

○ "Characters"

Bob Rainsford

Eve Trowbridge

Count Zaroff

Martin Trowbridge

Ivan

Tartar

THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME

~~by~~

Richard Connell

~~Dialogue and Adaptation~~

by

James Ashmore Creelman

- - -

FADE IN

1 EXT. SEA - NIGHT (Miniature)

GENERAL VIEW. A tank shot, probably shot in daylight with night effect filters to get best effect. In the right foreground is a miniature combination light and bell-buoy. In the distance on the left, as far back as possible, the miniature yacht is seen approaching. In effect, it should seem to be at least a mile away. The water is smooth and oily, with just a slight ground swell - enough to make the buoy roll slowly. A general soft tropical moonlight effect over all. The bell tolls slowly with the calm swelling of the sea.

LAP DISSOLVE

2 EXT. SEA - NIGHT (Miniature)

A similar tank shot, but not showing the bell-buoy. The yacht is approaching on the same angle, but is much nearer to the camera. It is coming toward us at a good speed, and slightly from left to right.

LAP DISSOLVE OUT

A small practical set, looking aft to the combination chart room and bridge of the yacht, in scale to match the miniature exterior. A chart table, illuminated by a shaded electric light, stands against the wall under the ship's clock. In the foreground, on the right side of the set, part of the wheel, binnacle, engine room signals and speaking tubes are indicated. It would be convenient if this set were put on rockers, or arranged so that the port side could be dropped for a later scene.

SOUND

CLOSE UP on a ship's clock as it strikes, in bells, the nautical equivalent of seven o'clock. From somewhere ahead, a voice sings out distantly:

LOOK-OUT'S VOICE

(off screen)

Six bells and all's well. (1)

TILT and PAN DOWN to get a SEMI-CLOSE UP of a yacht captain working over a chart on a little table. Beside him stands the first officer, looking over his shoulder. Both men are very grave as they check the chart under the little shaded light. It is moonlight.

SOUND

TRUCK BACK to WIDEN THE ANGLE, so that it is seen that they are in the interior of the chart room of a smart yacht. A steersman stands at the wheel. Noise of engines and water, but not of wind.

CAPTAIN

The channel's here on the chart all right, and so are the marking lights. (2)

FIRST OFFICER

Then what's wrong with them? (3)

CAPTAIN

Those lights don't seem to be just in the right place. Look there -

Both look, as the Captain indicates --

A small practical set, looking forward on the bridge; a reverse angle of the previous set. On the left side of the set a portion of the wheel, signals, etc., are seen, and just beyond are the bridge windows. A PROJECTION BACKGROUND beyond shows, through the windows, a view of calm moonlit sea and dim shadowy land formations rising at either side of the screen in the distance. Two distant lights mark the channel between the island and mainland. Beyond the dimly silhouetted steersman's shoulder, the distant lights are twinkling.

INT. CHARTROOM - NIGHT

CAPTAIN (Cont'd)

They're both a bit out of position  
according to this. (4)  
(indicates chart)

FIRST OFFICER

There's a red light to port and green  
to starboard. That means safe channel  
between, the world over. (5)

CAPTAIN

The world over's not enough in these  
waters. Take a look here, you'll see  
the water shoals on the island side, while  
the deep soundings run toward the mainland,  
see? -- (6)  
(as he talks, indicating on  
the chart with a pencil --)

LAP DISSOLVE OUT

A practical set, looking forward in the main salon of the yacht, scaled to match the apparent dimensions of the miniature exterior. This set should be constructed on rockers, in a tank, convenient to dump tanks. In the bulk-head to the end of the set are two doors, the one on the left, and the other to a companionway leading to the upper deck.

SOUND:

A noise of jazz music supersedes the water sounds. A radio is playing in the smart dining salon, with a glass skylight. There is a big table. Near the host, at the end of the table, is a small bookcase, filled with books. The company is at dinner - seven men about the table. Their ages vary, but all are of the Racket Club type, comparatively well groomed. They wear linen suits, flannels, yachting costumes, or whatever would be appropriate for this occasion. There are evidences on the table that soup and relishes have been served and bolted. Plenty of Scotch, too. A white-jacketed steward is clearing dishes. Now everyone is pounding the table, making a tremendous racket, directing their appeals for food to the galley entrance to which is off the companionway leading directly up to the deck.

ALL

Service, service! We want food!  
Give us food! (etc.) (7)

FIRST GUEST

(to the oldest member of the party, now sitting towards the head of the table, wearing whatever yachting insignia would mark him as owner of the boat)

It's your boat, Bill. How about exerting your legal right to chuck Bob out of the galley and the regular cook into it? (8)

BILL

Give the boy a chance. I've seen a rajah have his cook half-skinned for under-cooking tough meat. (9)

CONTINUED

## SECOND GUEST

Tough? That side of buck's been on ice ever since we left the big game country. Three days to soften up - why, it ought to be just add hot water and serve. (10)

## FIRST GUEST

(to others)

After this, the regular cook does the regular cooking, what? (11)

## ALL

Right! No more amateurs - no more volunteers. (etc.) (12)

During above, the Steward returns to the galley with the dishes he has cleared.

## BILL

Just you wait. Bob's as much of an artist in cooking game as he is at hunting it. (13)

## SECOND GUEST

What's art, where human life's concerned? Way out here, a man's got to keep his strength up, how about it, boys? (14)

## ALL

(shout to galley, pound table)

Yes, yes. Food. We want food. Service.(etc.) (15)

SOUND

The noise rises to a crescendo. At its peak, the Steward comes out of the galley and holds open its door for --

MED. SHOT - Bob Rainsford, as he steps out, grinning, holding high a great platter on which lies the side of bush buck, cooked to a turn. He is a well-built man of twenty-eight, face tanned the shade of riding boots, eyes alive as a brush fire. The out-standing impression one gets of this man is of complete masculinity -- a man as Nature meant men to be -- simple, direct, forceful.

BOB

(as the noise ceases abruptly,  
announces formally)

Buck steak -- medium well done --  
coming up!

SOUND FULL SHOT. A renewed outburst of cheers as he moves forward to place it, with great ceremony, before Bill, the host.

MED. SHOT. He sits it down before Bill.

BOB (cont'd)

There you are, gentlemen. It's  
nourishing and it's free. (16)

The Steward at once starts to serve it. Second  
steward to help if desirable, to speed matters up.

FIRST GUEST

(staring dubiously at the platter)  
Looks as if a Chinese family had just  
moved out. (17)

CONTINUED

BOB

Just curl your tongue around a forkful  
and say that. (18)

FIRST GUEST

It looks like food. It smells like food.  
(tries it doubtfully, smiles,  
pleased)  
Why, it is food. (19)

SECOND GUEST

(having tasted his)  
Say, that's great! (20)

THIRD GUEST

(eating)  
Where'd you learn these domestic arts, Bob?  
(21)

BOB

(seating himself beside Bill)  
My first trip up the Sumatran Coast - year  
after I left college. The native princes  
cook buck along these lines. Of course,  
they're only worth eating in the spring  
when the grass is lush. Most of the time  
they're half starved - not worth shooting.  
(22)

SECOND GUEST

That just goes to show what a chump a fellow  
is to be bush buck. (23)

BOB

How come? (24)

SECOND GUEST

Starve most of the time - and when you  
finally get enough under your belt to feel  
frisky, somebody starts to hunt you. (25)

BOB

Sure, that's the idea. You want them at their best so they'll give you a run for your money - that's what makes a buck hunt sport. (26)

SOUND He stops as a knock sounds. All turn to see.

10 INT. SALON - NIGHT

FULL SHOT -- The yacht captain standing at the foot of the stairs. He has knocked against the wall to attract their attention.

BILL

Yes, Captain? (27)

CAPTAIN

Could I speak to you for a moment, sir? (28)

BILL

Why, certainly. Come right in.  
(to Steward)  
Bring a chair and some whiskey for the Captain. (29)

CAPTAIN

(coming up)  
Save them both, sir. I'll need the chair and the drink when we're clear of these island waters. (30)

During the ensuing scene, all continue eating.

CONTINUED

BILL

Why, what's wrong, Captain? (31)

CAPTAIN

Baranka Island's just ahead, sir. (32)

BOB

(turning to look out porthole --  
curiously)

So that's the old devil, eh? (33)

CAPTAIN

Yes, sir. We're heading right for  
the channel between Baranka and the  
mainland -

(to Bill)

-- unless you'd rather take the  
outside route. (34)

BILL

Why, that would take an extra day --  
you said so yourself. (35)

CAPTAIN

About that, yes. Rough going outside  
the cape. (36)

BOB

But safe. (37)

CAPTAIN

(to Bill)

Naturally it's in your hands, sir. And  
I can't say it won't be smooth sailing  
up the channel. Only .... (38)

(shrugs his shoulders)

CONTINUED

BILL

Didn't I see channel lights the last time I was on deck? (39)

CAPTAIN

Those lights aren't in exactly the position given on the chart. (40)

BILL

Then the chart isn't up-to-date. (41)

BOB

The charts are never up-to-date on this part of the Pacific. (42)

CAPTAIN

Mr. Rainsford's right. There isn't a logical reason why these waters shouldn't be as safe as Newport Harbor, only -- well -- (43)

BILL

Well? (44)

CAPTAIN

It's not an ordinary channel, sir. It's full of coral reefs and sharks. No one's ever been ashore on the island since the Portuguese abandoned the fort there some hundred years ago. Some say there's a curse on the place. (45)

BILL

Do you believe that? (46)

CONTINUED

CAPTAIN

(hesitates)

I suppose not. (47)

BILL

I'll let you fellows decide. All in favor of bucking the sharks and the curse, to save a day, say "Aye". (48)

ALL

(sing out)

Aye. (49)

BILL

All in favor of playing safe and slow, say "No". (50)

BOB

(alone)

No. (51)

BILL

I'm afraid you're in the minority, Captain. Let's go ahead. (52)

CAPTAIN

Right, sir. (53)  
(departs reluctantly)

BILL

That's the first time you ever turned conservative, Bob. (54)

CONTINUED

BOB

No use taking chances. What are we going to do with this extra day, anyway? (55)

SECOND GUEST

That's fine talk for a fellow who'd risk his neck on a tiger hunt any old time. (56)

BOB

That's a worth while risk. Tiger hunting's the greatest sport on earth. (57)

SECOND GUEST

Mm. Sport for the hunter. Not for the tiger, I imagine. (58)

BOB

Well, who cares how a tiger feels? (59)

SECOND GUEST

Maybe the tiger does. (60)

BILL

Eyewash. They've no understanding. (61)

SECOND GUEST

They understand fear. (62)

CONTINUED

BOB

The hot weather's making you soft,  
Monty. Hunting's a game with even  
odds. (63)

BILL

Bob's right. Real hunting's fair play.  
Didn't you read his book? (64)

SECOND GUEST

Which one, "Hunter's Paradise?" (65)

BILL

No, the new one. "At-Bay."  
(pulls it out of bookcase)  
Here, read him that bit about the  
buffalo, Bob. That'll give him the  
idea. (66)

SECOND GUEST

Buffalo? (67)

BOB

(taking book as he speaks)  
Just a kill I made in Portuguese Africa  
two years ago. Stalked him and his cow  
for a week. There never was a time that  
buffalo couldn't have gotten away. But  
he didn't want to. He got interested  
in the game. (68)

THIRD GUEST

Maybe the buffalo was planning a book. (69)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SECOND GUEST

(kidding)

Do you mean to tell me that he was a sportsman, too? (70)

BOB

I mean just that. He didn't hate me for hunting him any more than I hated him for trying to charge me. I had his head mounted for my trophy room.

