

The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari

A cold, somber atmosphere pervades the opening scene of the film. Francis and an older man are sitting on a bench by a high forbidding wall which curves away into shadow. The leafless branches and twigs of a tree hang down above the heads of the two men; dead leaves carpet a path in front of them, emphasizing the lifeless, still quality of the setting.

On the opposite side of the path to the bench are a couple of stunted fir trees: winter is in the air. Both of the men on the bench are dressed in black; their eyes gape wildly from pale faces. The older man leans over towards his young companion to speak to him; Francis, apparently not very interested, responds by staring blankly skyward.

As he turns to speak to Francis, the eyes of the older man, beneath a pair of bushy gray eyebrows, are dilated with horror or fear.

TITLE: 'Everywhere there are spirits ... They are all
 around us ... They have driven me from hearth
 and home, from my wife and children.'

The older man continues his monologue, while the boughs from the overhanging tree move about his face. We see that the wall behind him is painted with a bizarre leaf and line pattern.

Francis turns suddenly to look down the path past his older friend. As he turns he makes a sudden movement of surprise: the figure of a young woman, Jane, has just emerged from the shadow at the end of the path. She walks down the path towards camera; her hair is long and black, framing a pale, utterly expressionless face; her long white décolleté gown trails about her as she walks slowly forward.

Francis stares at the passing girl with a mixture of anxiety and admiration.

Jane draws closer to the two men; she is still staring blankly in front of her. As she draws level with them Francis leans forward even further across his companion, rises slightly from his seat and points towards the girl.

Francis's face registers adulation and tenderness as the girl passes him by; he is very excited and moved by her presence.

The girl walks straight past the men, giving no sign that she has seen them. They continue to stare at her intently, a certain element of amazement in their looks, but she passes without a flicker of recognition, parting the trailing branches of an overhanging tree, and finally disappears. The men stare after her, a dazed look on their faces.

Francis, still gazing after Jane inclines his head meaningfully towards his companion, as though about to make a momentous announcement.

TITLE: 'That is my fiancée.'

Francis's face becomes very animated as he talks rapidly to his friend, still gazing pathetically after the departed woman. The two men stare, fascinated,

after the departed girl.

The girl gazes vacantly upward and right, her white gown standing out strongly against an indistinct dark background. She turns slowly to face the camera and begins to move forward towards it. As she comes closer it is possible to see that her face is dead white, with heavily made-up eyes.

Both the men now have expressions of surprise on their faces. Francis is pointing in the direction in which Jane has vanished.

The heads of the two men have moved closer together as their conversation becomes more intimate; Francis turns towards the older man.

TITLE: 'What she and I have experienced is yet more
 remarkable than the story you have told me. I
 will tell you ...'

The two men put their heads closer together; Francis continues talking.

Jane, her white gown flowing about her, is walking behind a screen of fir tree branches, which are silhouetted against the whiteness of the garment. Slowly and pensively, she continues her walk.

Francis stretches out his hand in front of him as if about to display something to the older man.

TITLE: 'Holstenwall, the small town where I was born.'

The two men, their heads close together, look right.

A painted townscape: the town is built all over a sharply pointed hill; we have the impression of closely packed houses with pointed rooftops and gables clinging precariously to the sides of the steeply rising hill. On the peak of the hill is a large church with two steeples which lean crazily inwards towards one another.

TITLE: 'A traveling fair had arrived.'

Painted scene of tents and merry-go-rounds in the foreground; in the background are the houses of the town on the hill. The tents are suggested by a confusion of angled planes and surfaces on which scallop shapes have been picked out in a lighter color to represent festoons and hangings. In front of the tents is a flat white platform, behind which there is a line of railings with a sloping banister rail, suggesting the top of a flight of steps.

Francis and his companion are still deep in conversation on the bench by the wall. Francis continues talking, raising his hand in the grip of strong emotion. An expression of horror and loathing begins to creep into his already dilated eyes.

TITLE: 'With it, came a scoundrel ...'

The top-hatted figure of Dr. Caligari appears walking up the flight of steps in the center of the fairground setting; he is clutching at the banister rail. When he reaches the top of the steps, he turns towards camera. His black cloak is tightly wrapped around him; he peers quizzically, irascibly, around him through large round spectacles, then hobbles painfully forward,

leaning heavily on his stick with one hand and carrying a book in the other. He is wearing white gloves, on the back of which are painted three broad black stripes, extensions of the spaces between his fingers. Hobbling forward, he looks a sinister, menacing cripple, capable of the utmost evil. His lips are tightly pursed and he glares wildly ahead; his white hair straggles out from beneath the brim of his hat. Iris out on Caligari's face, leaning back slightly as if sniffing the atmosphere.

We return to the two men sitting by the wall. Francis, hollow-eyed, is staring dramatically heavenward.

TITLE: 'Alan, my friend.'

Alan, a young man of aesthetic pursuits, lives in an attic, which is suggested by sloping walls and a kite-shaped dormer window, giving on to angular rooftops and crazily-leaning chimneys. Alan's bed is half hidden in shadow on right. In front of the bed in the center of the room is a high ladder-back chair. Alan stands affectedly by his desk reading a book. Just behind him is a star-shaped patch of light painted on the floor. He walks forward, still deeply engrossed in his reading, and absentmindedly stretches out his arm to lean on the back of the chair.

Alan's face suggests a deeply-serious, well-intentioned young man -- a man of high ideals, though a jutting chin perhaps indicates a certain determination in achieving them. He affects the style of the Nineties aesthete -- a loosely-tied, flopping bow-tie and hair parted in the center in the style of Aubrey Beardsley. One arm rests on the back of the chair and he holds his book open with the other. He suddenly looks up impatiently and turns towards the window. Alan turns away from the chair, thoughtfully closing his book, and walks towards the window in the rear wall of his room. He gazes out through the window over the crazily angled rooftops and chimneys, then turns away, face tilted slightly upwards and eyes lit up with a radiant smile.

He moves forward, away from the window, rubbing his hands together gleefully, and suddenly leaves the room. Camera remains on the room for a few moments, before Alan re-enters with his coat slung casually over one shoulder and his hat in his hand. He crosses the room and leaves.

In the street, a man is energetically distributing handbills to passersby. Alan, now wearing his hat and coat, enters from left and walks towards the man who gives him one of the handbills. Behind the two men is a painted facade of a house leaning at a crazy angle; in the left foreground a flight of steps disappears upwards into shadow. Handbill in hand and reading avidly, Alan turns towards camera.

INSERT:

LATE EXTRA!
Holstenwall Fair,
including sideshows of all kinds,
and marvels never before seen.

Alan, still reading his handbill walks slowly forward, then suddenly turns and darts up the steps.

Alan dashes into Francis's room brandishing the handbill. Francis is sitting

at his desk working quietly; a book-case stands just behind the desk against the wall. There is a triangular-shaped window in the rear wall of the room; in the foreground is a large leather sofa. As Alan runs in from the left, Francis turns to see what all the commotion is about. Alan perches on the arm of Francis's chair and starts talking energetically and gesturing towards the door with the handbill, as though urging Francis to come with him to the fair. Francis takes the handbill and the two friends rise to their feet to read it together.

Alan is pulling urgently at Francis's arm; Francis smiles as he reads the handbill, as though he feels he has to humor the caprices of his friend. They stand outlined against the strangely shaped window, which we can now see is surrounded by a pattern of pointed streaks.

TITLE: 'Come on, Francis, let's go to the Fair.'

Both men are grinning now, and Alan tugs even more vehemently at Francis's arm.

A painted street scene; camera points directly down a very narrow street. The walls of the houses lining the street are suggested by flats painted with stripes and angles. Two men dressed in dark clothes come down the street towards camera and then disappear to left. A woman crosses the street behind them, coming from an opening on the right between two houses and going out to rear. Caligari, his cape wrapped tightly round him, enters at rear and comes down the street at a strange jerky shuffle. As he comes towards camera he peers constantly to the right, as though looking for a particular building. Another man appears from left; when Caligari comes face to face with him, he doffs his hat to the man with an exaggerated gesture of respect and deference, an obsequious look on his face. They talk together animatedly for a few seconds, then, with a sweep of his right hand, Caligari produces a card which he shows to the man.

TITLE: 'I shouldn't go in if I were you. The Town
Clerk is in a very bad temper today.'

Caligari, undeterred by this rather cold reception, continues to talk to the man and produces a second card which he gives the man with a mincing gesture, looking very satisfied with himself. The man, visibly impressed, now accepts both cards.

Close-up of a white card with 'DR. CALIGARI' written boldly on it.

Having accepted the cards the man goes out to left; Caligari shuffles after him, still looking very pleased with himself.

The walls of the Town Clerk's office are painted with fantastic spiked shapes. The Town Clerk is sitting on a very high stool on right; an autocratic-looking man, he is demanding explanations of items in a ledger from two clerks who stand uneasily in front of his stool. At the rear of the office a clerk sits working at a desk. The man with whom Caligari has been talking outside enters on left and hands Caligari's card to the Town Clerk, then leaves again. Caligari himself has followed the man into the office and after the presentation of his card, he doffs his hat and bows low to the Town Clerk, rather overdoing an attempt at humility. The Town Clerk, after looking closely at the card, turns to Caligari angrily.

TITLE: 'Wait.'

Visibly put out by the Town Clerk's summary treatment of him, Caligari turns and sits down on the left. The Town Clerk gesticulates angrily at his two subordinates.

Caligari stares malevolently over the top of his spectacles towards the Town Clerk and grasps the top of his cane tightly. His mouth is tightly drawn and his chin juts forward aggressively. The two clerks exit on left. Caligari, unable to contain his impatience, rises and makes his way towards the Town Clerk with a curious sidelong shuffling movement. He stops just below the Clerk on his high stool; the latter turns angrily to Caligari.

TITLE: 'I told you to wait.'

