

MISS FERN:

Each time I have seen her she has asked me to find out from you if you had any possible clue to where the penmanship medal might be.

CHRISTINE:

Was it lost?

MISS FERN:

Yes, it wasn't found with the body and has completely disappeared.

CHRISTINE:

I didn't know of this.

At this moment Rhoda comes out from den with a book in her hand, dressed immaculately as usual.

RHODA:

(curtseying)

Good morning, Miss Fern.

MISS FERN:

Good morning, Rhoda.

RHODA:

WORD CHANGE

Mother, could I sit under the scuppernong arbor and read my book?

CHRISTINE:

Of course.

RHODA:

It's shady there, and you can watch me from the window, and I like to be where you can see me.

CHRISTINE:

Is it a new book?

RHODA:

Yes. It's Elsie Dinsmore. The one I got for a prize at Sunday School.

CHRISTINE:

I'll be here.

RHODA:

I'll be right there all the time. Goodbye, Miss Fern.

She curtsies to Miss Fern and runs out through the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

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46.

"THE BAD SEED"
FINAL

50 (Cont.1)

MISS FERN:

It did occur to me that - that Rhoda might have told you a detail or two which she hadn't remembered when she talked with me. You see, she was quite possibly the last to see the little Daigle boy alive --

CHRISTINE:

Are you sure of that?

MISS FERN:

Yes.

CHRISTINE:

I hadn't realized --

Christine sits down.

MISS FERN:

You see, several times during the morning Rhoda had to be stopped from following Claude about and trying to take the medal away from him. She kept snatching at it and he finally became very upset and started to cry.

CHRISTINE:

I'm sorry to hear that. But when you say she could have been the last to see him alive, why -

MISS FERN:

Yes. Shortly before Claude's body was discovered the beach guard saw Rhoda coming off the wharf. He shouted a warning, but by then she was on the beach and walking back to join the main activity, and he decided to forget the matter. The guard didn't identify the girl by name but she had blonde pigtails and was wearing a red dress, he said, and Rhoda was the only girl who wore a dress that day. At one o'clock the lunch bell rang and Claude was missing when the roll was called. You know the rest, I think.

CHRISTINE:

But this is very serious - that Rhoda was on the wharf --

(CONTINUED)

"THE BAD SEED"
FINAL

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47.

50 (Cont.2)

MISS FERN:

Not serious, really. Children conceal things from adults. Suppose Rhoda did follow the Daigle child onto the wharf - so many things could have happened quite innocently. He may have concealed himself in the old boat-house, and then, when discovered, may have backed away from Rhoda and fallen into the water.

CHRISTINE:

Yes, that could have happened.

MISS FERN:

Now, Claude, although he looked frail, was an excellent swimmer - and, of course, Rhoda knew that. Once he was in the water she would have expected him to swim ashore. How could she know that the treacherous pilings were at the exact spot where he fell?

CHRISTINE:

No.

MISS FERN:

Perhaps the thought in Rhoda's mind when he fell into the water was that he'd ruin his new suit and she'd get a scolding for causing it. When he didn't swim ashore at once she may have thought, with the logic of childhood, that he'd hidden under the wharf to frighten her - or to escape her. Later on, when it was too late to do anything, she was afraid to admit what had happened.

CHRISTINE:

Then you think Rhoda knows something she isn't admitting?

MISS FERN:

Yes. I think that, like many a frightened soldier, she deserted under fire. This is not a serious charge. Few of us are courageous when tested.

CHRISTINE:

She has lied, though.

MISS FERN:

Is there any adult who hasn't lied? Smooth the lines from your brow, my dear. You're so much prettier when smiling.

CHRISTINE:

I shall question Rhoda.

(CONTINUED)

50 (Cont. 4)

CHRISTINE:

This is a terrible tragedy for Mrs. Daigle, as you say. She has lost her only son. But if there were any shadow over Rhoda - from what has happened - I shall have to live under it -- and my husband, too. As for Rhoda - she would not be happy in your school next year.

MISS FERN:

No, she would not. And since she would not, it would be as well to make up our minds now that she will not be there.

CHRISTINE:

Then there is a shadow over her -- and you have decided that she will not be invited to return to the Fern school?

MISS FERN:

Yes. We have made that decision.

CHRISTINE:

But you can't tell me why?

MISS FERN:

I think her behavior in the matter of the medal would be sufficient explanation. She has no sense of fair play. She's a poor loser. She doesn't play the game.

CHRISTINE:

But you're not saying that Rhoda had anything to do with Claude's death?

MISS FERN:

Of course not! Such a possibility never entered our minds!

At this moment the doorbell chimes.

CHRISTINE:

I'd better answer.

MISS FERN:

Of course, my dear.

Christine goes to the door, hesitates a moment, and then opens it. MR. and MRS. DAIGLE come in, he tentatively, a timid soul. She boldly. She has obviously been drinking.

CHRISTINE:

Yes?

(CONTINUED)

50 (Cont.5)

MRS. DAIGLE:

(entering, followed by her
husband)

Thanks. We're Mrs. Daigle and Mr. Daigle.
You didn't have to let us in, you know.

(to Miss Fern)

I guess you realize we followed you. We
shouldn't have done it. I'm a little drunk.

(to Christine)

I guess you never get a little drunk.

CHRISTINE:

You're quite welcome, both of you.

MRS. DAIGLE:

Oh, pay no attention to him. He's all for
good breeding. He was trying to stop me.
Now, you, Mrs. Penmark. You've always had
plenty. You're a superior person.

CHRISTINE:

No, I'm not.

MRS. DAIGLE:

Oh, yes. Father is rich. Rich Richard
Bravo. Famous. I know. Me, I worked in a
beauty parlor. Miss Fern used to come there.
She looks down on me.

MISS FERN:

Please, Mrs. Daigle.

MRS. DAIGLE:

I was that frumpy blonde. Now I've lost
my boy and I'm a lush. Everybody knows it.

MR. DAIGLE:

We're worried about Mrs. Daigle. She's
under a doctor's care. She's not herself.

MRS. DAIGLE:

But I know what I'm about just the same.
Just the same. May I call you Christine?
I'm quite aware that you come from a higher
level of society. You prolly made a debut
and all that. I always considered Christine
such a gentle name. Hortense sound fat -
that's me, Hortense. "My girl Hortense,"
that's what they used to sing at me, "Hasn't
got much sense. Let's write her name on the
privvy fence." Children can be nasty, don't
you think?

MR. DAIGLE:

Please, Hortense.

(CONTINUED)

50 (Cont.6)

MRS. DAIGLE:

You're so attractive, Christine. You have such exquisite taste in clothes, but of course you have amples of money to buy'em with. What I came to see you about, I asked Miss Fern how did Claude happen to lose the medal, and she wouldn't tell me a thing.

MISS FERN:

I don't know, Mrs. Daigle., Truly.

MRS. DAIGLE:

You know more than you're telling. You're a sly one - because of the school. You don't want the school to get a bad name. But you know more than you're telling, Miss Butter-Wouldn't-Melt Fern. There's something funny about the whole thing. I've said so over and over to Mr. Daigle. He married quite late, you know. In his forties. Course I wasn't exactly what the fellow calls a "spring chicken" either. We won't have any more children. No more.

MR. DAIGLE:

Please, Hortense. Let me take you home where you can rest.

MRS. DAIGLE:

Rest. Sleep. When you can't sleep at night, you can't sleep in the daylight. I lie and look at the water where he went down. There's something funny about the whole thing, Christine. I heard that your little girl was the last one who saw him alive. Will you ask her about the last few minutes and tell me what she says? Maybe she remembers some little thing. I don't care how small it is! No matter how small! You know something? Miss Fern dyes her hair. She knows something and she won't tell me. Oh, my poor little Claude! What did they do to you?

Christine goes to Mrs. Daigle and puts her arm around her.

CHRISTINE:

I will ask Rhoda, Hortense. Oh, if I only knew!

MRS. DAIGLE:

Somebody took the medal off his shirt, Christine. It couldn't come off by accident. I pinned it on myself, and it had a clasp that locks in place. It was no accident. You can wear such simple things, can't you? I never could wear simple things. I couldn't even buy 'em.

(CONTINUED)

50 (Cont.7)

MRS. DAIGLE (Cont.)

When I got 'em home they didn't look simple.
- He was such a lovely, dear little boy.
He said I was his sweetheart. He said he
was going to marry me when he grew up. I
used to laugh and say, "You'll forget me long
before then. You'll find a prettier girl,
and you'll marry her." And you know what he
said then? He said, "No, I won't, because
there's not a prettier girl in the whole
world than you are." If you don't believe me,
ask the girl who comes in and cleans. She was
present at the time.

MR. DAIGLE:

(trying to put an arm around
her, miserable)
Hortense - Hortense!

MRS. DAIGLE:

Why do you put your arms around me? You
don't give a hoot about me. You're a
superior person and all that, and I'm - oh,
God forgive me! There were those bruises on
his hands, and that peculiar crescent-shaped
mark on his forehead that the undertaker
covered up. He must have bled before he died.
That's what the doctor said. And where's the
medal? Who took the medal? I have a right to
know what became of the penmanship medal! If
I knew, I'd have a good idea what happened to
him. -- I don't know why you took it on your-
self to put your arms around me. I'm as good
as you are. And Claude was better than your
girl. He won the medal, and she didn't. --
I'm drunk. It's a pleasure to stay drunk when
your little boy's been killed. Maybe I'd
better lay down.

MR. DAIGLE:

We'll go home, and you can lie down there.

MRS. DAIGLE:

Why not? Why not go home, and lay down?
Goodbye, all.

MR. DAIGLE:

(opening front door)
I'm sorry.

MRS. DAIGLE:

Oh, who cares what they think?

(CONTINUED)

50 (Cont. 8)

MRS. DAIGLE
(turning pathetically at door)
I drank a half bottle of bonded corn in
little sips. I'm drunk as a two-dollar
goat.

The Daigles leave. Christine closes the door. Pause.

CHRISTINE:
Oh, the poor woman!

MISS FERN:
I've tried to think of any little thing I
could to tell her. But nothing helps.

CHRISTINE:
Nothing will ever help.

MISS FERN:
(rising)
No. -- I'll be getting back. Thank you
for bearing with her, and with me.

CHRISTINE:
I'll try again with Rhoda. There's no
help for this poor creature.
(she indicates the door)
But I'll do what I can.

MISS FERN:
We both have to do what we can. Goodbye,
Mrs. Penmark.

CHRISTINE:
Goodbye, Miss Fern.
(she suddenly goes to Miss
Fern as the latter is about
to turn in the doorway,
and kisses her, her eyes
filling with tears)
She will have to live with it till she dies.

MISS FERN:
Yes. Till she dies. Thank you.

Miss Fern goes, closing the door.

51. CLOSE SHOT CHRISTINE

She stands for a second, troubled by Miss Fern's visit, and
undecided what to do. Then she quickly goes to the window
looking out onto the back court as WE PAN. She raises it.

(CONTINUED)

51 (Cont.)

CHRISTINE:
(calling)
Rhoda - !

52. FULL SHOT EXT. BACK COURT TIDEWATER ARMS APARTMENTS

It is a small court with a grass plot in back of the four-storied building. Several small iron tables and chairs are about for the use of the tenants. To one side of the building, the back stairs to the apartment kitchens. At the base of the building is the cellar steps and cellar doors flung open. At the alley end of the court are several garage units. At the far side of the court, Rhoda sits under a scuppernong arbor, reading her book. Christine is visible in the window as she calls Rhoda.

RHODA:
Yes, Mother.

CHRISTINE:
Will you come in a minute, please?

RHODA:
May I just finish this last page?

CHRISTINE:
Very well. Then I want to talk to you.

RHODA:
Yes, Mother.

53. INT. PENMARK LIVING ROOM

BUSINESS
CHANGE

Christine goes from window to answer the phone which is on desk.

DIALOGUE
CHANGE

CHRISTINE:
Hello - yes, speaking...Kenneth -
Oh, darling, I'm so glad you called.
(long pause)
The little boy who was drowned? Oh, no,
no - Rhoda's her usual self. She's just
outside where I can see her. I've just
spoken to her. Do you really darling?
(pause)
I hope it won't be too much longer.
(long pause)
Oh, four weeks is a long, long time.
Well, write to me as...Kenneth.
(pause)
I love you. All right darling...then don't
keep them waiting. Goodbye.

BUSINESS
CHANGE

She hangs up. The door chimes and Monica enters, dressed to go out, smoking a cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

51 (Cont.)

CHRISTINE:

(calling)

Rhoda - !

52. FULL SHOT EXT. BACK COURT TIDEWATER ARMS APARTMENTS

It is a small court with a grass plot in back of the four-storied building. Several small iron tables and chairs are about for the use of the tenants. To one side of the building, the back stairs to the apartment kitchens. At the base of the building is the cellar steps and cellar doors flung open. At the alley end of the court are several garage units. At the far side of the court, Rhoda sits under a scuppernong arbor, reading her book. Christine is visible in the window as she calls Rhoda.

RHODA:

Yes, Mother.

CHRISTINE:

Will you come in a minute, please?

RHODA:

May I just finish this last page?

CHRISTINE:

Very well. Then I want to talk to you.

RHODA:

Yes, Mother.

53. INT. PENMARK LIVING ROOM

Christine withdraws from the window as the doorbell chimes. She goes to the door and Monica enters.

CHRISTINE:

Oh, Monica.

MONICA:

Don't be alarmed dear. I'm just in and out. This is not another psychiatric session.

CHRISTINE:

Come on in, please.

MONICA:

It's Rhoda's locket I'm using for an excuse. I've actually found a place where they'll change the stone and clean it in one day.

(PICK UP DIALOGUE ON PAGE 55 -
CHANGE 10/15/55.)

53 (Cont.)

CHRISTINE:

Oh, Monica.

MONICA:

Don't be alarmed dear. I'm just in and out.
This is not another psychiatric session.

CHRISTINE:

Come on in, please.

MONICA:

It's Rhoda's locket I'm using for an excuse.
I've actually found a place where they'll
change the stone and clean it in one day.

CHRISTINE:

I'll get the locket. I know where she keeps
it. I think she put it in her treasure drawer.

MONICA:

Good! They didn't agree to this unusual effort
without a little pressure--in fact I had to
threaten...

CHRISTINE:

Oh...not really?

MONICA:

Oh, you don't know the old busy-body. She uses
pressure, influence, bribery, blackmail...and
I had to pull them all on old Mr. Finchley.
He said this little job would take at least
two weeks.

54.

EFFECT CLOSE SHOT INT. RHODA'S ROOM

We are shooting across bureau to the hall door CLOSE ON CHRISTINE
as she opens the treasure drawer and picks out the locket.

MONICA:

(continuing)

I told him straight that I'm handling the
Community Chest again this year.

During the above, Christine has picked up the locket and is just
about to close the drawer when her eye catches something else.
Her hand goes below frame to corner of drawer and she pulls out
something we cannot see. Her expression is stunned. By this
time Monica appears in the doorway. Christine quickly palms the
hidden object, shutting the drawer and turns quickly to Monica,
holding out the locket.

MONICA:

Ah, you found it! The darling!
(taking it as Christine gives it to her)

(CONTINUED)

DIALOGUE
CHANGES
THROUGHOUT
PAGE

"THE BAD SEED"
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CHANGE
10/15/55
56.