(opens it to display photograph)

OF PAGE WITH REPRODUCTION OF PHOTOGRAPH OF BOB'S TROPHY ROOM AT HOME.

A fine room, decorated with heads of moose, stag, caribu, etc., a tiger kill, a bear rug, stuffed birds, etc....Also a fine glass case of guns.

BOB (cont'd)

(his voice coming over the insert, as his finger points to head)

See, there it is. There's a brass plate under it inscribed, "To a game loser." (71)

Back to SHOT as the group crowd about to look at photograph.

SECOND GUEST

Now down to brass tacks -- that day you were hunting, would you have changed places with him? (72)

BOB

(stalls)

Well -- (73)

SECOND GUEST

Come on, answer the question. (74)

CONTINUED

## THIRD GUEST

We've got him now. (75)

## ALL

(together)

That's right.....

Come on, Bob, speak up....(etc.) (76)

## BOB

Let's have that question again. (77)

## SECOND GUEST

You said the buffalo enjoyed the hunt.  
I asked: Would you have traded places  
with him? (78)

## BOB

That's something I'll never have to  
decide. Listen here, you fellows, this  
world is divided into two classes, the  
hunters and the hunted. Luckily I'm a  
hunter. And nothing can ever change --  
(79)

## SOUND

As he speaks, a sudden scraping noise sounds from  
under their feet. The glasses are upset on the  
table -- all lurch slightly.

## BILL

(jumps to his feet, as do  
most of the others)

By George - we scraped bottom. (80)

## SOUND

As he speaks, there is a jingle of engine bells  
and the sound of petty officer's whistles on deck.  
The ship vibrates as the engines reverse to full  
astern. The Captain dashes across the room and up  
the companionway.

11      EXT. SEA - NIGHT (Miniature)

FULL SHOT. In the foreground, the tip of a wicked submerged reef is seen projecting up into the SHOT from a low camera angle. The yacht is coming directly into the screen, bearing down on this reef, which is just barely visible. In this SHOT, the channel lights may be seen marking a passage on either side.

SOUND

FULL SHOT - In the salon, the scraping noise sounds again. All rush to the porthole. The trampling of sailors' feet, on the run, may be heard on the deck above, also more whistles, shouts of command, ad lib. The cook runs out of the galley with a sauce pan full of pudding in his hand. Over it all, the radio plays its gay jazz.

BOB

Judas, we've hit something. (81)

BILL

Hang on, everybody. (82)

FULL SHOT -- Seen from the LOW CAMERA ANGLE as before, the yacht bears down on the reef.

SOUND

FULL SHOT - COMBINATION DUNNING AND MINIATURE - Confusion in the salon, cries ad lib of "What the devil," "For cripes' sake," etc., as the scraping noise beneath shakes the ship, throwing it on its side so that everyone lurch off their balance. The table is tossed aside. The shattered glass of the skylight falls into the room. All are knocked down. Several, standing beside the wall, are struck senseless by the impact of the rock itself. Those on the floor are awash in the rising water before they can get to their feet. Still the radio plays, miraculously intact.

FULL SHOT - The chart room is at an angle, due to the position of the ship on the reef. A steersman, knocked to the deck, hangs to his wheel. A mate is frantically yanking at the control lever without results. The captain rushes in and seizes the speaking tube.

MED. SHOT -

CAPTAIN

(reaching tube)

What's the damage to the boilers?

Hullo, hullo.

(as there is no answer)

Hullo, engine room - hullo down there. (83)

(he gasps as the electric deck lights about him go out. The music of the radio in the salon below stops abruptly)

MATE

The dynamo's flooded. (84)

(meets Captain's eyes with horrified look as he realizes that there's water coming into the boiler room)

CAPTAIN

If water ever touches those hot boilers -

(seizes tube, shouts frantically)

Hullo, engine room, hullo there - (85)

SOUND

FULL SHOT - The wounded yacht hangs on the reef, stern low, prow projecting sharply on the jagged coral peak. With a dull roar, the afterpart of the ship blows up as the boilers give way. Smoke and steam veil the scene.

SOUND

MED. OR FULL SHOT - FLASH of wreckage falling in the water through clouds of smoke and steam. Sounds of hissing steam and shrieks.

19EXT. SEA - NIGHTSOUND

MED. SHOT - FLASH of the steersman screaming as he sinks.

20EXT. SEA - NIGHT

MED. SHOT - FLASH of mate struggling in water. Wreckage falls on him and both wreckage and man disappear.

SOUND

OF SCREAMS AND WRECKAGE FALLING IN WATER FROM OFF-SCREEN DURING THIS.

21EXT. SEA - NIGHT ( Miniature )

FULL SHOT - Dimly seen through a dense cloud of smoke and steam, the deck of the yacht is seen, CAMERA getting stern and looking forward. In this SHOT, the CAMERA is sufficiently far behind the ship to get the full stern, but moves with the ship as it slides under, prow first, so that at all times the deck of the ship in the foreground. This SHOT a SHORT FLASH.

MED. SHOT - FLASH of the captain, unconscious from a wound, as the water sweeps over him.

(Other flashes of the same sort from stock shipwreck scenes, worked in either as direct cuts or as dissolves)

FULL SHOT - The stern of the ship disappears under water from previous angle.

FULL SHOT - The mast head disappears under water.

LAP DISSOLVE

A ledge of rock runs across the foreground. The CAMERA GUNS DOWN over this quite steeply.

Bob climbs up over the rocks and into the set. He exits, staggering past camera. Bob collapses from sheer exhaustion.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

26 EXT. ROCKS - NIGHT

SOUND CLOSE UP - Total darkness on the screen. Through it comes an eerie screaming, half-human, half-animal. FADE IN on Bob's face. The noise of the scream awakens him. He opens his eyes. Again the horrible screaming.

27 EXT. ROCKS - NIGHT

SEMI CLOSE UP - He raises himself to stare at the shore from which the noise comes, then stumbles to his feet, alarmed.

28 EXT. ROCKS - NIGHT

SOUND FULL SHOT - He stands on the rocks. Just back of them is the edge of a dense jungle. He stares at it. Nearer now comes this fearful shriek once again. It is down the shore, to the left. Silence once more.

29 EXT. ROCKS - NIGHT

MED. SHOT - Bob stares towards the source of the sound. Then, alarmed, he starts away towards the right, over the rocks, putting as much distance as possible between himself and the source of those sounds.

30 EXT. ROCKS - NIGHT

FULL SHOT - Bob crosses the rocks. At the edge of the jungle, he looks back at - -

31 EXT. SEA - NIGHT

GENERAL VIEW - The sea. Nothing is visible save the water and the reef. There are no survivors

32 EXT. JUNGLE EDGE - NIGHT

FULL SHOT - Bob turns and crashes into the jungle - disappears as foliage closes behind him.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

33 EXT. FIRST JUNGLE - NIGHT

FULL SHOT - As Bob crashes through the moonlit jungle. His clothes wet but intact when he entered the jungle, are now in shreds. He disappears through the dense undergrowth.

34 EXT. FIRST JUNGLE - NIGHT

FULL SHOT - He staggers on through the undergrowth, stops, dead-beat. He looks around, hardly knowing where to turn. Then stops, as he notices lights, dimly discernible through the brush. He goes towards them.

35 EXT. CHATEAU - NIGHT

MED. SHOT - He pulls aside the foliage, disclosing that he is on the edge of a clearing. In the background, the lights are suddenly revealed as those of a great building, at the other side of the clearing. He starts forward, then.....

36 EXT. CHATEAU - NIGHT

FULL SHOT - ...then stops again, bewildered as he sees that the building is a great chateau. It is a huge stone edifice, built like a primitive stronghold, gloomy and gray as a goal save for the lighted windows. It stands on the edge of a cliff, overlooking a sheltering cove with an outlet to the sea. The chateau's main entrance is upon this clearing. It's back looks out above the cove and it's back-wall extends right down the side of the cliff to the water's edge, where the doors of a boat house, built into this wall, open out. There is a high wall enclosing a court-yard.

CONTINUED

Complete silence. The place is still as a temple in the city of the dead. Bob hesitates, then starts forward. The moonlight is cold and pale, like the ghost of dead sunlight. It's very brightness makes darker the shadow about the main portal. He approaches it.

SOUND

FULL SHOT - He comes up to the great iron door, studded with brass bolts. A knocker of some strikingly macabre design hangs before it. The grim design catches his eye for a moment. What sort of host is this he wonders. Then he knocks. A moment's pause. He knocks again. A chain rattles. The great door swings ponderously back. For a moment, the interior seems quite dark, none is there any person to be seen.

BOB

Hullo? Anybody there? (86)

As there is no answer, he starts forward, curiously, into the interior. He stops and looks about.

Solid walls of masonry rise to the vaulted roof of the great entrance hall. Darkness floods the ceiling. Along the floor however, a warm light flows over deep carpets, rising as high as the lower edges of the tapestries which hang from above. It is from an open fire-place that this flickering glow proceeds - a wide low fire-place that fills the wall at camera left. There is also a lighted candle on a table nearby. Athwart the corner of the room at the back, Camera left, is an arch, covered by tapestried curtains. This arch gives out upon a raised floor level, which descends into the main hall by three stone steps.

CONTINUED

From the raised floor level, also a wide stone stairway sweeps off in a curve to camera right; leading to a balcony running the length of the wall. Several doors lead off this balcony. Just under the lower portion of these stairs, another flight of four steps leads down to a heavy iron door set below the level of the living room itself. A window looks out on the courtyard. Furnishings to this entrance hall are of Russian type, all in excellent, if sombre, taste. They include a grand piano.