Caligari, much chastened by this response, sidles back to the bench on left. The Clerk turns back to the documents on his desk. Caligari, very disgruntled, turns his face away and looks in the opposite direction to the Clerk.

The Town Clerk gathers up the papers on his desk, which is painted with strange cabbalistic symbols, and descends from his high stool. He straightens his black frock-coat as he climbs down and comes towards camera. Caligari watchfully follows his movements. Caligari glares intently at the Clerk, his eyes dilated with hatred. He begins to speak, grasping his cane convulsively.

He rises to face the Clerk. The two men make a ludicrous pair together: the very tall Town Clerk towering over the much shorter Caligari, who stands self-effacingly before him, hat and cane in hand.

TITLE: 'I want to apply for a permit to show my
exhibit at the fair.'

Caligari draws his cane along the floor, as though delineating the size of something. The Town Clerk listens very unwillingly. Throughout this scene Caligari's face is the very picture of craft and cunning.

TITLE: 'What sort of an exhibit is it?'

Caligari looks up assertively at the Town Clerk, holding his hat and cane close to his face.

TITLE: 'A somnambulist.'

The Town Clerk looks amused. He turns and beckons to the junior clerk who has been sitting at a desk at the rear of the office, before marching pompously out, very conscious of his power to order and influence. The junior clerk comes forward and asks Caligari to follow him to his desk at the rear of the room, which Caligari does, following the clerk in his strange shuffle -- half walk, half run.

An arm turning the crank of an organ appears in iris in upper right of screen; on top of the organ a monkey is sitting, wearing a white blouse. The iris opens to reveal the fairground set, with the town on the hill in the background. The fair is now clearly in full swing and people are milling

about on the light-colored platform in the foreground. On the left is a cone-shaped merry-go-round painted with broad stripes, which is revolving very rapidly. There is another merry-go-round painted with broad stripes, which is also revolving rapidly. There is another merry-go-round on the right behind the organ grinder and the organ.

Three men in long dark capes and conical hats come from the left, stop in front of the organ and place money in the little cup held by the monkey. They are followed by a jovial looking couple who also make a contribution to the monkey's cup; then come a young man and a very prosperous-looking middle-aged man. Caligari enters right, leaning heavily on his cane and hobbling slightly. He turns his back to camera to look at the organ. More people cross the open space in the foreground and place money in the monkey's cup, including a stunted figure, with dwarf's legs but a normal torso. As the figure stops at the organ Caligari turns to look at him, fascinated by the sight, before going towards the rails at the top of the steps in center of set and turning and glaring balefully around him. Finally, he turns away and disappears from sight down the steps.

We are now in another part of the fairground. On either side of a central alleyway are tents with scallop shapes painted on them to represent festoons. A number of people are milling about in the space between the tents, among whom we can recognize the jovial-looking couple who gave money to the organ-grinder. To the right of the central passage is a large marquee with a triangular opening in its side. In front of it is a low platform with railings at each end. A group of small children run in from the right waving pennants. The dwarf comes in from the left carrying a poster, painted with faces and figures in grotesque positions, shaped like a kite and mounted on a standard. He disappears from sight among the people in the alleyway.

Caligari emerges from the triangular opening to the large marquee on the right and steps out on to the low platform. His round spectacles are pushed up on his forehead and he carries a triangular wooden frame mounted on the end of a pole; there is a roll of cloth strapped to the frame. He looks around at the people in the open space in front of the platform of his marquee. He is carrying a large bell in his right hand which he begins to ring, swinging it up and down vigorously.

Attracted by the sound of the bell and the extraordinary sight of Caligari brandishing it wildly, people begin to press round the platform. Caligari unrolls the cloth which he has brought out of the tent to reveal a large painting of an emaciated human figure with a disproportionately large head; it has the manic, tragic face of a painting by Munch.

TITLE: 'Step right up. Now showing for the first time:
Cesare, the somnambulist.'

Caligari harangues the rapidly growing crowd, urging them to come to his show. He strikes the poster furiously with his cane to emphasize his words.

TITLE: 'That night saw the first of a series of
mysterious crimes.'

Iris in from upper left on the head of two men; iris widens to reveal an attic bedroom. Three men are bending over a bed on the left, looking at the body of a murder victim, though our actual view of the body is blocked by part of the bed. The sheets of the bed and the pillows are in complete

disorder and lie partly on the floor, as though a violent struggle had taken place. The men draw back from the bed: two uniformed policemen and a plain-clothes inspector. Their faces register horror and consternation.

TITLE: 'Murder! The Town Clerk has been stabbed in the
side by some kind of sharp instrument.'

The inspector and the two policemen walk away from the bed towards the window at the rear of the room. They gaze out through it, then the inspector turns and speaks to his two subordinates. Iris out. Iris in on the organ-grinder's arm turning the organ crank and the monkey sitting on the organ. Alan and Francis stagger in from right; their arms are round each other's shoulders and they are both smiling broadly, very happy with their visit to the fair. They turn to face camera, look around them, turn and walk away. A group of young women enter from behind the organ and stop in front of it; their arms are linked and they are giggling happily. Meanwhile, Caligari is still declaiming at the top of his voice from the platform in front of his tent, swinging his bell with both hands. Finally, he puts down the bell, giving him more freedom of movement to gesture towards the poster of the sinister, staring figure. In the foreground are the hats of the crowd, many of them conical, as more people press round the platform.

TITLE: 'Step right up. Now showing for the first
time: Cesare, the miraculous, twenty-three
years of age, has for these three-and-twenty
years been sleeping -- night and day -- without
a break. Before your very eyes, Cesare will
awaken from his death-like rigidity. Step
right up. Step right up.'

Caligari picks the poster up in one hand and taps it vigorously with his cane to lend weight to his words. Then he puts the poster down and, with a theatrical sweep of his arm, draws back the flap of the tent opening behind him, and invites the people to enter. A number of people climb on to the platform to enter the tent, including the jovial couple we have previously noted.

Caligari, not quite satisfied with the response to his showman's cajoling, now removes his hat and makes sweeping gestures with it to urge more people to come to his show. A steady stream of people begin to enter the tent. The faces of the people in front of the platform are slightly upturned.

In the center of the group, in angle shot, are Francis and Alan; the latter is speaking eagerly, animatedly, to his friend, urging him to come with him to see the somnambulist. Francis seems dubious and cynical, but Alan still tugs insistently at his arm.

Fade in.

TITLE: The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari.

Fade out.

Inside Caligari's tent a central aisle leads from foreground to a small stage at rear. The audience for the show are sitting or standing on either side of the aisle. Suddenly a curtain on the right of the stage is swept aside and Caligari bounds on to the stage, ringing his bell and declaiming

excitedly. He swiftly gets carried away with the task of his show, casting his bell away to the left. He removes his hat and makes a sweeping bow in front of the curtain, then replaces it and continues his gesticulations with the aid of his cane. Finally he lifts the curtain on the stage and a rope tied round the curtain pulls it away out of sight. Caligari takes up a position in the center of the stage.

A long narrow cabinet, closely resembling a coffin, is standing on end at the right of the stage. Caligari points towards it vigorously, still shouting to the audience. He reaches up on top of the cabinet and takes down a short stick with which he gestures again towards the doors of the box. Then, with a sudden movement, he flicks open the right door of the cabinet, then the left, to reveal Cesare standing immobile inside. The somnambulist is wearing black tights painted with random oblique stripes and a polo neck sweater. His heavily made-up eyes, which are closed, stand out strongly against a dead white face. Caligari, spectacles pushed up on forehead, gestures towards Cesare with the short stick.

Caligari gazes maniacally towards the motionless figure of Cesare. He has pulled his spectacles down before his eyes again and his white hair straggles wildly from beneath his top hat. He turns towards Cesare, whose face, surmounted by an unruly mop of dark hair, looks very pale above his dark clothing. Caligari glares right towards Cesare.

Caligari's excited expression shows that the climax of his show is drawing near.

TITLE: 'Cesare! Do you hear me? It is I calling you:
I, Caligari, your master. Awaken for a brief
while from your dark night.'

Caligari looks up at Cesare expectantly.

Close-up of Cesare's face. He is wearing very heavy white mat make-up, with long eyelashes and thick black lines on his brow. His mouth is painted in the shape of a compressed Cupid's bow. Below each eye is a triangular patch of black make-up. In response to his master's command, the muscles around Cesare's mouth begin to twitch spasmodically, as with someone who is reluctantly coming out of a very deep sleep. His mouth quivers and falls slightly open; his eyelids flutter before parting slowly. Slowly the somnambulist's eyes open wide to a full manic glare, the iris almost entirely surrounded by white.

Caligari makes another gesture towards Cesare, who slowly raises his hands in front of him, fingers extended as though about to strangle someone. Slowly Cesare moves forward, stepping down from the cabinet; as he does so, Caligari shrinks away slightly, feigning apprehension. Cesare lowers his arms and Caligari gestures across the middle with his cane. His spectacles are once more pushed up on his forehead.

Alan and Francis are now in the audience, gazing upwards; their faces are more brightly lit than those of the other people around them. Both of them look somewhat disturbed and anxious about what is taking place on the stage and Alan's mouth has fallen slightly open. He still wears his hat with the floppy brim. He turns and talks agitatedly to Francis.

Caligari, head thrown back and knees slightly bent, is speaking to the

audience again. Cesare stands motionless, one foot behind the other in a ballet dancer's pose, hands at his side.

Caligari has begun to grin triumphantly. His spectacles are pushed back on his brow; his eyes gleam and his teeth show as he turns from one side of the audience to the other. His face lights up with a fiendish grin as he begins to speak again.

TITLE: 'Ladies and Gentlemen, Cesare will now answer
any question you like to put to him. Cesare
knows every secret. Cesare knows the past and
can see into the future. Come up and test him
for yourselves.'

Caligari bows again and looks admiringly at the wonderful Cesare. Then he turns to the audience again, looking expectantly at them, waiting for their questions.