54 (Cont.)

DIALOGUE
CHANGE

MONICA: (Cont.)
She keeps her treasures so carefully
it's a kind of miserly delight!
(putting it in her purse)

DIALOGUE
CHANGE

CHRISTINE:
Shall I wrap it?

DIALOGUE
CHANGE

MONICA:
No, no dear. I'll just drop it in my purse.
It says in my horoscope that today is the
day for paying attention to small objects
and getting things done! And now I will
take to the air, dear Christine....only do
forgive me for bursting in and rushing out!

DIALOGUE
CHANGE

CHRISTINE:
No ceremony, please.

DIALOGUE
CHANGE

MONICA:
(as she is walking down the hallway)
No darling. I'll be seeing you.

BUSINESS
CHANGE

Christine moves slowly back to Rhoda's treasure box. Takes out
the medal. Reacts. Moves swiftly out of the room into the
hallway. Rhoda comes through the kitchen from the far b.g. She
comes in to the couch and sits down, putting her book on the
coffee table.

RHODA:
(as she does so)
What did you want to see me about, Mother?
(second's pause)
Something Miss Fern said?

Christine walks in front of Rhoda and puts the object down
on the table before Rhoda, getting rid of it as though it were
a snake, standing and watching the child's reaction.

56. INSERT: OBJECT ON TABLE

It is obviously a gold penmanship medal - the bas relief on its
face depicting a quill pen.

57. TWO SHOT CHRISTINE AND RHODA

CHRISTINE:
So you had the medal after all....Claude
Daigle's medal....

RHODA:
(warily)
Where did you find it?

(CONTINUED)

"THE BAD SEED"
FINAL

CHANGE
10/15/55
56A.

57 (Cont.)

CHRISTINE:

How did the penmanship medal happen to
be hidden under the lining of your
treasure drawer? Tell me the truth, Rhoda.

Rhoda merely turns her book upside down, making a tent out of
it and looking under it, and then smiling up at her mother in
the fashion she has always found charming.

RHODA:

If we ever move into a house of our own,
can we have a scuppernong arbor, Mother?
Can we, Mother? It's so shady and pretty
and I love sitting under it!

(CONTINUED)

"THE BAD SEED"
FINAL

CHANGE
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57.

57 (Cont.)

CHRISTINE:

All right, Rhoda. Answer my question. And remember I'm not as innocent about what went on at the picnic as you think. Miss Fern has told me a great deal. So please don't bother to make up a story for my benefit.

(Rhoda is silent, her
mind working)

How did Claude Daigle's medal get in your drawer? It certainly didn't get there by itself. I'm waiting for your answer.

Rhoda is silent.

RHODA:

I don't know how the medal got there, Mother. How could I?

CHRISTINE:

(controlling herself)

You know. You know quite well how it got there. Did you go on the wharf at any time during the picnic? At any time?

RHODA:

(after a pause)

Yes, Mother. I - I went there once.

CHRISTINE:

Was it before or after you were bothering Claude?

RHODA:

I didn't bother Claude, Mother. What makes you think that?

CHRISTINE:

Why did you go on the wharf?

RHODA:

It was real early. When we first got there.

CHRISTINE:

You knew it was forbidden. Why did you do it?

RHODA:

I heard there were little oysters that grew on the pilings. I wanted to see if they did.

CHRISTINE:

The guard saw you coming off the wharf. But he says it was just a little before lunch time.

DIALOGUE
DELETION

(CONTINUED)

"THE BAD SEED"
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58.

57 (Cont.1)

RHODA:

I don't know why he says that. He's wrong, and I told Miss Fern he was wrong. He hollered at me to come off the wharf and I did. I went back to the lawn and that's where I saw Claude. But I wasn't bothering him.

CHRISTINE:

What did you say to Claude?

RHODA:

I said if I didn't win the medal, I was glad he did.

CHRISTINE:

(wearily)

Please, please, Rhoda. I know you're an adroit liar. But I must have the truth.

RHODA:

But it's all true, Mother. Every word.

CHRISTINE:

I was told you were trying to snatch the medal off Claude's shirt. Is that true?

DIALOGUE
DELETION

RHODA:

Oh, that was one of the monitors, that big girl, Mary Beth Musgrove. She told everybody she saw me. Even Leroy knows she saw me.

(she opens her eyes wide, and smiles as though resolving on complete candor)

You see, Claude and I were playing a game we made up. He said if I could catch him in ten minutes and touch the medal with my hand - it was like prisoner's base - he'd let me wear the medal for an hour. How can Mary Beth say I took the medal? I didn't.

CHRISTINE:

Nobody said you took the medal. They said you grabbed at it. And that Claude kept running away. Did you have the medal when you came off the wharf?

RHODA:

No, Mommie. Not then.

She rises, runs to her mother and kisses her hand ardently. Christine remains resolutely passive.

(CONTINUED)

57 (Cont. 2)

DIALOGUE
CHANGES
THROUGHOUT
PAGE

CHRISTINE:

Rhoda how did you get the medal?

RHODA:

Oh, I got it later on.

CHRISTINE:

How?

RHODA:

Claude went back on his promise and I followed him up the beach. Then he stopped and said I could wear the medal all day if I gave him fifty cents.

CHRISTINE:

Rhoda, stop that! Is that the truth?

RHODA:

(with slight contempt)

Yes, Mother, I gave him fifty cents and he let me wear the medal.

CHRISTINE:

Then why didn't you tell this to Miss Fern when she questioned you?

RHODA:

Oh, Mommie, Mommie!

(she whimpers a little)

Miss Fern doesn't like me at all! I was afraid she'd think bad things about me if I told her I had the medal!

CHRISTINE:

Rhoda, now listen to me - you knew how much Mrs. Daigle wanted the medal, didn't you?

RHODA:

Yes, Mother, I guess I did.

CHRISTINE:

Why didn't you give it to her?

(Rhoda says nothing)

She's lost her little boy Rhoda. She's heart-broken about it. She may never get over it.

It may have destroyed her. Do you know what I mean?

RHODA:

Yes, Mother, I guess so, Mother.

CHRISTINE:

No. You don't know what I mean.

(CONTINUED)

57 (Cont. 3)

BUSINESS
CHANGE

DIALOGUE
CHANGE

RHODA:

It was silly to want to bury the medal pinned on Claude's coat. Claude was dead. He wouldn't know whether he had the medal pinned on him or not.

(fondly caresses her Mother's cheeks with her hands)

Oh I've got the prettiest mother - I've got the nicest mother. I tell everybody - I say I've got the sweetest mother in the world! - If she wants a little boy that bad, why doesn't she take one out of the Orphan's Home?

CHRISTINE:

(pushing her away)

Rhoda! Get away from me! Don't talk to me. We have nothing to say to each other.

RHODA:

Okay, Mother.

She turns and walks into hall o.s. towards her room. Christine thinks a second, then slowly follows her.

58. FULL SHOT INT. HALL

As Christine comes abreast of Rhoda's open door, we see Rhoda sitting on the edge of her bed, hands folded in her lap, and staring with a "hurt" look out of the window.

59. CLOSE SHOT CHRISTINE

as she looks in at Rhoda. She is about to leave for her room but she does a double-take as her glance goes o.s. to:

60. MED. SHOT CRYSTAL BALL OVER HEAD OF BED CHRISTINE'S ANGLE

We ZOOM toward it for a CLOSE SHOT.

61. FULL SHOT RHODA'S ROOM

as a new and most disturbing thought comes to Christine and she walks down toward Rhoda.

CHRISTINE:

Rhoda!

(Rhoda turns at den door)

When we lived in Wichita there was an old lady upstairs, Mrs. Clara Post, who liked you very much.

RHODA:

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

61 (Cont.)

DIALOGUE
CHANGE

CHRISTINE:

You used to go up to see her every afternoon. She was very old, and liked to show you all her treasures. The one you admired most was a crystal ball, enclosing a little jeweled fish in which opals floated. The old lady promised this treasure to you when she died. One afternoon when Mrs. Post's daughter was out shopping at the super-market, and you were alone with the old lady, she somehow managed to fall down the spiral back stairs and break her neck. You said she heard a kitten mewing outside and went to see about it and somehow missed her footing and fell five flights to the courtyard below.

RHODA:

Yes, it's true.

CHRISTINE:

Then you asked her daughter for the crystal ball. She gave it to you, and -
(pointing)
there it is - right on top of your treasure drawer.

DIALOGUE
CHANGE

RHODA:

Yes, Mother.

CHRISTINE:

Rhoda, did you have anything to do, anything at all, no matter how little it was, with Claude getting drowned?

RHODA:

What makes you ask that, Mother?

CHRISTINE:

Come here, Rhoda. Look me in the eyes and tell me. I must know.

RHODA:

(coming to her)

No, Mother. I didn't.

CHRISTINE:

You're not going back to the Fern School next year. They don't want you any more.

RHODA:

Okay.

Christine suddenly turns and exits from room toward living room.

CHRISTINE:

(as she goes)

I'll call Miss Fern and ask if we can come and see her right away.

RHODA:

(running after her)

She'll think I lied to her!

62. FULL SHOT INT. LIVING ROOM

6
OLOGUE
CHANGES
THROUGHOUT
PAGE

as Christine crosses to the phone followed by Rhoda.

CHRISTINE:

You did lie to her.

Christine dials the phone.

RHODA:

But not to you, Mother! Not to you!

CHRISTINE:

Hello, Fern School? Miss Claudia Fern,
please. No. No message.

(hanging up)

She's not home yet.

RHODA:

What will you tell her, Mother?

CHRISTINE:

I want to hear you tell her what you told me.

On this the phone rings again. Christine picks it up quickly.

CHRISTINE:

6
Hello...yes, Mrs. Penmark speaking....
(sitting down - excited)

Oh, Kenneth, darling - I'm so glad you
called!

63. FULL SHOT INT. PENTAGON OFFICE KENNETH

He sits at his desk, the flag behind him, his name slab
visible on the desk, talking on the phone.

KENNETH:

So am I honey - Honey what was the accident at
Rhoda's school - the one where the little boy was
drowned.

64. BACK TO CHRISTINE

CHRISTINE:

The little boy who was drowned?

65. BACK TO KENNETH

KENNETH:

Has it affected Rhoda any?

66. BACK TO CHRISTINE

CHRISTINE:

Oh, no - no Rhoda's her usual self. She's just out-
side where I can see her. I've just spoken to her.

ALREADY SHOT

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67. BACK TO KENNETH

DIALOGUE
CHANGES
AND

KENNETH:
I miss you both -- and love you both --
so much.

68. BACK TO CHRISTINE

DIALOGUE
ADDITIONS
THROUGHOUT
PAGE.

CHRISTINE:
Oh, do you really darling?

69. BACK TO KENNETH

KENNETH:
You know I do, but I will be home soon and
prove it.

69A. BACK TO CHRISTINE

CHRISTINE:
I hope it will not be too much longer.

69B. BACK TO KENNETH

KENNETH:
Well it will be at least four weeks.

69C. BACK TO CHRISTINE:

CHRISTINE:
Oh, four weeks is a long, long time. Well
write to me if.....Kenneth...

69D. BACK TO KENNETH

KENNETH:
Yes darling.

69E. BACK TO CHRISTINE

CHRISTINE:
I love you.

69F. BACK TO KENNETH

KENNETH:
I love you too.

70. FULL SHOT INT. PENTAGON OFFICE

WOMAN'S VOICE:(on dictagraph)
Colonel Penmark, the General is waiting, sir.

ALREADY SHOT

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70A. BACK TO KENNETH

DIALOGUE
ADDITION

KENNETH:
(in to dictagraph)
I'll be right there.
(in to phone)
Honey the General just buzzed for me.

70B. BACK TO CHRISTINE

CHRISTINE:
All right darling - then don't keep them
waiting. Goodbye.

70C BACK TO KENNETH

DIALOGUE
ADDITION

70D.

KENNETH:
Goodbye darling and give my love to Rhoda.
BACK TO CHRISTINE AND RHODA

She hangs up slowly, looks into space a second, then turns and
looks at Rhoda.

RHODA:
(smiling)
See? We're not upset, are we, mother?

Christine reaches out in her motherly burst of love and takes
Rhoda in her arms.

CHRISTINE:
No, darling...of course not. It just couldn't
be true! It just couldn't be!

As we see Rhoda in her mother's arms make a similar face when
Monica embraced her, we,

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

71. TWO SHOT INT. TOY STORE KENNETH AND WOMAN CLERK DAY

The woman is just in the act of handing Kenneth back some change

CLERK:
....fifty - seventy-five - five
and five makes ten. Thank you, Colonel.

Kenneth puts his hand on a closed box on the counter.

(CONTINUED)

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71 (Cont.)

KENNETH:

None of it will get broken in the mailing,
will it?

CLERK:

Oh, no, sir. It'll be packed specially
for that.

KENNETH:

Good. Thank you.

As he exits, we -

DISSOLVE TO:

72. CLOSE SHOT INT. PENMARK LIVING ROOM BOX LATE AFTERNOON

It is being excitedly opened by Rhoda's hands. We see it is
a child's tea set, packed in excelsior. We PULL BACK TO SEE
Monica and Christine watching Rhoda, smiling down at her. Rhoda
holds up a cup. Christine is fixing some cocktail equipment on
a side table.

RHODA:

Look, a tea set!

MONICA:

I guess we know a Daddy who loves somebody,
all right.

(picking up card)

What does the card say?

(reading)

"For no reason except she is the sweetest
little girl in the world....Daddy."

RHODA:

(taking out small teapot)

And a pot and everything!

(continuing avidly to unpack)

Mother, can I take it out under the arbor?

I want to pretend I'm giving a garden party.

CHRISTINE:

Of course, dear. Oh, by the way, empty it out
there too. The excelsior is getting all over
everything. Don't try to put it down the
incinerator because it's much too big. Leave
it by the cellar steps for LeRoy to dispose of.

(CONTINUED)

CHANGE OF
CHARACTER
FOR DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE
CHANGE

72 (Cont.)

RHODA:

Yes, Mother.

She starts for back door with box.

MONICA:

A garden party! The perfect little old-fashioned girl! By the way, Miss Emily Post - do you know you're having your supper with me tonight?

RHODA:

(turning back at kitchen door)
Really, Aunt Monica? Is it a special reason?

CHRISTINE:

It's just that I asked Mr. Tasker to come by for cocktails - and then you know Granddaddy is coming tonight - and I'll wait for dinner until he comes. You won't want to eat that late. So wasn't that nice of Aunt Monica?

RHODA:

Of course. Aunt Monica's sweet. And I'll be glad to see Granddaddy. He's sweet, too!

She exits o.s.

MONICA:

Oh, the little darling! Every time I look at her I wish I had just such a little girl!

In the meantime, Christine has continued to arrange cocktail fixings, bottles, etc., on the side table.

CHRISTINE:

She's not wanted in the Fern School next year.

MONICA:

(indignantly)
What? Why not?

CHRISTINE:

(dryly)
She doesn't fit in, doesn't play the game. She's a poor sport.

