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FINAL SCRIPT

FEBRUARY 20, 1946

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WHAT NANCY WANTED

Screen Play

by

Sheridan Gibney

*changed 8/7/46
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WHAT NANCY WANTED

FINAL

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WHAT NANCY WANTED

FINAL

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Screen Play

by

Sheridan Gibney

FADE IN

On main title and credit titles

DISSOLVE

EXT. STREET SIGN - DAY

- 1 CLOSE SHOT - the street sign marked "Fifth Avenue." Over the shot we hear the familiar SOUNDS of automobiles and busses. The CAMERA PANS DOWN to a FULL SHOT of an intersection somewhere in the sixties. The lights are green on the Avenue and the stream of traffic moves relentlessly on. In the b.g. we catch a glimpse of Central Park. A handsome black limousine turns off the Avenue into the side street. CAMERA PANS WITH the limousine as it swings into the driveway of an imposing mansion. The car comes to a stop in front of the entrance.

- 2 MED. SHOT of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wendell getting out of the limousine. They are middle-aged, very social, very rich. Arthur wears a cutaway. His wife Louise is formally and expensively dressed for the afternoon. (The following dialogue should be rapid and confidential, and timed with their getting out of the car and crossing to the door.)

ARTHUR WENDELL

(with tongue
in cheek)

Courage!

MRS. WENDELL

Oh stop teasing, Arthur. I have
nothing against the girl.

They start toward the entrance and the CAMERA TRUCKS WITH them.

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR WENDELL
Except that you don't know her
and don't know anyone who does.

MRS. WENDELL
That's not her fault.

ARTHUR WENDELL
Yes it is. If she were anybody
worth knowing --

MRS. WENDELL
I'm thinking of John.

ARTHUR WENDELL
Why? He's only got to live with
her.

MRS. WENDELL
Do you approve of foolish marriages?

ARTHUR WENDELL
Certainly. They alienate relatives.

As they near the entrance the door is opened by a butler
and three photographers hurry out. One of the
photographers recognizes the Wendells and interrupts
their conversation.

PHOTOGRAPHER
(quickly)
Would you mind, sir?

The Wendells stop, CAMERA STOPS WITH them. Photographer
snaps their picture without waiting for Mr. Wendell's
permission.

PHOTOGRAPHER (cont'd)
Thank you, Mrs. Wendell. Are you
happy about the wedding?

MRS. WENDELL
(with a set
smile)
Delighted.

PHOTOGRAPHER
The bride's making a big hit.

MRS. WENDELL
We think she's lovely.

The photographer glances at Arthur Wendell.

ARTHUR WENDELL
Enchanting.

(CONTINUED)

2 (CONTINUED)

PHOTOGRAPHER

Thank you, sir.

Photographer exits from the shot.

ARTHUR WENDELL

(to his wife
under his breath)

What's her name again?

MRS. WENDELL

Nancy.

ARTHUR WENDELL

Nancy what?

They enter the mansion.

INT. SALON - WILLIS MANSION - DAY

3 MED. SHOT - a group of young people gathered around a piano. Donald, the pianist, is singing. He is a young successful composer of several musical hits.

DONALD

(improvising the
lyrics)

Nancy saw him once
Nancy saw him twice
Nancy gave him HOT smiles
And now he's on the ice!
(he starts the
others with one
hand as they join
in the chorus)

Nancy! Nancy!
What'll you do to him now?
He's only a fish
In a gilded dish
About to be fried -
(they all shout)
- And HOW!

Simultaneously they all turn to look at Nancy.

4 CLOSE SHOT of Nancy with her back to the camera. She is standing with a group of people beside an enormous table on which her lavish wedding gifts are being displayed.

5 MED. SHOT of John Willis and Mr. and Mrs. Wendell entering the room. The CAMERA DOLLIES WITH them as they approach Nancy. John is an agreeable-looking young man of thirty-five. He's very proud of his bride to be, very happy and very rich.

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR WENDELL

(as they enter)

With no reflection on your Aunt,
John -- If there's a perfect woman
in the world, I want to meet her.

JOHN

(laughing)

Very well, sir, I'll oblige you.
Nancy ---

Nancy turns laughingly in response to John's voice. She is lovely to look at, unaffected and unspoiled. There is a challenging directness in her manner that is at once arresting, and yet appears utterly natural to her. It would be difficult to imagine Nancy resorting to any sort of subterfuge or evasion. Even the clothes she wears have a certain authentic simplicity about them. She wears no jewelry whatever. In short, Nancy is the sort of girl whose genuineness would make her stand out anywhere, simply by being herself. It takes no effort on her part.

JOHN (cont'd)

--- I'd like you to meet two of
my least objectionable relatives,
Aunt Louise and Uncle Arthur Wendell.

NANCY

(extending her
hand with a
forthright smile)

How do you do, Mrs. Wendell?

MRS. WENDELL

So you are Nancy!

They shake hands.

NANCY

You were wonderful to make that
long trip from Florida. John's
so grateful. It wouldn't have
seemed right to him without you.

MRS. WENDELL

Nor to us. We just dropped
everything and flew.

JOHN

I'm sorry I rushed you, old girl,
but now that you've seen her --

MRS. WENDELL

Don't call me "old girl." Give
me a drink.

A butler enters the shot carrying a tray of champagne. John lifts a glass from the tray and hands it to Mrs. Wendell. Meanwhile Nancy offers her hand laughingly to Arthur Wendell.

6 CLOSE SHOT - Nancy and Arthur Wendell.

NANCY
I'm very glad to know you,
Mr. Wendell.

ARTHUR WENDELL
Prove it then.

Nancy smiles and gives him a little kiss. Wendell
returns the kiss.

ARTHUR WENDELL (cont'd)
(taking glass
of champagne)
Why is it you never want to kiss
your real nieces?

Nancy laughs as they toast each other.

7 CLOSE SHOT of two young society girls, standing beside
the table with the wedding gifts and watching Nancy.

FIRST GIRL
She's nice.

SECOND GIRL
She's lucky.

FIRST GIRL
If you're nice you have to be
lucky.

SECOND GIRL
If you're lucky you can afford
to be nice.

8 CLOSE SHOT - Nancy and Mrs. Wendell.

MRS. WENDELL
(to Nancy, talking
against the singing)
John tells us you were in the
British Ambulance Corps.

NANCY
(turning to her)
Yes.

MRS. WENDELL
You're not British though.

NANCY
No, but I lived there many years.

MRS. WENDELL
I love England. Before the war
my husband and I --

9 MED. CLOSE SHOT - group.

ARTHUR WENDELL
(interrupting)
Louise, listen to this.

They all gaze toward the piano. Mrs. Wendell is annoyed at the interruption. She listens reluctantly.

10 MED. SHOT of the group at the piano.

DONALD
(still inventing)
Johnny was a gunner
Nancy was a nurse
Johnny rode a bomber
Nancy drove a hearse.

CHORUS
(chimes in)
Nancy! Nancy!
What'll you do to him now?
Etc.

11 CLOSE SHOT of Nancy, John and the Wendells listening with amused expressions.

JOHN
(to the Wendells,
indicating pianist)
My best man.

MRS. WENDELL
Gruesome fellow!

12 CLOSE SHOT of another group. Three society girls are sipping champagne and looking toward Nancy with a tinge of jealousy.

GIRL
(to the other two
confidentially)
Your envy is showing.

Caught, the other two smile mechanically towards Nancy.

13 CLOSE TWO SHOT - Nancy and Mrs. Wendell.

MRS. WENDELL
(resuming her
conversation
with Nancy)
I was going to say we have so
many friends in England. I wonder
if you know what's happened to
Sir Courtney Phipps?

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR WENDELL
(interrupting)
Louise, listen to this.

They all gaze toward the piano. Mrs. Wendell is annoyed at the interruption. She listens reluctantly.

10 MED. SHOT of the group at the piano.

DONALD
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Johnny was a gunner
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JOHN
(to the Wendells,
indicating pianist)
My best man.

MRS. WENDELL
Gruesome fellow!

12 CLOSE SHOT of another group. Three society girls are sipping champagne.

GIRL
(to the other two
confidentially)
They met over a bottle of plasma.

13 CLOSE TWO SHOT - Nancy and Mrs. Wendell.

MRS. WENDELL
(resuming her
conversation
with Nancy)
I was going to say we have so
many friends in England. I wonder
if you know what's happened to
Sir Courtney Phipps?

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

I'm afraid I don't.

MRS. WENDELL

Or the Earl of Wyndham?

NANCY

The Earl of Wyndham's gone to India.

MRS. WENDELL

Has he really? Did you know him at all?

NANCY

Oh, yes. He and Lady Wyndham were very kind to me. I loved their country place.

MRS. WENDELL

I do hope it wasn't damaged. They had that priceless jewel collection.

NANCY.

No. They were very fortunate. They didn't lose a thing.

14 MED. CLOSE SHOT of Nancy, Mrs. Wendell and Arthur Wendell

ARTHUR WENDELL

Who didn't lose anything?

MRS. WENDELL

We were talking about Toby, dear. Nancy knows him.

ARTHUR WENDELL

You don't say! Well, now!

He gives his wife an "I-guess-that'll-hold-you" look.

15 CLOSEUP of Mrs. Wendell. She smiles complacently. Nancy is accepted so far as she is concerned.

16 MED. CLOSE SHOT of Nancy and John, as they excuse themselves and move behind the enormous display of wedding gifts. In the b.g., Mary, a cheerful debutante, amuses a group, telling the fortune of a middle-aged matron from a book. Nancy slides her hand through John's arm.

NANCY

(whispering)

I think they like me.

JOHN

(whispering)

Do you know something?

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

(innocently)

What?

JOHN

(gravely)

That's a remarkably discerning
observation.

NANCY

(with a little
appreciative laugh)

You take it for granted, which
is very foolish.

JOHN

I won't take anything for
granted until the ring's on
your finger. I'm living in
a dream world. I keep pinching
myself. I think I've always
wanted to marry you, Nancy,
even before I knew you.

NANCY

I'm glad, John. I want for
you to want me very much.

The voice of Mary, the debutante fortune teller, comes
over scene.

MARY'S VOICE

...and don't sign any business
deals on the 20th, 23rd or
27th - from then on, you are
under the sign of Venus and
you're in clover.

The white-haired matron laughs and thanks her.
Retreating, Mary sees Nancy, approaches her, book open.

MARY (cont'd)

Miss Patton, what's your birthday?

JOHN

(protesting)

Hey! Now wait a minute.

MARY

(quickly)

Oh, I don't mean the year, just
the month.

NANCY

(laughing)

November third.

NANCY

(innocently)

What?

JOHN

(gravely)

That's a remarkably discerning observation.

NANCY

(with a little
appreciative laugh)

You take it for granted, which is very foolish.

JOHN

I won't take anything for granted until the ring's on your finger. I'm living in a dream world. I keep pinching myself. I think I've always wanted to marry you, Nancy, even before I knew you.

NANCY

I'm glad, John. I want for you to want me very much.

The voice of Mary, the debutante fortune teller, comes over scene.

MARY'S VOICE

....And you will marry a tall, dark man.

The white-haired husband of the middle-aged matron clears his throat and the group laughs. Mary glances up, realizing her mistake.

MARY

Oh dear, I must have the wrong page.

Retreating, Mary sees Nancy, approaches her, book open.

MARY (cont'd)

Miss Patton, what's your birthday?

JOHN

(protesting)

Hey! Now wait a minute.

MARY

(quickly)

Oh, I don't mean the year, just the month.

NANCY

(laughing)

November third.

17 CLOSE SHOT - the group at the piano.

DONALD

(singing)
Johnny saw her once
Johnny saw her twice
Johnny gave her nylons
And now they're going to splice.

GROUP

Nancy! Nancy!
What'll you do to him now?
Etc.

18 CLOSE SHOT - Nancy, John and Mary.

MARY

(reading from
the book)
People born under this sign are
loyal, generous, self-sacrificing.
They make devoted friends and
ideal marriage partners.
(glancing at John)
Oh, darn, wouldn't you though!
(reading from
the book again)
They're tolerant, kind, clear-
thinking, dependable.

NANCY

(laughing)
Are you sure you have the right
page?

JOHN

I am.

MARY

(to John)
You keep quiet. I'm going to
read yours in a moment.

A butler enters the shot.

BUTLER

(to John)
Pardon me, sir.

JOHN

(turning)
Yes?

CLOSE SHOT - John and the butler.

BUTLER

(lowering his voice)

There's a gentleman to see you
in the library. He wouldn't
give his name.

(as John looks annoyed)

He said it was most important.

John turns to Nancy.

20 MED. CLOSE SHOT of the group.

JOHN

(to Nancy)

Excuse me, dear, I'll be back.

John exits from the shot, followed by the butler.
Mary is staring at the book.