Alan looks strangely disturbed by Caligari's proposal; he seizes Francis's hands and seems in the grip of some strange impulsion, desperately wanting to ask something. Clutching at Alan's right arm, Francis pleads with him not to ask a question. But Alan is absolutely determined to ask Cesare a question and will not be restrained.

Caligari is still posturing on the stage; Cesare's demoniac looks are emphasized by low angle lighting. Alan appears in front of the stage on the left, then crosses to the right of the stage and makes as though to climb on it. Francis comes after him, tugging at his coat and still trying to prevent him from asking his question. Finally, however, Alan manages to climb to the edge of the stage and he addresses himself to Caligari and Cesare.

Alan's face is brightly lit against a dark background -- the open face of an honest, naive young man. His eyebrows are raised questioningly as he prepares to speak.

TITLE: 'How long have I to live?'

Alan's face is upturned and questioning, his brow furrowed. Francis looks on with apparent horror as Alan asks his question and Cesare makes ready to reply.

Cesare's tousled hair falls over his brow and his eyes are staring wildly. The whiteness of his teeth stands out startlingly in his heavily made-up face. Behind him, a patch of the cabinet is brightly lit. He replies very briefly.

TITLE: 'Until tomorrow's dawn.'

Cesare purses his lips after this brief, sinister utterance. Alan draws back shocked, then smiles, trying to put a good face on things, though clearly very shaken. He draws back, panting as he does so.

Francis stares on, eyes and mouth open in simple-minded disbelief, head tilted right.

A number of the people on either side of the central aisle have risen to their feet. Alan is still standing to the right of the stage. Francis

succeeds in dragging him away, however, and the pair come down the aisle towards camera. Alan looks utterly bewildered and he has to be firmly guided by Francis. They go out right.

A street scene; there is a white area on the ground in the center and the background is composed of house facades leaning at crazy angles. A lamp-lighter emerges from rear right carrying a lamp-lighting pole. His cloak is wrapped tightly round him and he wears a trilby-style hat pushed well back on his head. He crosses the street with a strange lunging gait to light a street lamp before disappearing from sight. Two men pass from left to right in front of the houses in the background. Alan and Francis enter and walk to the center of the space between the houses. Alan's attention is suddenly drawn by a poster on a wall on the left; he grasps his friend's arm and starts towards it.

INSERT:

Holstenwall Murder. 1,000 marks reward.

Iris in on the poster; iris widens to reveal Alan and Francis gazing intently at it. Alan still looks very upset and Francis has to lead him away from the poster. The two men turn away; as they do so, Francis sees Jane enter in the background and he hurries to greet her. Alan, after a last look at the poster, goes back to join them, circling behind them and halting at Jane's side. Alan takes Jane's hand and she in turn takes Francis's hand. They smile, seemingly very happy together. Jane's brows and eyes are heavily made up.

The three friends move forwards towards camera, talking animatedly to each other.

Another street scene in long shot; there is a brightly lit patch in the center and dark angular forms on either side. A dark alleyway leads off into shadow in the background. A flight of stairs leads upwards at a peculiar angle on the left. Alan, Francis and Jane enter from behind the dark form and walk slowly across the street to the bright patch, pausing an instant and turning to face camera before disappearing behind the form on left. Fast iris down to shadow of a distorted figure painted on the wall. (Although this is supposed to be a new locale, it can clearly be seen from the preceding frame that it is shot approximately 20 feet to the rear and left of the last setting.)

Iris in on Caligari's caravan; it is painted in flowing stripes and patches and leans somewhat to the right. One wheel is partially visible on left and a short flight of steps leads up to the door in the center of the end which is visible; to the right of the door is a small slanting window. Caligari emerges from the door, descends the steps and goes to peer round his caravan, first on one side, then on the other. Looking about him expectantly, he returns and pauses briefly in front of the door, then darts into the caravan and swiftly closes the door behind him. Iris out.

TITLE: On the way home.

Resume on the street setting in which we last saw Alan, Francis and Jane, (though the camera has now moved slightly to the right). Francis and Alan enter from left and saunter towards camera. They stop in the shadow of a dark form on the left and begin to talk. Francis makes as though to ascend the

stairs.

Francis, who has now begun to climb the stairs, speaks over his shoulder to Alan, who has a bemused expression on his face.

TITLE: 'Alan, we both love her.'

The faces of the two friends are brightly lit by a street lamp hanging above them. They both look full of good intentions, fully determined to behave as nobly as possible in this difficult situation.

TITLE: 'We must let her choose. But whatever her
choice, we shall always remain friends.'

They grip each other's hand firmly in their determination to be fair-minded.

Francis disappears up the flight of stairs on the left, while Alan turns and walks away in the opposite direction, his coat billowing around him. Iris out on the street lamp.

TITLE: Night.

We are back in Alan's room; the bed is in center of frame, parallel to the right wall which is painted with black and white designs. In the background is one of the ladder-back chairs, strongly lit. Alan is asleep, his head high on the pillow, face upturned. A sinister-looking shadow slowly begins to creep across Alan and up on to the wall, assuming the outline of a human form greatly magnified. Alan suddenly awakes, utterly terrified as the person we cannot see slowly approaches his bed. He waves his hands about in front of him in a hysterical and fruitless attempt to fend the approaching person off.

Close-up of two hands with their fingers extended.

Alan is now sitting bolt upright in bed, thrashing about wildly in total panic. On the wall is the shadow of a hand with a knife poised above his head.

Alan stares, his mouth open; he clutches at his throat in a feeble attempt to defend himself.

The shadow on the wall raises the stiletto to strike and we see the shadow of Alan's hands raised to ward off the expected attack before the two close together in a desperate struggle. The standing shadow seizes the wrists of Alan's shadow, then raises the stiletto again and plunges downward.

A woman dressed in black comes hurrying down the alley between two houses at the rear of the street scene outside the house where Francis lives, almost colliding with two men who pass in front of her. Her hurrying manner suggests profound emotional disturbance and shock, as she goes towards the stairs at left and begins to dart rapidly up them.

Francis is in his room standing by the large leather sofa; he is carefully adjusting his bow-tie. The woman in black rushes into the room behind Francis, who abruptly spins round to discover the cause of this sudden intrusion. The woman moves towards him, her face registering extreme grief and horror.

TITLE: 'Mr. Francis! Mr. Francis! Mr. Alan is dead.
Murdered.'

The woman is speaking passionately, her left hand clasped to her breast. Francis's hands are still raised at the horrible news, his face expresses a mixture of sorrow and disbelief. The woman turns away to hide her face in her hands, completely overcome by her grief. Francis holds his fingertips almost together; his mouth has fallen partly open and he stares blankly away. He turns to the woman, who looks up startled, and points to the rear of the room. They both begin to move back past the sofa in the direction in which Francis has pointed.

In Alan's room, his disordered bed bears witness to the recent struggle, though we cannot see Alan's body from this angle. Francis and the woman rush into the room. He gazes horror-struck in the direction of the bed, before moving towards it; the woman looks away. Francis turns and comes slowly towards camera, eyes switching from left to right; the woman remains in the background by the window. A look of comprehension, which brings on a fit of gasping and swallowing, suddenly flits across Francis's face as he recalls something.

TITLE: 'The prophecy of the somnambulist!'

Francis stands staring, wide-eyed, trying to grasp an idea which his mind cannot quite entertain. The woman is almost lost in shadow at the rear of the room. Francis raises the finger of his left hand to his cheek; his expression is that of a man engaged in the solution of a terrible problem. Iris out.

Diamond iris in, widening to reveal a staircase curving left and losing itself in shadow. Francis enters right, arms waving, and disappears at a run up the staircase.

Francis rushes into an office in the police-station. There is a table in the center of the office and two policemen are perched on very high stools, one on either side of the table. A number of papers are strewn on the floor in the foreground. On the left is a range of pigeon-holes from which more papers protrude; there is a triangular window in the back wall, on which a number of triangular shapes are painted. Both policemen are crouching conscientiously over their work when Francis enters, but his precipitous entrance causes them to climb down from their stools and close round him. They are both wearing flat round hats with chin straps and long jackets with double rows of shiny buttons. Francis clutches the arm of one of them.

Francis, very close to hysteria, has now laid a hand on both policemen, whose looks betray extreme concern as Francis talks wildly, eyes staring and chin thrust forward. He removes a hand from one of the policemen and raises it to the back of his neck, then slowly pantomimes the stabbing; he gasps and pants as he thrusts upwards and downwards. The two policemen lean back slightly and exchange a meaningful glance behind his back. Francis's hand remains upraised in a gesture of determination.

TITLE: 'I will not rest until I have got to the bottom
of these terrible events.'

Francis, eyes rolling dramatically, stands with arm aloft. One of the policemen dashes off left, while the other remains with Francis, who has now started to make stabbing motions again. The other policeman re-enters,

closely followed by a youngish inspector wearing a short cape and a high conical hat. The three policemen all cluster round Francis, who stands at the front of the group with his right arm raised. The inspector confers with his two subordinates behind Francis.

Francis descends the stairs from the police station slowly and hesitantly; he is still very dazed and bewildered by events. At the foot of the stairs, where low-angle lighting gives his face a macabre pallor, he comes towards camera, then stops and raises his hand wearily to his brow. He pushes his hair back, then lets his arm slowly fall over his face, before leaving right, head bowed. Iris out.

The scene changes to that of a peaceful garden. On the left is a high wall which curves gently to center rear and immediately beneath it is a path which runs along the length of the wall. On the right of the path are a number of cutouts representing trees and bushes. Jane, dressed in a flowing white gown, comes down the few steps which lead from a doorway in the wall and hurries along the path to meet Francis who is advancing towards her. When they meet, the girl catches hold of his arm and turns to walk with him along the path. Francis is staggering slightly from the effect of recent events. They stop near the doorway and the girl gazes up into his face, trying to divine the reason for his disturbed condition. Jane has to bend slightly forward to look into Francis's face, but as Francis reveals the reason for his grief, she straightens up suddenly, eyes dilated with horror. Francis slumps left and sinks down on a bench by the wall; shoulders bowed, he is the picture of utter wretchedness. The girl asks him to tell her more of what has happened; every detail that Francis adds to his story draws a further shudder of horror from her, until, unable to bear any more, she turns away again, incapable of containing her grief.