The CAMERA TRUCKS to follow Bob as he moves, hesitantly, into his room, looking all the way around.

BOB

Anybody around here, I say? (87)

38 INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

MED. SHOT - Bob looks around in some amazement. Then his eyes widen as he sees --

39 INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

MED. OR FULL SHOT - The door slowly closing. Behind it is disclosed a gigantic creature, dressed in a Russian peasant costume. This man has the build and strength of a gorilla. The brutal Slavic face is drawn back into a heavy scowl as its owner closes the door, then turns to stare down at the intruder.

40 INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

MED. SHOT - Bob regards the other with some astonishment, then relief.

BOB

Oh, hello ... Is this your house?  
(no answer)  
I'm not trying to break in. I've  
been in a wreck.

SEMI CLOSE UP - The Slav regards him with small, hostile eyes and complete silence.

MED. SHOT -

BOB (cont'd)

I know it sound unlikely - but our yacht has just sunk with all hands in the channel. I got ashore and found your place here by accident. (88)

The Slav's only answer to this is to put his back against the door and fold his arms, as if barring passage. Bob looks confused.

MED. SHOT - From between the curtains of the arch at the left, steps out a slender, erect man in evening clothes. There is about his face an original, almost bizarre quality. He is a tall man, past middle age, for his hair is a vivid white; but his thick eyebrows and pointed military mustache is black as the night outside. His eyes, too, are black and very bright. He has high cheek bones, a sharp-cut nose, a spare, dark, face -- the face of a man used to giving orders, the face of an aristocrat. A deep scar mars his temple. His finger tips brush it with an involuntary, nervous gesture as his eyes examine the visitor.

(NOTE: It is important that Zaroff be established as listening when Bob speaks his name.)

CONTINUED

BOB

(off scene)

Look here, I'm Robert Rainsford of  
New York. I don't want to intrude on  
you, but you can see the fix I'm in.  
If it's a matter of money --

(pause, as this seems to make no  
impression)

Don't you understand any English? (89)

ZAROFF

(smiles, speaks with a precise  
cultivated voice)

Ivan does not speak any language. He  
has the misfortune to be dumb. (90)

44

EXT. LOBBY - NIGHT

MED. SHOT - At the sound of this voice, Ivan, the  
giant, instantly comes to attention. Bob looks  
around.

BOB

(starting forward)

Hullo? Are you the owner here? (91)

45

EXT. LOBBY - NIGHT

FULL SHOT -

ZAROFF

Yes, Mr. Rainsford, May I welcome you  
to my poor fortress?

(coming down)

I am Count Zaroff. (92)

TRUCK TO CLOSER SHOT.

BOB

This is a fortress? (93)

CONTINUED

ZAROFF

(laughs)

It once was -- built by the Portuguese centuries ago. I've had the ruins restored to make my home. (94)

BOB

I'm very glad to meet you, sir.  
(with a glance towards Ivan)  
Er -- very glad. Your butler's less hospitable than you are. (95)

ZAROFF

Ivan's a Cossack. I am afraid, like all my fellow countrymen, he's a bit of a savage. (96)  
(his smile shows red lips and pointed teeth)

BOB

I was trying to make him understand that there's been a shipwreck in the channel. (97)

ZAROFF

Chort voxmi! But how appalling! Surely you are not the only survivor? (98)

BOB

I'm afraid I am. (99)

ZAROFF

You're certain? (100)

BOB

I'd never have left the spot if I weren't. My best friends - the swellest crowd on earth-  
(dazed)  
It's incredible. (101)

ZAROFF

Such things are always incredible.  
Death is for others, not for ourselves --  
that is how most of my other guests  
have felt. (102)

BOB

Your other guests? You mean this has  
happened before? (103)

ZAROFF

(nods)  
My dear fellow, we've several survivors  
from the last wreck still in the house.  
(sad)  
One would think this island was cursed. (104)

BOB

That's just what the captain said. Only -  
(curious glance at the room)  
- he thought it was uninhabited. (105)

ZAROFF

We Cossacks find our inspiration in  
solitude. (106)

BOB

It's a break for me, anyway. (107)

ZAROFF

My house is yours, sir. Let's see -  
you'll need to change those wet rags  
at once. (108)

BOB

(surveys wet, ragged suit grimly)  
They look about the way I feel. (109)

CONTINUED

ZAROFF

out of clothes, out of countenance. May I suggest, as an immediate restorative of morale, that you re-equip yourself from my own wardrobe? (110)

BOB

That would be great. (111)

ZAROFF

There's a difference in our sizes; but I've some loose hunting things which I keep for my guests that you can get into--  
(to Ivan)

Otvedi evo - kraynuyu komnatu.

(Ivan nods and moves off toward the stairway)

Ivan will take you upstairs. You'll find a stiff drink there, too. (112)

BOB

Thanks a lot. (113)

ZAROFF

Proschou -- all pleasure is mine. (114)

FULL SHOT - Bob walks to the stairway where Ivan waits with a candle he has taken from the table. The boy's face reflects a certain misgiving at the Count's manner. He turns on the steps to look back, a little worried.

MED. SHOT - The Count is looking after him with a pleased expression. He bows with a polite, pleased smile, indicates the bedroom with a wave of the hand. Again his fingers steal to the scar with a troubled gesture.

MED. SHOT - Bob, at the foot of the stairs with Ivan just above him, manages to smile and bow back. He starts up the stairs.

TRUCK BACK as he comes up, so that we see the smile disappear from his face. He is very conscious that the Count's eyes are boring into his back. At the top he turns again, to see --

MED. SHOT -- The Count looking after him with a still more pleased expression - in fact, much too pleased. Once more the Count bows.

MED. SHOT - Once more Bob smiles back, then proceeds on up. This is as he reaches the top of the stairs, turning off into the balcony. Ivan stops before a door.

MED. SHOT - It is opened by a shriveled, wiry little old man, of evil Tartar features, with an expression exactly like a Japanese mask. His obsequious bow reveals his position as a servant. He smiles and indicates for Bob to enter the room. As the boy does so, somewhat hesitantly, the Tartar and Ivan exchange glances in which are something of the Count's own mysterious satisfaction. The door closes behind them.

LAP DISSOLVE OUT

52

INT. BOB'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

On Bob, now fully dressed in hunting clothes - a rough shirt and woodsman's trousers. He still wears his own shoes from the boat - canvas sneakers. The old man is slipping a belt through the thongs at the waist while Bob buttons the shirt. Ivan still holds the candle, scowling impassively; he wears his taciturnity like armour. Bob looks and feels perceptibly better. He buckles the belt.

53

INT. BOB'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

FULL SHOT - The old Tartar crosses to open it. Bob turns towards it. Zaroff enters from the balcony outside.

ZAROFF

All ready, Rainsford? (115)

BOB

(crosses to him)

Right. (116)

TRUCK TO MEDIUM SHOT.

- ZAROFF

I'm afraid we've finished dinner. (117)

BOB

Thanks - I don't feel like eating. (118)

ZAROFF

Then what do you say to coffee and most charming company? (119)

(he leads him through the door a step or two to - )

FULL SHOT - The balcony. From their angle, Zaroff and Rainsford in the foreground, the big room may be seen, now brilliantly illuminated by a huge candelabra. It is now seen that the tapestries also represent hunting scenes. A big war bow decorates one wall - no arrows with it, however. Two other guests are there both in evening clothes. The first is a well-groomed, vapid young man of twenty-eight, with a face like an untenanted summer resort. He stands holding a vodka glass which another Tartar servant is filling from a grotesque bottle with a glass pipe and valve. This servant wears a costume appropriate to his race and is distinguished by a scarred, brutal face of indescribable ugliness. The second guest is a girl, seated, with a demi-tasse cup beside her on a table. She is young, slim, with an April loveliness. Neither of these guests at first see the two above.

MED. SHOT - Bob looks down on them, Zaroff beside him.

ZAROFF

(low voice)

It is hard to forget your comrades' fate, I know - but our feminine guest is easily perturbed. If I could beg you to put good face upon the matter, assume an ease you may not feel - (120)

BOB

I understand .... (121)

ZAROFF

Thank you.  
(he leads the way towards  
the stairs)

MED. SHOT - The Tartar servant hears their steps and comes to attention. The young man sees them, stares, smiles politely, his eyes following them as they cross the balcony and start downstairs. Then, noticing that the flow of vodka into his glass has ceased, he flashes an impatient glance at the servant, who continues to pour.

SEMI CLOSE UP - The girl sees them, too. She turns to look, with wide, startled eyes.

FULL SHOT - Zaroff leads Bob from the foot of the stairs towards them. The young man hastily tosses off the vodka, hands it back to the servant to be refilled as Zaroff comes up.

ZAROFF

May I present Mr. Rainsford? This  
is Miss Eve Trowbridge. (123)

TRUCK TO MEDIUM SHOT.

EVE

(as Bob bows acknowledgment)  
How do you do? (124)

ZAROFF

And her brother, Mr. Martin Trowbridge.  
(125)

MARTIN

How are you, old chap?  
(shakes hands)  
Pretty well shaken up, I guess. (126)

BOB

Coming out of it now, thanks. (127)

MARTIN

We know just how it feels, don't we, Eve? (128)

EVE

Indeed we do. Can't Mr. Rainsford have some hot coffee? (129)

ZAROFF

Of course, of course. Pray sit here, Rainsford.

(indicates a place -- as they sit, claps his hands, speaks to the servant)

Day gostyu coffee i vodki. (130)

The Tartar at once hands the vodka glass he has refilled back to Martin, then serves Bob with coffee and vodka during ensuing speeches.

MARTIN

Vodka, that's it. One shot'll dry you out faster than all the coffee in Java. Have to toss it off, though - like this -  
(prepares to drink) (131)

EVE

No, Martin. Not another. (132)

CONTINUED

MARTIN

Don't be ridiculous. We're victims of circumstances, same as Mr. Rainsford -- and if anyone's right to his liquor it's a victim of circumstances, isn't that so, Count? (133)

MAROFF

(smiles)

Eat, drink and make merry. That proverb is taught in Russia, too.