MARY

(her face brightening)

Oh, I see now! Those are just the
good qualities.

(reading)

On the negative side these Scorpio
people can be exceedingly cruel,
selfish, indifferent, destructive.
Irrational fears haunt the psyche
leading at time to acts of sadism
and violent --

(breaking off
embarrassed)

Oh mercy, you don't want to hear
this!

NANCY

(laughing good-
naturedly)

Why not? I might as well know
the worst.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

21 MED. SHOT of John entering through an open door. The
SOUND of the singing in the playroom can still be
heard.

GROUP

(singing over shot)

Nancy! Nancy!

What'll you do to him now?

Etc.

John pauses and looks inquiringly at the man before
him.

MED. SHOT - of John and Dr. Harry Blair standing. He is an attractive looking man in his early forties - the kind of man that women would be crazy about, were it not for the defeated expression on his face. He talks without emotion, quietly but compellingly.

DR. BLAIR

I'm afraid I'll have to introduce myself. I'm Dr. Blair.

JOHN

How do you do?

BLAIR

I used to practice psychiatry here in New York.

JOHN

(noncommittally)

I see. What can I do for you?

DR. BLAIR

I saw a picture in the paper this morning of the young woman you intend to marry...today I believe.

JOHN

Yes.

DR. BLAIR

(nodding)

That's what I feared. It's most unfortunate. May I ask if you've known her long?

JOHN

(indignantly)

I don't think that's any of your business. Why have you come here? What do you want?

DR. BLAIR

I hate being the one to destroy your happiness, but I think when you've heard the facts you'll be grateful to me. Has Nancy told you she was married before?

JOHN

Married? Are we talking about the same person?

DR. BLAIR

Oh yes, definitely.

(CONTINUED)

22 (CONTINUED)

Dr. Blair picks up a photograph of Nancy from a table and studies it.

DR. BLAIR (cont'd)

It's been quite a while since
I've seen her, but this is Nancy.
She hasn't changed.

JOHN

(laughing)

Well, I'm sure there's some mistake.
If Miss Patton had had a former
marriage she would have told me.

DR. BLAIR

There can hardly be any mistake.
She was my wife for five years.

John stares incredulously.

DR. BLAIR (cont'd)

(setting the
photograph
down again)

I'm not surprised she didn't tell
you. Truth is beyond Nancy. She
is a hopelessly twisted personality.
She has ruined the lives of three
men that I know of -- and speaking
for myself ----

JOHN

(interrupting
hoarsely)

Just a moment - please.

John closes the door. The singing from the playroom
can no longer be heard. He turns to face Dr. Blair.

JOHN (cont'd)

(grimly)

If this is someone's idea of a
practical joke --

DR. BLAIR

I wish it were a joke for your
sake, from the bottom of my heart --

JOHN

(positive it is
a rib)

Didn't Donald put you up to it?

DR. BLAIR

No. The only consolation I can
offer is the fact that you're
not yet married to her. For that
you can be profoundly thankful.

(CONTINUED)

John stares at Dr. Blair searchingly, following a train of thought of his own.

JOHN

You must want something. Is it money? Blackmail?

As Dr. Blair smiles sadly and shakes his head.

DR. BLAIR

I suppose it's conscience more than anything else. If I hadn't made an effort to see you, I should have felt very badly.

(observing the torment in John's face)

Shall I go on? Or would you rather I waited a moment?

John putting his hand on the desk, steadying himself.

JOHN

I don't know...I can't think.

DR. BLAIR

(gently)

Sit down.

John obeys mechanically.

DR. BLAIR (cont'd)

This is very shocking news. I can't blame you for being upset. But try to recall a time when you didn't know her. You had a life then.

JOHN

(dully)

Did I?

DR. BLAIR

Of course, and you will again. This will all pass and be forgotten.

JOHN

(leaping to his feet)

No! I don't believe it. You're lying. Nancy wouldn't keep anything from me.

DR. BLAIR

(sympathetically)

I wish I could make it easier. Perhaps if I spoke to her directly --

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

(interrupting
angrily)

I wouldn't think of letting you!
Why should I spoil her wedding?
I know the woman I'm marrying.

DR. BLAIR

I thought I knew her too and I'm
a psychiatrist.

(he smiles bitterly)

When I first met Nancy I thought
I knew all there was to know
about human nature and to me she
was the most guileless creature
I had ever encountered. It
wasn't until later - when it was
much too late - that I learned
differently.

John gazes at Dr. Blair in a torment of uncertainty,
then looks away. He lights a cigarette. Dr. Blair
picks up the photograph again and looks at it intently.

JOHN

(reaching a
decision)

Your name is Blair?

DR. BLAIR

Dr. Harry Blair.

John crosses to a wall and pulls a bell cord.

DR. BLAIR (cont'd)

Of course, she may pretend not
to know me.

JOHN

Do you expect me to take your
word against hers?

DR. BLAIR

My statements can be proved.
There are marriage records.

JOHN

(angrily)

I haven't time to investigate
records. I can prove you're a
liar without them! What's her
birthday?

DR. BLAIR

Her birthday? Let me see -
(he thinks)

(CONTINUED)

JOHN
(waiting with a
triumphant smile)
A husband wouldn't forget his
wife's birthday.

DR. BLAIR
No....I'm trying to recall...
...it's in November.

John's smile disappears.

JOHN
(as Dr. Blair
still hesitates)
November what?

DR. BLAIR
(brightening)
Third! Isn't that right?

John makes no answer, only a tightening of the jaw
betrays the impact of this blow. The butler enters.

BUTLER
You rang, sir?

JOHN
(a bit huskily
to the butler)
Never mind. See that I'm not
disturbed for a few minutes.

BUTLER
Yes, sir.

The butler goes out and shuts the door.

DR. BLAIR
Thank you. I'll be as brief
as possible.

INT. PLAYROOM - DAY

23 CLOSE SHOT of group at piano.

DONALD
(singing)
Doctors couldn't help him
Johnny boy was dead
Nancy whimpered, "I don't mind -
I will this poor stiff wed."

24

MED. CLOSE SHOT of Nancy and the Wendells laughing. Arthur Wendell puts his arm around Nancy and joins in the chorus.

ARTHUR WENDELL

(singing)

Nancy! Nancy!

What'll you do to him now?

He's only a fish

In a gilded dish

About to be fried -

And HOW!

Everybody shouts the last two words including Nancy.

INT. STUDY - DAY

25

MED. CLOSE SHOT of John and Dr. Blair. The latter has seated himself on a chair. John is lighting a cigarette for him. His hand trembles. Dr. Blair steadies it with his own.

JOHN

You met Miss Patton in 1938,
you say.

DR. BLAIR

Yes, in Miami, where I'd gone
to be with a patient.

The CAMERA MOVES IN TO a CLOSEUP of Dr. Blair's face.

DR. BLAIR (cont'd)

It was the merest of accidents.
It just happened that our bicycles
collided.

DISSOLVE

EXT. MIAMI STREET OVERLOOKING BAY - (PROCESS) - DAY

26

MED. SHOT of Dr. Blair backing his bicycle out of a little alleyway. Nancy is riding by and Dr. Blair's rear wheel bumps into her, causing her to fall. Dr. Blair helps her to her feet solicitously.

DR. BLAIR'S VOICE

(over shot)

She was a little shaky so I
insisted upon seeing her home.
From that moment we were practically
inseparable.

DISSOLVE

EXT. ROLLING CHAIR - (PROCESS) - DAY

27

CLOSE SHOT OF Nancy and Dr. Blair, riding. Nancy wears an attractive sport suit.

(CONTINUED)

DR. BLAIR'S VOICE

(over shot)

Lovely is a dull word for Nancy. She seemed so perfect, it was alarming. Despite my psychiatric training, I was unable to detect the slightest flaw in her, which in itself should have given me pause, since none of us are perfect.

DISSOLVE

- 28 MED. SHOT of Nancy and Dr. Blair, in evening clothes, dancing on a terrace in the moonlight with the sea in the b.g. (PROCESS). As the dance MUSIC ends, they stand looking at each other.

DR. BLAIR'S VOICE

(over shot)

She knew I was thirty-six and had no money and very little to offer her, but to my great joy she didn't seem to mind.

O.s. the orchestra plays "Noel."

DR. BLAIR'S VOICE (cont'd)

(over shot)

There was no mistletoe. The best I could offer was this...

CAMERA PANS UP TO the palm tree Blair indicates. Nancy studies it a moment.

DR. BLAIR'S VOICE (cont'd)

She accepted the substitute.

- 29 CLOSE TWO SHOT as Nancy's arms go about his neck. Blair kisses her lingeringly.

DR. BLAIR'S VOICE

(over shot)

In a few days we were married. And after a brief honeymoon in Bermuda, we returned to New York...

DISSOLVE

INT. DR. BLAIR'S APARTMENT - NEW YORK - NIGHT

- 30 FULL SHOT of a New York apartment, decently but unimaginatively furnished. Nancy and Dr. Blair enter. Blair looks at it critically. Nancy, curiously, seems pleased.

(CONTINUED)

DR. BLAIR'S VOICE

(over shot)

...where I was to continue my practice. Nancy found an apartment. I frankly couldn't understand what Nancy saw in it, but I soon found out...

DISSOLVE

- 31 FULL SHOT - entrance hall of the Blair apartment. Nancy, pajama clad, opens the door, Dr. Blair enters, and looks surprised - the apartment has been completely refurnished.

DR. BLAIR'S VOICE

(over shot)

I was amazed at the taste and ingenuity Nancy demonstrated...

DISSOLVE

INT. BREAKFAST ROOM - BLAIR APARTMENT - DAY

- 32 CLOSE SHOT of Nancy and Dr. Blair. Nancy is putting a little flower in his buttonhole as he is about to leave for the office.

DR. BLAIR'S VOICE

(over shot)

Weeks passed. I was a happy man. My life was complete.

Nancy gives him a goodbye kiss.

DISSOLVE

INT. CORRIDOR - OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

- 33 MED. SHOT - Dr. Blair, walking briskly down the corridor and into his office.

DR. BLAIR'S VOICE

(over shot)

Then came that dreadful day!
I arrived at work with my heart
singing -- never dreaming what
lay in store for me.

INT. RECEPTION ROOM - DR. BLAIR'S OFFICE - DAY

- 34 MED. SHOT - Dr. Blair, entering. Miss Julia Wyatt, a receptionist in nurse's uniform, is seated at the desk. The far wall of the room is made up of large plate glass windows.

DR. BLAIR

Good morning, Miss Wyatt.

(CONTINUED)

30 (CONTINUED)

DR. BLAIR'S VOICE

(over shot)

....where I was to continue my practice. Nancy found an apartment. I frankly couldn't understand what Nancy saw in it, but I soon found out...

DISSOLVE

- 31 FULL SHOT of the Blair apartment, refurnished by Nancy. CAMERA MOVES IN TO Nancy and Dr. Blair, seated in their living room. Nancy is handing a demi-tasse to Dr. Blair.

DR. BLAIR'S VOICE

(over shot)

I was amazed at the taste and ingenuity Nancy demonstrated...

DISSOLVE

INT. FRONT DOORWAY - BLAIR APARTMENT - DAY

- 32 CLOSE SHOT of Nancy and Dr. Blair. Nancy is putting a little flower in his buttonhole as he is about to leave for the office.

DR. BLAIR'S VOICE

(over shot)

Weeks passed. I was a happy man. My life was complete.

Nancy gives him a goodbye kiss.

DISSOLVE

INT. CORRIDOR - OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

- 33 MED. SHOT - Dr. Blair, walking briskly down the corridor and into his office.

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DR. BLAIR

Good morning, Miss Wyatt.

(CONTINUED)

MISS WYATT

(rising and a
little agitated)

There's a young man in your office,
Doctor. I asked him to wait out
here but he wouldn't.

DR. BLAIR

Did he give his name?

MISS WYATT

No, sir. He isn't a patient.

Dr. Blair nods and enters his office.

INT. DR. BLAIR'S OFFICE

35 The room is small and very modern. There is the
usual furniture of an analyst's office, including
a couch.

36 MED. SHOT as Dr. Blair enters. Norman Clyde, the
young man in question, is standing at a window looking
out. He is likeable in appearance, aggressive and
about thirty. At the moment he appears harassed,
physically run-down.

CLYDE

(turning rather
belligerently)

Dr. Blair?

DR. BLAIR

Yes.

Clyde looks him up and down and grins slightly.

CLYDE

You surprise me. Most psychos
are older.

DR. BLAIR

(unruffled)

Were you sent by someone?

CLYDE

No. I came on my own. My
name's Clyde -

DR. BLAIR

(interrupting)

I'm sorry. I only see people
by appointment.

(CONTINUED)

CLYDE

That's what the girl told me.
I'm not here for treatment.
I want some advice.

DR. BLAIR

You've come to the wrong man.
I'm an analyst.