MONICA:

Honestly, the longer I live, the more I see, the less I'm able to understand the tight little minds of people like the Fern girls. The truth of the matter is that Rhoda is much too charming, too clever, too unusual for

(CONTINUED)

72 (Cont. 1)

DIALOGUE
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MONICA: (Cont.)

them! She makes the others look stupid and stodgy by comparison. Well, it's their loss.
(in her usual nonsequitor)
I thought you rather shied away from Reggie Tasker and his poison....

CHRISTINE:

Oh, no. He's very pleasant. And besides I want to ask his advice about some writing I want to try.

MONICA:

This amazing Penmark family! I didn't know you were literary!

CHRISTINE:

I've always had a hankering to try. And now with Kenneth away....

MONICA:

How simply exciting! Well, I shall remove my addle-headed brain from your intellectual symposium and go and start Rhoda's supper.
(reaches into cigarette box)
Have one?

CHRISTINE:

I seem to have given them up.

MONICA:

(lighting one)
Seem to have - good lord, if I were to quit you would hear the repercussions in New Orleans.
(starting toward the door)
I'm afraid I must string along with St. Paul.
It's better to smoke than to burn.

She exits out the front door.

73.

FULL SHOT EXT. COURTYARD RHODA UNDER ARBOR

She has gotten some of the tea set and is arranging it in places. In the b.g. Leroy comes up from the basement, carrying a rake. He gives her a leering look and starts raking the leaves near the arbor, after first giving a covert look up at the Penmark window.

LEROY:

Well, there she stands at her little table, with all her little play dishes, looking so cute and innocent. Looking like she wouldn't melt butter, she's that cool. She can fool some people with that innocent look she can put on and off, when she wants to, but not me. Not even part way, she can't fool me.

(CONTINUED)

73 (Cont.)

Rhoda gives him a withering, bored look, and then goes on to pantomime serving make-believe guests tea, bowing and smiling like a hostess. Leroy keeps leering in at her, his face framed in the lovely foliage.

LEROY:

(continuing - coming closer)

She don't want to talk to nobody smart. She likes to talk to people she can fool, like her mamma and Mrs. Breedlove and Mr. Emory.

Rhoda takes the last of the excelsior out of the box and throws it on the ground at his feet.

RHODA:

There's some excelsior for you. You talk silly all the time. I know what you do with the excelsior, too. You make a bed of excelsior behind that old coal bin in the basement, and you sleep there where nobody can see you.

LEROY:

(ignoring this)

I been way behind the times here-to-fore, but now I got your number, miss. I been hearing things about you that ain't nice. I been hearing you beat up that poor little Claude in the bushes, and it took all three of the Fern sisters to pull you off him. I heard you run him off the wharf, he was so scared.

RHODA:

("pouring a cup")

If you tell lies like that you won't go to heaven when you die.

LEROY:

(continuing to make pretense of raking)

I heard plenty. I listen to people talk. Not like you who's gabbling all the time and won't let nobody get a word in edgewise. That's why I know what people are saying and you don't.

RHODA:

People tell lies all the time. I think you tell them more than anybody else.

LEROY:

I know what you done to that boy when you got him out on the wharf. You better listen to me if you want to keep out of bad trouble.

RHODA:

What did I do, if you know so much?

LEROY:

You picked up a stick and you hit him with it. You hit him because he wouldn't give you that

(CONTINUED)

73 (Cont.1)

LEROY: (Cont.)

medal like you told him to. I thought I seen some mean little girls in my time, but you're the meanest. You want to know how I know how mean you are? Because I'm mean. I'm smart and I'm mean. And you're smart and you're mean - and I never got caught and you never got caught.

RHODA:

I know what you think. I know everything you think. Nobody believes anything you say.

LEROY:

You know what you did after you hit that boy? You jerked the medal off his shirt. Then you rolled that sweet little boy off the wharf, among them pilings.

RHODA:

You don't know anything. None of what you said is true.

LEROY:

You know I'm telling gospel truth. You know I got it figured out.

RHODA:

You figured out something that never happened. And so it's all lies. Take your excelsior down in the basement and put it where you can sleep on it when you're supposed to be working.

LEROY:

You ain't no dope - that I must say - and that's why you didn't leave that stick where nobody could find it. Oh, no - you got better sense than that. You took that bloody stick and washed it off good, and then you threw it in the bushes where nobody could see it.

RHODA:

I think you're a very silly man.

LEROY:

It was you was silly, because you thought you could wash off blood - and you can't.

Rhoda hesitates in her tea-pouring for a fraction of a second, then:

RHODA:

Why can't you wash off blood?

LEROY:

Because you can't, and the police know it. You can wash and wash, but there's always some left.

(CONTINUED)

73 (Cont.2)

LEROY: (Cont.)

Everybody knows that. I'm going to call the police and tell them to start looking for that stick in the bushes. They got what they call "stick bloodhounds" to help them look - and them stick bloodhounds can find any stick there is that's got blood on it. And when they bring in that stick you washed so clean the police'll sprinkle special blood powder on it, and that little boy's blood will show up on that stick. It'll show up a pretty blue color like a robin's egg.

RHODA:

(raising her voice
a little)

You're scared about the police yourself!

LEROY:

(with a quick look
toward the house)

S-s-sh!

RHODA:

(still louder)

What you say about me, it's all about you!
They'll get you with that powder!

74. CLOSE SHOT AT WINDOW CHRISTINE

She has pushed open the window and is looking concerned out at Leroy and Rhoda.

CHRISTINE:

Come in now, Rhoda. You must get ready for supper.

75. TWO SHOT RHODA AND LEROY

RHODA:

(still anger on her face)

Yes, Mother.

She starts putting dishes back in the empty box. Leroy quickly picks up the excelsior from the ground and WE PAN HIM TOWARD the basement entrance bringing Christine INTO VIEW in the b.g. from the window.

(CONTINUED)

75 (Cont.)

LEROY:

(mumbling)

Must get rid of this stuff - messin' up my lawn....

CHRISTINE:

(suddenly)

Leroy - what were you saying to Rhoda?

LEROY:

Why, Mrs. Penmark - we was just talking... about her play dishes.

CHRISTINE:

Just the same - you're not to speak to her again. If you do, I'll report you! Is that entirely clear?

LEROY:

(most humble)

Why, ma'am - I -

76. PAN SHOT RHODA PULLING TO FULL OF THREE

as she heads for the back stairs to the kitchen.

RHODA:

(calmly - gently now)

I started it, Mother. It wasn't Leroy's fault.

She goes on up the steps to the kitchen entrance. WE DOLLY IN CLOSER TO Christine and Leroy.

CHRISTINE:

(to Leroy)

Very well. But I still don't wish you talking to her.

Christine closes the window. Leroy grins and chuckles, going down cellar steps with the excelsior.

77. FULL SHOT INT. CELLAR

Leroy comes down the steps and crosses to in back of an old coal bin now used for storing trunks, etc. WE DOLLY INTO HIM AS he throws down the bunch of excelsior on a pile already there, fashioned into a bed. He chuckles again and lies down on the excelsior, taking out a pint of whisky from under the head of it, and drinking, laughing evilly to himself as he looks up at the ceiling.

78. FULL SHOT INT. PENMARK LIVING ROOM

Christine looks at Rhoda who comes in from the kitchen, carrying box.

CHRISTINE:

Go tidy up now before you go up to Aunt Monica's.

RHODA:

Yes, Mother.

(stops at entrance to hallway)

Mother, is it true that when blood has been washed off anything a policeman can still find it was there if he puts powder on the place? Will the place really turn blue?

CHRISTINE:

(coming over to her)

Who's been talking to you about such things? Leroy?

RHODA:

Oh, no, Mommy. It wasn't he. I heard some men talking about it, when I was out front this morning.

CHRISTINE:

I don't know how they test for blood. But I can ask Mr. Tasker when he comes...

(then, with a searching look)

Or Miss Fern - she might know.

RHODA:

No - don't ask her! Oh, Mommy, Mommy, Mommy!

(breaks down and cries

deliberately)

Nobody helps me! Nobody believes me! I'm your little girl and I'm all alone!

CHRISTINE:

It's not a very good act, Rhoda. You may improve it enough to convince someone who doesn't know you, but at present it's easy to see through.

RHODA:

(wiping away tears)

I'll tidy up at Aunt Monica's.

CHRISTINE:

Very well.

During this the front door bell has rung and Christine hastens now to answer it, forced to look away from studying her child who disappears toward her room with her box of

(CONTINUED)

78 (Cont.)

dishes. Christine opens the door to admit Tasker.

TASKER:

(entering with a grin)

Can't renege on the invitation now. I showed up!

CHRISTINE:

(smiling)

Good evening. It's so nice of you to come.

By now Rhoda has come back into the room on her way up to Aunt Monica's.

CHRISTINE:

This is my daughter. Rhoda - this is Mr. Tasker.

TASKER:

Hello, Rhoda.

(he puts out his hand, and she takes it, with a lovely smile)

Well, isn't she a little sweetheart?

RHODA:

(making her curtsy)

Thank you.

TASKER:

That's the kind of thing makes an old bachelor wish he were married.

RHODA:

You like little girls to curtsy?

TASKER:

It's the best thing left out of the Middle Ages.

RHODA:

I'm having dinner upstairs.

TASKER:

(with a solemn bow)

The loss is ours, all ours.

CHRISTINE:

You may go now, Rhoda.

RHODA:

Yes, Mommy.

(to Tasker)

It's a pleasure to have met you, Mr. Tasker.

She blows a kiss at her mother and goes out of the door.

(CONTINUED)

"THE BAD SEED"
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74.

78 (Cont. 1)

DIALOGUE
CHANGES

TASKER:

There's a little ray of sunshine, that one.

CHRISTINE:

I've seen her stormy.

TASKER:

No doubt. But she's going to make some man very happy. Just that smile.

CHRISTINE:

Since I spoke to you I've had a wire from my father. He is coming here tonight. It's been a whole year since I've seen him.

TASKER:

Bravo's coming here?

CHRISTINE:

Uh huh.

TASKER:

Now there's a man I've always wanted to meet.

CHRISTINE:

He may be here before long. He said possibly for dinner.

TASKER:

Good - by the way dear lady - if you want advice on writing anything, you don't need me - not with Richard Bravo on the scene. Especially if it's a mystery story, as you said. Your father was a real authority on crime and horror in his early career.

CHRISTINE:

I know!

TASKER:

He covered every famous case there was.

CHRISTINE:

But I'm afraid he won't take me seriously.
(with a little smile)
You're always the office boy to your own city editor, aren't you? What will it be?

TASKER:

Gin and tonic.

(CONTINUED)

78 (Cont. 2)

DIALOGUE
CHANGES

CHRISTINE:

Good. I'll have that too.

(starts making drink)

The question I want to ask you is a psychological one. I doubt that it's been asked or answered -- if it has -- until recently.

TASKER:

I may not know all the answers.

CHRISTINE:

Well perhaps nobody does but the story I'm thinking of writing made me wonder. Tell me - do children ever commit murders? I mean - or is crime something that's learned gradually, and grows as the criminal grows up, so that only adults do really dreadful things?

TASKER:

Yes, children have often committed murders, and quite clever ones, too. Some murderers, particularly the distinguished ones who are going to make great names for themselves, start amazingly early.

CHRISTINE:

In childhood?

TASKER:

Oh, yes - just like mathematicians and musicians. Poets develop later. Pascal was a master mathematician at twelve. Mozart showed his melodic genius at six, and some of the great criminals were top-flight operators before they got out of short pants and pinafores.

CHRISTINE:

But they grew up in the slums, or among criminals, and learned from their environment - isn't that - ?

(CONTINUED)

78 (Cont.3)

She is interrupted by a chime from the front door bell. She gets up quickly, her expression alight with excitement and hurries to the door to admit RICHARD BRAVO. He is a rugged, kindly-looking man, between 55 and 60, with the seared face and gentle eyes that have viewed much suffering in many climes.

CHRISTINE:

Daddy!

He puts down his valise and throws his hat on top of it. They go into each other's arms.

CHRISTINE:

You're here! You're actually here!

BRAVO:

Told you I'd come, darlin'. You said you wanted to see me and I wanted to see you. Don't know how long I can stay. That editor of mine is hot on my neck.

He looks up at Tasker.

CHRISTINE:

But you came! This is Reginald Tasker, Father.

He advances to Tasker to shake hands as Christine closes the door.

BRAVO:

Reginald Tasker - that writer fellow?

TASKER:

Afraid I stand convicted.

BRAVO:

One of my favorites!

TASKER:

Puts you to sleep regularly?

BRAVO:

Mostly keeps me awake. Also I'm not forgetting that impressive research you've done for the Classic Crime Club.

TASKER:

Not half as good as the papers they used to publish by Richard Bravo.

BRAVO:

That old dodo! No - he's written himself out and talked himself out and now he's just hobbling around the country working for a second-rate news service.

(to Christine)

Where's my grand-daughter?

(CONTINUED)

"THE BAD SEED"
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77.

78(Cont. 4)

CHRISTINE:

Rhoda's visiting for supper upstairs.
She'll be down shortly.

(pushing him into a big
chair)

Sit down, darling.

BRAVO:

(sits with a contented sigh)

Fine!

(indicates Tasker's drink)

Any reason I can't have one of those wicked-
looking mixtures Mr. Tasker's consuming?

CHRISTINE:

Gin and tonic? Coming up, Daddy.
(to Tasker)

You're ready for another, I think.

TASKER:

(handing his glass to her)

Thank you.

(sitting, to Bravo)

Haven't you ever considered coming back into
the criminology racket? There's been nobody
like it since you left.

BRAVO:

Well, all compliments aside, my last books
didn't sell as well as the earlier ones -
and then the war came along. Now I write
filler.

TASKER:

You've written some things that will never be
forgotten.

BRAVO:

Let's hope.

Christine comes down to them and hands them both their
drinks.

TASKER:

And now your daughter tells me she's going
to try her hand.

BRAVO:

At writing? You are, darlin'?
(to Tasker; chuckling)
Why she can't even spell!

(CONTINUED)

78 (Cont. 5)

CHRISTINE:

(to Tasker)

See?

(to Bravo)

No, Daddy - I do get lonely here with Kenneth away, and I thought I'd like to try to work out a murder mystery in the evenings.

Bravo puts his arm around her in an affectionate patronizing manner as she stands by his chair and grins at Tasker.

BRAVO:

Are you encouraging this energetic competition?

Christine pushes his head a little playfully and goes back to mix herself a short drink.

TASKER:

Well, I admit I wasn't quite sure how to answer her first question. She was asking whether criminal children are always the product of environment.

BRAVO:

(over to Christine)

Nothing difficult about that, little one. They are.

He sips his drink. Christine comes down with hers and sits beside Tasker on the couch.

CHRISTINE:

I always thought so, too....

BRAVO:

(rather bluntly)

Always.

TASKER:

(lost in his subject)

I couldn't prove you're wrong, of course. But some fellow criminologists - including some behavior scientists - have begun to make me believe we've all been putting too much emphasis on environment and too little on heredity. They cite a type of criminal born with no capacity for remorse or guilt - no feeling for right or wrong - born with the kind of brain that may have been normal among humans fifty thousand years ago...

(CONTINUED)

"THE BAD SEED"
FINAL

8/10/55
79.