(as Martin drinks)

Though we're not always as merry as Mr. Trowbridge succeeds in becoming. (134)

BOB

(to Eve)

You were aboard a wrecked ship, too, I understand. (135)

EVE

(nods)

Our life boat was the only one saved -- my brother and I and two sailors. The Count found us on the beach with nothing but the clothes on our backs. (136)

BOB

Those channel lights must have shifted. I wonder it hasn't been reported. (137)

MARTIN

We'll report it when we get back to the mainland. (138)

EVE

You see, the Count has only one launch and that's under repair. (139)

CONTINUED

ZAROFF

Russians are not the best mechanics.  
I'm afraid we'll simply have to be  
patient a few days longer. (140)

BOB

I'm in no hurry. I feel as if I were  
living on borrowed time right now. (141)

MARTIN

Speaking of that, perhaps now you'll tell  
us who you are. Just sketchy, you know -  
born, married, why I left my last job.  
(142)

BOB

Well, I suppose I should say I'm - (143)

ZAROFF

One moment, please. Mr. Robert Rainsford  
need never explain who he is in my house.  
(144)

MARTIN

(puts down glass, curious)  
No? (145)

ZAROFF

We entertain a celebrity, Miss  
Trowbridge. (146)

MARTIN

Wait a minute, let me guess.  
(stares at Bob)  
Flag pole sitter? (147)

CONTINUED

EVE

I know. He wrote some books. (148)

ZAROFF

He lived some books. If I am not mistaken, this is Mr. Rainsford, who hunts big game so adventurously. (149)

BOB

I've done a little shooting. (150)

ZAROFF

I've read your books. I read all works on hunting. Only in yours have I found an honest point of view.

(taking a fine silver box from the hands of the Tartar, offers it)  
Papirosu? (151)

BOB

(takes a long Russian cigarette)  
Thank you. (152)

ZAROFF

Only in yours have I found a sane point of view. (153)

BOB

(as Tartar lights cigarette)  
Sane? (154)

ZAROFF

You do not excuse what needs no excuse. What was it - "Hunting is as much a game as stud poker, only the limit is higher" -- you have put our case perfectly. (155)

CONTINUED

BOB

Then you're a hunter yourself? (156)

ZAROFF

We are kindred spirits, Mr. Rainsford.  
(suddenly grave)  
It is my one passion. (157)

MARTIN

He sleeps all day and hunts all night.  
And what's more, Rainsford, he'll have  
you doing the same. (158)

ZAROFF

We'll have capital sport together,  
I hope. (159)

MARTIN

Don't encourage him. He's had our two  
sailors so busy chasing around the  
woods after flora and fauna that we  
haven't seen them for three days. (160)

BOB

But what do you hunt here? (161)

ZAROFF

I'll tell you. You will be amused, I  
know. I have done a rare thing. I  
have invented a new sensation. (162)

MARTIN

That's how he sold the others on this  
camping idea. (163)

CONTINUED

BOB

What is this sensation, Count? (164)

ZAROFF

Mr. Rainsford, God makes some men poets. Some he makes kings, some beggars. Me he made a hunter. My hand was made for the trigger, my father said. He was a very rich man with a quarter of million acres in the Crimea, and he was an ardent sportsman. When I was only stirrup high, he gave me my first gun. (165)

59 INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

MED. SHOT.

BOB

Good for him. (166)

But he does not look towards the Count as he speaks. During the latter part of the General's speech, he has become aware that the girl has averted her face from Zaroff, so that he cannot see her expression, and thus protected, is staring straight into his own eyes with a strange expression. She is moving her hand deliberately to upset her demi-tasse cup.

ZAROFF

(off-screen)

My whole life has been one glorious hunt. It would be impossible for me to tell you how many animals I have killed - But when revolution flamed up --  
(167)

The demi-tasse cup spills on the table.

CONTINUED

BOB

Look out. (167a)

The coffee pours over the table. Bob dabs quickly with his napkin to sop it up before it runs over onto the girl's dress.

EVE

(keeps her head averted from General, turned to Bob - intense expression, but speaks lightly)

Oh, I'm so sorry. Count Zaroff was so interesting, I didn't realize the danger. (168)

She puts just a shade of emphasis on the last word. Bob meets her eyes for a fraction of a second, sees that this is a warning.

60            INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

MED. SHOT.

ZAROFF  
(to Tartar, sharply)  
Vitry stol. (169)

The Tartar goes at once to mop up the table. It is evident that the Count has not been watching the by-play.

61            INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

MED. SHOT. As the Tartar comes up to mop, Bob takes his eyes from the girl. His face and voice betray nothing of his surprise at her signal.

BOB

It's all right now. What were you saying about the Revolution, Count? (170)

62            INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

MED. SHOT.

ZAROFF

Merely that I escaped with most of my fortune in American dollars. Naturally, I continued to hunt - grizzlies in your Rockies, crocodiles in the Ganges, rhinoceri in East Africa ...

(indicates scar on his temple  
with his finger tip)

It was in Africa that the Cape Buffalo gave me this - (171)

CONTINUED

BOB

It must have been a close call that time.  
(172)

ZAROFF

Yes, it still bothers me sometimes.  
However, I was up in two months and on  
my way to the Amazon. I'd heard the  
jaguars there were unusually cunning.  
No sport at all. (173)

MARTIN

Well, conditions are bad everywhere  
these days. (174)

ZAROFF

Jaguars are no match for a hunter with  
his wits about him and a high-powered  
rifle. I was bitterly disappointed.  
One night as I lay in my tent with this  
head of mine, a terrible thought crept  
like a snake into my mind. Hunting was  
beginning to bore me. (175)

EVE

Is that a terrible thought, Count? (176)

ZAROFF

It is, my dear lady, when hunting has  
been one's life. (177)

BOB

You seem to have stood it pretty well.  
(178)

CONTINUED

ZAROFF

(smiles)

I stirred my brains ... I asked myself why the hunt no longer fascinated me. Perhaps you can guess the answer, Mr. Rainsford.

(179)

BOB

I can't exactly. (180)

ZAROFF

Why, hunting had ceased to be what you call "a sporting proposition." It had become too easy. I always got my quarry. Always. There is no greater bore than perfection. Another cigarette. (181)  
(extends box)

BOB

No, no. Go on. I'm interested. (182)

ZAROFF

No animal had a chance with me. That is no boast; it is mathematical certainty. The animal had nothing but his legs and his instinct. Instinct is no match for reason. (183)

BOB

You should have handicapped yourself - gone out with a lighter rifle, perhaps. (184)

CONTINUED

ZAROFF

I did. I even tried to sink myself to the level of the savage. I forsook firearms entirely to become expert with the Tartar war bow. That one there -

(points to bow on wall)

To this day I prefer to hunt with it. But alas, even that is far too deadly. What I needed was not a new weapon but a new animal. (185)

BOB

A new animal? (186)

ZAROFF

(complacent smile)

Exactly so. (187)

EVE

You found one? (188)

ZAROFF

(suddenly intense)

Yes. That was when I made this island my home. The workmen stayed only long enough to remodel this old citadel to modern comfort. Then I settled down with a few trusted servants to fulfill my dream. Here, on my preserve, Rainsford, I hunt the most dangerous game. (189)

BOB

The most dangerous game? Tigers, perhaps? (190)

ZAROFF

(smiles, shakes his head)

They have only their claws and fangs. (191)

CONTINUED

BOB

I heard some queer beast howling back  
there along the water. What was it? (192)  
(Separate protection CLOSEUP  
on this speech)

The Count merely smiles mysteriously. His fingers  
brush the scar.

MARTIN

It's no use, Rainsford. He won't tell.  
He won't even let you see his trophy  
room until he's ready to take you along  
for a hunt of the great whatisit. (193)

ZAROFF

(to Rainsford, modestly)  
My one secret. I save it as a surprise  
for my guests - against the rainy day  
of boredom. (194)

MARTIN

Listen, dear old boy, you let me in on  
the game, and I bet I'll go for it.  
(to Rainsford)  
Hasn't failed yet, Rainsford - he says  
thing's good, it is good - judge of  
liquor, wizard at contract, plays piano,  
anything you want -- good host, good  
scout -- eh, Count? (195)

ZAROFF

(impatient)  
Yes, yes. (196)

MARTIN

You say the word. You want me go hunting --  
all right, you're my pal -- get cook-eyed,  
big party, go hunting. (197)

CONTINUED

ZAROFF

(to Rainsford)

A completely civilized point of view. (198)

MARTIN

(arm around Zaroff's shoulder)

You come to my place. Adirondacks, see?  
Private car -- plenty liquor and girls on  
the trip -- guides make deer behave. (199)

ZAROFF

Perhaps we'd better change the subject.  
(200)

MARTIN

(with the air of falling in  
with all plans)

All right. Change subject.

(a bright idea)

Play piano, what? (201)

ZAROFF

If you wish. (202)

MARTIN

(starts unsteadily towards piano)

Good idea, piano. Leave it to me,  
fix everything. (203)

EVE

Perhaps the Count doesn't want to  
play. (204)

MARTIN

There you go again. Throw cold water.

(bumps into chair, she tries  
to guide him)I know where piano is, take hands off,  
Sis -- perfectly sober - (205)CONTINUED

Their voices die as they exit from the SHOT. The room should be planned so that the piano is in a far corner.

ZAROFF

A charming simplicity. (206)

BOB

Completely civilized, did you say? (207)

ZAROFF

He speaks of wine and women as a prelude to the hunt. We barbarians know that it is after the chase, and only then, that man revels. (208)

BOB

It does seem a bit like cocktails before breakfast. (209)

ZAROFF

Of course. You remember the saying of the Ogondi Chieftains - "Hunt first the enemy, second the woman". (210)

BOB

That's the savage's idea everywhere. (211)

ZAROFF

It is the natural instinct. What is woman, even such a woman as this -  
(the Count indicates Eve)  
- until the blood is quickened by the kill? (212)

CONTINUED

SOUND        Their conversation is cut by a discordant crash  
              from the piano. They look to see --

63INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

MED. SHOT -- Martin stumbling against the keys as  
he puts up the lid. Eve is setting a candle beside  
the music rack. She puts out a hand to steady her  
brother.

MED. SHOT. Zaroff casts a deprecating glance towards Bob, then moves towards --

65 INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

FULL OR MED. SHOT -- the piano. As Zaroff comes up, Martin recovers his balance, announces:

MARTIN

Introducing Zaroff, the Keyboard King, in his Baranka Island hour.  
(to Zaroff)  
You show 'em now. (213)

ZAROFF

(seats himself - speaks to others)  
What would you suggest? (214)

MARTIN

A good tune. That's what we want. Not highbrow like last night. Good tune, see. (215)

ZAROFF

I see. (216)

SOUND He begins a lovely, rippling waltz. Martin sits or stands beside him. Eve is standing in the background.

66 INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

MED. SHOT. Left alone, Eve casually moves towards -

MED. SHOT -- Rainsford, who is still standing at the far end of the room. She signals him with her eyes as she passes. He follows her to --

68

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

SOUND

MED. SHOT -- a window seat. Through all this, of course, the Baron's music may be heard. They sit together.

69

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

SOUND

MED. SHOT. The Count is playing a beautiful, Chopinesque waltz. Martin lolls over him.