CLYDE

It'll only take a few minutes.

DR. BLAIR

I can't now, Mr. Clyde. If
you'll speak to my secretary --

CLYDE

(talking very
rapidly)

You've got to listen! A man's
life is at stake! He's in Sing
Sing. He's going to die tomorrow.
And he isn't guilty. I can't
prove it, but I know who can --

DR. BLAIR

(interrupting)

This has nothing to do with me.

CLYDE

Oh yes it has!

DR. BLAIR

You should see the District
Attorney.

CLYDE

(excitedly)

I want you to see him!

DR. BLAIR

(forcefully)

Mr. Clyde, I ask you again --

CLYDE

(interrupting
defiantly)

No!

DR. BLAIR

(changing his tactics)

Have you been drinking?

CLYDE

I can hold it.

(CONTINUED)

DR. BLAIR

I'd rather you left peacefully,
but if you force me --

CLYDE

Go on - throw me out!

DR. BLAIR

(laughing)

My dear friend, please be reasonable.
I can hardly convince the District
Attorney that evidence is being
withheld in a case I know nothing
about, by someone I've never
heard of.

CLYDE

(shouting)

Heard of? You married her!
I'm talking about your wife!
Does that make any difference?

37 CLOSEUP of Dr. Blair reacting to this blow.

38 MED. TWO SHOT - Clyde and Dr. Blair.

CLYDE

(with grim enjoyment)

Nancy's quite a girl, Doc; but
I don't exactly envy you.

DR. BLAIR

(angrily)

What do you mean by such a
statement? What do you know
of my wife?

CLYDE

(evenly)

Maybe I know enough to charge
her with murder!

39 CLOSEUP of Dr. Blair's face. For a moment he is
speechless. He looks at Clyde critically, trying
to study him.

40 CLOSE SHOT of Clyde. Enjoying to the utmost Blair's
discomfort. He glances about the room with deliberate
casualness.

CLYDE

You wouldn't have a drink handy?

DR. BLAIR

You don't need a drink. Sit down, please. Use the couch if you want to.

CLYDE

(suspiciously)

Why?

DR. BLAIR

You'll be more comfortable.

A buzzer SOUNDS. Dr. Blair picks up the phone.

DR. BLAIR (cont'd)

(in the phone)

No. I can't see anyone now.
I'll ring when I'm free.

Dr. Blair hangs up and looks at Clyde, who is still standing.

DR. BLAIR

Please oblige me, Mr. Clyde.
I can't help you if you won't cooperate.

Clyde sits down slowly on the edge of the couch.

CLYDE

Let's get this straight. I'm no patient.

DR. BLAIR

(arranging a
pillow for
him)

You're suffering from hysteria.
If you hope to accomplish anything,
you'll have to pull yourself
together. No one would listen
to you in your present condition.

Dr. Blair draws a chair close to the couch and sits down.

CLYDE

(alarmed)

But I want to tell you the facts,
that's all!

DR. BLAIR

And I want to know all the facts -
- not just the ones you want to
tell me.

41A

WIDER ANGLE as Blair rises, impatiently. Clyde lights a cigarette as Blair walks to his desk.

DR. BLAIR'S VOICE

(as narrator
over shot)

I would have liked to psychoanalyze him, to get at the root of his problem, but I knew it would be impossible in his condition. Yet, my concern for Nancy, and a very natural -- though I must admit -- masochistic curiosity goaded me on. I began to probe.

DR. BLAIR

(quietly)

How long have you known Nancy?

CLYDE

It's hard to remember not knowing Nancy.

DR. BLAIR

Do you recall your first meeting --?

CLYDE

You're beginning to sound professional again, Doc.

DR. BLAIR

(laughs)

Sorry, I was remembering the first time I met Nancy.

CLYDE

Yes, Nancy makes an impression. It's been three years since Nancy came to my art class. I remember it.

DR. BLAIR

(casually)

You're an art teacher?

CLYDE

I'm a portrait painter, but I couldn't make a living during the depression, so I had to take pupils.

(CONTINUED)

DR. BLAIR

(encouragingly)

I see. And Nancy was one of them.

CLYDE

From that day on -- so far as I was concerned -- she was the only one. I knew it the moment I saw her. It was as though the perfect girl, the one you'd always imagined and never expected to meet, had suddenly materialized -- if you know what I mean --

DR. BLAIR

(quickly)

I understand. Go on, please.

CLYDE

I hadn't seen her come in. Somebody brought her. I guess I must have looked funny staring at her because -- she smiled --

DISSOLVE

INT. CLYDE'S STUDIO - OFF WASHINGTON SQUARE - DAY

42 CLOSEUP of Nancy, smiling. She is young, fresh, vibrant. She wears a neat, inexpensive sweater and skirt. She looks like a school girl.

43 MED. SHOT of Clyde, looking at Nancy. He is standing beside an easel, with a pupil named Thelma at his elbow. There are ten or twelve other art pupils in the room all busily working from a jointed wooden posing model. Thelma glares at Clyde angrily, then back at her work. Obviously he has said something to displease her.

CLYDE'S VOICE

(as narrator
over shot)

I could hardly trust myself to speak to her....

(CONTINUED)

CLYDE

(to Thelma)

Excuse me.

Clyde walks away. The CAMERA PANS WITH him as he approaches Nancy who is seated on a stool with a sketch pad on her lap. In the b.g., through a window, we note that it is snowing outside.

CLYDE (cont'd)

(stopping beside Nancy)

Hello.

NANCY

You don't know me. I'm Nancy Monks. Thelma brought me.

CLYDE

Fine.

NANCY

She didn't think you'd mind.

CLYDE

Not at all.

NANCY

Didn't she tell you?

CLYDE

I guess she didn't get a chance. I've been bawling her out. Every time I show her something she does the opposite. I wouldn't care if she had any talent.

NANCY

(smiling)

I'm sure you don't mean that.

CLYDE

(grumblingly)

I mean it all right. It wouldn't surprise me if I kicked her out.

Clyde glances at her sketch.

NANCY

(alarmed)

Oh, don't look at mine!

CLYDE

Why?

Despite her protest he picks it up and studies it.

NANCY (cont'd)

(embarrassed)

I wish you wouldn't.

(CONTINUED)

43 (CONTINUED)

CLYDE

It's interesting. Who taught you to draw?

NANCY

My father. That's how I know it isn't good. I only do it to amuse myself.

CLYDE

You want to learn, don't you?

NANCY

Not particularly.

Clyde looks at Nancy and grins.

CLYDE

I frightened you.

NANCY

(honestly)

No. I - I just don't care about art.

(floundering)

I mean I - I'd never take it seriously - for myself I mean --

CLYDE

(flaring up)

Then what are you wasting my time for? Do you think I enjoy this?

NANCY

(offended)

I intend to pay. Thelma told me --

CLYDE

(cuttingly)

I don't take money for nothing. I'm not conducting a class for the parasitic rich who want to escape boredom while people are starving. I'm not that hard up.

Nancy rising, pulling her coat over her shoulders.

NANCY

I hope you never will be, Mr. Clyde. I admire your principles. I wish I could say the same for your disposition. May I have my pad, please?

CLYDE

(handing her
the pad)

Certainly.

(CONTINUED)

43 (CONTINUED)

NANCY

Thank you.

Nancy turns quickly and walks out of the room. Clyde gazes after her.

44 DIFFERENT ANGLE as Thelma approaches Clyde. She is a vigorous independent girl with no fear of anyone.

THELMA

(furious)

Norman Clyde, I could kill you!
I go to all this trouble --

CLYDE

(interrupting her)

Forget it.

THELMA

Did you ever hear of Andrew Bonner?
How many millionaires are there
who take an interest in unknown
artists?

CLYDE

(bitterly)

I suppose she's Bonner's daughter.

THELMA

(indignantly)

She works for Bonner. She's his
secretary. Does that make you
feel better?

(rubbing it in)

Parasitic rich! "Paranoic Clyde"
would be more to the point!

She turns on her heel and stalks away, leaving Clyde in a disgruntled mood.

DISSOLVE

EXT. MacDOUGAL STREET - NIGHT

45 CLOSE SHOT of Clyde walking rapidly. He wears a winter overcoat with collar turned up. It is snowing.

CLYDE'S VOICE

(as narrator
over shot)

It wasn't the first time I'd
made a fool of myself. It made
me pretty sore...because I liked
the girl...I couldn't forget her.
Why was I always throwing away
the very things I wanted?
"Paranoic Clyde!" Maybe Thelma
was right.

Clyde turns into a little Italian restaurant.

46

MED. SHOT of Clyde as he enters. Nods to the proprietor's wife. Removes his hat and coat. And sits down at a table. The restaurant is small and not too clean. The walls are covered with bad murals - obviously the work of painters who couldn't pay for their meals.

CLYDE'S VOICE

(as narrator
over shot)

I went to a little Italian restaurant that night to be alone. I was in no mood to talk to anyone. I wanted to think about Nancy...to try and analyze my feelings.

47

CLOSE SHOT of Clyde sitting at a table. He has a preoccupied expression. After a moment his attention becomes centered on something and preoccupation vanishes.

CLYDE'S VOICE

(as narrator
over shot)

Suddenly I was aware that I was looking at her....

48

CLOSE SHOT of Nancy sitting alone in a small booth. She sees Clyde and shifts her gaze to avoid his.

49

MED. SHOT of Clyde. He rises and crosses to Nancy's table. The CAMERA PANS WITH him.

CLYDE

If it'll make any difference,
I'd like to apologize for this
afternoon. I acted pretty badly.

NANCY

Do you often act that way?

CLYDE

Yes.

(he grins
sheepishly)

Are you alone?

Nancy nods.

CLYDE (cont'd)

Then I'll sit down.

50

CLOSE TWO SHOT - Clyde and Nancy, as Clyde sits down.

CLYDE

I didn't really mean to be
offensive.

NANCY

That hardly seems possible.

CLYDE

(contritely)
I know. Forgive me.

NANCY

(with a
sudden smile)
Then let's forget it. Shall we?

CLYDE

Right.
(gazing o.s.)
Joe, bring us a bottle of Chianti.

DISSOLVE

51

CLOSE SHOT of Nancy and Clyde, in booth. Dinner is
over. The wine is nearly gone. A juke box is playing
softly over the shot.

NANCY

(talking volubly)
I was terrified when he caught
me, but Mr. Bonner said, "Miss
Monks, anyone who can draw a
recognizable likeness of me
while taking dictation is an
artist. I insist you have
lessons." -- It sounded ridiculous.
That was yesterday. This morning
he said, "Miss Monks, have you
joined an art class yet?" I
just laughed, but he was serious.
He made me take the whole day off.

CLYDE

(incredulously)
On the company's time?

NANCY

(nodding)
On company time.

CLYDE

(brightly)
Oh, I get it! He wants to be
friendly.

(CONTINUED)

51 (CONTINUED)

NANCY

(laughing)

No.

CLYDE

No?

NANCY

Definitely no. In a way it's business with him. He believes people work better who have a creative outlet.

CLYDE

This is revolution!

NANCY

(with a note of pride)

Well, you know what he's done for modern art. I don't have to tell you.

CLYDE

I just hope he doesn't discover me.

NANCY

Why?

CLYDE

He knows as much about art as Luigi here --

Clyde points to the murals on the walls.

52 MED. SHOT of a bad mural.

53 CLOSE SHOT - Nancy and Clyde.

NANCY

(laughing)

That's really unfair! You are a difficult young man, aren't you?

CLYDE

Impossible. Tell me some more about yourself.

NANCY

What more is there to tell?

CLYDE

(reflecting)

Oh - whether you like dogs.
What you do with your evenings.
Whether you're happy.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

I'm very happy, thanks.

CLYDE

No thanks to me. I haven't made you happy.

NANCY

That's true.

CLYDE

It must be someone else.

NANCY

I merely meant that I was having a good time.

CLYDE

Even when you're out with another man?

NANCY

Yes.

CLYDE

Suppose he caught us!

NANCY

If you want me to say I'm not in love - if you think it would add anything to the evening -

CLYDE

I think it would add a lot, but I can't believe it. Are you?

NANCY

No.

Clyde grins.

CLYDE

(glancing off)

Waiter, some more wine.

NANCY

(continuing
deliberately)

And I don't intend to be --
-- for a long, long while.

CLYDE

(with a confident
smile)

I've heard girls say that before.

(CONTINUED)

53 (CONTINUED)

NANCY

(politely)

Oh?

As Clyde's smile broadens.

NANCY (cont'd)

And may I ask what you've done
about it?

CLYDE

(adopting Nancy's
quiet polite tone)

Nothing. Just waited.

Their gazes meet - and hold. As CAMERA DOLLIES BACK...