Jane enters a sitting room, the sides of which are curtained with broad swathes of scrim. In the center of the room is a small occasional table on which there is a vase containing three unnatural looking flowers; there is a long curved sofa behind the table; the rear wall is painted with a scallop pattern. Jane is followed in almost immediately by Francis and they both come to the center of the room, standing between the table and sofa, where the girl motions to Francis to remain before leaving the room. Francis stands alone for a few seconds by the table and then an older man, Jane's father, very carefully dressed in dark suit and high white collar, enters and goes swiftly towards the table to talk to Francis.

Dissolve to Francis and Jane's father talking together. As Francis talks he gestures downwards with his clenched fist; the other man, a very serious expression on his face, listens carefully, looking over his spectacles at Francis. He appears very concerned about what he hears but he manages all the same to lay a reassuring hand on Francis's wrist.

TITLE: 'I will get a permit from the police to examine
the somnambulist.'

Jane's father continues talking animatedly while Francis listens intently. He nods in agreement as the other man points off left across him before they both leave the room.

Night has fallen; we see a narrow street in the town, partly illuminated by a bright lamp which is suspended above the street. The walls of the houses on either side of the street lean crazily in all directions; there are slanting

windows in the walls on right and a shadowy doorway in the wall opposite. The figure of a man emerges furtively from the shadows at rear and moves cautiously forward, hugging the wall on right and remaining well concealed in its shadow. His features and dress gradually become more visible as he moves towards camera, and we see that he has a full black beard. He is wearing a dark jacket and sweater, with trousers in a lighter material tucked into knee boots. He moves, still furtive, out of the shadow and crosses to the other side of the street, constantly glancing over his shoulder to make sure he is still unobserved. Then, with a last swift movement, he darts into the doorway on left. Iris out.

Iris in, upper left of screen, on a woman wearing a frilly night cap shouting and screaming at a window.

TITLE: 'Murder! ... Help! ... Murder!'

The woman screams frantically from the window.

The bearded man suddenly rushes out of the doorway and into the street, now seen in high angle shot. A knife glints in his hand as he rushes down the street in the direction from which he came. Suddenly, however, he is forced to turn round as a group of townspeople, attracted by the woman's cries, rush into the street. The man turns and comes towards camera, one eye on his pursuers and his knife raised defensively in front of him.

The bearded man is finally captured by his pursuers in another street -- the one from which the flight of steps lead up to Francis's room. The man struggles so violently that several townspeople are needed to hold him down; they manage after a struggle to drag him away. Iris out.

Iris in on Caligari, dressed in his top hat and long dark coat; he is bending low over something and making vigorous stirring motions. Iris widens to reveal the interior of Caligari's caravan and Caligari stirring a bowl of porridge or similar mashed food. The interior is almost entirely bare of furnishing or decoration; behind Caligari is the end of the caravan with the door which we have already seen from the outside; to the left of the door is a small window. There is a long chest on left which can be recognized as the cabinet in which Cesare has been displayed at the fair; it is now lying lengthways. By the cabinet is a low table on which Caligari sits while he stirs the mashed food. Caligari rises to his feet, still stirring, walks around the back of the table and places the bowl of food on it. He turns to the cabinet and opens the doors to disclose Cesare lying absolutely prone and stiff, seemingly in a very deep sleep. Caligari round to the head of the cabinet, reaches in, places both hands under Cesare's arms and raises him to a sitting position; Cesare's eyes are still closed. Caligari steadies the somnambulist in his sitting position as Cesare looks as though he may very well fall back into the cabinet. The Doctor turns and picks up the bowl of food he has prepared and begins to feed the mash to Cesare, stirring the food between each spoonful.

The scene changes to the outside of Caligari's caravan. Francis, followed by Jane's father, comes in from left. Francis is wearing a flowing cape and a hat with a rounded crown and brim; his companion is wearing a top hat. They go towards the door of the caravan and Francis moves slightly to the right so that he can look through the window before knocking on the door.

Inside the caravan, Caligari, who is still feeding Cesare, looks up suddenly

as he hears the knocking on his door. He hurriedly puts the bowl down and pushes Cesare back into a recumbent position in the cabinet and quickly closes the doors. He goes towards the door, but before he opens it, he crouches slightly and turns to take one last look at the interior to make certain everything is in order. He finally moves to open the door.

Francis and Jane's father are still waiting outside the caravan; Francis knocks urgently at the door. Caligari opens the door and sticks his head out to look at Francis; the other man is excluded from his view because the door opens outwards. Francis and Caligari exchange some words which seem to make the latter very excited, for he suddenly jumps down the steps, slams the door shut behind him and spreads out his arms to bar the two men from entering the caravan.

Caligari continues to bar the way of the others into his caravan, glaring implacably at them through his round spectacles, shouting 'Nein!' in reply to their entreaties to enter. The Doctor produces a piece of paper from his pocket which he shows to Caligari, provoking Caligari to clench his fists in fury and further shouts of 'Nein!' After further exchanges Caligari finally relents, shuffles slightly forward, then turns and bows towards the caravan with exaggerated politeness for Jane's father to enter; he goes in, followed by Francis and Caligari.

The stairs leading to the police station; four townspeople enter dragging the bearded man, whom they half pull, half push up the stairs. A curl of smoke, whose existence is unexplained, rises from left.

Three policemen in uniform are sitting round the table in the station office; two are on high stools on either side of the table and the other is sitting lower down behind the table. The group of men from the town enter at a run: propelling their bearded captive into the room. The policemen climb down from their stools and join the townspeople in the center of the room around the criminal. The townsmen, all of whom are wearing capes and conical hats, point accusingly at the man they have captured.

Camera pans over the faces of the men as they all try to give their evidence simultaneously. They talk rapidly, excitedly. The captive has a hang-dog, beaten look in the middle of his accusers.

Close-up of the criminal, hair disordered and chin covered with several days stubble. He glares balefully at his captors. On the right the face of a townsman is visible, serious, slightly worried. One of the men hands the knife which has been confiscated from the criminal to the inspector. The latter balances it thoughtfully in his hand, looks at the criminal and gestures left, whereupon the policemen seize the captive and march him firmly off. The four men from the town remain with the inspector; the man closest to him points to the knife and speaks and the others move closer to offer their opinion before finally leaving in a group. The Inspector remains gazing at the knife and then turns and goes back to the desk behind him.

Meanwhile, inside Caligari's caravan, Jane's father, a doctor, is examining Cesare who has been raised to a half-sitting position. Caligari is standing right, fuming with rage, while Francis has taken up a position at the head of the cabinet to see what Jane's father is doing. The doctor looks up and glances towards Caligari, before bending again to listen to Cesare's heartbeat. Cesare's eyes are still closed.

Caligari slides his eyes craftily to left, followed by a movement of his head. Then slowly he moves his head and eyes back right. Jane's father straightens up and turns towards Caligari, speaking sharply to him and gesturing with both hands.

TITLE: 'Wake him up.'

Caligari scowls malevolently at the doctor and firmly refuses to carry out his request. Francis looks through the window, his attention suddenly attracted by something outside. He dashes to the door and disappears through it.

Outside Caligari's caravan; Francis bursts suddenly out of the door as another man enters scene and promptly leaves again after handing Francis a handbill, which Francis starts reading avidly. He turns and calls to Jane's father, who in turn comes dashing down the steps to read the handbill; the two men stand bent over the document.

INSERT:

LATE EXTRA!
HOLSTENWALL MURDER MYSTERY SOLVED.
The killer of two recent victims
has been caught in his third attempt.

Francis and the doctor look closely at the document, then turn and look over their shoulders as Caligari comes abruptly through his front door. They leave hurriedly left and Caligari, standing on the steps of his caravan with his hat in his hand, makes two exaggeratedly sweeping bows after their departing figures. He grins slyly, then raises his hat to his face and peeps over it. He cackles gaily, replaces the hat firmly on his head and goes back into the caravan, turning momentarily to look in the direction which Francis and his companion have taken.

TITLE: Worried by her father's long absence ...

Jane is sitting at the small table in the scrim-hung room in her house. She is gazing abstractedly at an open book which she holds chest-high in front of her. She turns her head to look left -- anxiously, as though waiting for someone -- then turns back to her book again. Finally she shuts the book with a gesture of impatience, rises, looks around worriedly and makes as though to leave the room.

In the meantime, Francis and her father have arrived at the police station. The bearded criminal is standing between two policemen, scowling horribly. Jane's father is sitting on the right of the room on a ladder-back chair and Francis stands just behind him, his elbow resting on the back of the chair.

Francis's face is very pale, registering deep anguish. Everyone is staring intently at the criminal, whose bearded face shifts uneasily.

The criminal looks shiftily to one side and speaks through gritted teeth. His eyes move from side to side as he infuses greater vehemence into what he is saying.

TITLE: 'I had nothing to do with the first two
murders, so help me God.'

The expression on the speaker's face becomes slightly calmer. Jane's father barks something at the criminal, moving his head up and down emphatically. The latter stares in front of him, head slightly bent.

Close-up of the criminal as he continues his account.

TITLE: 'The old woman ... yes; it's true I wanted to
kill her ... with a stab from the same kind of
dagger, to throw suspicion on to the mystery
murderer.'

The criminal begins to speak very emphatically.

Jane's father and Francis listen intently as the criminal finishes his account.