70

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

MED. SHOT. At the window, Bob, sitting beside Eve, takes this opportunity to ask, with a look of inquiry, what her signal meant. She slowly, almost imperceptibly, motions with her head, telling him to look down through the window. He does so.

71

EXT. CHATEAU - NIGHT

LONG SHOT through window over the roof from his angle. The courtyard is filled with huge hounds. They are fierce animals, with the ferocity of famished wolves. Their eyes shine green and expectant as they wheel to stare up at the window with low snarls.

MED. SHOT.

BOB

(startled -- turns back, speaks low)  
His hunting dogs? (217)

EVE

Keep your voice low and listen.  
There's something evil in this house. (218)

BOB

I don't understand. (219)

EVE

Don't. Don't be like Martin. He won't  
listen, he believes everything the Count  
tells him. (220)

BOB

About what? (221)

EVE

His reason for refusing to send us  
back to the mainland. (222)

BOB

If his launch is under repair, I  
don't see how he can. (223)

EVE

It isn't true about the launch. Last night,  
after we'd gone to bed, I heard it leave the  
boat house under the Chateau. It didn't  
return till morning. (224)

CONTINUED

BOB

Maybe he likes the company of two  
charming people. (225)

EVE

Two, yes. There were four of us a week  
ago. (226)

BOB

What do you mean? (227)

EVE

One night, after dinner, the Count  
took one of our crew down to see his  
trophy room, at the foot of those  
stone steps -- (228)  
(indicates with her eyes)

Bob looks.

73INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

MED. OR FULL SHOT. The steps and door from their  
angle. It would be well to arrange window seat so  
that steps could be included in the previous SHOT  
without a CUT.

BOB

That iron door? (229)

EVE

Yes! Two nights later he took the other  
there. Neither have been seen since. (250)

CONTINUED

BOB

Why, those must have been the men we were talking about. They went hunting. (231)

EVE

(significant)

That's what the Count says. (232)

BOB

But\* this is absurd -- (233)

EVE

At night, something howls in the woods -- once it seemed to be in the house itself.

(with a sudden bright smile)

Be careful. He's watching us in the mirror.

(SHOT OF THIS)

Smile as if I had said something funny. (234)

BOB

(laughs, then looks uneasy)

Look here, this is nonsense. If there's anything wrong -- (235)

SOUND

THE MUSIC STOPS

SOUND

EVE

(applauds, loudly, whispers over it)

Not now, Applaud. (236)

(Rainsford applauds with her)

74INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

MED. SHOT - The Count acknowledges this applause with a smile and a bow.

At the piano, Martin also applauds the Count.

MARTIN

What did I tell you! Smacks a mean  
ivory, eh, Rainsford? (237)

EVE

(rises with Bob, comes forward)  
It was splendid. Don't stop please. (238)

MARTIN

How about a little jazz? (239)

ZAROFF

I'm afraid we failed to hold the full  
attention of our audience, Mr. Trowbridge.  
(240)

EVE

I expect it's rather hard for Mr. Rainsford  
to concentrate on anything after all he's  
been through. (241)

ZAROFF

Naturally. My dear fellow, I have  
been most inconsiderate. (242)

BOB

I am just about all in. (243)

ZAROFF

And so is Miss Trowbridge. I can see the  
drooping in those lovely eyes.  
(he claps his hands. The scarred  
servant and Ivan appear)  
Provodi eye naverh. (244)

SOUND

CONTINUED

EVE

The Count's worse than a family governess.  
Every night he sends us off to bed like  
naughty children. (245)

ZAROFF

No, no, my dear - charming children. (246)

MARTIN

You hear that, sis? Trot on upstairs  
now, and don't bother us grown-ups any more.  
(247)

EVE

Well, after that, I guess I'll just have  
to go. Good night, Mr. Rainsford. (248)

BOB

Good night. We'll be seeing each  
other at breakfast. (249)

MARTIN

Good night, sis. We won't be seeing  
each other at breakfast. (250)

EVE

Please, Martin. No more drinking.  
Turn in early. (251)

MARTIN

Don't worry - the Count'll take care  
of me. (252)

CONTINUED

ZAROFF

Indeed I shall. (253)

EVE

(slight, hesitant pause)  
Good night. (254)  
(turns and follows scarred  
servant upstairs)

ZAROFF

Otvedi evo v tou je komnatou.  
(to Rainsford)  
He'll show the way to your room,  
Mr. Rainsford. (255)

BOB

Good night. (256)

ZAROFF

Good night, sir. Sleep well. (257)

Bob turns upstairs, Ivan following with candle.  
Zaroff turns to find that Martin, during previous  
lines, has poured another drink from the decanter,  
just has it at his lips.

MARTIN

(who has intended to sneak this  
drink, a little embarrassed)  
Well - here's long life. (258)  
(drinks it)

ZAROFF

(smiles)  
Ah yes - a long life.

CONT INUED

Something in his tone causes Bob, on the stairs above, to pause and look down. SHOT of this, ELEVATOR SIDE SHOT following Bob as he moves slowly up, followed by Ivan, eyes on group below.

ZAROFF (Cont'd)

(as he approaches Martin, smiling)  
Tell me, Mr. Trowbridge, are you  
also fatigued? (259)

MARTIN

(smiles, encouraged at the  
friendly tone)  
Tired? You know I'm not.  
(to Rainsford on stairs)  
We two are alike - up all night, sleep  
all day. What we going to do? (261)

Zaroff pauses as he sees -

76

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

MED. SHOT --- Bob slowly nearing the head of the stairs, followed by Ivan. His eyes are on them. He smiles, embarrassed; ELEVATOR SIDE SHOT HERE.

77

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

MED. SHOT - The Count and Martin smile back and make a gesture of farewell.

78

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

MED. SHOT - Bob perforce continues, followed by Ivan to exit above; ELEVATOR SIDE SHOT.

SOUND

Zaroff is watching Bob's exit. He claps his hand.  
The scarred servant appears with a candle.

MARTIN

(throws familiar arm about Zaroff)  
What's the big idea? (261)

ZAROFF

(centering his gaze on Martin, stands  
very erect as if the arm on his  
shoulder had no existence, speaks  
deliberately)  
I was thinking that, perhaps, you would  
tonight enjoy seeing my trophy room. (262)

MARTIN

Your trophy room? (263)

ZAROFF

(leads him towards iron door,  
TRUCK to follow)  
I am sure you will find it most  
interesting. (264)

The scarred servant goes ahead, holds open the  
door.

MARTIN

Say, that's a great idea - we're pals -  
no secrets now - make a night of it,  
what? (265)

ZAROFF

(leads him down stone stairs)  
I hope so, Mr. Trowbridge. (266)

MED. SHOT.

MARTIN

(as Count holds open iron door)  
Just you and I - pals - have fun  
together - (267)

ZAROFF

Precisely, yes. Fun together. (268)

MARTIN

Good old Count -- good old -- (269)

As the iron door closes on all three.

FADE OUT

81 INT. BOB'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

SOUND

FULL SHOT. Hours later, as Bob lies deep in slumber on the canopied bed. Moonlight, haunting as a ghost, streams through the windows, casting an imprint of the iron bars upon the slumbering man. Shadows lie thick everywhere, like dead men strewn on a battlefield. From outside the house near at hand comes a baying of hounds. Bob lies in the bed, still wearing his hunting clothes.

82 INT. BOB'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

SOUND

MED. SHOT. Bob stirs restlessly in his bed as the baying strikes through the veils of sleep. He opens his eyes. Outside can be heard, almost under the window, a gruff, whispered command and the crack of a whip. Yelps, then silence. A door bangs below, followed by deep quiet. Bob closes his eyes, vaguely annoyed by all this, tries to sink into sleep once more. Suddenly his stupefied senses rouse from their lethargy and stand up like soldiers on the alert, armed to the teeth. Somebody is working the latch of the door, very softly. He sits bolt upright, stares at --

83 INT. BOB'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

MED. SHOT - the door. The knob is moving slowly as someone tries to open the door very quietly.

84 INT. BOB'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

MED. SHOT. Bob slips out of bed. He picks up a candlestick, by way of a weapon, advances slowly towards --

FULL or MED. SHOT -- the door. As he approaches, it swings open slowly. He stands ready for any emergency. To his astonishment, Eve stands there, covered only by a sports overcoat in which, it is assumed, she came ashore.

BOB

Well, Good evening. (270)

EVE

Please let me come in. I'm  
frightened. (271)

BOB

Why, of course.  
(closing door)  
What was it - those dogs? (272)

EVE

Not just the dogs -- it's those other  
noises. (273)

BOB

What other noises? (274)

EVE

Didn't you hear them - out in the jungle -  
a queer wailing sound? (275)

BOB

It's that beast the Count talks about.  
He's probably been hunting with your  
brother. (276)

CONTINUED

EVE

Does Count Zaroff strike you as likely to  
take a drunken man on a hunting expedition?  
(277)

BOB

I must admit your brother would stand a  
better chance of being packed off to bed.  
(278)

EVE

I've been to Martin's room. His bed  
hasn't been slept in. (279)  
(her hands are trembling)

BOB

Look out, you'll drop it. (280)  
(catches at candle)

EVE

I can't help it. I'm so afraid. (281)

BOB

But there's nothing to be frightened  
about. The Count and his servants are  
an odd lot, but they're harmless enough.  
(sets candle down) (282)

EVE

Are they? (283)

BOB

(pats her back - with a  
comforting smile)  
There isn't much left in the world that's  
worth much worry. I'm afraid in the end  
our mysterious Count will turn out just a  
queer duck who likes to poke around the  
woods at night. (284)

CONTINUED

EVE

My brother talks that way, too. But he's wrong. Oh, there's something the Count's planning - something about me. (285)

BOB

There, there, quiet down now.  
(arm about her, draws her to him like a frightened child, speaks soothingly, pats her head)

Quiet down - everything's going to be all right. Wait till morning, we'll straighten everything out -- you'll see -- (286)

EVE

I feel safe with you. (287)

BOB

I'll ask the Count about the launch. We'll find a way to get you home, and your brother, too. (288)

EVE

My brother - yes.  
(looks up suddenly)  
We've got to find him. Now. (289)

BOB

Now really, we can't be prowling about the house in the dark by ourselves. Tomorrow we'll probably find him fast asleep in the Count's wine cellar. (290)

CONTINUED

EVE

We mustn't wait till tomorrow. (291)

BOB

(moved at last by the  
genuineness of her  
terror)

Where do you think he's gone? (292)

EVE

Where did the others go? (293)

BOB

The iron door?