FADE OUT

54

CLYDE'S VOICE

(as narrator
over the FADE
OUT and FADE
IN)

That evening settled it. I was
determined to have Nancy if it
killed me. She continued in the
class so I had plenty of
opportunity to see her. One day
she came up with a surprise --

FADE IN

55

INT. CLYDE'S STUDIO - DAY

CAMERA DOLLIES IN TO -

MED. SHOT of Clyde, alone, painting, as the door opens
Nancy enters with Mr. Bonner. Mr. Bonner is a man of
compelling personality. He has an easy charm that
comes from unquestioned dominance and power. Clyde
senses at once a formidable rival and is immediately on
guard.

NANCY

(elated)

Norman, this is Mr. Bonner.
He wanted to see some of your
things.

CLYDE

Oh. How do you do?

He lays aside his brushes, wipes his hands with a rag,
and shakes hands.

(CONTINUED)

BONNER
(affable, but
slightly
condescending)
Miss Monks has been telling me
about your work, Mr. Clyde. You've
made quite an impression upon her.

CLYDE
Thanks.

BONNER
Are you doing well?

CLYDE
Well enough.

BONNER
I like to encourage young painters.

CLYDE
So I've heard.

BONNER
(indulgently)
I can't say I understand what all
of them are doing. But I like to
feel that they're free to do it.

CLYDE
(with veiled
sarcasm)
That's mighty generous of you.

Nancy gives Clyde a dark look which he ignores. Bonner
turns to her.

BONNER
Nancy, which painting did you
say I should look at?

NANCY
Cassandra.
(to Clyde)
I think it's a masterpiece. I
told Mr. Bonner --

BONNER
(interrupting)
I always listen to Nancy. She
has real taste.

CLYDE
(rummaging through a
stack of canvases
against the wall)
I congratulate you, Mr. Bonner.
Most rich people make the mistake
of relying on their own.

(CONTINUED)

Nancy gives Clyde another dark look.

BONNER
(with an amused
smile, unperturbed)
I know the ones you mean.

Clyde fishes out the canvas he is looking for and holds it up. It is a striking, stylized painting. It has no eyes.

CLYDE
Nancy sat for this. You'll
notice I used her hair.

BONNER
(sarcastically)
Really?

Nancy, sensing a storm, intervenes.

NANCY
(to Bonner,
eagerly)
Do you like it?

BONNER
(thoughtfully)
I don't know. I'd have to study
it more carefully. When I think
of Cassandra, I see a mad
woman...with prophetic eyes --
wonderful eyes --
(he looks at
Nancy)
Yes, you have them.
(turning to
Clyde again)
How did you miss the eyes, Mr.
Clyde? Or are you partial to
hair?

CLYDE
(stung)
I paint pictures. Not anatomy.

BONNER
So I see.

Nancy glances nervously from one to the other.

NANCY
(to Bonner)
You'll take it, won't you?

(CONTINUED)

Nancy gives Clyde another dark look.

BONNER
(with an amused
smile, unperturbed)
I know the ones you mean.

Clyde fishes out the canvas he is looking for and holds it up. It is a striking, stylized painting.

CLYDE
Nancy sat for this. You'll
notice I used her hair.

BONNER
(puzzled)
Really? Where?

CLYDE
(pointing to some
arbitrary lines
on the canvas)
Right there.

BONNER
(politely)
Oh.

NANCY
(to Bonner,
eagerly)
Do you like it?

BONNER
(thoughtfully)
I don't know. I'd have to study
it more carefully. When I think
of Cassandra, I see a mad
woman...with prophetic eyes --
wonderful eyes --
(he looks at
Nancy)
Yes, you have them.
(turning to
Clyde again)
How did you miss the eyes, Mr.
Clyde? Or are you partial to
hair?

CLYDE
(stung)
I paint pictures. Not anatomy.

BONNER
So I see.

Nancy glances nervously from one to the other.

NANCY
(to Bonner)
You'll take it, won't you?

(CONTINUED)

CLYDE

(curtly)

It's not for sale.

He puts the canvas back with the others.

NANCY

(quickly)

I didn't mean sell it, Norman.
Mr. Bonner wants you to lend it
for a private exhibition in his
home. He has one every year.

BONNER

(to Clyde)

I can't promise anything very
startling, but your work will
be seen by important people.

CLYDE

By "important" you mean wealthy,
I presume?

BONNER

(with a smile)

Yes. Even wealthy people enjoy
good paintings occasionally.

CLYDE

I'd be happy to meet some.

BONNER

Fine. Then we'll count on you.
Good day, Mr. Clyde.
(he offers
his hand)

CLYDE

(shaking hands)

Goodbye, sir.

BONNER

You can hang six. Any ones you
like.

CLYDE

(nodding)

I'll think it over.

As Bonner leaves, Clyde looks at Nancy. She smiles,
very pleased with herself, as she closes the door.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. BONNER DUPLEX PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

56 MED. SHOT of a string quartet, playing a Mozart Sonata. CAMERA PANS OVER a throng of society people in evening clothes. Some are chatting. Others are looking at the modern paintings exhibited on the walls. CAMERA CONTINUES TO PAN UNTIL IT COMES TO:

56A CLOSE SHOT of Clyde's painting of "Cassandra." A group of guests are studying it.

57 TWO SHOT of Clyde and Nancy. Clyde is the only man not dressed in evening clothes. He wears a tweed suit.

NANCY
(smiling at him)
Congratulations, darling. I'm
very proud.

A dignified, old art critic hesitates as he passes them.

ART CRITIC
You're -- Clyde....

Clyde merely nods.

ART CRITIC (cont'd)
Congratulations. It deserved
the award. Unique idea.

Nancy smiles her pride in Clyde, takes his arm and leads him toward:

58 MED. CLOSE SHOT as Nancy and Clyde join Mr. Bonner standing near the painting of Cassandra.

BONNER
I'll give you five hundred
dollars for it.

CLYDE
As a painting or investment?

BONNER
As an investment, I wouldn't
give you anything.

CLYDE
You may be right, but as a
painting it's worth much more.
The price is five thousand.

NANCY
(laughing)
Oh, Norman, be reasonable.

(CONTINUED)

DISSOLVE IN

INT. BONNER DUPLEX PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

56 MED. SHOT of a string quartet, playing a Mozart Sonata. CAMERA PANS OVER a throng of society people in evening clothes. Some are chatting. Others are looking at the modern paintings exhibited on the walls. CAMERA CONTINUES TO PAN UNTIL IT COMES TO:

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NANCY
(smiling at him)
Congratulations, darling. I'm
very proud.

A dignified, old art critic hesitates as he passes them.

ART CRITIC
You're -- Clyde....

Clyde merely nods.

ART CRITIC (cont'd)
Congratulations. It deserved
the award. Very good.

Nancy smiles her pride in Clyde, takes his arm and leads him toward:

58 MED. CLOSE SHOT as Nancy and Clyde join Mr. Bonner standing near the painting of Cassandra.

BONNER
I'll give you five hundred
dollars for it.

CLYDE
As a painting or investment?

BONNER
As an investment, I wouldn't
give you anything.

CLYDE
You may be right, but as a
painting it's worth much more.
The price is five thousand.

NANCY
(laughing)
Oh, Norman, be reasonable.

(CONTINUED)

BONNER

(indulgently)

Let him talk. He's enjoying
it.

(glancing off)

But keep him away from my wife.
She isn't as hard-headed as I
am....

Bonner moves to join....

INT. RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT

59 MED. SHOT of Mrs. Bonner, in a wheel chair, being
wheeled out of a small, especially constructed elevator.
Mrs. Bonner, though an invalid, is a smart, attractive
woman which makes her affliction seem all the more
tragic. She is dressed stunningly and wears on her
bare throat an enormous oblong diamond known as the
Lombard Diamond. Her attendant is a pleasant-looking
young woman who acts as her companion. She wears a
simple evening dress.

CLYDE
(under his breath)
Is that his wife?

NANCY
(nodding)
She's been that way for years.

61 MED. SHOT of Nancy, Clyde and Bonner, as Mrs. Bonner is wheeled into the shot.

BONNER
Here he is, Martha. Mr. Norman
Clyde.

MRS. BONNER
(graciously)
Mr. Clyde, I want you to know
how pleased I am. In my opinion,
the judges were absolutely right.

CLYDE
Thank you, Mrs. Bonner.

MRS. BONNER
Has my husband bought "Cassandra"?

CLYDE
Not yet.

MRS. BONNER
Then I will.

BONNER
(amused)
You see.
(to Mrs. Bonner)
Aren't you going to ask the
price?

MRS. BONNER
How much is it?

BONNER
Mr. Clyde has just informed me
that he wants five thousand
dollars.

MRS. BONNER
Well, I think that's little
enough. Don't you?

(CONTINUED)

BONNER

(to Clyde, laughing)
Now you've started something.

MRS. BONNER

(to her husband,
lowering her
voice)

Drew dear, I must speak to you.
Mrs. Talbot has lost a bracelet.
She left it in the powder room.

BONNER

Did you tell Dexter?

MRS. BONNER

Yes. But he hasn't found it.
(to Nancy,
apologetically)
Please forgive me. I don't know
of anything more upsetting.

BONNER

(looking around)
There's a detective here somewhere.

CLYDE

(surprised)
Detective? What for?

BONNER

You can't be too careful. People
slip in.

MRS. BONNER

(to Clyde)
Mr. Bonner does it for my sake,
Mr. Clyde. I'm always nervous
when I wear this.

She touches the Lombard Diamond on her breast.

NANCY

Is there anything we can do?

MRS. BONNER

(reassuringly)
Oh, no, dear. Don't give it
another thought. I'm sure it'll
turn up.

Mrs. Bonner moves out of the shot.

62 CLOSE SHOT of Nancy and Clyde.

CLYDE

(gazing at
the painting)
Shall we sell it? Or shall we
keep it for ourselves? Suppose
I give it to you for a wedding
present?

NANCY

That's a very tempting offer,
Mr. Clyde.

CLYDE

Do I hear a taker?

NANCY

(smiling)
We couldn't eat it, could we?

CLYDE

That reminds me -- I'm starved.
(glancing at
his watch)
Let's get out of here.

NANCY

There's food in the other room.

CLYDE

(under his breath)
Too many butlers. I like it
thrown at me.

Nancy laughs and takes his arm as they move away from
the camera.

DISSOLVE

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - MacDOUGAL STREET - NIGHT

63 MED. SHOT of Nancy and Clyde, entering. They are in a
gay mood. Luigi hurries to greet them.

LUIGI

Congratulations! You win first
prize.

CLYDE

(surprised)
How did you know, Luigi?

LUIGI

(echoing him)
How did I know!
(beams at Nancy
and shrugs at
this superfluous
question)

NANCY

(laughing)
I told him yesterday. I had
to keep it a secret from you,
darling. Mr. Bonner asked me.

LUIGI

And now you celebrate! Sit
right here.

He leads them to a booth.

64 MED. CLOSE SHOT of Nancy, Clyde and the proprietor, as
they reach the booth. Luigi pulls the table out for
them.

NANCY

(gayly)
Let's have some music.

On the wall is a juke box slot. Nancy turns the
indicator to find a selection that appeals to her.

LUIGI

(to Nancy)
That thing's broken. No matter
what button you press here, all
you get is "Body And Soul" over
and over again.

CLYDE

(laughing)
Thanks, pal.

LUIGI

(pointing to
wall box)
You have to drop a nickel in
here and run quick like a deer
to press the button for the song
there.

NANCY

(to Clyde,
laughing)
You be the dropper. I'll be
the deer.

Nancy exits from the shot.

LUIGI

Lucky man!

CLYDE

It isn't all luck. A lot of
hard work went into it, too.

(CONTINUED)

LUIGI
I don't mean the prize. I mean
the girl. She will make somebody
a wonderful wife.

CLYDE
Why do you say somebody?

LUIGI
(with a
pleased grin)
So! I call the waiter.

Luigi exits from the shot. Clyde smiles with pleasant satisfaction as he reaches into his pocket and draws out a handful of change. He searches for a nickel and can't find one. He puts the change back into his pocket and is about to call a waiter when his gaze falls on Nancy's evening bag lying on the seat beside him. He picks it up and opens it.

65 CLOSEUP of Clyde's face, as he stares into Nancy's evening bag. His smile fades. Shock and incredulity take its place.

66 CLOSEUP of a valuable diamond bracelet, in Nancy's evening bag.

67 CLOSE SHOT of Clyde, staring at the bracelet. After a stunned moment, he comes to his senses and quickly closes the bag.

68 MED. SHOT of Clyde, as a waiter comes up to the table.

WAITER
Would you like a menu, sir?

CLYDE
(mechanically)
No.

WAITER
Something from the bar?
(as Clyde
shakes his head)
We close at two.

CLYDE
(testily)
I said I'm not ready to order.

WAITER
(intimidated)
Yes, sir.

Waiter exits from the shot.