Puzzlement registers on the faces of Jane's father and Francis. The doctor looks upwards over his spectacles and Francis looks down at the doctor, before looking again in the direction of the criminal. Francis turns away from the criminal towards the camera, puts his hand to his brow and leans on the back of the doctor's chair. His expression shows that he does not know what to believe; iris out upper right on his head and hand.

Iris in on the merry-go-round in the upper right of the fairground scene; the merry-go-round is no longer turning. Iris also includes Jane's face. The iris widens as Jane turns to look over her left shoulder, before walking across the open space in front of the merry-go-round and the railings which mark the top of the flight of steps. She is now wearing a long dress made of striped material. She walks towards the rear of the open space, then turns and looks around her. Finally she crosses to the head of the steps on the right and goes down them, serpentine from one side to the other as she descends the various flights and finally disappears from view.

Jane comes towards camera down the alleyway; between the fairground tents and marquees. On the right is the platform in front of Caligari's tent, with the unrolled poster of Cesare still in position. Jane advances cautiously down the alleyway, peering about her. When she reaches Caligari's tent, she first gazes at the poster, then begins to mount the steps to the platform. There is some trepidation in her attitude, but she is determined to go on in spite of herself.

Caligari's head pokes out of the tent opening. He looks to right and left, glaring through his spectacles.

Jane, who has now reached the top of the short flight of stairs leading on to the platform, recoils slightly at the unnerving sight of the doctor, now leaning forward out of the tent opening and gesturing towards her with the head of his cane.

Jane's face in close-up looks deadly pale, an effect accentuated by the dark shadow around the eyes, which now register alarm at the sudden apparition of Caligari.

Caligari comes completely out of the tent opening to speak to Jane; he is still gesturing towards her with his cane. She leans forward to speak to him from her position at the top of the stairs and he bends down to her level to

hear more clearly.

TITLE: 'Is my father here -- the doctor?'

Caligari smiles as Jane speaks to him, almost as though he were making a special effort to be polite to her. He shakes his head. A crafty grin flits across Caligari's face and he looks away right. Then his eyes switch back left; he looks extremely pleased with himself.

TITLE: 'Oh yes -- the doctor. Won't you come in and
wait for him?'

As Caligari replies, Jane, still very ill at ease in the presence of this bizarre individual, raises her hands across her chest and draws back. Caligari gestures towards the tent opening, inviting her to come in. Her hesitancy shows clearly and Caligari's bowing and cajoling become more frenetic. Eventually she steps forward reluctantly on to the platform and Caligari disappears inside the tent though his hand is still visible beckoning from the opening.

Inside the tent, Caligari enters left, followed by Jane to whom he turns with a sinister smile, beckoning her to come forward as he moves towards the cabinet now standing in its former position, upright on the tiny stage at the rear of the tent. Jane looks extremely apprehensive as Caligari uses all his gifts as a showman to increase the feeling of tension in the situation. Standing to the left of the cabinet, he extends his forefinger and flips open first one, then the other door of the cabinet, revealing Cesare standing motionless, eyes closed. Caligari hops into a half crouch and springs round, grinning unpleasantly, to see what effect this revelation has had on Jane.

Caligari's eyes stare wickedly and brightly through his round spectacles.

Jane draws away from the sinister form of Cesare, but Caligari gestures with his hand for her to come nearer and points jerkily towards Cesare with the head of his cane. Jane moves slowly towards the still figure of the somnambulist, fascinated in spite of herself. She moves to the right of the cabinet and looks upwards towards the occupant making her face almost invisible. Cesare suddenly inclines his head slightly towards the girl, opens his eyes and glares at her. Jane is terrified; she backs away away and turns, raising her hand to her throat. Caligari looks on, very satisfied with the effect of his little exhibition. Jane, overcome with terror, screams and rushes away. Caligari and Cesare move their heads slightly to follow her departure. Iris out on Caligari's face.

TITLE: After the funeral.

Iris in on the cemetery wall which runs from right foreground to a half-grill gate at rear. Foliage forms are painted on the wall and branch and leaf forms hang down from above. Jane, her father, and Francis enter through the gate and walk forwards towards camera. They are all dressed in mourning and Jane walks with her head slightly bowed. The trio walks solemnly forward and disappears on right. Iris out.

TITLE: Night.

Francis has returned to the fairground, where we see him descending the steps behind the railing of the balustrade, gradually disappearing from view as he

negotiates each successive flight.

Francis enters the alleyway between the tents and marquees from the rear. He runs forward quickly yet stealthily, keeping close to the tents on the left, the opposite side to Caligari's tent. When he reaches a point immediately opposite Caligari's tent, he tries to peer through the opening, then swiftly darts across the alleyway to the foot of the platform to get a closer look. Still not satisfied, he pulls himself up on to the platform and creeps forward on his hands and knees to the entrance of the tent. He raises the flap slightly and looks inside, finally pushing his head completely through the opening. Then, seemingly worried that someone should see him in this strange posture, he looks furtively behind him. Not seeing what he was looking for, he gets up and goes off down the alleyway, still hesitant, still looking for something, Francis enters from the left outside Caligari's caravan and runs crouching across to the right where he sidles up to the window.

Francis peers curiously through the window of Caligari's' caravan. Through the window Caligari can be seen sitting in a chair on the left, apparently asleep, his hands folded under his chin and supported on the top of his cane. By his side the upper half of the open cabinet is visible, revealing Cesare's upturned face seen from below. He also appears to be asleep.

Francis is still gazing through the window.

Jane's bedroom in medium long shot; at the rear are very high narrow windows with painted scroll work between them. In the foreground is Jane's bed, lavishly draped with white material. Jane is asleep, face upturned and her right arm curling round the back of her head.

At the same time, just outside Jane's house, Cesare advances stealthily down the path by the garden wall, still dressed in his tight dark clothes. He walks, with a strange stiff-legged gait, right arm extended above his head as he feels his way along the wall with his hand. He finally comes to a lighted doorway in the wall and he turns slowly and mounts the three steps which lead up to it and disappears.

Jane is still sleeping in the same position as before. Behind one of the windows at the rear of the room the sinister figure of Cesare slowly rises up.

The face and torso of Cesare appear more clearly through the window. A long stiletto gleams in his hand.

Jane, however, continues to sleep peacefully, as Cesare begins to remove a bar from the window.

Cesare has now completely detached the bar from the window; he quickly tosses it away and steps over the window sill into the room. Cesare moves away slowly from the window, sliding towards the bed like some graceful automaton. As he comes to the edge of the bed, he raises the shining stiletto over the sleeping form of the oblivious Jane. The whites of his eyes are brightly visible.

Cesare stares forward, expressionless, the long dagger poised for the downward plunge.

Cesare begins to stab downwards towards Jane's body. Then suddenly he stops and his shoulders move jerkily several times. An almost benevolent expression spreads over his face, as he drops the knife and begins to bend forward slowly again.

Gently, Cesare bends down towards Jane, slowly extending his fingers and reaching out with his right arm until it touches the hair of the sleeping girl. Jane wakes up immediately, absolutely beside herself with terror. Cesare seizes her wrists.

Grinning grotesquely, Cesare struggles with the girl's wrists and pulls her face towards him. She holds her eyes tightly shut. Cesare, laughing, grasps her by her chin and hair and pushes her down on the bed, where she continues to struggle.

She fights with Cesare on the bed and manages to roll away from him for an instant, but then he manages to grasp both wrists again as she hurls herself forward in a determined effort to shake him off. In an effort to hold her still, Cesare wraps his arm round the girl's breast, whereupon she raises her hands as though to scratch his face, so that he is forced to grab her wrists again. Finally Cesare manages to set both his hands round the girl's neck.

Cesare picks Jane up, his left arm passing round her waist. She is still struggling so violently that Cesare is unable to detach her from a bundle of bedclothes which he picks up with her.

Two men are asleep, in medium shot, heads pointing towards the center of the frame. They suddenly sit up in bed, looking very alarmed, and point off left. The older man turns to the younger and they both begin to get out of bed as quickly as possible.

Cesare, in the meantime, has grasped the girl more firmly and is carrying her towards the window through which he entered; the bedclothes fall to the floor as Jane still struggles faintly under his arm.

The two men, now risen from their beds, move away from camera into darkness.

The two men rush into Jane's bedroom from the rear and dash towards the empty bed, waving their arms in consternation and confusion. A dark-haired woman, wearing a white blouse and dark skirt, runs in after them. Another man follows her into the room, pushes his way between the two others and throws himself on the rumpled bed in a burst of grief and desperation. Then the first two men and the woman notice the window open at the back of the room and all three run back towards it.

The younger man points up through the window towards the rooftops. His companion looks through the window in the same direction.

The man who prostrated himself on the bed now picks himself up and goes to join the other three at the window.

He rudely pushes the woman out of his way in his anxiety to look out of the window.

Cesare comes from the left carrying the girl bundled under his arm; he makes his way across very precipitous rooftops which lean towards each other at crazy angles. Long, narrow chimney-pots pointing in all directions, stand out

against a brightly-lit sky. Cesare walks swiftly along the ridge of one of the rooftops and then begins to disappear from sight behind the crest of a roof.

Caligari, seen through the bars of his caravan window, is still apparently asleep, hands folded on top of his cane. By his side, the figure of Cesare is still lying in the open cabinet.

Outside the caravan, Francis gazes intently through the window.

Cesare, still carrying Jane, comes out of the brightly lit doorway in the garden wall. He moves away quickly down the path towards the rear, keeping close to the wall.

A second or two later, the young man, who has already been seen in the bedroom, starts out of the doorway in hot pursuit of Cesare; he is followed closely by the older man, still wearing pajama trousers. They run quickly down the path and disappear.