(she looks into his eyes, moves  
her head in a slow, frightened  
gesture of assent. He sees  
she is in earnest, comes to a  
decision)

Go to your room and dress. I'll meet  
you downstairs in five minutes. (294)

EVE

Thank you - Bob. (295)

(she gives his hand a grateful  
grip, then turns and goes out)

LAP DISSOLVE OUT

FULL SHOT. At the foot of the main stairs, where Bob is waiting. Eve, wearing her clothes of the night before, comes down the stairs towards him. Their candles bring to life a brood of shadows. Treading very softly they cross towards the iron door. They go down the stone stairs to it.

MED. SHOT. Bob tries the door.

BOB

(whispers)

That's queer. It's unlocked. (296)

(he opens it)

There is revealed the stone landing, with its steps leading down to the right. Landing and stairs are pitch black - there is no light save for the flickering candle in Bob's hand. Cautiously they start down.

MED. SHOT. TRUCK moves sidewise, following them as they come down the stairs. The dim illumination of the candle reveals a huge vaulted chamber, built of solid masonry.

TRUCK stops and PANS to follow them as they turn out into the room from the foot of the stairs. The room is seen now in FULL SHOT as they look about it curiously. On the walls and on the floor are a variety of strange objects that seem, in this dim light, to be statues, busts and the like. The girl gives a little gasp of alarm. He puts out a hand to grip her arm warningly. Together they move forward to investigate.

MED. SHOT. TRUCK moves with them as they approach stone shelf on the wall. What seemed to be a bust turns out to be a human head, preserved and mounted like the heads of animals.

(NOTE: Throughout this sequence, room to be very dimly lit with all heads, etc., to be seen as shadowy, mummified, hardly discernible forms. Director is urged to avoid anything repulsive.)

A leather belt hangs on a hook. There is a stone pillar in which an iron ring is set. At one side are several instruments of torture - a wheel with spikes, a rack, iron pincers and screws, etc. All these things, however, are so dimly lit as to be unnoticeable at this point.

BOB

Great Scott! (297)

SOUND

They stare at it, horrified. The girl gasps. Then they both turn as they hear a sound of voices at the living room door above.

ZAROFF

(entering above, voice muffled,  
almost inaudible)

Ostorojho, ne kasaytes pola.  
Pravilno, Ivan speredl. (298)

They look up to see -

FULL SHOT. A light throwing weird shadows on the wall behind the stairs as the door above opens. Boy and girl in foreground of this SHOT.

MED. SHOT.

EVE

It's Zaroff, he's coming down. (299)

SOUND

DURING THIS A BABBLE OF GRUNTS AND  
EJACULATIONS FROM THE OLD TARTAR  
AND ZAROFF FROM ABOVE, AD LIB, <sup>v</sup>  
VERY MUFFLED, HARDLY AUDIBLE.

BOB

Quick - back here. (300)

He pulls her back towards a dark alcove at one side.  
PAN to follow. He extinguishes the candle. They are  
hidden in deep shadow. The light from the stair  
grows. Both Bob and Eve involuntarily back away from  
the shadows at the sight.

ZAROFF

(from above)

Karosho, priamo vniz po lestnitze. (301)

They look to see -

FULL SHOT. Zaroff coming down the stairs, holding a lighted candelabra. He is in hunting clothes. Following him come Ivan, the scarred servant, and the Tartar, carrying between them a heavy object covered with sacking. FOLLOW DOWN with ELEVATOR SIDE SHOT.

TARTAR

Derjite visoko. Mojet isportit koju. (302)

ZAROFF

Ne vse li nam ravno? Obrazetz ne pervogo sorta - miagki, ricklii - ne stoilo ubivat. (303)

TARTAR

(trying to be cheerful about this)

Koroshaya golova. (304)

PAN as they turn from foot of stairs into trophy room. The Count stands back to light Ivan and the Tartar as they carry their burden into the room.

ZAROFF

Prigoditza dha nabivania. Ostalnoe mojete vibrosit. (305)

The trio move forward from the stairs when --

MED. SHOT. In spite of Bob's restraining hand, Eve starts forward towards --

94            INT. TROPHY ROOM - NIGHT

MED. SHOT. The Count and his servants.

EVE  
(seizes Zaroff)  
Where's my brother? (306)

All stop. Zaroff looks most annoyed. He turns, sees Bob.

ZAROFF

Really, my dear Rainsford, this is no place to bring a woman. (307)

95            INT. TROPHY ROOM - NIGHT

MED. SHOT. Bob stares at him for one amazed instant, then starts forward to --

96            INT. TROPHY ROOM - NIGHT

MED. SHOT. The burden that Ivan and the Tartar are carrying. He pulls back a bit of the burlap covering. What he sees is visible only to him. He looks at Zaroff with a horrified expression.

97            INT. TROPHY ROOM - NIGHT

MED. SHOT. Zaroff meets his eyes, stares straight into them with a strange, expectant look.

98            INT. TROPHY ROOM - NIGHT

MED. SHOT. Eve sees this, guesses the truth. She starts forward and -

MED. SHOT. Before the boy can stop her, she pulls back the burlap herself. This time an arrow is visible, sticking out.

EVE

An arrow - oh -

(as she sees the face, which is invisible to the audience, turns to Zaroff)

You killed him - you killed my brother -

(she advances towards Zaroff)

You - you - (308)

MED. SHOT.

ZAROFF

(snaps out in Russian to Tartar)

Vozmite ieo naverch. (309)

As the girl comes into the SHOT, the Tartar seizes her wrist, twists her arm into a deft hold which makes her helpless, claps a free hand over her mouth to silence her, and rushes her towards the stairs.

BOB

What the - (310)

He starts forward to interfere. Zaroff snaps his finger, makes a significant gesture to the two other servants. The scarred servant snatches the belt from the hook. As Bob follows the Tartar, starts to lay hands on him, the other two leap on him from behind. TRUCK close to get this.

CONTINUED

With a speed born of long practice, they strap his hands at his side and rush him back towards the pillar, all in one movement. TRUCK BACK as they rush him back. Meanwhile, in the background, the Tartar continues on upstairs with the helpless girl. They snap the fastener on the belt to the ring in the pillar. Bob strains helplessly as they step back.

ZAROFF

Quiet now - I merely asked my man to assist Miss Trowbridge to the living room. Come, come, Rainsford - I don't want to treat you like my usual guests. Let me explain and I'll have you loose in no time. (311)

BOB

(indicates body with head)  
That - that is your most dangerous game? (312)

ZAROFF

My dear boy, I intended to tell you last night - but - one can't discuss these things before the ladies, of course. (313)

BOB

You hunted this boy like an animal? (314)

ZAROFF

I know what you think, but you are wrong. An hour strapped up in here brought him to his senses, I assure you. He was sober and fit for sport when I sent him out. (315)

CONTINUED

BOB

Sport? It's murder! (316)

ZAROFF

(laughs good-naturedly)

I refuse to believe that so modern a young man harbors romantic ideas about the value of human life.

(claps hand on his shoulder)

You know as well as I do that the world is for the strong. We are strong. The weak were put here to give us pleasure. Look here -

Picks up and moves forward with candelabra.

101

INT. TROPHY ROOM - NIGHT

MED. SHOT. A group of heads on the shelf. They include lascars, blacks, chinese, whites and mongrels.

ZAROFF (cont'd)

(contemptuous)

Stupid sailors - a thoroughbred hound is worth the lot. (317)

BOB

Stupid, perhaps - but they're human beings - they're men. (318)

ZAROFF

(pleased at Bob's understanding)

Quite right.

I knew you'd see the point. They could reason, after a fashion. So they were dangerous.

(as Bob strains)

Yes, yes - I'll take it off as soon as I finish - take a look at this fellow here).

(moves on to --)

MED. SHOT - A mounted group. A man, full figure, is lying back, surrounded by dogs.

ZAROFF (cont'd)

(lights group with candelabra)  
-- a fine specimen, eh? He killed my two best dogs - in fact, the ones you see there with him.

(regretful)

That's why I rarely use the brutes. Wound a man and they'll pull him down before you've a chance to make the kill yourself. Even Ivan wouldn't be safe if they smelled his blood. (319)

BOB

And you brought this body all the way back to decorate your trophy room? (320)

ZAROFF

Well, he deserved the honor. Like you, Rainsford, I never fail to bestow credit where credit is due. Look there, you can see I borrowed an inscription from your own collection.

Holds candelabra close. Inscription on a metal plate is set into the wall over the group.

ZAROFF (cont'd)

(reads)

To a game loser.

MED. SHOT.

ZAROFF (cont'd)

Oh, you mustn't think I feel that way about most of them. An inferior lot usually I regret to say. This chap here -

He moves forward to -

MED. SHOT. An emmaciated figure leaning against a post. An arrow projects from his throat.

ZAROFF (cont'd)

-- All skin and bones, isn't he? The foolish fellow tried to run through the swamps of Fog Hollow. We preserved him just as he died - as an object lesson, you might say. (321)

BOB

An object lesson? (322)

ZAROFF

(confidential)

When I first began stocking my island, many of my guests thought I was joking. So to avoid mistakes, I established this trophy room. Now, Rainsford, as a matter of routine, I bring them here before broaching the proposition. After an hour or two tied up here, they usually do their best to keep away from me. (323)

BOB

Where do you get these victims? (324)

CONTINUED

ZAROFF

Providence provided my island with dangerous reefs. (325)

BOB

But there are light buoys marking the safe channel. (326)

ZAROFF

(eyelid flutters down in a wink)  
They do not always mark it. (327)

BOB

You shifted them! (328)

ZAROFF

Precisely right. Too bad your yacht should have suffered - but, at least, it brought us together. (329)

BOB

You take half-drowned men from ships you've wrecked and drive them out to be hunted? (330)

ZAROFF

On the contrary, I treat my castaways with every consideration. Good food - exercise - everything they need to get into splendid shape physically. (331)

BOB

To be shot down in cold blood! (332)

CONTINUED

ZAROFF

Surely you credit me with giving the fairest odds. Oh, I admit with this annoying fellow -

(indicates body)

I was a little hasty. But usually, besides hunting clothes and a woodsmen's knife, I give them a full day's start. Why, I even wait until midnight to give them the full advantage of the dark. And, if one eludes me only till sunrise, he wins the game. (333)

BOB

Suppose he refuses to be hunted? (334)

ZAROFF

Ivan is such an artist with these -  
(points to instruments of torture)  
Ivan once had the honor to supervise public floggings for the Great White Czar. Invariably, Mr. Rainsford - invariably they choose to hunt. (335)

BOB

And when they win? (336)

ZAROFF

(smile widens)

To date I have not lost. Ah, Rainsford, you'll find this game worth playing. We'll have famous sport together when the next ship arrives. (337)

Oppressive silence, startlingly tense and unsafe, like a sword suspended by a slender hair.