- 69 MED. SHOT of Nancy, at the juke box. She is motioning to Clyde to drop a nickel in the slot.
- 70 MED. SHOT of Clyde. He rises, picks up his hat and coat, and Nancy's evening bag and starts toward her.
- 71 CLOSE SHOT of Nancy, registering her surprise. Clyde walks into the shot.

NANCY
(perplexed)
What's the matter?

CLYDE
(quietly)
We're leaving.

He hands her the evening bag and takes her arm, propelling her toward the door. CAMERA PANS WITH them.

NANCY
(completely
baffled)
Don't you want anything to eat?

As he urges her on forcibly:

NANCY (cont'd)
Norman, what are you doing?

CLYDE
(grimly)
We're going ---

DISSOLVE

72 OMITTED

INT. CLYDE'S STUDIO - NIGHT

- 73 MED. SHOT - Clyde and Nancy, as they enter the dark room. Clyde turns on the light and closes the door.

NANCY
(a little
out of breath)
I wish you'd explain what this
is all about.

CLYDE
(turning, and
facing her)
That's what I want from you.
Why did you do it?

NANCY
Do what?

73 (CONTINUED)

CLYDE

(quietly)

Take the bracelet.

NANCY

Oh. So that's it!

74 CLOSE SHOT of Nancy. An extraordinary change comes over her face. Fear vanishes. It is almost as though she were relieved.

NANCY

(murmuring simply)

Because I wanted it.

75 MED. CLOSE TWO SHOT. Clyde looks at her a moment, unable to believe this is all the explanation she is going to give.

CLYDE

(pleadingly)

Nancy, for heaven's sake, make sense.

Instead of answering, Nancy opens her evening bag, takes out the bracelet. Calmly and deliberately, she puts it on her arm and admires it. Clyde watches, fascinated.

NANCY

(like a child)

Are you going to tell on me?

76 CLOSEUP of Clyde's face. He is speechless. His eyes follow Nancy as she moves o.s.

77 CLOSE SHOT of Nancy, beside a table. She is holding the bracelet under a lamp to make it glisten.

NANCY

(half to herself)

I don't really like diamonds,
but I've always wondered what
it would feel like to own some.

78 MED. TWO SHOT.

CLYDE

(finding his
tongue at last)

You must be out of your mind!
Don't you realize what you've
done? Or do you? Have you
ever done this before?

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

(softly, as
though it were
equally a matter of
wonderment to her)

No. I've never stolen anything
in my life -- until tonight.

CLYDE

(pleadingly)

Then why? Why?

NANCY

(meeting his gaze,
quite simply)

I don't know.

For a moment, they stare at each other. Then Clyde
crosses to her and takes her firmly by the shoulders.

CLYDE

You've got to know! You're
going to stay here until you
tell me.

He forces her down on the couch.

NANCY

(mildly
protesting)

Norman, please --

CLYDE

Are you in debt?

NANCY

No.

CLYDE

It isn't money?

NANCY

No....no....

CLYDE

Something you want to buy?

NANCY

(interrupting)

I told you the reason...I was
alone in the powder room...I
saw it lying there....I couldn't
help myself....

CLYDE

(vehemently)

That's no reason. People don't
take things just because they
see them.

(CONTINUED)

78 (CONTINUED)

NANCY

(helplessly)

Oh, Norman!

CLYDE

Tell me!

NANCY

(protesting)

I did tell you. I've told you everything. Stop torturing me. Stop!

She bursts into tears, unable to stand it any longer. Clyde sits down and puts his arm around her. She rests her head against his shoulder and sobs bitterly.

79 CLOSE TWO SHOT.

CLYDE

(sympathetically)

All you have to do is think, Nancy. How did you feel when you saw the bracelet? Why did it tempt you? You must have thought something.

NANCY

(sobbing)

I did! I did! Oh, it's awful!

CLYDE

(gently)

What is, Nancy?

NANCY

What I thought of!

CLYDE

What did you think of?

NANCY

(between sobs)

Something that happened when I was a child. My father had just died. He was a painter like you, Norman. Only he was a failure. My mother had to work.

As she speaks, CAMERA MOVES IN to:

79A CLOSEUP of Nancy's face.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. SERVANTS' QUARTERS - WILLIS HOME - DAY

80 CLOSEUP of Nancy's face as a child of ten. Her expression is excited, somewhat furtive. CAMERA DRAWS BACK to show Nancy, moving down the hallway of the servants' quarters. In the b.g. can be seen a house maid, in her room, ironing her uniform.

NANCY'S VOICE

(as narrator
over shot)

She got a job as a housekeeper
for a rich family.

80A MED. SHOT - at the impressive door, which separates the servants' quarters from the rest of the house. Nancy turns the large knob and peeks through a crack in the door.

NANCY'S VOICE

(as narrator
over shot)

When you're a housekeeper's
daughter, you see the world
through half opened doors.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - WILLIS HOME - DAY

80B FULL SHOT - Nancy's ANGLE - of a wide, richly carpeted hallway.

NANCY'S VOICE

(as narrator
over shot)

There was a daughter in the
family. She's dead now. She
died three years ago.

A door across the hallway opens, revealing a glimpse of a luxuriously furnished sitting room. Karen, also aged ten, comes out of the room. As Karen crosses the door, Nancy slips into the hallway and hurries to meet her.

NANCY'S VOICE (cont'd)

(over shot)

Her name was Karen and she was
just my age. She was lonely
because her brother was away at
school. So we used to play
together in the pantries and on
the back stairs.

800

MED. SHOT of Nancy and Karen.

NANCY

(in an excited
whisper)

Did you ask her?

KAREN

(equally
excited)I'm going to. But you'd better
not let her see you. She's
likely --

She breaks off with an anxious glance over her shoulder. Nancy hears approaching footsteps and darts into a hall closet, leaving the door ajar. Mrs. Willis comes out of the room. She is a smart society woman of forty.

MRS. WILLIS

(stopping)

What are you doing, Karen?

KAREN

Nothing, Mother.

MRS. WILLIS

Why are you standing there?

KAREN

(screwing up
her courage)Mother, could Nancy come to my
birthday party?

CLOSE SHOT of Nancy, in the closet, peeking through a crack in the door.

MRS. WILLIS' VOICE

(over shot)

Nancy who?

KAREN'S VOICE

(over shot)

The housekeeper's little girl.

MRS. WILLIS' VOICE

(over shot)

Of course not. Why do you bother me with silly questions?

MED. SHOT of Karen and Mrs. Willis.

KAREN

Why is it silly, Mother?

MRS. WILLIS

Mrs. Monks is employed here.

KAREN

Is Nancy employed?

MRS. WILLIS

You've been told not to argue, Karen. Go back and finish your lesson.

Mrs. Willis proceeds to the stairs and starts down. Karen looks angry and disappointed. She turns to Nancy as the latter emerges cautiously from the closet.

KAREN

I think it's mean. I won't have any fun now.

NANCY

(frightened)

Promise you won't tell anyone you asked, Karen. If my mother hears of it --

KAREN

I won't tell. But you're going to get everything the others get -- I'm going to see to it -- vanilla cake with candies in it and walnut ice cream...And you'll get a present, too...The girls are getting pins...Wouldn't you like a real platinum pin, Nancy, to wear on your dress?

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

(her face
brightening)

Oh, Karen! Do you suppose I
could?

KAREN

(confidently)

Wait. You'll see tomorrow.

NANCY

What is platinum, Karen?

KAREN

Platinum is like silver, only
it's much more expensive. No
one wears silver any more.
Silver shines so. Platinum is
dull. It looks like lead, but
everyone knows it isn't. That's
why it's chic. It's like old
mirrors you can't see in.

83 CLOSEUP of Nancy's face.

NANCY

(rapturously)

It must be beautiful.

DISSOLVE

INT. WILLIS' DINING ROOM - DAY

84 CLOSE SHOT of Karen, bending over an enormous birthday
cake with lighted candles. She blows the candles out
with one sustained breath. Shouts of children come
over the shot, and are quickly followed by the usual
noisy chatter of children's parties.

85 CLOSEUP of a spoon, sinking into rich ice cream.

86 CLOSEUP of a boy's hand, closing over a fistful of nuts.

87 CLOSEUP of three hands, reaching toward a huge platter
of assorted chocolates.

88 CLOSEUP of a boy's hands, pulling one of the snappers.
It snaps loudly.

89 CLOSEUP of a girl's hands, fastening a small platinum
pin on her dress.

INT. BUTLERS' PANTRY - DAY

90 CLOSE SHOT of Nancy, peeking through the swinging door. She is obviously thrilled by the sight of such a lavish party.

91 FULL SHOT - REVERSE ANGLE (as seen from Nancy's point of view) of the party in progress. About twenty children are gathered at the table, all busily engaged and having a wonderful time. Four sedate butlers are tending to their wants.

92 MED. SHOT of Karen, as she rises with a large piece of cake on a plate. One of the butlers tries to take the plate from her.

KAREN

(determinedly
to the butler)

No. This is for someone else.

Karen pushes past the butler and starts toward the pantry door.

INT. BUTLERS' PANTRY - DAY

93 CLOSE SHOT of Nancy as she sees Karen coming. She backs away from the door as Karen enters.

KAREN

(breathlessly)

Here, Nancy.

She thrusts the plate in Nancy's hands.

KAREN (cont'd)

(continuing
hurriedly)

I'm sorry about the pin. There just isn't one left.

NANCY

Oh.

Disappointment is written on her face. Karen sees it and is torn.

KAREN

If I had one myself, I'd give it to you. Maybe if I ask one of the girls --

NANCY

Didn't you get one, either?

(CONTINUED)

KAREN

No. I got this.

(points to a
locket on her
neck, and then
with sudden
inspiration)You take it. I don't want it,
anyway.

She unfastens the locket from her neck and puts it around Nancy's. It is a plain silver heart with a small diamond in the center, suspended on a delicate chain. Nancy stares at the locket. Her face brightens ecstatically.

NANCY

(exclaiming)

Can I keep it for good?

KAREN

Of course, silly. You don't
think I'm an Indian giver?

Without waiting for any further questions, Karen exits quickly through the swinging door.

94 CLOSEUP of Nancy, as she stares at the little diamond, then clutches the locket to her breast, and raises her eyes to the ceiling.

NANCY

(fervently)

Thank you, God. I won't ever
ask you for anything again.

95 MED. SHOT of Nancy, as a butler enters from the dining room, on his way to the kitchen.

NANCY

(stopping him)

Orville, look! See what Karen
gave me!

She holds the locket out to be admired.

BUTLER

(impatiently)

I'm busy now.

He continues on his way to the kitchen.

NANCY

(tagging
after him)

But, Orville --

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

96 MED. SHOT as the butler enters, followed by Nancy. A cook and two kitchen-girls are busy with preparations for dinner. Nancy runs from one to the other exhibiting her treasure.

NANCY

Loot, it's mine! Look, look!

KITCHEN-GIRL

Well, now ain't that something?

(to the other
kitchen-girl)

Jenny, see what the child's got.

The cook and the two kitchen-girls gather around Nancy to admire her locket. Even the butler deigns to peer at it.

97 CLOSE SHOT of Nancy, surrounded by the help as they admire the locket.

JENNY

(a kitchen-girl)

It's real pretty.

OTHER KITCHEN-GIRL

Elegant!

COOK

(to Nancy)

When I was your age, my aunt
gimme one just like it!

MRS. WILLIS' VOICE

(peremptorily
over the shot)

Where is she?

They all look up fearfully.

98 MED. SHOT of group, as Mrs. Willis approaches followed by Karen.

KAREN

(to Nancy
apologetically)

You'll have to give it back,
Nancy. It's a real diamond.
I didn't know.

MRS. WILLIS

(annoyed)

Be quiet. It isn't the diamond
that matters.

(CONTINUED)

KAREN

But, Mother, you said they aren't
for children of --

MRS. WILLIS

(interrupting
sharply)

Karen, will you please listen
to me. That is not why I want
it back.

KAREN

But you said --

MRS. WILLIS

Never mind what I said!

MRS. WILLIS (cont'd)

(as she removes
the locket)

I hate to do this, but Karen
had no business giving it to
you in the first place. I'll
see that you get something else.

NANCY

(with tears
coming to her
eyes)

I don't want anything else.

MRS. WILLIS

(to Karen,
exasperated)

Now see what you've done! Come
along. We'll settle this later..
You've got to get back to your
guests.

She takes Karen by the hand and marches her out of the
kitchen.

FIRST KITCHEN-GIRL

(sympathetically)

Don't you cry, Nancy.

NANCY

(sobbing)

Don't tell Mama. Oh, please,
please don't tell her!

JENNY

(to Nancy)

You couldn't help it. Some
people are like that.

(CONTINUED)

She strokes Nancy's head consolingly.

NANCY

Leave me alone.