Cesare, now staggering under his human burden, is approaching the crown of a small hump-backed bridge, from which a tortuous path leads down. The bridge is very abruptly arched and lamps and a balustrade are painted along its parapet. In the foreground are a number of gaunt gothic tree forms, giving a sinister air to the scene. The sides of the screen are blacked out. Cesare staggers down the path from the crown of the bridge, turning his feet outwards in an effort to preserve his balance. As he comes down from the bridge, his two pursuers appear on the path on the other side of the bridge, rapidly gaining on him. Cesare lets Jane fall to the ground and runs away down the path. The two leading men pick up her prostrate body and, joined by a third, carry her back up the path and over the bridge. As they pick her up, a number of men dash past them to continue the pursuit of Cesare.

Cesare appears climbing up a steeply sloping path on a hillside covered with coarse, spear-pointed grass. On the horizon are cut-out tree forms with weird tapering branches; they stand out in silhouette against a brightly-lit sky. As he mounts the path, Cesare shows all the signs of great exhaustion: his shoulders are sagging, his arms are droopingly outstretched, as though he is making a feeble attempt to retain his balance. He staggers, stops, turns, crumples to the ground and rolls away out of sight down the hillside.

Francis is still standing looking through the window of Caligari's caravan. He turns away slightly from the window and half-faces camera; he seems pensive, troubled.

He ducks away from the window and moves stealthily away; he comes towards camera and exits center foreground.

Jane lies sprawled in a chair in the sitting room of her father's house. Her father, the doctor, is bending anxiously over her. A maidservant leaves the room at rear as Francis rushes in from the left and throws himself passionately at Jane's feet, imploring her to show some sign of consciousness.

Dissolve to Francis and the doctor lifting Jane into an upright sitting position. Her eyes, though open, are quite expressionless and the iris is almost completely surrounded by white. Francis gazes imploringly into the eyes of his beloved. Jane at last begins to look around her with signs of

increasing consciousness; but the muscles of her face freeze as a terrible memory recurs to her.

TITLE: 'Cesare ...'

Jane shrieks again and raises her hands to her face. Francis shakes his head negatively, almost pityingly, as he looks up into her terror stricken face. Jane nods her head again, very certain she is correct about her attacker's identity. Francis, a worried expression on his face, rises to his feet and joins Jane's father standing behind his daughter's chair. He takes the doctor's hand and places it emphatically on his chest.

TITLE: 'It can't have been Cesare. Cesare was asleep
all the time. I have been watching him for
hours.'

Francis emphasizes what he has just said with a firm gesture of his clenched hand. Jane, for her part, raises both hands and clenches her fists, absolutely convinced she is right. The doctor bends forward to listen intently to his daughter. Then he turns to look at Francis, who remains equally firmly convinced by what he believes to be the evidence of his own eyes.

The doctor bends down to listen to what Jane has to say. She half-turns her head to the left and raises it slightly towards her father. Iris out.

Back at the police-station; two policemen sit one on either side of the central table. Francis dashes in from the left and stops in front of the table, turning to the policeman at left with an excited movement. The policeman climbs down from his stool, as does his companion. All three men turn towards camera and Francis, now talking excitedly and looking wildly about him, emphasizes his words with downward strokes of his right hand. He is beginning to appear tired now, as though recent events are proving too much for him. He raises his hand to his brow and stares hard at the policeman on the left before speaking.

TITLE: 'Is the prisoner safely in his cell?'

Francis looks at the one on the left who nods affirmatively, as does his colleague. Francis looks utterly bewildered.

TITLE.: 'I should like to see him.'

The two policemen confer briefly between themselves, then lead Francis away between them.

Francis comes down the station stairs followed by the two policemen; the three exit at left. Iris out.

Iris opens out to reveal an enclosed space with large inverted pyramidal forms on either side, representing the outside of the jail. A figure '5' is printed boldly on the form at left. The policemen enter from the shadows at the rear of the space, followed at a distance by Francis. He follows them as they walk round the form, beckoning him to come and look at something with them. The two policemen and Francis in close-up look right. The policemen are in profile, while Francis has turned away from camera. The policemen's faces, very solemn, are strongly lit from below; one of them has a sweeping handle-

bar moustache, the other a tiny tooth-brush affair.

The bearded criminal is squatting on the floor of his cell in the center of a white painted patch in the form of four trapezoids splayed out star-fashion. Behind him the wall is painted in broad irregular bands of white and black; there is a distorted window high in the wall behind him. His right leg is attached by a length of chain with massive links to an irregular block at left. The criminal raises his head, then slowly lets it sink down on his chest again. Francis turns from the triangular-shaped peep-hole, through which he has been looking at the criminal, to look at the policemen. Then he turns to face camera, his face drawn and worried -- is there nothing stable or fixed in the world?

Back at Caligari's caravan, Cesare's master is looking anxiously through the bars of his window. His eyes shift backwards and forwards uneasily as he anxiously awaits the return of the somnambulist.

Caligari is apparently asleep again in the chair by the open cabinet, in which the recumbent form of Cesare is still visible. Outside the caravan, Francis enters from left and goes towards the window, closely followed by the inspector and two policemen. Caligari can still be seen through the window sitting beside Cesare's cabinet.

The policemen hesitate briefly in front of the caravan door and the inspector turns towards his two subordinates. Francis has taken up his old post by the window. The inspector motions to the two policemen to position themselves on either side of the caravan, while he raps sharply on the door. Caligari, fully dressed in hat and coat and carrying his cane, bounces out angrily, slams the door behind him and looks defiantly at the inspector.

TITLE: 'He must not be disturbed.'

Caligari makes forbidding gestures with his cane, firmly resisting all attempts to enter his caravan. The inspector steps quickly up from the left and shoves Caligari roughly inside.

The inspector pushes Caligari to the right of the door which he then opens, whereupon the two policemen climb up the steps and enter the caravan.

Caligari looks out of the corner of his eyes towards the open door, then he closes his eyes and allows his head to fall slowly forward. His right hand is clasped to his chest.

The policemen come out of the caravan and descend the steps carrying the notorious cabinet between them. They set it down on the ground and the inspector and Francis start forward expectantly. Caligari rolls his eyes in panic as he looks downward towards the box. He raises his clenched fist to his face and draws back.

The two policemen stand back and the inspector quickly bends forward and opens the lid of the cabinet. None of the men can contain his curiosity and they all bend over the box to look at the figure of Cesare which lies revealed. The head of Cesare is seen from below the chin; below the chin is the high neck of the polo neck sweater.

Francis bends forward to grasp the figure in the box by the shoulders. Behind him, Caligari, wide-eyed with alarm, raises his hands in horror. He is not so

paralyzed by the situation, however, that he cannot make good his escape while all the other men are preoccupied with the figure in the box. Francis pulls the figure up to its full length, then flings it down disgustedly on the box as he realizes he is holding a dummy.

Caligari appears running up a sloping path across a hillside very similar to the one on which Cesare collapsed. It is also painted with jagged lines to represent spearhead grass and there are the same gaunt silhouettes of trees on the ridge of the hill. Caligari runs up the path to the top of the hill, where he pauses briefly -- a sinister cloaked and hatted figure silhouetted against the bright sky -- before disappearing from view over the crest. As he drops from sight, Francis appears on the path in the foreground and also dashes up to the crest of the hill before disappearing on the other side in pursuit of the fugitive.

Caligari appears running over the small hump-backed bridge and down the tortuous path where Cesare earlier let Jane fall; he sways wildly as he comes at a strange shuffling run towards camera. The dark figure of Francis materializes on the crown of the bridge, in hot pursuit. He chases Caligari out in center foreground.

Caligari runs up from right along another path up a steep hillside. The scene is very similar to the one in which Caligari has already crossed a hillside, but the path he follows is broader and there are fewer tree silhouettes on the crest of the hill. Francis follows Caligari closely up the path, gaining on him steadily.

Caligari scuttles in at right of a street scene, which is brightly illuminated from above by street lamps. The walls on either side of the street disappear into shadow; a poster stands out prominently on one of the walls. Caligari runs towards a gate at the rear which he opens and through which he disappears. Francis enters right, pauses by the corner of the wall to peer round it, then begins to move swiftly towards the gate through which Caligari has disappeared.

But before Francis reaches the gate his attention is caught by the poster which is prominently displayed on one of the walls. He stops to read it; we note that there is a tiny arrow pointing from it towards the gate through which Caligari has just passed. Francis starts back as he reads what is written -- LUNATIC ASYLUM.

Francis shrinks back from the poster, then turns towards the gate and opens it gingerly.

Francis is escorted into a courtyard by a white-jacketed attendant. At the rear of the courtyard is the light-colored facade of the main building of the Institution, in which there are three large rounded arches with vaguely oriental patterns painted round them. About eight feet above these, set in the wall of the facade, is a row of eight smaller arched openings. The courtyard itself is painted with alternate rays of light and dark which spread out from a radial point close to the center of the yard. On the right of the courtyard a number of deep leather armchairs are set out.

After escorting Francis to the center of the yard, the attendant walks swiftly to the arch on right of the facade and disappears. Francis remains in the courtyard gazing inquisitively about him. The attendant returns from the archway accompanied by a youngish doctor wearing a long white coat. The two

men approach Francis and the doctor remains to talk to him, while the attendant goes out past the leather armchairs on the right. Francis speaks excitedly to the young doctor.

TITLE: 'Have you a patient here named Dr. Caligari?'

The doctor shakes his head negatively and Francis becomes more frantic, moving his hands excitedly to emphasize his words. The young doctor turns and goes back towards the arch where an older man, gray-haired and also wearing a long white coat, has appeared. The two doctors confer briefly together, while Francis remains in foreground, back to camera. The two men walk forward to join Francis and the older one listens carefully to Francis's story, a worried expression on his face. Francis, for his part, looks very puzzled and distressed.

TITLE: 'The Director came back only today. Perhaps you
would like to talk to him yourself.'

Francis nods, signifying that he would like to see the Director, and he turns to follow the older doctor through the archway. The younger man digs his hands deeply into the pockets of his white coat and goes out right.