78 (Cont. 6)

BRAVO:

Nonsense. If you encounter a human without compassion or pity or morals, he grew up where these things weren't encouraged - or at birth, he received some pitiable physical injury to the brain tissues - certainly not inherited. That's final and absolute for me. The rest is hogwash.

(rising)

With that outburst, I terminate for a refill.

(walks to side table)

Hmph. No more ice.

CHRISTINE:

In a large bowl in the refrigerator, Daddy. Do you mind?

BRAVO:

Right.

He picks up small bowl from the table and crosses in the b.g. into the kitchen, where we hear him opening refrigerator door and getting more ice.

CHRISTINE:

(to Tasker)

You mean - you mean that nice family surroundings and advantages could make no difference at all?

TASKER:

Yes. It's as if these children were born blind - permanently - and you just couldn't expect to teach them to see.

CHRISTINE:

Well - would you notice any brutish expression in their faces?

TASKER:

Sometimes. But often they present a more convincing picture of virtue than normal folks....as often a plastic peach or a wax rosebud can look more perfect than the real thing.

CHRISTINE:

That - that's horrible.

TASKER:

It's just that there are bad seeds - plain bad from the beginning, and nothing can change them.

(CONTINUED)

"THE BAD SEED"
FINAL

8/10/55
80.

78(Cont. 7)

CHRISTINE:

And this favorite murderess of yours - the one you were speaking of the other day - you consider her an instance of that?

TASKER:

Bessie Denker...?

79.

CLOSE SHOT BRAVO AT KITCHEN DOOR

He is just coming from the kitchen with a bowl of ice, and on this his head snaps up, and he freezes a second. A look of shock and alarm comes over his face.

TASKER'S VOICE:

(o.s.)

Was Bessie a bad seed?

We DOLLY SLOWLY with Bravo as he goes to the side table, listening with a hunted look on his face.

TASKER'S VOICE:

(o.s., continuing)

Well, I'd say so - because when the whole story of her career came out, it was realized she must have started at the age of ten. Wasn't that so, Mr. Bravo?

BRAVO:

(recovering, turning at table,
"casually")

Hm? What's so?

80.

FULL SHOT INCLUDING TASKER, CHRISTINE, BRAVO

TASKER:

We were talking about Bessie Denker. I know you covered all her trials because I read your famous essay listing all her methods of --

BRAVO:

(fixing another drink, back to them; with a laugh)

Oh, I've forgotten all about those gloomy cases. Put 'em out of my mind. I'm full up with my present prosaic series on off-shore oil.

CHRISTINE:

(to Tasker)

Tell me - how did she end?

(CONTINUED)

80 (Cont.)

BRAVO:

(coming back to seat with
drink)

Sweetheart - you don't want to probe
into these nonsensical graveyards.

CHRISTINE:

OH Sweetheart - Yes, I do.

BRAVO:

Say - Kenneth and I saw the Senators play
the Yankees Sunday and that Mickey Mantle -

CHRISTINE:

No, darling - please - I want to know.
What was the rest of her story, Mr. Tasker?
Did she ever use violence?

DIALOGUE
CHANGE
THROUGHOUT
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TASKER:

(with an apologetic shrug to Bravo)
I'm sorry. I'll try to make it brief, sir.
(to Christine)

She ended in mystery. By the time the
authorities really thought they had her dead
to rights - she disappeared - just seemed to
vanish. She had quite a fortune by that time.
The rumor was she went to Australia. A
similar beauty turned up in Melbourne. Her
name was Beulah Demerest. So if it was the
same person, at least she didn't have to
change the initials on her linen or silver.

CHRISTINE:

How could she kill so many and leave no trace
at all?

TASKER:

When she was indicted again, she just took
off for parts unknown - leaving absolutely no -
(suddenly to Bravo)
but wait - wasn't there a child - a little girl -?

BRAVO:

(quickly)

Never heard of one. Must be a recent addition
to the myth.

CHRISTINE:

There's one more question I would like to ask.
Wasn't she ever found out here?

TASKER:

Not in this country. Three juries looked at that
lovely, dewy face and heard that melting cultured
voice and said, "She couldn't have done it."

(CONTINUED)

"THE BAD SEED"
FINAL

CHANGE
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82.

80 (Cont. 1)

CHRISTINE:
She wasn't convicted?

TASKER:
Not guilty ... three times.

CHRISTINE:
Did she have an enchanting smile?

TASKER:
Dazzling, by all accounts.

CHRISTINE:
She was doomed?

TASKER:
Absolutely. Doomed to commit murder
after murder till somehow or other she was
found out.

CHRISTINE:
She would have been better off if she'd died
young.

BRAVO:
You've been talking tommyrot, Mr. Tasker,
and you know it.

TASKER:
(rising)
Well, on this not too merry and disputed
note, I must take my leave. It's been most
pleasant -
(with a smile at Bravo)
- but I've been lecturing and I'm afraid the
pleasure has been all mine.

CHRISTINE:
(rising, offering her hand)
Not at all.

BRAVO:
Don't go to any major league doctor with
that heredity theory of yours, Tasker.
They'll shoot it full of holes.

TASKER:
(taking Bravo's hand)
We'll avoid the subject next time we meet.
I'll brush up on my baseball. Goodnight,
sir.

BRAVO:
Goodnight.

Christine moves to the door with Tasker as he opens it.

(CONTINUED)

DIALOGUE
CHANGE
THROUGHOUT
PAGE

"THE BAD SEED"
FINAL

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83.

80 (Cont.2)

TASKER:

Again, thank you, Mrs. Penmark. Goodnight.

CHRISTINE:

Goodnight.

Tasker exits.

BRAVO:

It's nice to be alone with my girl. Are you really planning to write something?

CHRISTINE:

Oh, I was just asking questions.
(crosses and meets Bravo DC)
You saw Kenneth in Washington?

BRAVO:

Yes. He's looking well. As well as possible when a fellow's hot, sticky, tired and most of all, lonesome.

CHRISTINE:

Well, we had planned to go somewhere this summer. But then this sudden change of orders came thru.

BRAVO:

(takes her by the shoulders)
Am I looking too close, or is there something heavy on your mind?

CHRISTINE:

Does something show in my face?

BRAVO:

Everything shows in your face. It always did.

CHRISTINE:

Well, I don't know if I'm worried about anything -- now that you're here.

(takes his hands in hers)
I always felt so safe and comfortable when you were in the room. And you have the same effect now.

BRAVO:

To tell you the truth you did a magic for me. I'd always wanted a little girl and you were everything lovely a little girl could be for her old dad. But, Christine. What did you want to ask me - that night you phoned?

CHRISTINE:

(hesitates)
Oh, let me think a minute -- would you like another drink?
(crosses up to bar)

(CONTINUED)

DIALOGUE

CHANGES

THROUGH-

OUT

PAGE

"THE BAD SEED"
FINAL

CHANGE
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84.

80 (Cont,3)

BRAVO:

Yes, I guess I will.

(he gets his glass off dining-table)

Let me fix something. Will you have more
gin and tonic?

(he mixes drinks at the bar)

CHRISTINE:

(crossing L. around sofa)

No, thank you.

BRAVO:

And speak up, darling. It's between us,
whatever it is.

CHRISTINE:

(she sits L. end sofa)

Well, my landlady here is -- is a kind of
amateur psychiatrist -- a devotee of Freud,
constantly analyzing.

BRAVO:

I know the sort.

(crosses DS R. of sofa)

CHRISTINE:

You'll meet her. By the way, her name is
Breedlove. She's offered you a wonderful
room to stay in while you're here. Rhoda's
having dinner with her right now.

BRAVO:

You were going to come out with something.

CHRISTINE:

Yes. Well, what I was going to ask reminded me
of her. I confessed to her the other day that
I had always worried about being an adopted
child -- and that I was afraid that mommie
wasn't really my mother and that the daddy that
I love so much wasn't really my daddy.

BRAVO:

What did she say?

CHRISTINE:

Oh she said it was one of the commonest fantasies
of childhood. Everybody has it. That she had
it herself.

BRAVO:

(sits R. end sofa)

It certainly is common.

CHRISTINE:

Yes, but that doesn't help me. You see I still
have that old fear that you're not really mine.

(CONTINUED)

DIALOGUE

CHANGES

THROUGHOUT

PAGE

"THE BAD SEED"
FINAL

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85.

80 (Cont.4)

DIALOGUE CHANGES
THROUGHOUT PAGE

BRAVO:

Has something made you think of this lately?

CHRISTINE:

Yes.

BRAVO:

What is it?

CHRISTINE:

My little girl, Rhoda.

BRAVO:

What about her?

CHRISTINE:

Oh, Daddy, I'm terrified... I'm afraid for her. I'm afraid of what she might have inherited from me.

BRAVO:

What could she have inherited? - Nothing but sweetness and --

CHRISTINE:

Daddy -- Father -- whose child am I?

BRAVO:

Mine.

CHRISTINE:

Oh no, Daddy, don't lie to me. It's gone beyond the time where that will help. I've told you about a dream I have -- but I'm not sure it's only a dream. Whose child am I?

He looks away.

CHRISTINE:

Are you my father?

Bravo is silent. He rises, crosses slowly up center to dining table.

CHRISTINE:

Oh, I know this is a strange question to greet you with after being so long away from you -- but --

(rises - crosses to Bravo)

for Rhoda's sake -- and my sake - I must know.

BRAVO:

What has Rhoda done?

CHRISTINE:

I don't know. But I'm afraid.

(CONTINUED)

"THE BAD SEED"
FINAL

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86.

80 (Cont.5)

ALOGUE CHANGES
THROUGHT PAGE

Bravo rises, a little uncertain what to do.

BRAVO:

Christine - even if it were true - well -
just remember that inheritance stuff is
pure rubbish.

Obviously agitated, he rises, goes over to the side table,
starts to put some ice in his glass. He feels Christine
watching him.

BRAVO:

(trying to be bright)

Can't wait to see Rhoda. Kenneth says she's
the -

(tips over glass and ice falls
to the floor)

Oops! All thumbs and web feet!

He picks up the ice, grinning back at Christine.

CHRISTINE:

I'm sorry. I won't ask any more questions.

BRAVO:

(almost pleading in his eyes)

Right, darlin'. Just let's close the book.

CHRISTINE:

Because I know it's tearing you apart inside
to lie to me.

BRAVO:

Lying - ?

CHRISTINE:

Besides I know the answer now.

She sinks into a chair and stares straight ahead of her.
Bravo puts down his glass, and slowly walks over to sit on
the arm of the chair, putting his arm about her and his
cheek against the top of her head.

BRAVO:

(gently)

Christine - I'll just say this - if it hadn't
been for you becoming part of my life- all
these years would have been empty, lonely,
unbearable. The biggest piece of luck I ever
had was a little girl named Christine. You
were the only child I ever had. As I said, you
were magic for me. I was happy and proud to
keep going - just for you.

CHRISTINE:

You don't have to say any more.

(CONTINUED)

80 (Cont. 6)

BRAVO:

I don't, do I?

CHRISTINE:

You found me somewhere.

BRAVO:

Yes -- in a very strange place ---
in a strange way.

CHRISTINE:

Oh, I know the place.

BRAVO:

I don't think you could. You were less
than two years old.

CHRISTINE:

Well, then - if I don't know it - I must
have dreamed it.

BRAVO:

What kind of dream?

CHRISTINE:

(above chair right)

Oh daddy. I dream of a bedroom in a farm
house in a countryside where there are orchards-
and I share the room with my brother who is
older than I - and then one night somebody -
is it my mother? She comes to take care of
him and she's a lovely lady - she's beautiful -
like an angel - and then later I guess my
brother must have died because I'm alone in
the room. And then one night I'm terrified to
be in that room another minute - and somehow -
I get out of the window - it's moonlight - and
I drop to the ground below and I hide myself
in the deep weeds beyond the first orchard.
I don't remember very much after that except
that toward morning I'm thirsty and begin to eat
the yellow pippins that fall from the tree -
and then when the first light comes up on the
clouds I can hear my mother's voice calling
to me from the distance and I don't answer
her because I'm afraid. Now is that a dream?
Is that only a dream?

BRAVO:

What name did she call?

CHRISTINE:

Well it isn't Christine. It -- it is --
could it be Ingold?

(CONTINUED)

DIALOGUE
CHANGE
THROUGHOUT
PAGE

80 (Cont. 7)

BRAVO:

You remember that name?
(rises - crosses DS)

CHRISTINE:

Yes, it's coming back to me now.
"Ingold! Ingold Denker," she...
Denker!! Oh, daddy, you've kept
this from me all these years.

(crosses to Bravo L. of
R. chair)

I came out of that terrible house-
hold. That's where you found me.

DIALOGUE
CHANGES
THROUGHOUT
PAGE

BRAVO:

The neighbors found you when your -
well, when she disappeared. Like
Tasker said - I was covering the
case at the time. I discovered you
with them before anybody - the most
astonishingly sweet and beautiful
little thing, with the most enchanting
smile I've ever seen. You came and
climbed - right into my arms. So
I wired Laura -

(with a pleading look at her)
- your mommie, Christine - you must
always remember her as such - and
she joined me. We couldn't resist
you.

She rushes to his arms.

CHRISTINE:

Oh, daddy, daddy! Oh, God help me!
God help me!

(breaks away)

Why didn't you just leave me there?

(crosses below R. chair up to
kitchen door, leans against
door jam)

Why didn't I die in the orchard and
end the agony there.

BRAVO:

It was the neighbors found you and
saved you. Would you rather have
stayed with them?

(CONTINUED)

80 (Cont. 8)

CHRISTINE:

(turning to Bravo)

Oh, no, no. You've been a wonderful father! It's that awful place.

(crosses DL to sofa)

and that evil woman - my mother -- !

BRAVO:

(follows Christine)

There are places and events in every man's life he'd rather not remember. Don't let it hurt you now. It's past and doesn't touch you.

CHRISTINE:

(sits sofa)

I wish that I had died then. I wish it. I wish it.

BRAVO:

(at R. end sofa)

It hasn't mattered where you came from! You've been sound and sweet and loving! You've given me more than I ever gave or could ever repay! If you'd been my own I couldn't have hoped for more! You knew nothing but love and kindness from us and you've given love and kindness, and sweetness all your life! Kenneth loves you, and you've made him happy. And Rhoda's a perfect, sweet, sound little girl!

CHRISTINE:

(turns to Bravo)

Is she, father? Is she?

BRAVO:

What has she done?

CHRISTINE:

(pause)

She's - it's as if she'd been born blind!

BRAVO:

It cannot happen. It does not happen.

(CONTINUED)

DIALOGUE
CHANGES
THROUGHOUT
PAGE

80 (Cont. 9)

DIALOGUE
AND
BUSINESS
CHANGES
THROUGHOUT
PAGE

On this the door chime rings. Christine quickly collects herself and dries her eyes. Monica opens the door and says:

MONICA:

(entering)

Excuse me, please, but Rhoda has eaten her dinner, tired of her puzzle and now she wants a book.

CHRISTINE:

We haven't even started yet.

MONICA:

(crosses back of sofa - to Bravo CS)
And I haven't met Mr. Bravo. How do you do.
(puts out her hand)
I'm Mrs. Breedlove. The oversized analyst.
I'm going to put you up, and promise not to annoy you.