Nancy dashes from the kitchen.

INT. SERVANTS' HALL - DAY

99 MED SHOT of Nancy. The CAMERA PANS WITH her as she runs through the hall and up the back stairs.

DISSOLVE

100 OMITTED.

INT. TINY SERVANT'S ROOM - DAY

101 MED. SHOT of Nancy, as she flings herself on the bed and sobs. Mrs. Monks enters alarmed. She is a plain woman, kindly and unoffending. She has an honest face.

MRS. MONKS

Nancy child, what is it?

NANCY

(sobbing)

Oh, Mama! Mama!

Mrs. Monks sits down on the bed and takes Nancy in her arms.

MRS. MONKS

Tell me what's wrong, dear.

NANCY

(sobbing)

Karen gave me a locket with a real diamond in it. I didn't ask her. She said I could keep it. And Mrs. Willis took it away.

MRS. MONKS

(sympathetically)

Darling, you know what I told you about playing with Karen. It isn't her fault.

NANCY

But why couldn't I keep it, Mama?

(CONTINUED)

101 (CONTINUED)

MRS. MONKS

I don't know. There's probably
a very good reason.

NANCY

(sobbing)

But if she'd given it to one of
those other children ...

MRS. MONKS

(firmly)

Stop it, Nancy. I forbid you
to talk that way. Envy is a
terrible thing.

NANCY

(sobbing)

I know, Mamma. But I did want
it so!

She buries her head on her mother's shoulder.

MRS. MONKS

(soothingly)

It's all right to want things,
Nancy. But you'll have to be
patient. If you want things
badly enough, someday you'll
have them.

DISSOLVE

INT. WILLIS' DINING ROOM - DAY

102 FULL SHOT of the four butlers and two kitchen-girls,
searching every inch of the room for a lost article.

NANCY'S VOICE

(as narrator
over shot)

The following day the whole
house was in an uproar. The
locket was missing; and Mrs.
Willis was on a rampage...

DISSOLVE

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - DAY

103 MED. CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT of Nancy, being escorted down
the corridor by a solemn-faced butler.

NANCY'S VOICE

(as narrator
over shot)

She sent for me. I'll never
forget the terror I felt as I
approached her private sitting
room.

(CONTINUED)

103 (CONTINUED)

Nancy and the butler stop at a closed door. The CAMERA STOPS WITH them. The butler inspects Nancy from head to foot.

BUTLER

Straighten your hair-ribbon.

Nancy obediently straightens the ribbon, as the butler knocks respectfully on the door.

MRS. WILLIS' VOICE

(over the shot)

Come in.

The butler opens the door.

INT. MRS. WILLIS' SITTING ROOM - DAY

104 MED. CLOSE SHOT of Nancy and the butler. Nancy stands frozen in the doorway.

BUTLER

(solemnly)

You wished to see the
housekeeper's daughter, Madam.

105 MED. SHOT of Mrs. Willis, seated at a small writing desk.

MRS. WILLIS

Yes, Orville. That will be all.
Close the door, please.

106 MED. CLOSE SHOT of Nancy and the butler. The butler steps back and exits, closing the door. Nancy looks around, terrified. There is no escape. Timidly she looks at Mrs. Willis.

107 CLOSE SHOT of Mrs. Willis.

MRS. WILLIS

Don't be frightened. I'm not
going to scold you. We're
going to have a little talk,
that's all.

Mrs. Willis smiles in a friendly, ingratiating manner to put Nancy at her ease.

108 CLOSE SHOT of Nancy, still fearful and not quite trusting this gesture of friendliness.

109

CLOSE SHOT of Mrs. Willis.

MRS. WILLIS

(encouragingly)

Your name is Nancy, I believe.

110

LONG SHOT of Nancy, with Mrs. Willis in the immediate f.g.

NANCY

(meekly)

Yes, Ma'am.

MRS. WILLIS

(persuasively)

Well now, Nancy, suppose you come a little closer so we won't have to shout.

Nancy obeys reluctantly.

111

MED. CLOSE TWO SHOT. Mrs. Willis pushes some papers aside and turns in her chair to face the child standing before her.

MRS. WILLIS

Nancy, I need your assistance. The little locket that Karen gave you yesterday has disappeared. I'm not making any charges, mind you. I merely want you to help the servants look for it. If you find it, I'll give you something very nice as a reward.

NANCY

(with a sudden rush of tears)

I didn't take it, Mrs. Willis. I don't see why you blame me.

MRS. WILLIS

(patiently)

I'm not blaming you, Nancy. I haven't said that I thought anyone took it.

NANCY

Then why do you talk to me like this?

MRS. WILLIS

Because the thought did occur to me that sometimes little girls have a way of finding things...

(CONTINUED)

111 (CONTINUED)

NANCY

(in tearful
defiance)I'm not a little girl. I'm ten.
I know what stealing is.

MRS. WILLIS

I did not use the word steal.

NANCY

You meant it though.

MRS. WILLIS

(vexed)

I meant nothing of the sort.
Children take things, to be
sure, but I don't consider it
stealing. Much worse than
taking things is to lie about
it.

NANCY

I'm not lying. I haven't got
it. I don't know where it is!

The tears stream down her cheeks.

MRS. WILLIS

There's nothing to cry about.
As I said before ---
(she breaks
off irritably)Oh, stop it. Use your
handkerchief. Have you got a
handkerchief?

NANCY

(sobbing)

Yes.

Nancy takes a handkerchief from her pocket as Mrs.
Willis waits patiently.

INT. LINEN ROOM - DAY

112 MED. SHOT of Mrs. Monks, sorting linen. A maid enters
and deposits some children's clothes on a table.

MAID

These clothes of Karen's need
mending.The maid exits. Mrs. Monks picks up the party dress that
Karen wore on her birthday and starts looking for the
pearl. Suddenly a look of excitement and relief comes
into her face as she discovers the locket and chain,
caught in a seam of lace. Eagerly she extricates the
locket and hurries from the room.

INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - DAY

113 MED. SHOT of Mrs. Monks, walking rapidly to Mrs. Willis' sitting room.

INT. MRS. WILLIS' SITTING ROOM - DAY

114 MED. CLOSE SHOT of Nancy and Mrs. Willis. Nancy has regained control of herself, but is still wiping her eyes with the handkerchief.

MRS. WILLIS

Do you think you can talk sensibly now?

NANCY

(meekly)

Yes.

MRS. WILLIS

Very well then, we'll proceed.

There is a knock on the door.

MRS. WILLIS (cont'd)

(annoyed)

Yes. Come in.

115 MED. SHOT of Mrs. Monks, entering.

MRS. MONKS

Excuse me, Mrs. Willis. Is this what you're looking for?

She holds up the locket.

116 MED. THREE SHOT.

MRS. WILLIS

Where did you find it?

MRS. MONKS

I was going over your daughter's clothes. It was in the seam of one of her dresses.

She approaches Mrs. Willis respectfully and hands her the locket.

MRS. WILLIS

(curtly)

Thank you.

Mrs. Willis takes the locket, glances at it, then switches her cold, angry eyes to Nancy again.

(CONTINUED)

116 (CONTINUED)

MRS. WILLIS (cont'd)

It would have been much better
for you, young lady, if you'd
given it up.

MRS. MONKS

(shocked)

Why, Mrs. Willis! What do you
mean?

MRS. WILLIS

(to Mrs. Monks,
insultingly)

Please don't add to your child's
offense. You'd be helping her
more if you didn't protect her.

117 CLOSEUP of Mrs. Monks' face. She has difficulty
controlling her anger.

MRS. MONKS

I resent your saying that very
much.

118 MED. CLOSE THREE SHOT.

MRS. WILLIS

(losing
her temper)

Resent! How dare you use such
a word to me? I'll show you
how to get the truth out of a
child.

She grabs Nancy by the shoulders and shakes her hard.

MRS. WILLIS (cont'd)

You did take that locket, didn't
you? You took it because you
wanted it and I'd taken it away
from you. Because I made you
cry! Isn't that so?

(shaking
her again)

Answer me. You've got a tongue.
That's the truth, isn't it? You
thought you could get away with
it.

NANCY

(screaming)

No!

MRS. WILLIS

Don't lie!

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

No!

Mrs. Willis rises and towers over Nancy, still clutching her by the shoulders.

MRS. WILLIS

(shouting at
the top of
her voice)

You did, you wretched child.
You stole that locket. I'll
get it out of you. I'll
make you say it for the good
of your soul.

NANCY

(screaming)

No!

Nancy tries to back away, but Mrs. Willis pursues her relentlessly.

MRS. WILLIS

Don't think you can get away
from me!

119 CLOSE SHOT of Mrs. Monks, paralyzed with horror.

MRS. MONKS

(imploringly)

Stop! Oh, please, I beg of you!

120 CLOSE SHOT of Nancy and Mrs. Willis. Nancy has her back to the wall. Mrs. Willis' fingers are digging into her shoulders.

MRS. WILLIS

(commandingly)

Say it.

NANCY

(shrieking)

I didn't! I didn't!

She screams as Mrs. Willis' grip tightens.

NANCY (cont'd)

Yes -- I took it. Let me go!

Nancy wrenches herself free. In doing so her hand knocks a little, musical cigarette box off the table beside her. The box falls to the floor, opens and starts playing a tingling little tune, in ludicrous contrast to Nancy's terror.

- 120A CLOSEUP of cigarette box on the floor with the cigarettes spilled out and the silly little jingling tune continuing inanely.
- 120B CLOSEUP of Nancy's face registering the tune as in a horrible, haunting nightmare - the kind that one can never forget.
- 120C MED. CLOSE SHOT of Mrs. Willis and Nancy as Mrs. Willis turns triumphantly to Mrs. Monks.

MRS. WILLIS

(breathing hard)

There's your child for you.
Now you know her.

NANCY

No!

Mrs. Willis rises and towers over Nancy, still clutching her by the shoulders.

MRS. WILLIS

(shouting at the
top of her
voice)

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(shrieking)

I didn't! I didn't!

She screams as Mrs. Willis' grip tightens.

NANCY (cont'd)

Yes -- I took it. Let me go!

Mrs. Willis lets go of Nancy and turns triumphantly to Mrs. Monks.

MRS. WILLIS

(breathing hard)

There's your child for you.
Now you know her.

MRS. MONKS

(gasping)
You -- beast!

MRS. WILLIS

Get her out of this house. I
don't want either of you here.
See Joseph about your wages.

MRS. MONKS

(trembling
with anger)
Come, Nancy.

She takes Nancy by the arm and turns her toward the door.

DISSOLVE

INT. CLYDE'S STUDIO - NIGHT

122 MED. SHOT of Nancy and Clyde, sitting on the couch, as
Nancy finishes telling of this bitter childhood
experience.

NANCY

(drying her
eyes with a
handkerchief)
I hated her so. I could have
killed her. Even today --

CLYDE

(interrupting)
Well, that explains it. You
were blamed for something you
didn't do, so the next time the
opportunity came along, you
figured, "What have I to lose?"

NANCY

(wretchedly)
I don't know.

CLYDE

(cheerfully)
Well, I do. When you took that
bracelet you were getting even
with Mrs. Willis.

NANCY

(murmuring)
Or maybe I was proving her
right.

(CONTINUED)

CLYDE
(forcefully)
Don't say that.

NANCY
(pathetically)
It could be.

CLYDE
(stubbornly)
It couldn't be, because it
isn't true. She made you lie,
Nancy. Don't you understand?
You never actually stole the
locket.

NANCY
(sensibly)
No. Of course not.

CLYDE
Then there's no reason to think
such a thing. The question is,
what are we going to do about
this?

He indicates the bracelet on her arm.

NANCY
(mechanically)
I'll do whatever you say, Norman.

CLYDE
Nancy, look --

He turns her face to his and looks into her eyes very
seriously.

CLYDE (cont'd)
You wouldn't do it again, would
you?

NANCY
(in a whisper)
No.

CLYDE
Then forget it. I want you to
leave everything to me.

He removes the bracelet from her wrist and puts it in
his pocket.

CLYDE (cont'd)
I'm going to mail it back to
Mrs. Talbot without any sender's
address. No one's going to know
where it came from.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

(gratefully)

Thank you, Norman. I'm sorry
I've given you such a time.
Really.

CLYDE

You poor kid!

He presses her head against his shoulder. She looks up
to him, inviting a kiss. Their lips meet.

CLYDE (cont'd)

(huskily)

Just pretend it never happened,
honey.

Her arms go about his neck in gratitude and complete
surrender. Once more their lips meet and this time
hold.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. WINDOW - ART GALLERY - DAY

123 CLOSE SHOT of a very beautiful and striking portrait
of Mrs. Bonner on display in the window. Prominently
featured in the portrait is the Lombard Diamond on her
breast.

CLYDE'S VOICE

(as narrator
over shot)

Months passed. Everything was
going well....