The old doctor appears on the left leading Francis down a hallway towards a door on right. The floor of the hallway is painted with black tendril forms. The doctor turns to Francis and opens the door in the wall of the hall and then waits for Francis to precede him through it. Francis removes his hat as he passes through the doorway, while the doctor remains in the hall and closes the door after Francis and turns to retrace his steps down the hall.

Francis enters a strangely chaotic room. The walls are very irregular and painted with curved shapes; the floor is painted with dark wavy lines. There is a standing skeleton on left and at rear of room is a large irregularly curved desk. In front of the desk are several high piles of books and there are a further two piles on the desk. Between these two piles can be seen the bent head of the Director as he works at his desk; we can see that he has white, straggling hair. Francis advances slowly towards him.

Behind the head of the Director is the heavily upholstered leather back of his armchair. Slowly the Director raises his head to reveal the madly staring eyes, round spectacles and long white hair of Dr. Caligari.

Francis, unable to control his shock, stumbles over one of the piles of books, then starts backwards under the basilisk gaze of Caligari. He spins round as quickly as he can and flees to the door.

Francis backs out through the door into the hall, staring wildly into the room he has just left. He manages, however, to gather himself together sufficiently to slam the door shut before lurching unsteadily away down the hall.

Still staggering, Francis appears coming down a flight of stairs and through the central arch of the facade into the courtyard. Three men in white coats rush after him through the arch and together half lift him, half drag him, into one of the leather armchairs on right of the courtyard.

Francis's face has turned a chalky-white with shock and contrasts sharply with the more normal flesh tones of the faces of the three doctors who gather

in a semi-circle round his chair, bending forward eagerly to catch his words; they exchange concerned glances. Francis speaks rapidly, turning from one to another of the men.

TITLE: 'He -- he alone and none other -- is Caligari.'

The three doctors look at one another, then bend forward towards Francis, listening intently. Francis talks on, clasping his hands together, imploring them to believe him. He raises his hands to his brow in utter despair at their apparent disbelief. Fade out.

TITLE: While the Doctor is asleep at his house,
 investigations are made.

High angle shot of a man lying asleep on a brightly lit bed; the room around the bed is partly lost in shadow. The bedclothes are very disordered and the head of the man tosses uneasily in his sleep, revealing the features of Caligari.

Fade into an exterior scene: Francis is just approaching a door in an outside wall of the Institution. A winding path leads away towards rear past a silhouette tree with thorny branches. As Francis reaches the door, a doctor dressed in a long coat comes out. He stops and speaks to Francis who seems about to push his way past the man and go through the door.

TITLE: 'He is asleep.'

The doctor and Francis move away from the door and walk away from camera down the winding path.

Francis and three doctors in long white coats come down the hall towards the door of the Director's office. One of the men opens it and all four disappear inside.

Once inside the Director's office, the four men rush towards the large desk at the rear and begin to examine excitedly the books which are piled on it, looking closely at the titles. The older doctor towards the standing skeleton, moves it aside and reaches behind it. The others look on curiously.

Francis and the other two doctors stare intently right. Behind the skeleton is a small cupboard set deeply in the wall, from which the older man removes two weighty-looking tomes. His triumphant expression plainly shows that he has found what he has been looking for. He opens the first and smiles affirmatively. The older doctor has rejoined the other three men who are grouped around the desk. Francis opens the upper of the two volumes and the other three gather round to read over his shoulder as he bends forwards over the desk.

INSERT (printed in black-letter type):

Somnambulism.
A Compendium of the University of Uppsala.
Published in the year 1726.

Francis looks up at the other men, the light of understanding dawning in his eyes.

TITLE: 'This has always been his special study.'

Francis looks at the other men, then down at the book again, which he begins to leaf through excitedly, turning the pages with great rapidity.

Caligari, seen from a high angle, is still sleeping restlessly in his disordered bed.

The four men are now bent very closely over one of the pages in the book. Francis's nose is only about a foot from the page.

INSERT (printed in black-letter type):

The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari
In the year 1703, a mystic by the name of Dr.
Caligari, together with a somnambulist called
Cesare, used to frequent the fairgrounds ...

The doctor on left looks intently at the book over Francis's shoulder. Camera pans right over Francis's face as he reads eagerly.

INSERT (in upper part of screen, the lower third being blacked out; text continues from the preceding insert):

... and for months he kept town after town in a
state of panic by a series of murders, all of
them perpetrated in similar circumstances ...

Camera pans from left to right over the men's faces, fascinated by what they read.

The men continued to pore over the same page. Francis traces each line with his right hand as he reads.

INSERT (black-letter type, following on from preceding insert):

... for he caused a somnambulist, whom he had
entirely subjected to his will, to carry out
his fantastic plans. By means of a puppet
figure, modeled in the exact likeness of
Cesare, which he laid in the chest when Cesare
was away, Dr. Caligari was able to allay any
suspicion which might fall on the somnambulist.

Francis leafs swiftly through the rest of the first book, then turns to the second, which is lying on the desk.

INSERT (written in longhand on white; borders of screen are blacked out):

My Diary.

Francis looks round excitedly at his companions and opens the diary at what must be an important passage, for he immediately crouches over it, chin supported on hands. The other three men gather round again to read over his shoulder.

INSERT (written in longhand on white in the same angular hand as the words

'My Diary' on the cover; the borders of the screen left and right blacked out):

March 12th,
At last -- at last! Today I have been notified
of the case of a somnambulist.

INSERT (hand-written on white; left and right borders blacked out):

Now I shall be able to prove whether a
somnambulist can be compelled to do things of
which he knows nothing, things he would never
do himself and would abhor doing-- whether it
is true that one in a trance can be driven to
murder.

Iris in on the four men reading the book in lower half of screen. Iris in at the same time in upper right half of screen on Caligari sitting at his desk in the Institution; iris widens to show the whole of Caligari's office. Caligari's head is once again framed by the two piles of books on the desk; on the top of the two piles his hands are tensed, claw-like.

A doctor in a long white coat enters from the left and marches quickly up to Caligari's desk, turning and gesturing in the direction from which he has just come, Caligari rises imperiously from his chair, raises an autocratic right hand and motions to the man, who turns towards camera and advances as three other doctors, among whom we can recognize the men who have read Caligari's private books with Francis, wheel a bath-chair into the room containing Cesare, deadly-pale and slumped to one side.

They stop the bath-chair in the center of the room; Caligari struts forward turkey-toed from his desk, hands folded behind his back. He peers over Cesare and brushes the somnambulist's untidy hair back from his brow, bending right over him and gazing almost lovingly into his face. With his other hand he grasps Cesare's wrist as though to feel his pulse. The four doctors gather round the back of the chair as Caligari continues to gaze tenderly at the sleeping form of Cesare. Finally he pulls himself up to his full height, glares malevolently at the doctors and waves his hands about to dismiss them; they troop out obediently.

After they have left he crouches over Cesare again, the very picture of solicitous tenderness. Then he springs upright again, grinning wildly; his head jerks back and he raises his left hand in a gesture of triumph. He whips round and dashes back to his desk, picks up a book and begins leafing through it feverishly. He carries the book towards Cesare, still thumbing through it violently. He slaps the book when he finds the passage he wants, puts two fingers on to the page, looks at Cesare again, flips through a few more pages, then throws his head back, laughing hysterically. He holds the book high above his head and rips it in half, still laughing, and drops the torn sections on the floor and falls on his knees, grasping hold of Cesare's head.

Iris in on Francis and the three doctors poring over Caligari's diary. Caligari stirs uneasily in his bed; his chest rises and falls heavily as though he were fighting for breath.

The four men are still engrossed in reading the diary; iris out in lower left of screen.

INSERT (written in longhand on white):

Afternoon.
The desire of my life is fulfilled.
Now, at last can I unravel the secrets of this
Caligari.

Iris out in lower left of the four men still reading avidly. At the same time iris in upper right on Caligari facing left, bent over his desk and reading intently. He is wearing a heavy dark coat. Behind him is an untidily arranged pile of books. He rises from his desk and glares towards camera.

TITLE: In the grip of hallucination.

Caligari, still standing at his desk, raises his left hand which is bunched like a claw, above his head, then brings it down again behind his back as he turns towards his book. He thrusts his nose between the pages and tucks his left arm behind his back. There is a sudden, puppet-like quality about these movements. He draws himself stiffly upright again, jerking horribly as though in the grip of forces which he cannot control, clutching the book to his chest and staring upward.

TITLE: 'I must know everything ... I must penetrate
into his innermost secrets ... I must myself
become Caligari.'

Still holding the book tightly under his left arm, Caligari raises his other hand to his brow and staggers from the room.

Iris in on the path outside the wall of the Institution. Caligari comes down the path towards camera, lurching from side to side and still clasping his precious book to his chest. He pauses and waves his hand wildly in the air, before turning back and staggering a little way down the path in the direction from which he has come. Then he turns again and walks back stiffly, turkey-toed. Suddenly a line of white writing appears on the Institution wall:

'DU MUSST CALIGARI WERDEN.'

Caligari stops dead. He lurches towards the writing, which promptly disappears as he stretches out his hand to touch it. Shocked, he leaps back on to the path. As he turns away from the wall the word 'CALIGARI' appears in enormous letters above his head. 'DU MUSST' appears again on the wall and 'CALIGARI' is written twice in the branches of the bramble which stands next to the wall. The words disappear and reappear with confusing rapidity, ending again with the sentence, 'DU MUSST CALIGARI WERDEN', written in the air at Caligari's side.

At the sight of this last apparition, Caligari turns and flees down the path and disappears from sight.

Iris in on Francis and the doctors of the Institution still reading the diary. They look up and stare blankly at one another, stunned by what they have just read. Francis looks up and begins to speak. While Francis and the three doctors are conferring behind the director's desk, a man dressed as a peasant, with boots and cap, enters from the right. He respectfully removes

his cap as he enters and then marches quickly up to the desk and gestures towards the left. What he says makes Francis rise swiftly up to his feet.