BRAVO:

You know what newspaper men are like --
crusty, bitter, irascible. If you can put
up with me you're a saint.

In the b.g. coming down the stairs we see Rhoda who calls from the stairway and runs to her grandfather.

RHODA:

Granddaddy!
(runs to Bravo)

BRAVO:

Rhoda!
(picks her up and puts her down)

MONICA:

(up center)
Isn't she perfection?

RHODA:

Next to Daddy, you lift me up best!
(he stares at her face)
Why do you look at me?

BRAVO:

I want to see your face.

Rhoda crosses to chair and sits. Bravo keeps looking at Rhoda.

MONICA:

You know, Mr. Bravo, these Penmarks are the
most enchanting neighbors I've ever had. Now
I'll want Rhoda for dinner every night.

(CONTINUED)

"THE BAD SEED"
FINAL

CHANGE
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80 (Cont. 10)

RHODA:

Thank you Aunt Monica.

BUSINESS
CHANGE

Turns and exits to her room and in passing the table takes a piece of candy from the bowl.

DIALOGUE
CHANGES
THROUGHOUT
PAGE

MONICA:

Tell me, Mr. Bravo, didn't you write the FINGERPRINT SERIES?

BRAVO:

I'm afraid I was very guilty of that about twenty years ago.

MONICA:

I read the first volume to pieces, and wept over it till the parts I loved most were illegible -- and then bought another!

BRAVO:

I've finally met my public.

MONICA:

I don't disappoint you? Anyway I'm large.

BRAVO:

I like the way you read books to pieces. It's good for royalties.

CHRISTINE:

(rises)

It's time to get dinner for us.

BRAVO:

Maybe I should find my room and get ready for the evening.

MONICA:

(crosses back sofa to door)

I'll take you up if you'd like to go now.

BRAVO:

If you'll be so kind.
(he looks back at Rhoda --
and then crosses to door)

MONICA:

(in hall)

It's the next floor above. Be back, Christine.

(CONTINUED)

"THE BAD SEED"
FINAL

CHANGE
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92.

80 (Cont. 11)

BUSINESS
CHANGE

Bravo with bag in hand and as he is about to follow Monica,
turns and says to Christine:

DIALOGUE
CHANGE

BRAVO:

No.

81. GO TO CLOSE SHOT CHRISTINE

as she stands reassured in no way, looking after him.

DISSOLVE TO:

82. CLOSE SHOT SUPPER TABLE INT. PENMARK LIVING ROOM NIGHT

It is set for two. We pull back as Christine comes in from the kitchen, an apron over her dress, a full pitcher of water in her hand. She pours one of the glasses full, and half way through the second she stops abruptly, puts down the pitcher and hurries to the desk telephone. (She has just got to talk to Kenneth). She dials long distance. Waits. Then hearing a slight sound looks toward hall to Rhoda's room.

83. EFFECT SHOT HER ANGLE

Rhoda is tiptoeing from her room across hall and into the kitchen. She carries a large paper bag.

83A. BACK TO CHRISTINE INT. LIVING ROOM

CHRISTINE:

Rhoda -

As she says this she puts down the receiver and hurries from the shot toward kitchen.

84. INT. KITCHEN

Christine comes hurrying in, switching on the light, as Rhoda turns to face her, having been headed toward the back porch.

CHRISTINE:

What are you doing?

RHODA:

Nothing.

CHRISTINE:

(indicating bag)
Is that for the incinerator?

RHODA:

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

hf
b

"THE BAD SEED"
FINAL

8/10/55
93.

84 (Cont.)

CHRISTINE:

What is it?

RHODA:

Some things you told me to throw away.

CHRISTINE:

(holding out her hand)

Let me see what's in there.

RHODA:

(putting it behind her)

No.

CHRISTINE:

Let me see it!

We DOLLY IN CLOSE TO THEM as Christine grabs Rhoda with one hand and tugs at the bag with the other. Rhoda shows her teeth in her fury and struggles like a little animal. There is the sound of the bag ripping o.s. below frame and a thud to the floor. Rhoda and Christine both look down.

RHODA:

(contemptuously)

Okay, Mother.

With this she walks o.s. toward the living room. Christine slowly kneels in growing horror and realization as we PAN DOWN WITH HER. We see it is Rhoda's pair of red shoes. Christine picks them up, along with the paper bag, and we PAN HER as she walks into the living room.

85. INT. LIVING ROOM

As Christine comes in Rhoda is standing with her back to her, waiting for the onslaught. Christine drops the shoes and bag in a chair.

CHRISTINE:

(hollowly; pointing to chair)

You hit him with one of those shoes, didn't you?

(no answer; her voice rises)

Tell me! Tell me the truth! You hit him with those shoes! That's how those half-moon marks got on his forehead and hands!

(swinging Rhoda around by her forearms and shaking her like a rag doll, high-pitched)

Answer me! Answer me! Answer me!

(CONTINUED)

85 (Cont.)

On this last, Christine grabs her own hands behind her back, as though to keep herself from doing worse to Rhoda. She stands staring wildly at her child.

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RHODA:

(finally, almost smugly)
I hit him with the shoes. I had to hit him with the shoes. What else could I do?

On this she walks calmly over to the couch and starts looking at a magazine. Christine follows her a few steps. (NOTE: The light is strange in the room, the shaft coming from the open kitchen door, and the lamp over the couch where Rhoda sits.)

CHRISTINE:

But do you realize that you murdered him?

RHODA:

It was his fault. If he gave me the medal like I told him to I wouldn't have hit him!

CHRISTINE:

(fighting for control)
All right.....all right - now we're going to start from the beginning and you're going to tell me the truth. I know you killed him so there's no sense in lying again.
(beats table with shoe)
Rhoda I want you to tell me the truth!

RHODA:

(starting to whimper in frustration)
I can't, Mother! I can't tell you!
I -

CHRISTINE:

(shaking Rhoda)
I want you to...I'm waiting for your answer!

RHODA:

(staring ahead)
He wouldn't give me the medal like I told him to, that's all. So then he ran away from me and hid on the wharf. But I found him there and told him I'd hit him with my shoe if he didn't give me the medal. He shook his head and said "No," so I hit him the first time and then he took off the medal and gave it to me.

CHRISTINE:

What happened then?

(CONTINUED)

85 (Cont. 1)

RHODA:

Well, he tried to run away so I hit him with the shoe again. He kept crying and making a noise, and I was afraid somebody would hear him. So I kept hitting him, Mother. I hit him harder that time, and he fell in the water.

Christine breaks for a second, with a stifled sob, face in hands.

CHRISTINE:

Oh! What are we going to do? What are we going to do?

Rhoda smiles over at her coquettishly, and speaks soothingly.

RHODA:

Oh, I've got the prettiest mother! I've got the nicest mother! That's what I tell everybody! I say, "I've got the sweetest - "

This snaps Christine out of it.

CHRISTINE:

How did the bruises get on the back of his hands?

RHODA:

He tried to pull himself back on the pier after he fell in the water. But I wouldn't have hit him any more only he kept saying he was going to tell on me.

(pounding couch with both hands)
I had to hit him! I had to!

Christine stares at her. Rhoda looks back, then gets up quickly and runs to hide her face in her mother's skirt.

RHODA:

Mommie, Mommie - please say you won't let them hurt me!

Automatically, as if in a trance, Christine allows her arms to go protectingly across Rhoda's shoulder.

CHRISTINE:

Nobody will hurt you. I don't know what must be done, but I promise you nobody will hurt you.

Rhoda quickly looks up at her, snuggling, smiling.

(CONTINUED)

85 (Cont. 2)

RHODA:

I want to play, Mommie.
Will you play with me? If I give you a
basket of kisses, what will you give me?

CHRISTINE:

(rocked)

Please - please -

RHODA:

Can't you give me the answer, Mother? If
I give you a basket of kisses -

Christine disengages herself from Rhoda.

CHRISTINE:

Rhoda, that's all now - go into your room
and read.

(walks over and stares out
of window)

I must think of what to do.

(turning quickly to Rhoda)

And you must promise you won't tell anyone
else what you've told me. Do you understand?

RHODA:

(with simple logic)

Why should I tell and get killed?

She starts to go.

CHRISTINE:

Wait -

(as Rhoda turns back, she comes
down to her slowly)

What really happened to old Mrs. Post in
Wichita? I know so much - another won't
matter now....

RHODA:

There was ice on the steps - and I slipped
and fell against her, and.....and that's
all.

CHRISTINE:

That was all?

RHODA:

No. I slipped on purpose.

Christine closes her eyes for an instant, then suddenly
decides something, almost in alarm. She points to the shoes
in the chair.

(CONTINUED)

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85 (Cont.3)

CHRISTINE:

Take those shoes like you were going to
and put them in the incinerator.

RHODA:

Yes, Mother.

She is calm and neat as she picks up the shoes and starts
to wrap them in the paper again. Christine sways and grabs
the couch for support.

CHRISTINE:

Hurry, Rhoda! Hurry! Put them in the
incinerator! Burn them! Quickly!

Rhoda starts out with the bundle, as Christine sinks down on
the arm of the couch. Rhoda turns at the door to kitchen.

RHODA:

What did you do with the medal, Mother?

CHRISTINE:

I will think of something to do with it.

RHODA:

You won't give it to Miss Fern.

CHRISTINE:

No. I won't give it to Miss Fern.

RHODA:

Will you tell Daddy or Grandaddy?

CHRISTINE:

No.

(SPEECH AND Rhoda smiles suddenly, turns and goes into the kitchen.
BUSINESS DELETION)

86. FULL SHOT INT. KITCHEN TOWARD BACK PORCH

Rhoda comes into kitchen, goes to back porch toward the
incinerator opening. As she does, she is humming "Au
Clair de la Lune", happily.

87. CLOSE SHOT CHRISTINE INT. LIVING ROOM

She looks through kitchen after Rhoda.

88. EFFECT SHOT RHODA LONG OVER CHRISTINE'S SHOULDER

Far in the b.g., we see her dump the bag of shoes down the

(CONTINUED)

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88 (Cont.)

incinerator opening. She listens as they go down, her head cocked to hear better, standing on tip toes, humming all the while.

89. CLOSE SHOT CHRISTINE

Tortured, her eyes close as though to shut out the sight, as we

FADE OUT

90. FULL SHOT EXT. BACK COURT TIDEWATER APARTMENTS DAY

Rhoda is again seated under her grape arbor. Leroy comes out from the basement entrance, yawning and stretching, rubbing his eyes. He shuffles over to a lawn mower, which has been standing where he evidently has left it to break off his work and take his nap. He sees Rhoda, looks about furtively, and starts the lawn mower down toward the grape arbor. WE DOLLY IN ON THIS and see that Rhoda is engrossed doing a cut-out puzzle.

LEROY:

So your grandpappy finally left, huh?

RHODA:

(not looking up)

My mother and I just came from taking him to the plane. But it's really none of your business.

LEROY:

I 'guess he smelled what was going on around here and got out from under.

RHODA:

You know so much! His editor called from long distance. He had to go to work. And you better do yours!

(looking at him for first time)

And I found out one lie you told. There's no such thing as a "stick blood-hound."

LEROY:

(slyly)

SPELLING CHANGE

I'm not supposed to talk to little Miss Goody-Goody. Remember?

RHODA:

Then don't.

LEROY:

(looking toward house)

Where's your maw?

(CONTINUED)

"THE BAD SEED"
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90 (Cont.)

RHODA:

She had to go back to the grocery store.
But that's not your business either. And
I'm busy with my puzzle.

LEROY:

Puzzle, eh? Well, you don't puzzle me none,
Miss Sweet-Lookin'. And for your own sake,
I'll tell you this much. There may not be
any stick blood-hounds, but there's a stick.
And you better find that stick before they
do, because it'll turn blue and then they'll
fry you in the electric chair.

RHODA:

There wasn't any stick any more than there
was any stick blood-hounds.

LEROY:

You know the noise the electric chair makes?
It goes zz-zz-zz, and when that juice hits
you it parts your hair neat - just like you
was struck by lightning.

WORD CHANGE

RHODA:

Go on with your lawn mower. They don't put
little girls in the electric chair.

LEROY:

They don't, huh? They got a little blue
chair for little boys and a little pink one
for little girls. And hey - I just remembered
something. Just the morning of the picnic I
wiped off your shoes with the cleats on 'em.
You used to go tap-tap-tap on the sidewalk.
How come you don't wear 'em any more?

RHODA:

You're silly. I never had a pair of shoes
like that.

LEROY:

They used to go tap-tap-tap when you walked
and I didn't like it. I squirted water on
'em and I wiped 'em off.

RHODA:

(calmly moving her puzzle
pieces)

They hurt my feet and I gave them away.

LEROY:

You know one thing? You didn't hit that boy
with no stick. You hit him with them shoes.

(CONTINUED)

90 (Cont.1)

LEROY: (Cont.)

Ain't I right this time?

RHODA:

You're silly.

LEROY:

You think I'm silly because I said about the stick. All I was trying was to make you say, "No, it wasn't no stick. It was my shoes." Because I knew it was.

RHODA:

You lie all the time. All the time.

LEROY:

How come I've got those shoes then?

RHODA:

(looking at him, sharply)
Where did you get them?

LEROY:

(triumphantly)
I come in and got them right out of your apartment. Right from your room.

Rhoda looks back to her puzzle, smiling loftily.

RHODA:

It's just more lies. I burned those shoes. I put them down the incinerator and burned them. Nobody's got them.

This stops Leroy for a second, but then he gets a bright gleam of thought.

LEROY:

I don't say that wasn't smart. That was. Only suppose I heard something come rattling down the incinerator and I says to myself, "It sounds to me like a pair of shoes with cleats." Oh, I'm not saying you didn't burn 'em a little, but you didn't burn all of 'em up like you wanted to.

Rhoda turns slowly to look at him, with a new frightening stillness and intensity.

RHODA:

Yes....?

LEROY:

(sensing victory)
Now listen to this and figure out which of us is the silly one. I'm in the basement working,

(CONTINUED)

90 (Cont. 2)

LEROY: (Cont.)

and I hear them shoes come rattling down the pipe. I open the door quick and there they is on top of the coals only smoking the least little bit. I grab them out. Oh, they're scorched some, but there's plenty left to turn blue and show where the blood was. There's plenty left to put you in the electric chair.

He laughs his foolish little laugh of triumph. Rhoda rises slowly, facing him.

RHODA:

(calmly)

Give me those shoes back.

LEROY:

Oh, no. I got those shoes hid where nobody but me can find 'em.

RHODA:

(a little more evenly)

You better give me those shoes. They're mine. Give them back to me.

LEROY:

I'm not giving them shoes back to nobody, see?

RHODA:

(now with cold fury, eyes blazing)

You better give them back to me, Leroy!

LEROY:

(laughing)

I'm keeping them shoes until -

Suddenly his laughter dies under her fixed cold, almost maniacal stare. Fear seems to grip him. He doesn't want to play any more.

LEROY:

Who said I had any shoes but mine?

With this he turns quickly and starts pushing the lawn mower. Rhoda jumps quickly after him and pulls him by the arm, swinging him around, stopping his progress.

RHODA:

You did. You get them and give them back.

Leroy starts back away from her, as she follows him relentlessly, holding his eyes with the cold fury of hers.