124 MED. CLOSE SHOT of Nancy and Clyde, standing outside
the window, looking at the painting.

CLYDE'S VOICE

(as narrator
over shot)

Nancy and I were together
constantly -- we were engaged
now....

An elderly and very distinguished-looking gentleman
enters the shot and pauses beside Nancy to study the
painting.

CLYDE'S VOICE (cont'd)

(as narrator
over shot)

Whether I liked it or not,
Bonner had really helped me.

(CONTINUED)

124 (CONTINUED)

The elderly gentleman, obviously impressed, bends forward to look for the artist's signature.

CLYDE'S VOICE (cont'd)

(as narrator
over shot)

I had arrived....and the incident of the bracelet was just about forgotten.

The elderly gentleman straightens, noting the name mentally, and walks on. Nancy looks up at Clyde with a proud and happy smile.

CLYDE'S VOICE (cont'd)

(as narrator
over shot)

Then one night we were invited to the Bonners' again.

CAMERA PANS AWAY FROM Nancy and Clyde and MOVES IN SLOWLY TO:

125 CLOSE SHOT of the portrait of Mrs. Bonner in the window.

CLYDE'S VOICE

(as narrator
over shot,
continuing
without
interruption)

Nancy didn't want to go, and I understood why; but I thought it would be good for her, so I made her.

As the portrait of Mrs. Bonner fills the screen completely, a murmur of conversation comes over the shot, and the CAMERA PULLS BACK TO:

INT. BONNER APARTMENT - NIGHT

126 MED. SHOT of the portrait, hanging on the wall, being admired by a small group of society people in the f.g. The CAMERA PANS OVER a large assemblage of guests TO a:

127- MED. CLOSE SHOT of Clyde (this time wearing a dinner
128 jacket) standing at a buffet with a group of men. He has a half-finished highball in his hand. He looks at his watch and, turning away from the group momentarily, allows his gaze to wander over the room full of guests.

(CONTINUED)

127-

128 (CONTINUED)

CLYDE'S VOICE

(as narrator
over shot)

As the evening wore on, I was
suddenly aware that I hadn't
seen Nancy for quite a while.
I was beginning to feel uneasy.

Clyde leaves the group of men and moves through the
guests into the reception hall, and into the room beyond.
The CAMERA TRUCKS WITH him.

(CONTINUED)

128 (CONTINUED)

CLYDE'S VOICE (cont'd)

(as narrator
over shot)

I wandered from room to room.
No sign of her. I noticed that
Bonner was missing too, and that
made me wonder all the more.
Bonner liked Nancy. He saw too
much of her. I hated myself
for doing this, but I couldn't
stop looking.

INT. RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT

129 MED. SHOT - Clyde, as he comes back into the hall with
a worried look. He sees the stairs, glances around to
make sure that no one is watching and starts up.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

130 MED. SHOT - Clyde, as he comes up the stairs. As he
reaches the top step, we hear the muffled report of a
revolver over the shot. Clyde stands frozen, listens,
glances down the hall.

131 FULL SHOT of the hall with Clyde in f.g. Nancy comes
hurrying out of a room. Terror is written on her face.
She sees Clyde and rushes to him.

NANCY

Norman!

CLYDE

What's the matter?

NANCY

(clinging to him
desperately)

Something terrible has happened!
Get me out of this!

CLYDE

Out of what? What are you talking
about?

Nancy claps her hand over his mouth and glances o.s.
fearfully. Clyde follows her glance.

132 FULL SHOT of the far end of the hall. A maid has come
out of a room and is closing a door. She has her back
to Nancy and Clyde. She opens the door of the linen
closet and takes out some towels.

133

MED. SHOT of Nancy and Clyde. Clyde looks about quickly and sees the open door of Mrs. Bonner's private elevator. He shoves Nancy in, steps in himself and presses a button. The elevator door closes silently.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

134

CLOSE SHOT of Nancy and Clyde, as the elevator descends.

CLYDE

I heard a shot.

NANCY

(tense
and rapid)

So did I....I was in Mrs.
Bonner's room freshening up....
Her room connects with his, you
know....

CLYDE

No, I didn't know.

NANCY

Well, I didn't either until I
went to the door and --

135

MED. SHOT - REVERSE ANGLE.

NANCY

Oh, Norman, I'm frightened.
Mr. Bonner was lying across
the bed --

She breaks off as the elevator stops and the automatic door quickly opens to show guest filled reception room. There are a few people talking, admiring the paintings, but no one is looking in Clyde's direction.

136-
137

MED. SHOT of Nancy and Clyde, as Clyde puts Nancy's arm in his, and approaches the group on the opposite side of the hall. They pause and study the painting. They are still unnoticed.

CLYDE

You stay with me.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

138 MED. SHOT of the maid coming down the hall with an armful of clean towels. She knocks perfunctorily on a closed door and enters without waiting for any response.

INT. BONNER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

139 MED. SHOT of the maid entering and stopping short, an alarmed look on her face.

140 FULL SHOT - REVERSE ANGLE of Mr. Bonner lying face down across the bed, and Dexter, his valet, bending over him. On the bed, close to Mr. Bonner's outstretched hand, lies a small revolver. Dexter looks up.

141 MED. SHOT of group, including the maid.

MAID

(panicky)

Dexter, is -- is Mr. Bonner ill?

DEXTER

No. There's been an accident.
Get a doctor.

He picks up the revolver and examines it. The maid sees the revolver for the first time and gives a little stifled scream.

DEXTER (cont'd)

(impatiently)

Will you please call a doctor?

The maid turns to go.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

142 MED. PAN SHOT as the maid comes hurrying out of the bedroom and down the stairs.

INT. RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT

143 FULL SHOT of the maid coming down the stairs. Guests are moving about in the hall, going from one room to another. Nancy and Clyde are in a group in the f.g. The maid hurries toward the camera, pushes past Clyde and makes her way through the group.

MAID

(breathlessly)

Excuse me...Excuse me, please...

(CONTINUED)

143 (CONTINUED)

People look at the maid in surprise, aware that something must be wrong. Nancy and Clyde exchange glances.

INT. RECEPTION ROOM - NIGHT

144 MED. PAN SHOT of the maid as she hurries toward Mrs. Bonner in her wheel chair.

MRS. BONNER
(surprised at
seeing her)
What is it, Tina?

The maid bends and whispers in Mrs. Bonner's ear.

145 CLOSE SHOT of Mrs. Bonner and the maid.

MRS. BONNER
(puzzled)
Accident?

Maid continues to whisper to her.

MRS. BONNER (cont'd)
(her expression
changing to alarm)
No!

She looks at the maid with fearful misgiving.

MAID
(wretchedly)
I'm afraid it's so, Ma'am.

MRS. BONNER
Tina, help me to the elevator.

She turns her chair toward the reception hall.

146 MED. SHOT of Mrs. Bonner and the maid as people make way for them. By this time everyone has sensed that something is wrong. A hush falls over the room. The guests look at one another questioningly.

INT. RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT

147 MED. CLOSE SHOT of Nancy and Clyde as Mrs. Bonner is wheeled past on her way to the elevator.

148 CLOSEUP of Nancy's hand seeking Clyde's. He clasps her hand and holds it firmly.

- 149 MED. CLOSE SHOT of Nancy and Clyde. Clyde gives Nancy a reassuring look and then looks away.
- 150 MED. SHOT of a butler, appearing on the stairs. He stops as he sees Mrs. Bonner about to be wheeled into the elevator.

BUTLER

Mrs. Bonner, the police are on the phone. They've instructed me to ask people not to leave.

- 151 CLOSEUP of an elderly male guest.

GUEST

Police? What's wrong?

- 152 CLOSEUP of butler.

BUTLER

Mr. Bonner is dead.

DISSOLVE

INSERT NEWSPAPER COLUMN HEADING:

ANDREW BONNER MURDERED

Multi-millionaire Philanthropist
and Art Patron Shot to Death in
Palatial Penthouse Apartment.

As CAMERA QUICKLY MOVES IN ON the word "Murdered"....
until it covers the screen.

DISSOLVE

INT. CLYDE'S STUDIO - DAY

- 153 CLOSE SHOT of Nancy, looking out of the window. She has her hat and coat on. It is raining outside.

CLYDE'S VOICE

(over shot)

Question: Did you know that Mr. Bonner had a revolver in his room?

Answer: Yes, he felt safer. He kept my jewels there.

Question: Now, Mrs. Bonner, you say that just before the shooting Mr. Bonner noticed that you were not wearing the Lombard Diamond, and he reminded you that he had laid it out on his dresser. (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

CLYDE'S VOICE (cont'd)

Answer: Yes. So I asked him to get it for me. (Sobs) I know how much it pleased him to have me wear it.

Question: Are you quite sure the diamond was on the dresser?

Answer: I only know what he told me. (Hysterical outburst) I don't care if it's gone. I hope I never see it again. I wish we'd never owned it!

Question: --

NANCY

(turning impatiently)

Norman, for heaven's sake --

154 MED. SHOT of Nancy and Clyde. Clyde is sitting on the couch reading from a newspaper.

CLYDE

(looking up)

Aren't you interested?

NANCY

I've read the paper. Why are you doing this?

CLYDE

We're going to be cross-examined.

NANCY

All the guests will be cross-examined. We're no different from the others.

CLYDE

(correcting her)

Only that we were upstairs. We heard the shot. You saw his body lying on the bed. You say yourself there was no one else in the room --

NANCY

No one I could see.

CLYDE

Well, that's important. It might help the valet.

NANCY

If the valet didn't kill him, who did?

CLYDE

That's up to the police to find out.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

I don't know why you want to drag us into it. Mr. Bonner was fond of me - I don't deny that - but think how ugly it will sound! They'll say I was up there with him and it isn't true. Why won't you believe me?

Clyde rises and faces her.

CLYDE

(in a tense voice)

I want to believe you.

NANCY

No you don't. You've got this crazy idea --

CLYDE

I love you. Is that crazy?

NANCY

(pleadingly)

Then why --?

CLYDE

(emphatically)

I've got to know! Why were you up there?

NANCY

I told you. I forgot my makeup. The powder room was full --

CLYDE

Did you see Bonner go up?

Nancy breaks off, stung by this implication. She slaps Clyde in the face.

NANCY

(blazing mad)

I've had enough of your insults. Go ahead, accuse me. What is it you think I've done? Say it.

Nancy waits, but there is no response from Clyde. She picks up her gloves and pocketbook.

NANCY (cont'd)

(almost with pathos)

How could I ever have liked you, Norman? Arrogant, suspicious, neurotic --

CLYDE

(weakly)

It isn't neurotic to be jealous.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

It's worse than neurotic to be
jealous of a dead man!

Without waiting to hear more, Nancy exits quickly
and slams the door.

155 CLOSEUP of Clyde's face harassed with anger and doubt.

DISSOLVE

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

156 MED. SHOT of Clyde, District Attorney and stenotypist.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

You say that your presence could
easily be observed at all times
by one or more of the guests?

CLYDE

I do.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

And you were on the lower floor
with Miss Nancy Monks the entire
evening?

CLYDE

(hesitates a moment,
then responds)

That's right.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Thank you, Mr. Clyde. We may
call on you again later.

As Clyde rises and starts to leave....

DISSOLVE

EXT. CIGAR STORE - NIGHT

157 CLOSEUP of a stack of newspapers on the news-counter.
The headline reads:

INDICT VALET IN BONNER CASE

All Guests Exonerated

158 CLOSE SHOT of Clyde at the news-counter staring at
the headline. He throws a nickel down and picks up
a paper. He reads avidly.

INSERT NEWSPAPER COPY:

Myron Dexter, a quiet unobtrusive little man, was informed today that he would have to stand trial for the murder of his late master.

160 MED. SHOT of Clyde, reading with a worried look on his face. He stuffs the paper in his overcoat pocket and steps into the cigar store. Through the window, we see him move into a telephone booth.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

161 CLOSEUP of Clyde, in the phone booth, as he drops a nickel in the slot and dials a number.

CLYDE'S VOICE

(as narrator
over shot)

Now that I'd done it, I knew I was wrong in shielding her. I wanted to be wrong. I wanted to prove to Nancy that I believed in her -- that the incident of the bracelet hadn't influenced me; but in my heart I knew it had. She was withholding evidence and I was helping her. I wanted desperately to talk to her, but the phone wouldn't answer...

Clyde hangs up slowly and leaves the booth.

DISSOLVE

INT. CLYDE'S STUDIO - DAY

162 MED. CLOSE SHOT of Clyde, alone, painting.

CLYDE'S VOICE

(as narrator
over shot)

For weeks she avoided seeing me. But on the day Myron Dexter was convicted, I sent her a sarcastic telegram. Just one word, "Congratulations." And this got under her skin apparently because an hour later --

Clyde glances o.s. CAMERA PANS TO Nancy, standing in the open doorway. She is dressed very smartly.