TITLE: 'We have found the sleep-walker out in the fields.'

The peasant talks quickly for a moment to the four men behind the desk, then turns and leaves the office. Francis comes out from behind the desk and leads the three doctors after the man. Iris out.

Iris in on a hillside scene, with the gaunt silhouette of a tree on the left. A group of men are standing over Cesare's prostrate body. The peasant we have just seen at the Institution joins the group, followed immediately by Francis, who darts forward and bends down to examine Cesare's body. After a careful examination, he rises slowly to his feet, lost in thought. Then he turns to the other members and indicates that he has finished with the body and that they can remove it. The men hoist Cesare on to their shoulders and follow Francis away down the hillside.

Francis enters the hall outside the Director's office, followed by four attendants bearing Cesare's body on a stretcher. Behind them come the three doctors in long white coats. Francis halts by the door to the office and signals to the attendants to put down the body. He opens the office door, pauses a moment, removes his hat and enters.

Inside the office Caligari is standing back to camera, his hands folded behind him. Francis walks towards the desk and stands waiting for Caligari to turn round.

As Caligari turns towards camera he seems to glare more intently than ever through his round spectacles. He is very heavily made up, with a broad white line over each brow. The wall behind him is covered with angular Cubist designs.

Francis stands facing Caligari as the latter completes his turn towards camera.

TITLE: 'Mr. Director! Drop your pose. You are Caligari.'

Caligari glares evilly at Francis. Francis turns from the desk and calls to the men waiting outside to bring in Cesare's body. The men set the body down on the floor and then move to positions on both sides of the office. Caligari is framed between the two groups of men as he stands at his desk, aghast at the sight of the black-draped body in front of him, to which Francis points triumphantly. Caligari walks slowly forward with his stiff, turkey-toed gait.

Francis looks at him accusingly and then springs forward and whips the cloth back from the face of the dead Cesare. Caligari staggers towards the body, spreading his arms to signify his grief, and collapses over it.

There is a pause before Caligari slowly, terribly, rises to his feet again, glowering murderously at the group of doctors and attendants. This, we sense, is the lull before the storm. He hurls himself furiously at the older doctor's throat; the attendants manage to drag him back, but then he frees himself and leaps again at the doctor. Again the attendants manage to overpower and drag him back. An attendant rushes in with a straitjacket which he succeeds in passing over Caligari's head and shoulders while he is

restrained by the other attendants.

Finally Caligari is forced out of the room and Francis follows, his right arm extended above his head.

Caligari, strait-jacketed, is dragged into a cell by four attendants. The cell is seen through an archway in a wall painted with light and dark patches; there are two high windows in the rear wall of the cell, which is painted with amoeboid shapes.

In spite of his straitjacket, Caligari is still managing to put up a considerable struggle with his attendants. He sinks to his knees and forces the four men to drag him through the arch to the back of the cell, where they push him down on to a bunk bed. When they have succeeded in getting him into a sitting position, the four attendants leave the cell as two doctors enter and walk over to look at Caligari writhing on the bed. Francis follows them into the cell. We see the face and shoulders of Caligari as he writhes impotently in the grip of the straitjacket; he is mouthing horribly as he becomes progressively more and more exhausted.

The doctors leave the cell and close a great triangular door behind them which swings shut slowly and inexorably, entirely fitting the archway which leads into the cell. Francis is left standing by the wall outside the door, very bewildered.

Iris in on Francis and the older man sitting on a bench by a wall, as in the opening scene of the film. Francis leans confidentially towards his companion and speaks to him.

TITLE: 'And since that day the madman has never left
his cell.'

Francis looks down thoughtfully. The older man looks blankly in front of him, then makes as though to rise, drawing his cloak tightly about him. He finally rises completely and starts to move off, inviting Francis to come with him. Francis gets up from the bench slowly and the two men walk away down the path.

Jane, wearing a flowing white gown, is sitting on the left of the courtyard of the Institution, which looks exactly as it did during the previous sequences: radial lines painted on the ground and the arched facade to the rear. Now, however, numbers of people are moving about randomly and among a group sitting in the leather armchairs on the right of the courtyard we recognize the dark slim figure of Cesare, in the act of rising from his chair.

Jane, her long black hair surmounted by a tiara, sits absolutely immobile; her lips are slightly pursed.

A woman in black enters the courtyard and curtsies respectfully to Jane, who turns her head towards her in brief acknowledgement. Cesare slowly wanders over from right; he is holding a white flower, the petals of which he is gently stroking.

An old man with a mane of white hair and a thick beard orates and gesticulates; he is dressed in a pin-stripe suit with a bright watch chain across his middle.

The face of the old man, as he shouts dramatically, is creased with deep lines; his eyes are almost Mongoloid.

The old man continues his passionate oration, waving his right arm up and down dramatically.

In the meantime, Cesare, still engrossed in examining his flower, has moved nearer camera. A man dressed in black scuttles furtively left to right across the yard.

In one of the large leather armchairs, a woman in her late thirties, wearing very heavy eye make-up, is playing an imaginary piano, her arms stretched out in front of her.

Meanwhile, the woman in black has concluded her bow to Jane and Cesare has turned away from camera. The older doctor -- the one attacked by Caligari -- talks to a well-dressed young lady in the center of the courtyard, before turning and leaving. Francis and his older companion enter right.

Suddenly Francis notices Cesare -- leaning against the wall of the courtyard behind the chairs and still engrossed in his flower -- and recoils, falling backwards against his friend.

Cesare's face looks sad and melancholy as he gazes tenderly at his flower; his hair is now tidily brushed back from his brow. Francis recovers his balance and pulls his companion away from Cesare; he points towards the latter across the older man and whispers urgently. Francis's expression throughout this exchange is wild and staring; he is not at all the bright, intense young man of former scenes.

TITLE: 'Look! There is Cesare. Never ask him to tell
your fortune; it will mean death for you.'

Francis continues to confide in the older man who has turned to stare at Cesare.

Cesare, gaunt and melancholy, continues his examination of the flower, supporting the bloom with his hand.

The older man stares in astonishment at Francis, then backs away, alarmed, and hurries from the courtyard. Francis, shoulders bowed, remains, a hang-dog expression on his face. Suddenly, however, his face breaks into a childish grin as he sees someone off left. He stretches his arms in front of him and totters towards whoever he has seen.

Francis comes up to Jane, who is still sitting down and staring blankly in front of her; as he approaches her, his childish grin intensifies. He advances on her with his arms outspread as though about to clasp her in a passionate embrace. She, however, shows absolutely no response to his advances and Francis is obliged to content himself with gripping the back of her chair from which position he speaks passionately to her.

TITLE: 'Jane! I love you. Won't you ever marry me?'

Francis pleads with the girl.

His passionate entreaties elicit little response from Jane, who, bored and condescending, turns her head slowly away from him.

TITLE: 'We queens -- we may never choose as our hearts
dictate.'

The girl slowly turns her head back again until she is facing camera, staring blankly ahead.

Francis looks deeply hurt as he draws back from Jane's chair. The girl freezes into immobility and Francis turns to face the rear of the courtyard.

The inmates of the Institution are still milling about the courtyard; in one corner, near the facade of the building at the rear of the courtyard, two young women are deep in argument. Francis, moving away from Jane's chair, suddenly notices something under one of the arches which causes him to lurch wildly across the yard to get a better view of what he has seen, before dashing towards the arches.

The Director of the Institution, a neat, benevolent-looking man, walks down the steps and under the arch into the courtyard. He is meticulously dressed in a frock-coat, waistcoat and light-colored trousers. His face bears a very vague resemblance to Caligari's. The Director enters the courtyard through the center arch. Francis, meanwhile, stands with the two young women who have been arguing. They are restraining him from advancing closer to the Director.

The Director's face bears a kindly smile.

The Director stops for a moment to talk to the bearded old man who has previously been seen delivering a speech to an imaginary audience. Francis is still being restrained by the two young women. The Director leaves the old man and walks forward into the courtyard, hands still folded behind his back. Francis jerks himself free from the restraining hands of the two young women. Francis screams something out through clenched teeth. The two women on either side of him draw back, their hands raised in fear.

TITLE: 'You all believe I am mad. That is not true. It
is the Director who is mad.'

Francis clenches his fists above his head, screams and lurches forward.

The Director is continuing his walk forward, oblivious that Francis is rushing towards him from behind. Francis grasps hold of the Director's shoulders, shouting loudly.

TITLE: 'He is Caligari, Caligari, Caligari.'

A furious struggle develops in the courtyard. The older doctor rushes in to the Director's aid, while another attendant comes from another side of the courtyard and grabs Francis round the waist. The two women who have held Francis look on with extreme alarm.

Francis is surrounded by a crowd of attendants, one of whom is brandishing a straitjacket. They succeed in subduing him and slip the straitjacket over him, bundling him away out of the courtyard.

Francis is dragged into the same cell in which Caligari was earlier

incarcerated. The group of attendants around Francis is followed into the cell by the Director and two white-coated doctors, who bend inquisitively over Francis after he has been deposited on the bunk bed at the back of the cell. The attendants leave the Director with Francis.

Francis is now half-sitting on the bed as the three men bend over him. The Director straightens up and turns towards camera, fumbling in the inside pocket of his frock coat from which he produces a pair of round spectacles. He slowly pulls the spectacles over his ears, giving him an extraordinary resemblance to Caligari. Francis, seeing this, stares at the Director like a terrified child. The Director, however, takes his head gently in both hands and lays it on the pillow. He turns towards camera, thoughtfully removes his glasses and speaks.

TITLE: 'At last I understand the nature of his madness.
He thinks I am that mystic Caligari. Now I see
how, he can be brought back to sanity again.'

The Director turns slightly right, brushes back a few stray wisps of hair, and, looking well-pleased with himself, replaces his spectacles in his coat pocket. Iris out on the Director's face, a thoughtful, pleased expression on it.

Fade in.

TITLE: THE END.