CONTINUED

BOB

You murdering rat! (338)

ZAROFF

(surprised and annoyed)

Dear me, what an unpleasant word.  
I thought in you, of all people,  
I would find appreciation. (339)

BOB

I'm a hunter - not an assassin. (340)

ZAROFF

(turns, stiffens. After a  
slight pause)

So, Mr. Rainsford, it's all a bluff,  
your books? Brave of speech but faint  
of heart, eh? (341)

BOB

I wrote of animals, not of men. (342)

ZAROFF

There is no difference. Both are  
living things. Come, Rainsford, you're  
joking -- say you'll hunt with me. (343)

BOB

Hunt men? What do you take me for? (344)

ZAROFF

For one, I fear, who dares not follow  
his own convictions to their logical  
conclusion.

(eyes him coldly)

I think, Mr. Rainsford, in this instance  
you may have to follow them. (345)

CONTINUED

BOB

(hard;  
Meaning? (346)

ZAROFF

Since you won't take my end of our favorite game, I shall now ask you to take the other. (347)

BOB

Come on - say it. (348)

ZAROFF

I shall not wait for the next ship. (glances at his watch)  
Four o'clock - the sun is just rising.  
(to servants)

----- Otstegnite jeleznoe koltzo.

(They rush to free the belt from the post, leaving the boy's arms strapped, however. As they do so, Zaroff comes forward, to link one of his in the boy's)  
Come, Mr. Rainsford, you are dressed for sport. Let us not waste time. (349)

As he impels him gently toward the stairs -

LAP DISSOLVE OUT

LAP DISSOLVE IN

105

INT. LOBBY - DAWN

FULL SHOT. The first light of the rising sun streams faintly through the windows of the living room above. Zaroff comes out, then Bob, arms strapped, followed by Ivan, with a drawn revolver held against the boy's back, the Tartar and the scarred servant. Eve rushes into SHOT as he comes up the steps.

106

INT. LOBBY - DAWN

MED. SHOT.

EVE

(sees gun)

Bob - what are they going to do? (350)

BOB

Hunt. (351)

Eve gasps, turns to see -

107

INT. LOBBY - DAWN

MED. SHOT -- The Count, standing by the table, pouring a glass of wine from a decanter. He nods in smiling confirmation of her suspicions.

ZAROFF

I drink to a foeman worthy of my steel, at last.

(raises glass politely)

Your brain against mine. Your woodcraft against mine. Outdoor chess, Mr. Rainsford.

(moves toward them as he speaks - TRUCK TO FOLLOW)

- And the stake -

(bows towards Eve)

- is not without value. (352)

(drinks)

m

CONTINUED

BOB

(appalled)

The stake? (353)

ZAROFF

(knowing smile)

You've been with primitive warriors.  
You know what happens in a native village  
after they've hunted down and killed  
the men. (354)

(he caresses his scar casually)

A pause. Bob glances at Ivan and the servants, who stand ready with their weapons, and gives up the idea of attack.

BOB

Suppose I win? (355)

ZAROFF

My dear fellow, on my honor, if I do not find you by sunrise tomorrow, I'll return you both to the mainland. Meanwhile, she'll be quite safe. (356)

EVE

(terrified and revolted)

Here - with you? (357)

ZAROFF

(to Rainsford, apologetically)

She does not understand. It is difficult for her sex to realize that cheating has no place in games. (358)

EVE

(to Bob)

I'm going with you. (359)

BOB

No. He'll kill you, too. (360)

ZAROFF

Not at all. One does not kill the female animal. Feel free to do as you wish. I can easily recapture her alive. (361)

Pause, as Bob makes his decision.

BOB

I'll take her with me, then. (362)

ZAROFF

I have no proper clothes for her. She'll have to go as she is. That's a handicap, I warn you. (363)

BOB

It's all right, Eve. (364)

ZAROFF

Don't be too sure of that. As a matter of fact, Mr. Rainsford, I'll probably have to limit myself to bow and arrow to make you last the night out. (365)

CONTINUED

BOB

(to Eve)

I've spent my life in jungles.  
I'll get you out of this. (366)

ZAROFF

Spoken like a sportsman, Mr. Rainsford.  
And now may I suggest that you leave  
at once? A good start is everything. (367)

BOB

(to Eve)

Let's go! We'll set him a train he'll  
remember. (368)

Bob starts towards door with Eve, followed by Ivan,  
who holds the gun against him, and the scarred  
servant.

LAP DISSOLVE

---

EXT. CHATEAU AND JUNGLE EDGE - DAWN

LONG SHOT. Necessary to establish light change.  
This is a shot of a Dunning background of the  
chateau, seen through a fringe of practical jungle  
in the foreground. It is a side view showing the  
door, but no water is visible.

DISSOLVE OR CUT TO

SOUND

NEAR VIEW - Lower part of set, including door and left-hand part of wall is practical, balance glass. The door at top of exterior stairs is heard opening, and out of the house come the boy and girl, closely followed by Ivan, who is covering them with a revolver in his right hand. In his left he carries a Malay bush knife. The scarred servant is at his side. The boy and girl pause at foreground, and look hesitatingly off right, toward jungle, then back as Zaroff appears in the archway behind them.

ZAROFF

Ivan will give you your bush knife.  
Your fangs and claws Mr. Rainsford.  
(speaks in Russian to Ivan)  
Horoshot Stupait  
(turns back)  
You'll have plenty of time to look about.  
I never follow till well after midnight.  
(369)

BOB

(hard - ironic)  
Very sporting of you. (370)

ZAROFF

It's only fair to advise you against entering Fog Hollow, too.  
(cheerfully)  
And now, good luck! (371)

The Tartar also smiles and nods.

BOB

Thank you so much. Goodbye. (372)

ZAROFF

Not goodbye, I hope. Au revoir, my dear friends, au revoir. (373)

He bows a deep, courtly bow. Ivan nudges the boy impatiently with the revolver, and Ivan, the scarred servant, the boy and girl exit Right foreground. Zaroff watches them go.

TARTAR

(in Russian to Zaroff)

On zasluživaet lutchee miesto. (374)

ZAROFF

(in Russian to Tartar)

Molodetz.

(calls after boy)

My Tartar says he'll give you the finest place in the collection. (375)

The grotesque servant nods and grins in agreement with this generous sentiment. Maybe a line or two more in Russian between them, discussing how they will mount Rainsford, to cover the walk.

110

EXT. CHATEAU AND JUNGLE EDGE - DAWN

LONG SHOT - Same set as first scene, Chase Sequence. The boy and girl approach from the house, followed by Ivan. Near the camera they pause, the scarred servant unstraps the boy's arms, then steps back. Ivan, still covering them with his pistol, tosses the bush knife to Bob's feet. As he picks it up, Ivan makes another gesture with his pistol. Bob turns to Eve.

BOB

Don't lose your nerve. We're going to beat this thing. (376)

EVE

The others didn't. (377)

CONTINUED

BOB

They must have delayed. It takes time to follow a trail in the jungle, but not to make one. He'll never catch us. Come on. (378)

The girl nods, and they plunge toward the camera. Ivan stands watching them go.

111      EXT. EDGE OF JUNGLE - DAWN

LONG SHOT - This is a small projection screen shot of the people on a practical small set of the jungle opening, combined with a painting showing a great expanse of jungle, and re-photographed in projection, to give an effect of looking down from the distance of a window of the chateau. The boy and girl plunge into the jungle and disappear.

112      EXT. CHATEAU - DAWN

NEAR VIEW - MED. SHOT - Zaroff, the Tartar beside him, watches them go, with a shade of contempt. He smiles and touches the old scar, while into his eyes comes the insane look of murder. As he turns back in the chateau.

LAP DISSOLVE

113      FIRST DEADFALL SET - DAY

We are looking up a slope toward a leaning dead tree, about thirty feet beyond the foreground. Beyond is seen more steeply rising jungle, and in the steep bank in the upper right hand background, the mouth of a small cave. This is a practical set, with the exception of the upper part with cave, which is on glass, and will be used later for reverse angles.

The boy and girl struggle up the slope, over foreground. They are exhausted from running. They pause by the leaning tree, and boy glances at it sharply, as Eve looks back.

EVE

It seems as if we'd come miles. (379)

BOB

(glancing at wrist watch)  
Three hours doesn't take you far in this  
jungle. Let's keep going. (380)

They struggle upstage and exit up hill, camera left.

114      EXT. RIDGE SET - DAY

We are looking up a short steep incline, the top of which cuts sharply across the skyline, which is screened by jungle on either side. The sky is a back-drop.

The boy and girl enter over foreground and toil up the slope, the boy helping the girl.

BOB

Just a little more of this, and then easy  
down-hill going. We'll soon be safe, Eve.  
(381)

They reach the top of the ridge against the skyline, and stop short, amazed at what they see beyond.

115      EXT. FIRST SKYLINE SET - DAY

CLOSE UP. This is a KNEE FIGURE SHOT of the two, from behind them, a projection background shows a gunning down shot of the open sea and horizon beyond, giving the effect that they have reached the top of a sheer drop to the sea below.

The boy and girl are stunned and aghast at what they see. They turn, toward camera, and look back over the way they have come.

REVERSE ANGLE. This is a projection background, showing the whole expanse of the island, and at the far end the chateau with its screening cove, perhaps half a mile away.

BOB

No wonder he was so sure. This island's no bigger than a deer park. (382)

EVE

(turning helplessly to Bob)  
Oh, Bob, what are we going to do? (383)

BOB

(thinking hard, and coming to grim determination as he feels the edge of the bush knife)  
There's only one thing left when you can't run. (384)

EVE

You can't get near him. He'd shoot on sight. (385)

BOB

Weapons aren't everything in the jungle. Did you notice that leaning tree down there? (386)

EVE

The one we just passed? (387)

BOB

Yes. We could make it into a Malay deadfall if we had the time. (388)

EVE

A Malay deadfall? (389)

BOB

It's a mankilling device. The natives there build them along the trails to protect their villages. I've never known a living thing to get by one - only - it takes a good many hours to build a thing like that. (390)

EVE

He said he wouldn't follow until midnight.  
(391)

BOB

That's right. If you'll help me, I think we can make it. Come on, let's get some strong vines. (392)

As the boy and girl scramble down the ridge and over the foreground --

LAP DISSOLVE OUT

LAP DISSOLVE IN

INSERT

OF ILLUMINATED WRISTWATCH - NIGHT  
IT SHOWS THAT THE TIME IS FIVE  
MINUTES TO ONE O'CLOCK

BOB'S VOICE

(coming over insert)

Almost ready, now. He'll have been  
on his way nearly an hour. (393)

117EXT. SECOND DEADFALL SET - NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT - Boy and girl. They are kneeling and carefully adjusting the trigger mechanism, made of sticks lashed together with vines. As Bob arranges a vine across the trail, leading from the trigger, he continues.