(CONTINUED)

159 CLOSEUP.

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Clyde hangs up slowly and leaves the booth.

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over shot)

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Clyde glances o.s. CAMERA PANS TO Nancy, standing in the open doorway. She is dressed very smartly.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

(abruptly)

I got your telegram, Norman.
I just want to say that if
there's any more talk of this,
I'll go to the District Attorney
and tell him everything.

Clyde walks into the shot and shuts the door. He
turns to Nancy.

CLYDE

Are you serious?

NANCY

Perfectly.

CLYDE

(with a faint
cynical smile)

Don't tell me your conscience
is bothering you?

NANCY

No. It's your conscience that's
bothering me. I'm sick of being
annoyed. You think I'm a liar.

CLYDE

No more than I am.

NANCY

You think Bonner was in love
with me.

CLYDE

(stung into protest)

No! I don't think that!

NANCY

What do you think then.

CLYDE

(desperately)

Nancy believe me, all I wanted
was to hear you say it.

NANCY

Say what?

CLYDE

Oh darling, I don't know what I
thought! I'm so crazy about you.
You've stayed away so long.

He takes her in his arms.

CLOSE TWO SHOT. Nancy looks up at him with searching eyes, pleading for understanding.

CLYDE

(huskily)

Can't you see what it's done to me? I thought I'd lost you.

NANCY

(murmuring)

I didn't want to stay away.

CLYDE

I drove you away! I must have been out of my mind!

NANCY

(in a whisper)

I thought you didn't care any more.

CLYDE

If I had to relive the last few weeks, I'd kill myself.

NANCY

Don't say that.

CLYDE

I swear it, Nancy.

NANCY

(softly)

It's been terrible for me, too.

She buries her head against his shoulder. Clyde kisses her hair. Nancy looks up slowly with appealing eyes.

CLYDE

My sweet!

Nancy smiles forgivingly.

NANCY

(murmuring)

We mustn't hurt each other any more.

Clyde shakes his head with a tender smile. Nancy takes a deep breath.

NANCY (cont'd)

I feel so much better, Norman.

CLYDE

Me, too.

(CONTINUED)

Nancy looks up at him again, happy and grateful. She fingers his hair lovingly.

NANCY

(softly)

But we've got to decide what to do.

CLYDE

I know what to do.

NANCY

What?

CLYDE

Kiss me.

NANCY

(laughing)

I mean about the testimony.

CLYDE

Forget it. Our testimony wouldn't help any.

NANCY

That's what I thought. But you didn't seem to agree with me.

CLYDE

(eager to

reassure her)

Of course I agree. Honey, look, if you were guilty, do you think you'd be talking like this?

NANCY

(echoing him)

If I were guilty?

CLYDE

I'd be the last man in the world you'd want to see.

NANCY

(shocked)

Norman!

(staring at

him with

widening eyes)

Now I understand what you really think.

(CONTINUED)

Nancy looks up at him again, happy and grateful. She fingers his hair lovingly.

NANCY

(softly)

But we've got to decide what to do.

CLYDE

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NANCY

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(laughing)

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NANCY

(echoing him)

If I were guilty?

CLYDE

I'd be the last man in the world you'd want to see.

NANCY

(shocked)

Clyde!

CLYDE

Now -- let's drop it, honey?

NANCY

Now I understand what you really think.

(CONTINUED)

CLYDE

(almost
impatient)
Sure, I've been imagining things...

NANCY

You think I took his wife's
diamond and deliberately shot
him.

(more hurt
than angry)
Oh, Clyde....

CLYDE

I know I've acted badly.

NANCY

No -- please, Clyde, don't touch
me -- I -- hardly know what to
say.

CLYDE

(taking hold of
her, pleadingly)
I'll make it up to you.

164 CLOSE TWO SHOT.

NANCY

You couldn't make it up to
me -- ever -- because it's gone.

Clyde tries to kiss her. Nancy averts her face and
pushes him away.

CLYDE

(despairingly)
Nancy, will you listen?

NANCY

(with tears)
No, I won't listen, Norman. I've
heard all your speeches before.
I knew you were cynical and
suspicious --
(now with
increasing anger)
I didn't want to fall in love
with you, if that's any
satisfaction. I -- I....wish
we'd never met!

With blinding tears, she turns and exits quickly before
he can answer.

165 CLOSEUP of Clyde's face, gazing after her, remorseful
and hopeless.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. DR. BLAIR'S OFFICE - DAY

166 CLOSEUP of a bowl of flowers.

CLYDE'S VOICE

(over shot)

And that's the last I saw of her. The next thing I heard she'd gone away. Miami or somewhere.

The CAMERA PANS TO a MED. SHOT of Clyde and Blair. Dr. Blair is still seated in the chair, but Clyde is pacing the floor.

CLYDE

(continuing
without
interruption)

I felt like a heel. Then I read that she'd married, and I felt like a fool. She couldn't have cared. She was putting on an act to keep my mouth shut. I know it now. And tomorrow the man dies! Give me a cigarette.

Blair hands Clyde a cigarette and strikes a match.

167 CLOSEUP - Clyde's face, as Dr. Blair lights the cigarette for him. Dr. Blair's hand is very steady -- a fact which Clyde notes, for he is watching Blair closely, trying to guess his reaction.

BLAIR'S VOICE

(over shot,
matter of factly)

In other words, what Nancy said was true. You've gone right on distrusting her.

CLYDE

Who couldn't?

168 MED. CLOSE TWO SHOT.

BLAIR

(talking rapidly
and confidently,
in the manner of a
busy doctor explaining
the diagnosis to a
patient)

You doubt that she cared for you.
(cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

BLAIR (cont'd)

It's quite evident, Mr. Clyde, that you have a tendency to doubt people's motives. Mr. Bonner's interest in art, for instance. His interest in Nancy.

(he makes a dismissive gesture with his hands)

Doubt is a symptom. When you are prone to doubt others, it indicates that you are unsure of yourself.

169 CLOSEUP of Clyde, listening.

BLAIR'S VOICE

(over shot)

You are trying to save a man's life whom you believe to be innocent, but whom society has found guilty. You have an abnormal and obsessive concern in this matter. Isn't it possible, Mr. Clyde, that you are really trying to save your ego, your self-esteem as a man; and in order to do this you have to destroy the woman who turned you down?

CLYDE

(belligerently)

But facts are facts! Do you think I'd lie about them?

170 MED. CLOSE TWO SHOT.

BLAIR

(continuing in the same rapid professional tone)

We don't always know we're lying, especially under emotional stress. I observed in the telling of your story that the parts you dwelt upon most were the least flattering to Nancy's character. When we wish people well we give them, as we say, the benefit of the doubt.

(CONTINUED)

CLYDE

(savagely)
You're her husband. You want
to protect her.

BLAIR

And what do you want, Mr. Clyde?

CLYDE

I don't want to see an innocent
man executed.

BLAIR

Can you prove he's innocent?

CLYDE

She can.

Blair reflects a moment, then picks up the phone.

BLAIR

(in the phone)
Get Mrs. Blair on the phone,
please.
(and hangs up)

CLYDE

What are you doing that for?
Do you think she'll confess over
the telephone?

BLAIR

I think she'll want to see you.

CLYDE

Don't make me laugh!

BLAIR

(calmly)
In fact, I'm sure of it, Mr.
Clyde. You've made a serious
accusation.

The buzzer SOUNDS. Blair picks up the phone.

BLAIR (cont'd)

(on the phone)
Yes.

MISS WYATT'S VOICE

(from the receiver)
There's no answer, Dr. Blair.

BLAIR

Thank you.

He hangs up and rises.

(CONTINUED)

BLAIR (cont'd)

(as he crosses
to his desk)

I suggest you come to our
apartment around six. I'll
give you the address.

He takes a card from his desk and hands it to Clyde.

CLYDE

(distractedly)

I can't wait until six. We've
only got twenty-four hours.
You're trying to stall me.
You're afraid I'll do something.

BLAIR

(taking some
capsules
from his desk)

At the moment, you're in no
condition to do anything. And
I have appointments.

(he puts several
capsules into an
envelope and hands
them to Clyde)

Take one of these every hour.
Try to rest. If you can't sleep,
go for a walk.

CLYDE

(desperately)

Doctor, do you believe what
I've told you?

BLAIR

(reassuringly)

My dear fellow, when a patient
tells me he has a pain, I believe
him because I know that pain is
real, even though its cause may
be imaginary.

(he smiles and
pats Clyde
on the arm)

Six o'clock.

Clyde makes no answer. He goes out. Blair shuts the
door and stands a moment, gathering himself together.
The buzzer sounds. Blair picks up the receiver.

BLAIR

(in the phone)

Send her in. And keep trying
Mrs. Blair.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISOLVE IN
INT. DR. BLAIR'S OFFICE - DAY

171

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Dr. Blair, seated beside a woman patient on the couch. He is looking at his wristwatch. He is unable to concentrate on his patient.

WOMAN

....It was when I was four or five years old. I seem to remember my father and mother quarreling -- something about a new dress.

The woman's voice fades out, though her mouth continues to move, as Blair's voice comes over the scene.

BLAIR'S VOICE

(as narrator
over shot)

I fully expected not to see Clyde again. That he was still in love with Nancy was obvious. That's why he'd come to me. He wanted to hurt her. But I felt I'd called his bluff.

Blair's narration fades, as the woman's voice can again be heard:

WOMAN

I always remembered the incident, unimportant as...

BLAIR

(suddenly
interrupting
the woman)

I'm sorry, Mrs. Donavan, we'll have to discuss this tomorrow.

They rise. The woman exits. Blair crosses to his desk. CAMERA PANS WITH him. He picks up the phone.

BLAIR (cont'd)

Did you try again?

MISS WYATT'S VOICE

(from the
receiver,
cheerfully)

Yes, Doctor. Mrs. Blair doesn't answer.

Blair puts the receiver down, obviously disturbed. He stares into space thoughtfully.

DR. BLAIR'S VOICE

(as narrator
over shot)

It was quite unlikely that he'd show up at the apartment that night....and yet he might. I couldn't be sure.

Blair rises and takes his hat and coat from the closet. He starts toward the door.

172- MED. SHOT of Blair coming out of his private office.
173 Miss Wyatt is at the reception desk.

BLAIR
(putting on his coat)
I can't see anyone else today,
Miss Wyatt.

MISS WYATT
Shall I switch your appointments?

BLAIR
If you will, please. Find room
for them tomorrow.

Blair goes out.

DISSOLVE

INT. BLAIR'S APARTMENT - DAY

174 MED. SHOT of Blair letting himself in at the front
door.

BLAIR
(calling)
Nancy! Nancy!

There is no response. He hangs up his hat and coat,
stops to peer into a bedroom doorway, then goes into
the living room. The CAMERA PANS WITH him.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

175 MED. SHOT of Blair as he enters, glances about
undecidedly and sits in a chair. He lights a
cigarette.

176 CLOSE SHOT of Blair as he takes a newspaper from the
table beside him. The paper has been turned to an
inside page. He is about to turn it back to the
front page when an item catches his attention. He
starts to read it.

INSERT NEWSPAPER COLUMN HEADING:

DEXTER TO DIE TOMORROW

Governor Refuses To Commute Death
Sentence For Bonner Slayer.

- 177 MED. CLOSE SHOT of Blair reading. He lays the paper aside and stares into space. He glances at a clock on the mantel. The CAMERA PANS TO the clock. The time is 4:15. The hands of the clock move until they point to 5:55. Over the shot comes the music of a hot jazz number. The CAMERA PANS BACK TO a
- 178 MED. SHOT of Blair pacing the floor in real agitation. The music is coming from a radio. Blair hasn't bothered to switch on the lights. It is getting dark in the room.

CLYDE'S VOICE

(as narrator over shot;
the voice is hollow; unreal)

So far as I was concerned she was
the only one... I knew it the
moment I saw her... I couldn't
forget her... I was determined
to have Nancy if it killed me...

Blair pauses to put his cigarette out in an ashtray.

- 179 CLOSEUP of ashtray filled with cigarette butts.

CLYDE'S VOICE

(as narrator over shot,
spoken in the syncopated
rhythm of the hot jazz piece,
as though the music were
actually written for the
repetition of the phrase)

Determined to have Nancy...
...determined...determined to...
...determined...determined...
...determined to...determined
to...determined....

- 180 CLOSE SHOT of Blair as he turns suddenly and switches off the radio. Almost simultaneously we hear the front door opening in the hall. Blair looks around abruptly, listens.

INT. HALL - DAY

- 181 MED. SHOT of Nancy, very smartly dressed, letting herself in at the front door. She is aware of the music having just been turned off.

NANCY

Is that you, Harry?

She closes the door, switches on the lights and hurries into the living room.