LEROY:

Now, listen, Rhoda. I was just fooling and teasing you. I haven't got any shoes. I've got work to do.

He points to the lawn mower from which she has backed him

(CONTINUED)

90 (Cont. 3)

away some distance.

RHODA:

Give me back my shoes!

LEROY:

I haven't got anybody's shoes. Don't you know when anybody's teasing you?

RHODA:

Give them back!

LEROY:

Go play with your puzzle. I haven't got 'em, I keep telling you.

RHODA:

Will you bring them back?

Leroy backs off more, holding out his hand in front of him as though Rhoda was suddenly the most fearsome thing he'd ever seen.

LEROY:

H-ey! I was just foolin' at first, but now I really believe you killed that little boy. I really believe you did kill him with your shoes.

RHODA:

You've got them hid - but you better get them and bring them back here! Right here to me!

On this, a garage door opens in the b.g. and Christine appears, carrying a package of groceries. She instantly takes in the scene and comes quickly to Rhoda and Leroy.

CHRISTINE:

What was Leroy saying to you?

RHODA:

Nothing.

CHRISTINE:

I heard you say, "Bring them back here."

RHODA:

He said he had my shoes.

LEROY:

(surly, but nervous)

I got nobody's shoes but my own, Mrs. Penmark! And that's a fact!

With this WE PAN HIM as he hurries away and down the cellar steps again.

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91. CLOSE SHOT MONICA HER WINDOW

She has opened it and is smiling down on them.

MONICA:

There you are! May I come down a minute? I have that present I promised a certain precious somebody!

92. BACK TO CHRISTINE AND RHODA

CHRISTINE:

(calling up)
Of course, Monica.

MONICA:

I'll be right down.

ADDED
DIALOGUE

We TRUCK AND PAN as she and Rhoda walk toward the (center) back entrance to the building.

CHRISTINE:

We'll talk about this later, Rhoda. Didn't I tell you not to discuss it with anybody?

RHODA:

Yes, Mother. But he said he -

CHRISTINE:

Later, I said.

They enter the building.

93. FULL SHOT LEROY INT. BASEMENT

In scared fascination he is slowly approaching the incinerator door. He opens it. He reaches in and rummages around among the ashes. The movement of his hand stops as he suddenly touches something which he slowly withdraws. It is the burnt segment of the heel of one of Rhoda's shoes. As though touching a hot wire he scrapes the ashes from the steel cleat. He stares at it and then quickly tosses it back into the incinerator as though it were a rattlesnake. He closes the door quickly as if to keep it trapped there. Then he backs away from incinerator and sits down on his bed of excelsior behind the furnace. He raises his eyes to the apartment above and stares in perplexed awe.

94. FULL SHOT INT. PENMARK LIVING ROOM

Christine and Rhoda have just entered and Christine is closing the door. During the next few lines, Christine puts her purse on the desk and takes the groceries into the kitchen. Monica enters front door.

MONICA:

Rhoda - Oh, Rhoda!

Rhoda enters from kitchen door to Monica.

ADDED
DIALOGUE

(CONTINUED)

ALREADY SHOT

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94 (Cont.)

ADDED
DIALOGUE

MONICA:
(continuing)
Look what I have for you.

RHODA:
(eagerly to Monica)
What is it? The locket?

MONICA:
My smart little darling! Exactly.
(shows Rhoda the locket and stone in her
hand which Rhoda snatches happily).
With the turquoise...and here's the garnet too...
in here.

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She puts the garnet on the table and runs over to the long
mirror on the wall.

RHODA:
How pretty! Will you help me fasten it, Aunt Monica?

MONICA:
(doing so)
Yes I will - come over here.
(helping her)
You're going to look just like a little princess!

The tingling of an ice cream wagon bell is heard through the
open window in front. Rhoda runs and looks out.

RHODA:
(hearing the bell)
Oh! It's the ice cream man!

Rhoda goes to the den window - looks out - comes back through to
the kitchen door.

RHODA:
Mommie can I have a popsicle?

CHRISTINE:
(from kitchen o.s.,dull and weary)
What?

RHODA:
Can I have a popsicle?

CHRISTINE:
(from kitchen o.s.,dull and weary)
Oh, yes, take the money from my purse.

Rhoda runs to the purse and extracts a coin. On her way to the
front door, she makes a quick detour, noticing that Monica is
primping before the mirror, and seeing her mother is out of
sight in the kitchen. She quickly snatches a handful of wooden
matches from the container on the coffee table. On this,
Christine sees her from the kitchen door in the b.g.

CHRISTINE:
(seeing Rhoda take matches)
Rhoda! What have you got those for?

(CONTINUED)

94 (Cont. 1)

DIALOGUE
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RHODA:

(hurt)

I just wanted some to play jack-straws with.

CHRISTINE:

Put them back this minute! You know we have
a rule about that!

RHODA:

Yes, Mother.

She ostensibly puts them back, as Monica looks from her to Christine with a surprised and troubled expression at Christine's sharp tone. Monica walks slowly toward kitchen as we DOLLY AND PAN RHODA CLOSE to the front door. As she opens the door, and sets the latch button so that it can be opened from the outside, we see she still holds three matches in her hand. She exits, closing the door.

95.

FULL SHOT INT. KITCHEN

Christine is continuing putting away her groceries as Monica comes in. Monica watches her a second. Christine crosses from the sink to the table, jerking her sweater off.

CHRISTINE:

Oh, it's so hot today!

MONICA:

Christine, you won't mind if I'm nosey and perhaps ridiculous, but you haven't been yourself lately. It's as if something is dragging you down.

CHRISTINE:

(moves back to the sink)

Does it show to other people?

MONICA:

Then there is something wrong.

CHRISTINE:

No, not really. I - I'm just tired, I guess.

MONICA:

Do you take vitamins regularly?

CHRISTINE:

No, no.

MONICA:

Well you should darling. That's one of the things we do know. I have an awfully good combination and I'll bring some down if I may.
(pausing briefly)

and now you must really forgive me, but have you and Kenneth come to a parting of the ways?
(moves from doorway toward Christine)

His being transferred to Washington didn't mean that - ?

(CONTINUED)

95 (Cont.)

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CHRISTINE:

Oh, no Monica!

MONICA:

Well, it can happen in marriage - that restlessness in cycles of seven or eight years, they say. Something to do with hormones. I can't speak from experience, of course, because I always doubted if Mr. Breedlove had any, but -

CHRISTINE:

No, Monica - nothing like that. I wish I were as sure of other things as I am of Kenneth.

MONICA:

Do you sleep enough?

CHRISTINE:

No, not always.

MONICA:

Well you must have some sleeping pills. That much we can do.

CHRISTINE:

Oh, no, Monica. I'm afraid of sleeping pills. They ---

MONICA:

And now I'm not going to bully you any more dear Christine. I'm only going to say that I love you truly and deeply as if you were - - -

Christine bending her head against the cabinet shelf, weeps uncontrollably. Monica comes quickly over to her, holding out her arms and Christine turns into her, her head falling on Monica's shoulder.

MONICA:

Oh, please, please tell me what it is dear. You can trust me. Oh, dear, dear, Christine - you'll feel better now. Perhaps you can get some sleep.

On this the front door bell rings. Monica shows her annoyance as she pats Christine's shoulder. It rings again very insistently as though someone were leaning on the bell.

MONICA:

(leaving Christine)

Oh, dear.

(walking across the living room)

I'm coming - I'm coming.

(CONTINUED)

95 (Cont.1)

She leaves o.s. for the living room. Christine takes out her handkerchief and quickly dries her eyes, fighting to collect herself.

96.

INT. PENMARK LIVING ROOM

Monica starts to open the door, as the bell is still ringing.

MONICA:

(exasperated)

Very well - very well! There's no
need of - !

She opens the door to disclose Mrs. Daigle. The poor woman enters, grief and drunkenness still in her expression.

MRS. DAIGLE:

Well, Mrs. Breedlove. Hi. You don't want me here, and I don't want to be here, but I can't stay away. So I got a little drunk and came over. Excuse it, please.

MONICA:

(the words come hard)

You're very welcome.

MRS. DAIGLE:

Like a skunk, I know. Mrs. Breedlove knows everybody. Knows even me.

CHRISTINE:

(entering from kitchen)

How are you, Mrs. Daigle?

MRS. DAIGLE:

I'm half seas over, as the fellow -- I just want to talk to your sweet little girl. She was one of the last to see my Claude alive.

CHRISTINE:

Yes, I know.

MRS. DAIGLE:

Where do you keep the perfect little lady that was the last to see Claude? I thought I'd just hold her in my arms and we'd have a nice talk and maybe she'd remember something. Any little thing.

CHRISTINE:

She's out....playing, I imagine.

(CONTINUED)

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MRS. DAIGLE:

Well, I'm just unfortunate, that's all.
Drunk and unfortunate, ladies and
gentlemen.

CHRISTINE:

(moving to look out window)
She isn't there now. I don't see her.

MRS. DAIGLE:

Oh, she's a perfect little lady, that's
what I heard - never gives any trouble.
Christine have you got anything in the
house to drink? Anything at all. I'm
not the fussy type. I prefer bourbon
and water but anything will do.

Christine goes into den and brings out serving bar.

MRS. DAIGLE:

Oh, ain't we swank? Really Plaza and Astor!

She comes to the side table, picks up bourbon bottle and
shot glass and carries them over to the couch.

MRS. DAIGLE:

(during this)

I want to have a little talk with Rhoda
because she knows something. I've called
Miss Fern on the telephone a dozen times,
but she just gives me the brush-off.

(she sits rather clumsily on
the couch)

She knows something, all right.

CHRISTINE:

(quickly walking to couch)

Oh, are you all right there? - - Could I ?- - -

MRS. DAIGLE:

(putting bottle and glass down
on coffee table)

I'm not intoxicated in the slightest degree.
Kindly don't talk down to me, Mrs. Penmark.
I've been through enough, without that.

The front door opens and Rhoda enters, delicately eating her
popsicle.

RHODA:

I brought back change, Mother.

(CONTINUED)

96 (Cont. 1)

DIALOGUE
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CHRISTINE:

Very well. Mrs. Daigle would like to see you.

MRS. DAIGLE:

So this is your little girl? Claude spoke of you so often, and in such high terms. You were one of his dearest friends, I'm sure. He said you were so bright in school. So you're Rhoda.

RHODA:

Yes.

MRS. DAIGLE:

Come let me look at you, Rhoda. Now how about giving your Aunt Hortense a big kiss?

Rhoda gives her popsicle to Monica and goes dutifully to be kissed.

MRS. DAIGLE:

(continuing)

You're the little girl who was with Claude when he had his accident weren't you darling? You're the little girl who thought she was going to win that penmanship medal and worked so hard. But you didn't win it did you? Claude won it didn't he? Now tell me this: would you say he won it fair and square - - or he cheated? These things are so important to me now he's dead! Would you say he won it fair darling? Because if he did win it fair why did you go after him for it?

RHODA:

(trying to get away from
Mrs. Daigle's grasp)

I want my popsicle.

MONICA:

CHARACTER
CHANGE

Rhoda, if you're going shopping with me you'll have to come now darling. Mr. Finchley is going to show you his collection.

MRS. DAIGLE:

Right now?

MONICA:

Yes - now! We're a little late as it is. Bring your popsicle, Rhoda. You can wash upstairs.

During this, Monica disengages Rhoda from Mrs. Daigle and ushers her out of the front door.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. DAIGLE:

Well, I must say!

CHRISTINE:

Well --- an appointment, you know.

MRS. DAIGLE:

I'm sure they have one, practically sure. Of course, I didn't know Rhoda had all these social obligations. I thought she was like any little girl that stayed home and minded her mother, and didn't go traipsing all over town with important appointments. I'm sorry I interfered with Rhoda's social life. I'm sorry, Christine, and I offer my deepest apologies. I'll apologize to Rhoda too when I can have an interview with her.

CHRISTINE:

You haven't interfered at all.

The telephone rings. Christine goes to answer it.

MRS. DAIGLE:

I wasn't going to contaminate Rhoda in the slightest degree, I assure you.

She pours a drink from the bottle.

CHRISTINE:

(into phone)

Hello -- Hello -- Oh yes, Mr. Daigle. Yes, she's here. Not at all.

(she hangs up)

MRS. DAIGLE:

Did you tell him I was drinking and making a spectacle of myself? Did you tell him to call the patrol wagon?

CHRISTINE:

You heard what I said. I said only that you were here. Your husband said he was in the drugstore on the corner.

MRS. DAIGLE:

I was just going to hold her in my arms and ask her a few simple questions.

CHRISTINE:

Perhaps another time would be better.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. DAIGLE:

You think because I'm lit, but I'm not lit in the slightest degree, I assure you. But Rhoda knows more than she's told anybody, if you'll pardon me for being presumptuous. I talked to that guard, remember. It was a long interesting conversation, and he said he saw Rhoda on the wharf just before Claude was found among the pilings. She knows something she hasn't told, all right. I know what you're thinking. You're thinking, "How can I get rid of this pest?" You may fool some with that mealy mouth, but you look like "Ned in the primer" to me.

CHRISTINE:

Then perhaps you'd better not come here again.

MRS. DAIGLE:

I wouldn't come here again for a million dollars laid out in a line! I wouldn't have come this time if I'd known about Rhoda's social obligations.

(pours herself another drink)

I won't wait for Mr. Daigle. I'll go home by myself. I know where I'm not wanted, and I'm not wanted in a place where people have all these social obligations, if you get what I mean. You're looking sort of sick and sloppy. Come over to my house and I'll give you a free beauty treatment if you're pressed for ready cash. It won't cost you a nickel.

The doorbell rings. Christine opens the door. Mr. Daigle is there.

MR. DAIGLE:

(entering only a step)

Thank you, Mrs. Penmark. Come, Hortense, it's time to go home.

MRS. DAIGLE:

Oh, my God, oh, my God, it's time to go home!

She weeps noisily and rises. As she starts o.s., she lurches and grabs the book rack on the wall for support. The book in which Christine has hidden the medal almost falls to the floor. Christine jumps to her quickly, pushing back book. Mrs. Daigle rests her head on Christine's shoulder.

MRS. DAIGLE:

Oh, Christine, Christine, you know something! You know something, and you won't tell me!

The Daigles go out. Christine stands in the open door looking after them.

(CONTINUED)

ALREADY SHOT

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FINAL

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96 (Cont. 4)

She then turns and hurries quickly to the telephone and dials.
She leaves the door slightly open in her agitation.

CHRISTINE:

Operator - I want to call Washington, D. C.
(then slowly covers speaker, and murmurs)
Kenneth, darling - Kenneth, my dear love -
what can I say to you? That our baby is a -
(then, into speaker) -
Never mind then. No, cancel it.

She hangs up, sits staring. Monica opens the door, looking back into foyer at the direction the Daigles took. She comes in, closing the door.

DIALOGUE
CHANGES
THROUGHOUT
PAGE

MONICA:

Good - - she's gone. Sweet, I know I shouldn't take things into my own two capable hands, but I couldn't let her paw Rhoda any longer.

CHRISTINE:

Oh, well - - Mr. Daigle came for her.

MONICA:

(moving toward Christine at the desk)
And I feel I have loosened discipline just a little....I let Rhoda go out for another popsicle.

CHRISTINE:

Oh, she wanted a second? - - - That's unusual.

MONICA:

She seemed quite eager and since she's not one of these fat, self-indulgent little blobs, I doubt that it will do any harm. By the way darling, here are the sleeping pills and the vitamins, both plainly marked.

CHRISTINE:

(rising and taking the vitamins to the mantel)
Thank you Monica. I will keep them separate.

MONICA:

Emory and Reggie just came back from fishing. Reggie is having dinner with us before he leaves tonight. Wouldn't you like to eat with us, you and Rhoda too?

CHRISTINE:

Oh, no, Monica. Thank you very much. I would really rather not.

MONICA:

(moving to Christine)
Oh, you poor girl. I do bully you and I promised not to.

(CONTINUED)

ALREADY SHOT

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96 (Cont. 5)

Suddenly, o.s., but muffled, there is the high agonized shriek of a man's voice yelling: "Help, help! -- for the love of - help!"

CHRISTINE:
(rising quickly)
What was that?

DIALOGUE
CHANGES
THROUGHOUT
PAGE

MONICA:
(as cries continue)
It sounded a little like somebody shouting for help. It sounded close by.

On this Rhoda has entered quickly and is walking to the door of the den.

CHRISTINE:
(to Rhoda)
Rhoda, who was shouting?

RHODA:
I don't know, Mother.

CHRISTINE:
It sounded as if there were a fire.

RHODA:
I don't think so, Mother.

She goes into the den, closes the door, and in a second we hear her playing "Au Clair de la Lune." Monica runs to the front window and looks out, then as we hear footsteps pounding down the stairs in the hall, she runs over and opens the front door.

97. FULL SHOT INT. FOYER

Tasker and Emory have just reached the bottom of the steps as Monica opens the door. Tasker is starting out the front when the man's shrieking voice is heard again: "Help -- help! - let me out of here!" Sounds of thudding and pounding of wood.

EMORY:
(to Tasker)
No, Reg - back here - !

He and Tasker run out the back entrance to the court. Monica hurries back into the living room, not shutting the door.

98. FULL SHOT INT. PENMARK LIVING ROOM

Monica hurries to the back window and opens it. Christine runs to look out with her.

99. FULL SHOT TASKER AND EMORY

They are at the basement door, around the sides of which smoke is curling. It is being banged against from the inside and muffled shrieks come from beneath it, as it shudders under the impact. Emory grabs up a spade shovel as we DOLLY IN and starts to try to pry loose the padlocked clasp.

TASKER:

We'll get you out!

EMORY:

(gasping with great effort)
Grab the side!

LEROY'S VOICE O.S.:

Get me out! - - Get me out! - - Help!

EMORY:

We'll get you out.

100. CLOSE SHOT MONICA AND CHRISTINE

As they look down on the scene. Christine's lips are working in speechless horror. There is a sudden splintering of wood and the man's voice (Leroy's voice) becomes suddenly clear. Christine's and Monica's gaze follow his crazed running around the court o.s.

MONICA:

It's a man - on fire!

CHRISTINE:

His clothes are burning! His hair is burning!

MONICA:

(pulling Christine back)
No dear. Emory's there and Reggie too.

LEROY'S VOICE:

(shrieking through this)
I haven't got 'em! I wasn't going to do anything! I was just teasing! I haven't got 'em - never had 'em -

The voice stops in a choked suddenness as we hear a body falling across an iron table and chairs. Monica pulls the curtain to on her window.

CHRISTINE:

(nauseated)
It's - too - late. He fell just before he got to the pond. He's lying still.

With this she sinks to the chair, averting her eyes.

DIALOGUE
CHANGES
THROUGHOUT
PAGECHARACTER
CHANGE

101. FULL SHOT INT. PENMARK LIVING ROOM

Monica, with surprisingly calm presence of mind, helps Christine away from the window to a chair, closing the window before she does so.

MONICA:

(as she does this)

Whatever can be done will be done.

During this more voices have joined the others outside! "Get that hose into the basement!" etc.

CHRISTINE:

Oh, yes, oh, yes, Monica - but now you see?

(starting into hysteria)

I should have known that this was going to happen.

I should have known! How could I be so blind!

MONICA:

(looking toward den)

Thank God Rhoda was in the den playing the piano and heard nothing of this.

The piano from the den seems to mount in volume and persistence.

CHRISTINE:

The fire was in the basement where Leroy was.

MONICA:

But there's nothing we can do.

CHRISTINE:

But this time I saw it! I saw it with my own eyes!
Tell him to stop screaming! It won't help to scream!

MONICA:

(grabbing her shoulders)

Christine - you're not making sense dear!

Christine rises and shouts toward the closed door of the den.

CHRISTINE:

Tell her to stop that music Monica - and stop the screaming - I can still hear it - he's still screaming, Monica - still screaming - and the piano going on and on while he's dying in fire - screaming, screaming a man's scream - !

O.S. Emory's voice is heard calling "Monica, Monica".

CHRISTINE:

I don't want to see anybody now.

MONICA:

(moving to the door)

It's Emory dear.

EMORY:

It was a flare-up in the basement. Tasker and the rest are putting it out now - but - but I'm afraid Leroy is -

(CONTINUED)

DIALOGUE
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THROUGHOUT
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ac

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101 (Cont.)

MONICA:
(indicating Christine)
Never mind.

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CHANGES
THROUGHOUT
PAGE

CHRISTINE:
(slowly raising her head,
in a dead voice)
No, it's all right - you can say it. Because
you see - - I saw him. I saw him run down
the path and die. Could there be anything worse
than that?

EMORY:
It seems he fell asleep on a bed he'd made
out of excelsior - and I suppose his cigarette
set fire to the stuff -

SPEECH
DELETION

MONICA:
Please, please leave me alone with Christine
for a while.

On this she ushers Emory to the door and closes it after him.

CHRISTINE:
(beating the table with her hands)
Monica, Monica, I simply can't bear it!
She's driving me mad!
(starts for den door)
How can she play that tinkle now? Rhoda!

Monica catches her by the shoulders and swings her around.

MONICA:
What is it, Christine? What is it?

CHRISTINE:
Monica! I can't stand it! Rhoda will you
stop that music!

MONICA:
(restraining her)
Christine - please - try to make sense.

CHRISTINE:
(now shouting back)
Rhoda! Stop that music! STOP THAT MUSIC!

The music stops. The door to the den then opens and Rhoda comes
out. She looks at Christine, puzzled, for a second.

RHODA:
Is Mommie sick, Aunt Monica?

CHRISTINE:
Don't let me get my hands on her....

(CONTINUED)

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101 (Cont. 1)

DIALOGUE
CHANGES
THROUGHOUT
PAGE

MONICA:
(really alarmed)
Christine - she's only a
child!

CHRISTINE:
(to Rhoda)
You didn't see it. You could
look away and play the piano -
but it happened.

MONICA:
Christine - what has she
done?

CHRISTINE:
(staring vaguely into
space)
It isn't what she's done...
it's what I've done.

RHODA:
(edging closer to Monica)
What does she mean, Monica?

MONICA:
I don't know, Rhoda.
(turning to Christine)
She'd better have lunch up-
stairs with me. We'll come
down when you're calmer.

CHRISTINE:
Yes. Monica would you take
her please?

MONICA:
But will you be all right?

CHRISTINE:
Yes, I'll be all right.
It's just that the screaming
goes on and on.

MONICA:
(quickly)
We'll come down later.
(taking Rhoda by the
hand)
Come Rhoda.

(CONTINUED)

101 (Cont. 2)

Monica goes out with Rhoda, closing the door. Christine stands for a second, then sinks slowly into a chair.

CHRISTINE:

(with a shivering
little moan)

She killed him - but she's my
little girl and I love her...
Oh, my baby, my baby!

DIALOGUE
CHANGES
THROUGH-
OUT
PAGE

She leans back in the chair and closes her eyes in agonizing sobs, as we

DISSOLVE TO:

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DELETED

103.

FULL SHOT INT. PENMARK LIVING ROOM

NIGHT

Rhoda is lying on the couch in her nightgown. Christine sits in a chair by the head reading to her. Christine is in her dressing gown.

CHRISTINE:

(her voice tired)

"Polly put one toe out from the covers to find out how cold it was, and it was nipping cold. She remembered why she had wanted to wake up, and got out of bed very softly, shivering and pulling on her dress and her stockings. She had never seen a Christmas tree - decorated and lighted -

(her voice breaks
strangely, then:)

the way they are at Christmas in houses where children have fathers and it isn't hard times. She'd promised herself that she would see one....."

(looks slowly over at
Rhoda)

You have some new vitamins to take tonight.

(CONTINUED)

103 (Cont.)

RHODA:

New ones?

CHRISTINE:

(taking bottle out of
pocket)

Yes.

RHODA:

Are those the vitamins?

CHRISTINE:

Yes.

RHODA:

(reaching for them)

May I see them please?

104. CLOSE TWO SHOT CHRISTINE AND RHODA

CHRISTINE:

Why yes, of course.

(hands bottle of pills
to Rhoda)

They are some that Monica
sent down.

RHODA:

(returning the bottle
to Christine)

Oh - - - You know I think
Monica likes me.

CHRISTINE:

I'm sure she does.

RHODA:

Swallowing pills is just a
trick.

CHRISTINE:

You are very good at it.

RHODA:

Do you love me Mommie?

CHRISTINE:

Oh, yes.

(CONTINUED)

104 (Cont.)

DIALOGUE
CHANGES
THROUGHOUT
PAGE

RHODA:

Mommie do you know about
Leroy?

CHRISTINE:

Yes.

RHODA:

You told me to put my shoes
in the incinerator didn't
you?

CHRISTINE:

Yes.

RHODA:

What did you do with the medal?
I can have it now can't I?

CHRISTINE:

I drove out to the playground
alone. It was very dark and
I went out on the pier where
nobody saw me and dropped the
medal by the pilings in the water
there.

RHODA:

(pause)

Mommie Leroy had my shoes
and he said he was going to
give them to the police and
then tell them about me - -
and they'd put me in the
electric chair - - - so - -

CHRISTINE:

You don't have to say any
more.

RHODA:

Will you read more now?

CHRISTINE:

(moving to the couch)

Yes, but first you have to take these.

RHODA:

(looking at vitamins)

So many?

CHRISTINE:

They are a new kind. I'm to take them too.

Christine looks away and keeps her eyes averted as Rhoda takes
the pills.

(CONTINUED)

104 (Cont. 1)

DIALOGUE
CHANGES
THROUGHOUT
PAGE

RHODA:

(taking the vitamins)

I like apricot juice. It doesn't even need ice.

(pause)

Mommie. I saved a couple of matches and I lit the excelsior and locked the door. It wasn't my fault Mommie - it was Leroy's fault. He shouldn't have said he would tell the police about me and give them my shoes.

CHRISTINE:

I know.

RHODA:

(taking last pill)

There - that's all. You won't let them hurt me, will you, Mommie.

CHRISTINE:

Goodnight - I won't let them hurt you.

RHODA:

Goodnight Mommie - Now will you read?

CHRISTINE:

Y-yes.

Christine slowly takes her eyes from Rhoda and starts reading again.

CHRISTINE:

(continuing)

"When Polly was all dressed she found her shawl and crept very quietly out of the room and out the front door. The door creaked, and she waited and listened, but nobody woke up. She closed the door carefully and looked at the bright moon and the shining, cold snow. The Carters must have a tree. They lived two blocks away, and if they left the curtains open you could look in and see it. If only there weren't any dogs. Polly walked carefully on the hard snow on the walk, keeping the warm shawl close around her. It was further than she remembered to the Carters' house, but she could see that there were lights in the windows. She came near it, only making a little creaking noise on the snow, and stood for a while in front of the house before she dared go near. Then she gathered all her courage and walked across the yard, her shoes sinking through the crust. The Christmas Tree was right in the front window, and the lights were on in the house, so she could see the fruits and bells and strings of popcorn and candy -- and the silver star at the top."

(CONTINUED)

104(Cont.2)

CHRISTINE:(Cont.)

(she slowly looks over at Rhoda)

Rhoda....Rhoda, dear....

There is no answer. We DOLLY in as she rises and goes to look down. The child's breathing is deep and regular. Christine leans down and picks her up in her arms, holding her close for a moment and looking at her with agonized love. She walks from the living room, carrying Rhoda into the hall. WE TRUCK AHEAD OF HER ALL THE WAY INTO RHODA'S ROOM. Only the bedside lamp is on as Christine enters. She carries Rhoda to the turned-down bed.

CHRISTINE:

(as she walks)

You are mine, my darling baby - and I carried you, and I can't let them hurt you. I can't let them take you away and shut you up and stare at you and write things about you - and question and make a show of you. Nobody can save you from that, unless I save you.

(putting her down in the bed

and covering her up gently)

So sleep well, and dream well - my only child - and the one I love.

She leans over and kisses Rhoda on the lips, then straightens up and turns out the light. We PAN HER quickly to the door where she turns and looks back at Rhoda.

CHRISTINE:

And I shall sleep, too....

She exits closing the door.

105. FULL SHOT INT. HALL

Christine comes from Rhoda's room. We HOLD as she walks away from the camera toward the end of the hall and her room. The door of her room is ajar, yet it is dark inside. Christine disappears into the room. No light goes on. A pause, and then we hear the tinkle of keys and a drawer being opened. Another pause. There is the report of a gunshot, and the weird little flash it makes in the dark room. A sound of a body and a gun falling to the floor almost simultaneously, as we

DISSOLVE TO:

106. FULL SHOT INT. VISITOR'S ROOM HOSPITAL NIGHT

First we come in CLOSE ON KENNETH who sits in a chair, his head bowed, staring at the floor, now and then pounding his fist in his palm. We PULL BACK TO DISCLOSE Monica, Bravo and Emory seated about in intense, silent, misery. Suddenly Kenneth's head snaps up as we TRUCK AND PAN HIM QUICKLY out the entrance and across the corridor to where a nurse is just coming out of a room. On the door is a "QUIET - NO VISITORS" sign. A state trooper in uniform is leaning against the wall by the door reading a paper, as Kenneth hurries up. He lowers paper.

NURSE:

(back through door)

Yes, Doctor.

She closes the door quietly.

KENNETH:

(as she does so)

Is she - has anything - ?

NURSE:

(gently)

Her condition is still the same.

KENNETH:

(staring at door)

But can't I - ?

NURSE:

Please, Colonel - everything possible is being done for Mrs. Penmark

KENNETH:

But it's been two days!

NURSE:

You mustn't go in there. The doctor will be out soon.

The nurse leaves. Kenneth turns from the door and looks at the compassionate face of the trooper.

KENNETH:

(almost fiercely)

Officer - do you have to stand here?

TROOPER:

Sorry, Colonel. It's orders from headquarters. You know - depending on whether or not Mrs. Penmark - I mean it's routine in these cases. I'm sure sorry, Colonel.

(CONTINUED)

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106 (Cont.)

KENNETH:

(feeling trooper's sympathy)
Of course. I know...

He looks at the door again and then walks back across corridor to the waiting room.

107. FULL SHOT INT. WAITING ROOM

As Kenneth enters.

KENNETH:

Nothing...

He crosses to the window and stares out, his back to them as Bravo and Emory reseal themselves.

KENNETH:

(suddenly bursting out)
Why did she do it? Again - that's what I want to know! Why did she do such a thing. She wasn't unhappy when I left - except a little down about us being separated for a while. Because we were in love - don't you see? She proved that to me! Christine and I were in love!

He looks about wildly as though for an answer, then paces up and down.

MONICA:

I know, Kenneth. I've gone over everything she said until I'm almost distracted. It just doesn't fit any pattern! I've talked to everybody who knew her and they're just incredulous and shocked. There seems to be no reason at all!

KENNETH:

And suddenly she didn't want to live any more...!

EMORY:

She did seem upset over the accident to the Daigle boy.

MONICA:

Oh, naturally. But she met that perfectly well.

KENNETH:

No - a thing like that wouldn't unbalance her to the point of -

(suddenly stops and looks at all of them)
Could - could she have - all of a sudden - gone insane?

EMORY:

No. Christine was definitely not that.

During Kenneth's question, Bravo, who has been staring down at the floor, rises and crosses to look out of the window in his turn. This causes Kenneth to notice him.

(CONTINUED)

107 (Cont.)

KENNETH:

Dick - you must have had a heart-to-heart get-together when you came for your visit. Did she say anything - mention anything? You've got to be frank with me....!

BRAVO:

(slowly)

Ken...there's nothing I can say that will help at all.

EMORY:

Monica - you know she was quite hysterical at the death of Leroy.

MONICA:

Naturally. It wasn't pleasant to see. But -

KENNETH:

(to Monica)

And it was that same night it happened?

MONICA:

(with a sigh)

Yes. We heard the shot - and ran down. She'd done it after giving Rhoda that lethal dose of sleeping pills. Why, I don't know - but she had obviously planned that they - they should go together....

On this, Monica puts her handkerchief quickly to her eyes.

KENNETH:

(starting to go to pieces)

If - if she doesn't live - I don't think I can. What's left? - everything's empty - It's all gone - it's - !

He breaks, buries his face in the palm of his hand.

KENNETH:

(choked, muffled)

I'm sorry.

BRAVO:

She's worth it, boy.

Monica rises and comes over to Kenneth.

MONICA:

(gently reproving)

Kenneth, my dear - you mustn't talk like that. If the worst does happen, you still have something to be grateful for. You still have Rhoda.

(turns toward corridor entrance;
smiling tenderly)

(CONTINUED)

107 (Cont.1)

MONICA: (Cont.)

There she is!

During this last the first few bars of a childish humming of "Au Clair de la Lune" has come over the scene from o.s. Kenneth turns in the direction Monica is looking.

108. EFFECT SHOT RHODA KENNETH'S ANGLE IN CORRIDOR

First we see the shadow of her on the opposite wall, as she half hops and walks into the shot, preoccupied with keeping her toes along the pattern of the floor linoleum, humming as she does.

109. CLOSE SHOT KENNETH AND MONICA

MONICA:

If we hadn't heard the shot and gotten the doctor quickly Rhoda would have been gone...

110. FULL SHOT ROOM AGAIN

As Rhoda sees them looking at her and comes in.

RHODA:

Is Mommie better yet, Daddy?

KENNETH:

We're - we're waiting, darling.

His expression breaks into a loving pathetic smile as he kneels down and holds out his arms to her.

KENNETH:

(full of emotion)

Yes - come here, sweetheart.

(as she comes to him)

The same lovely smile...she'll always live in you...

RHODA:

Oh, I love my Daddy!

His arms go around her in a hug. At this point, in the b.g., a distinguished-looking grey-haired doctor, still in his operation attire comes across the corridor from Christine's room. Kenneth stands up quickly, a question in his eyes, as do all the others.

DOCTOR:

Sorry, Colonel - nothing really definite to report. She's still in coma. I have been successful with this type of operation - but it can go either way. The brain I feel definitely is not injured. It's mainly shock and loss of -
(with a look at Rhoda)

But we've been over all that.

(CONTINUED)

KENNETH:

I - I see...

DOCTOR:

ADDED
DIALOGUE

I really think the best thing you can do is to go home. A certain young lady here looks rather tired. She's had quite an ordeal herself, you know. I really think it would be best. I won't leave Mrs. Penmark until - until we know.

KENNETH:

(gulping, after a pause)
Very well. Let's go home now, Rhoda.

Monica takes Rhoda by the hand and followed by Emory and Bravo they start out into the corridor.

DIALOGUE
DELETION

KENNETH:

(gripping the doctor's arm)
I - I'm counting on you.

BUSINESS
CHANGE

He follows the others.

111. FULL SHOT INT. CORRIDOR

The group come towards the camera, Kenneth looking back at the door to Christine's room.

BRAVO:

(suddenly, feeling his pocket)
Left my lighter. Be right along.

He turns and goes back toward visitor's room as others come
PAST CAMERA.

112. FULL SHOT INT. VISITOR'S ROOM

Bravo comes in. The doctor has taken out a pack of cigarettes.

BRAVO:

Give me a few seconds, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Certainly.
(offers Bravo a cigarette)
Smoke?

BRAVO:

(taking one)
Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

112 (Cont.)

He pulls out his lighter and lights the doctor's cigarette for him, then snaps the lighter shut, forgetting to light his own.

BRAVO:

I meant to ask you. During my daughter's - while she's been unconscious - has she said anything - murmured anything at all?

DOCTOR:

Yes, come to think of it. For a while there, she kept muttering something about...yes, "a bad seed - a bad seed". That give you any clue?

BRAVO:

(carefully)

Not particularly. Oh, yes - she was starting to write a book. Something around the theory - let me see - that a child can inherit criminal tendencies in the blood.

DOCTOR:

(with a wry smile)

If you'll forgive me, that's a pretty specious theory.

BRAVO:

That's what I told her myself. It's all a matter of environment, isn't it?

DOCTOR:

Of course. Oh, now and then you get a twisted brain chemistry born to healthy, enlightened parents. But that's one in a million.

BRAVO:

I was sure of that.

DOCTOR:

Great Scott, if we were foolish enough to swallow that other venal belief nobody would ever either adopt a child or even have children of their own! Like that sweet little girl she has, - for example.

BRAVO:

(with a heavy sigh)

Thanks. I mean - well, thank you, Doctor. Goodnight.

DOCTOR:

Goodnight.

Bravo leaves, as we

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113. FULL SHOT INT. RHODA'S ROOM

NIGHT

Rhoda is in bed and Kenneth, his tunic off, is pulling the covers up around her.

RHODA:

Why doesn't Granddaddy sleep down here with us?

KENNETH:

He thought it best for you and me to be together. He'll be down from Aunt Monica's in the morning.

(he gets doll from chair and puts it by her)

There now.

RHODA:

Daddy...?

KENNETH:

Yes.

RHODA:

Will Mommie get well?

KENNETH:

(gentle)

We just prayed for it, didn't we?

RHODA:

Yes. What made me sick the night Mommie hurt herself?

KENNETH:

Oh, everybody gets tummy trouble now and then.

(leans over her)

Ready to turn out the light?

RHODA:

Yes. What will you give me for a basket of kisses?

KENNETH:

(pretending to think for a moment)

A basket of kisses...?

(then)

Why I'll give you a basket of hugs!

He takes her in his arms for a second and holds her, then kisses her.

KENNETH:

Goodnight, my sweetheart.

(CONTINUED)

rl
dg
bb

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113 (Cont.)

RHODA:
(smiling up at him)
Goodnight, Daddy.

Kenneth turns out the light (the window is already raised)
and we PAN HIM TO the door.

RHODA:
Daddy.

KENNETH:
(at door)
Yes?

From Kenneth's angle, she is a dim little figure in the bed,
only the moonlight through the window catching the sparkle
of her clear eyes.

RHODA:
Aunt Monica likes me.

KENNETH:
Everybody loves you.

RHODA:
She said that if she ever died or went away
or anything she'd give me Sweetsie, her love bird.

KENNETH:
Well, that's nice, honey. But Aunt Monica
isn't going to die or go away for a long,
long time.

RHODA:
A long time?

KENNETH:
(starts to close door)
That's right. Go to sleep now.

RHODA:
Daddy - how long do love birds live?

KENNETH:
Oh, I don't know.

RHODA:
As long as people?

KENNETH:
Oh, no - not that long.

(CONTINUED)

113 (Cont.1)

RHODA:

Well, I'll find out for sure tomorrow
when Aunt Monica takes me for my sun bath.

KENNETH:

When is that?

RHODA:

Aunt Monica promised me she'd take me
for a sun bath in a place she has
fixed up on the roof. Way up high where
nobody can see us.

(with a happy little laugh
from the darkness)

Is'nt that nice?

KENNETH:

That's wonderful. Goodnight, darling.

RHODA:

Goodnight, Daddy.

Kenneth leaves, closing door.

114. FULL SHOT INT. HALL

Kenneth comes from Rhoda's room and walks away from camera to
his and Christine's room. He switches on the light. We see
him slump down to a sitting position on the bed, put his
hands to his face and rub it wearily, then stare into space
as we

DISSOLVE TO:

115. FULL SHOT INT. RHODA'S ROOM

LATER

Rhoda is lying awake as we DOLLY IN. She suddenly throws off
the cover and gets up. We PAN HER TO THE DOOR. She opens it
cautiously and looks out.

116. FULL SHOT INT. HALL

Rhoda is looking down toward Kenneth's room. We see now that
it is dark, the door half ajar. She tiptoes down the hall a
way and listens. Obviously he has fallen asleep. She tiptoes
back into her room and closes the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

117. INT. RHODA'S ROOM

She is now completely dressed in the dress she had on previously. She is just finishing putting on her shoes. O.s. there is the sound of distant thunder. Rhoda goes to the window and looks out, this way and that and up. She then goes to the closet and pulls out a little white rubber rain coat and white rubber galoshes, putting them on. She quietly opens the door and leaves the room.

118. FULL SHOT INT. HALL

Rhoda comes out, listens towards Kenneth's still dark room for a moment, and then crosses into the kitchen.

119. FULL SHOT INT. KITCHEN

Rhoda goes to a drawer and takes out a flash-light, and then goes o.s. tip-toeing into the living room.

120. FULL SHOT INT. DARKENED LIVING ROOM

Only the light from the hall shows as Rhoda tip-toes across the room and exits cautiously out of the front door, closing it. We HOLD FOR A SECOND OR TWO, and then the phone in the room starts ringing.

121. FULL SHOT INT. KENNETH'S ROOM

He is lying on his bed, still fully clothed except for his tunic. His eyes fly open. Hearing the bell, he leaps up and runs o.s.

122. FULL SHOT INT. LIVING ROOM

We DOLLY IN as Kenneth comes hurrying to the ringing phone and picks it up.

KENNETH:

Yes...Yes, Doctor!

123. CLOSE SHOT DOCTOR INT. CHRISTINE'S HOSPITAL ROOM NIGHT

It is very subdued lighting.

DOCTOR:

(on the phone, quietly)
I have somebody here who wishes to talk with you.
I can't handle her unless she does. But don't talk
but very little, Colonel. On your honor, now.

(CONTINUED)

123 (Cont.)

We PULL BACK as he smiles and hands the receiver down to Christine who lies in the bed, a nurse supporting her, and helping hold the receiver to her mouth. Her head is swathed in bandages.

CHRISTINE:

(into phone)

Kenneth - darling - they say I'm - I'm
going to be all right -

124. BACK TO KENNETH

KENNETH:

(gulping with joy, holding back the tears)
Of course, you are my dearest - of course,
you are!

125. BACK TO CHRISTINE

CHRISTINE:

And - and I'm so glad that - that I'm going to
be - now that you're here, my darling. They've
told me everything - but I - I can face it now -
now that you're with me - because we - we have
something we've got to face, darling -

126. BACK TO KENNETH

KENNETH:

Dearest - just to hear you - but don't
talk any more -

127. BACK TO CHRISTINE

CHRISTINE:

And - and I committed a dreadful sin -
and I've got to pay in some way for
that, too, I know - but - just to feel
that I have your forgiveness -

128. BACK TO KENNETH

KENNETH:

Christine, dearest - don't talk any more.
Whatever it is - not now - we'll solve it
together....

"THE BAD SEED"
FINAL

9/7/55
134.

129. BACK TO CHRISTINE

This is the thing she has been wanting to hear.

CHRISTINE:

Oh, Kenneth - Kenneth - I love you...!

The doctor is already reaching out to the nurse for the phone.

130. BACK TO KENNETH

KENNETH:

That's all we need, my darling....yes...
tomorrow, dearest....goodnight.

He hangs up and again chokes back a big sob, then, half-sinking to his knees, his forehead on the phone table, he speaks in simple reverence.

KENNETH:

Thank you, God - Thank you - and please -
please, Dear God - whatever is troubling her -
help her - help us to meet that, too....

DISSOLVE TO:

130A. LONG SHOT STREET

NIGHT

ADDED
SCENE

We pick up Rhoda in the far b.g. as she walks along the sidewalk. Her stride is unhurried but straight, relentless and sure. With the butt end of the flashlight she is striking the pickets of a fence bordering the sidewalk in a series of dragging motions and direct hits, as though she is keeping time with the rhythm of "Au Clair de la Lune", the melody of which is obviously going through her mind and is actually heard on the sound track. WE HOLD as she comes full face INTO CAMERA and then DOLLY AHEAD with her for a while. Her eyes stare ahead with calm purpose. She seems almost in a trance. Now the music on the sound track begins to slide into higher and higher registers on the piano. It should be played with a sharp ethereal twanging (possibly some odd effect can be obtained from a Hammond organ or a Theremin). Her pace gradually increases during this. The scene is intermittently sparked by flashes of heat lightning and its resultant low rumbling of thunder.

130B. MATTE SHOT REVERSE SHOT RHODA

ADDED
SCENE

as she walks away from the camera toward the entrance of the Fern School far in the b.g.

DISSOLVE TO:

131. FULL SHOT EXT. FERN ESTATE

NIGHT

We are shooting toward the pier and the boat house in the far b.g. The moon goes under the clouds just as we come in, and the distant rumble of thunder is heard. There is a faint flash of lightning. RHODA COMES FROM PAST CAMERA and walks her determined little walk down through the bushes and out onto the pier. Again there is the rumble of thunder, louder this time and a bigger flash of lightning.

132. FULL SHOT RHODA END OF PIER

She comes from PAST CAMERA and looks down over the end of the pier and the dimly-seen broken pilings. She shines her light down in the water. She then turns and picks up an old long-handled fish net lying on the pier and leans over the end of the structure, probing down in the water and keeping her flashlight playing on the water.

133. LONG SHOT PIER AND BOAT HOUSE

In the far b.g., we see the little white figure of Rhoda leaning over the end of the pier. Suddenly, there is the double SNAP! SNAP! of two bolts of lightning. The screen is filled with a brilliant, blinding light as they strike. The thunder is on top of us. When our eyes become accustomed to what is on the screen again, the figure of Rhoda has disappeared. Only the smashed end of newly-rended timbers showing at the end of the pier. Rhoda's childish methodical piano notes of "Au Clair de la Lune" comes mounting terrifically and then peacefully on the sound track. A prayer has been answered.

FADE OUT.

-- The End --

ORIGINAL