EVE

Will it really work? (394)

BOB

A Malay deadfall doesn't miss. Just one touch on this vine will bring six tons of dead wood down on him. (395)

This is a CLOSE VIEW of the practical deadfall and practical approach slope as used in First Set, but looking back down the hill. The deadfall log is in the foreground, at full figure distance. Beyond, looking on down the hill is a Dunning background, showing a small open space in the jungle, strongly revealed by the moonlight.

During Bob's last speech, the girl has risen to her feet and is anxiously peering back down the trail. Bob is now carefully picking up chips and arranging leaves over the deadfall mechanism, but a section of the trip vine is left exposed over the trail. Far below, across the little clearing, is seen the stealthy figure of Zaroff approaching, bow and arrow at ready, his eyes on the trail.

EVE

Look! (396)

Bob rises to look, hurriedly stoops to give a last quick look at the mechanism.

BOB

All ready. Let him come! (397)

Together they hurry over left foreground and exit out past camera.

This is a LONG SHOT of the practical deadfall and approach slope beyond it, with lower part of background screened by a turn in the bushes, and the upper part on glass, if necessary. The foreground is framed by the silhouette of the black interior of the cave.

The boy and girl run from the deadfall straight up into the cave, and crouch in silhouette in the immediate foreground.

120 INT. CAVE - NIGHT

CLOSE UP - REVERSE ANGLE on the boy and girl, in small practical cave set.

BOB

(whispers)

It may only stun him. Give me that knife. (398)

A long breathless pause, during which they hold their breath and strain their eyes into the deep shadows.

121 EXT. THIRD DEADFALL SET - NIGHT

The boy and girl are huddled against the side of the cave, peering out at the deadfall. Looking past them, we see the Count slowly and cautiously coming up the slope, his eyes fixed on the trail, an arrow strung at the ready. He approaches the deadfall, and almost appears to be setting his foot on the trip vine, when he pauses. It is a breathless moment for the boy and girl. Slowly the Count looks about him, carefully scrutinizing the tree, the ground, and finally seems to peer into the shadows of the cave itself. As he does this last he suddenly lightly leaps backward a few paces, and simultaneously discharges an arrow at the trip vine across the trail. The tree falls with a tremendous crash, but instantly Zaroff strings another arrow and fires it directly toward camera and into the cave.

122 INT. CAVE - NIGHT

CLOSE UP - As the boy and girl shrink against the side of the cave, the arrow glances on the rocks beside Bob's head. Eve screams.

123 EXT. SECOND DEADFALL SET - NIGHT

This is the near view of the deadfall, now down. Zaroff leaps forward as far as the fallen tree, stringing another arrow as he does so.

ZAROFF

Come out, Rainsford. Why prolong this?  
(pause)  
I'll not bungle this shot - you'll never even feel it.

124 INT. CAVE - NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT - The boy and girl are crouched against the wall in semi-darkness. He motions her to silence, as he grips his knife hard.

125 EXT. SECOND DEADFALL SET - NIGHT

Zaroff lowers his bow, but holds it ready, much annoyed.

ZAROFF (cont'd)

Surely you don't think anyone who's hunted leopards would follow you into that ambush.

(pause)

Very well, if you choose to play the leopard, I shall hunt you like a leopard. (399)

He turns and walks away with an air of impatience.

CLOSE SHOT - The boy and girl listen to his retreating footsteps. Eve makes a move as though to leave the cave.

BOB  
(detaining her)  
Wait. Maybe it's a trick. (400)

127

EXT. THIRD DEADFALL SET - NIGHT

They cautiously peer out of the cave, at the fallen tree. Zaroff has gone. Motioning to the girl to wait, the boy slips out of the cave, and cautiously down to the fallen tree.

128

EXT. SECOND DEADFALL SET - NIGHT

This is the close view at the tree, showing the small clearing below, in Dunning background, where they first saw Zaroff approaching.

The boy enters over the foreground, keeping well out of sight behind a bush, and peers down into distance. He sees, crossing the clearing below, Zaroff, vanishing in the jungle.

ZAROFF  
(from distance)  
It's all right. I've really gone.  
But I'm coming back. (401)  
(disappears in the jungle)

BOB  
(calls)  
Eve. (402)

EVE  
(comes up)  
Why did he go? (403)

CONTINUED

BOB

He's playing with us - like a cat  
with a mouse. (404)

EVE

What do you mean? (405)

BOB

You heard him say he'd hunt us as  
he'd hunt a leopard. That means  
just one thing - he's gone to get  
a high-powered rifle. (406)

EVE

His rifle! Oh, Bob, we must get away!  
Run quick -- (407)

Before he can stop her, she runs frantically off  
camera left. Bob exits after her, and we hear  
SOUND him calling after her, "Eve!" Eve!" as we

LAP DISSOLVE

LONG SHOT - This is a deep tunnel of trees, ferns  
and shrubbery, lighted with beams of moonlight  
filtering through in spots, and shafts. The top  
is glass, giving as much height as possible. This  
and other connecting chase sets can be arranged  
with all our actual jungle props and shot after  
their use and sets for particular physical action  
sets, such as the deadfall, crevasse, etc.

Over the right foreground, and away from camera,  
SOUND runs Eve, panic-stricken, and after her runs Bob,  
calling to her to stop. They exit around shrubbery,  
upstage right.

FULL SHOT - Cutting across the foreground is a high bank with a deep dark crevasse, the bottom of which cannot be seen opening in the edge of the bank, in about the center of the set. The top is so covered with bushes that anyone coming along it cannot see the crevasse until right up to it. Behind is dense jungle, which leaves a ledge along the top of the bank which is passable but only about 15 feet wide. Upstage camera left, this background gives way for a distance of about 36 feet, to some lower bushes, beyond which is a downward slope. This is a practical set with a glass top background. A practical backing of bushes and trees through which an entrance can be made is offstage on the right of the set, for reverse angles later.

Eve enters on camera right, running along the top of the bank. She sees the crevasse just in time; almost falls in, but manages to leap across. Bob is just behind her. He leaps the crevasse safely, and running after her, catches her just at the top of the upstage left, where the lower bushes are.

131

EXT. FOG HOLLOW SET - NIGHT

In the foreground are the same bushes seen at upstage left in Crevasse shot. Beyond may be seen the slope down into the swirling fog. The foreground is practical with bushes of a height which the people can look over and a covered slope beyond. The background of fog in the distance is Dunning.

Bob catches Eve in foreground, and they look beyond the bushes toward the fog below and beyond.

BOB

(holding her)

No -- no, I tell you. (408)

EVE

(struggling)

Don't stop ... don't! (409)

BOB

Wait ... that's Fog Hollow ahead. (410)

CONTINUED

EVE  
(stops struggling, looks  
horrified down at fog)  
Fog Hollow? (411)

BOB  
The swamp where he caught the others.  
We can't keep ahead of him there. (412)

EVE  
There's no place else to run. (413)

BOB  
Of course. That's what he's counting  
on.  
(looks at wrist watch)  
Two hours to dawn yet. We've got to  
use brains instead of legs. (414)

EVE  
But he'll have a leopard gun. (415)

BOB  
And we'll have a man trap ... let me  
show you. With just a few leaves we  
can ... (416)

They exit back over right camera foreground, as we

LAP DISSOLVE OUT

132 EXT. FIRST CREVASSE SHOT - NIGHT

Bob is crouching at the edge of the Crevasse completing the arrangement of sticks and leaves which make it a concealed pitfall.

BOB  
(glancing at watch, calls)  
Hurry! (417)

133 EXT. SECOND CREVASSE SHOT - NIGHT

(This is a REVERSE MED. SHOT from the left hand side of the Crevasse, backed with practical jungle)

Eve approaches with a last armful of big leaves. Bob stands up at Eve's approach and peers into the jungle behind them. Suddenly a twittering of frightened birds, in the jungle, warns him of the Count's approach. Both look up to see --

134 EXT. SKY AND TREETOP SHOT - NIGHT

(This is special trick shot on glass, with birds flying out of the jungle, twittering and screeching.)

135 EXT. 2ND CREVASSE SHOT - NIGHT

They turn and silently run back toward the bushes on upstage left (same place where he caught her.)

136 EXT. FOG HOLLOW SET - NIGHT

The boy and girl run in over right foreground and hide in the bushes, in near foreground. They pass completely out of sight.

137      EXT. 2ND CREVASSE SHOT - NIGHT

(Looking across the now completely camouflaged Crevasse, into practical jungle backing)

After a short tense hold, the Count appears, stealthily coming out of the jungle. He carries a rifle, and is carefully following the trail, approaching the camera. Suddenly, a pace short of the pitfall, he stops and looks past camera.

138      EXT. 3RD CREVASSE SHOT - NIGHT

(This is a long reverse shot from the bushes in the upper left corner of 1st CREVASSE SHOT, where the boy and girl are hiding. Only the tops of the bushes in which they hide, however, can be seen in the foreground. In the background stands Zaroff, just beyond the Crevasse.)

Zaroff's eyes follow the trail right up to the bushes in the foreground. As he fixes his eyes on them, they move gently. Instantly, he raises his rifle and fires, and a branch of the bush is clipped off. TILT DOWN to show boy and girl prone on ground.. holding vine which shock the bush...and exposing the ruse to the audience.

139      EXT. 2ND CREVASSE SHOT - NIGHT

As Zaroff watches to see the effect of his shot, he takes a last step forward. His foot goes through the pitfall covering...which instantly caves in. He almost falls in with it....but with difficulty recovers himself.

140      EXT. FOG HOLLOW SET - NIGHT

The boy and girl run out of the bushes, and down toward the Fog (Dunning Background)

Zaroff recovers his balance on the edge of the pitfall, and instantly understanding the ruse, leaps across the Crevasse and runs to the bushes in the upper left of the set, where the boy and girl had been hidden.

142

EXT. FOG HOLLOW SET - NIGHT

Zaroff, running in over right foreground, throws up his rifle for a shot, but the boy and girl, (in Dunning background) are disappearing in the fog below. It swallows them up completely. Zaroff lowers his rifle, without wasting a shot. He laughs.

*Zaroff*

ZAROFF

(calls after them)

Very good, Rainsford, very good...you've made my rifle useless in the fog.

143

1ST EXT. SLOPE - NIGHT

MEDIUM OR FULL SHOT - The two stop and look back. Zaroff's voice may be heard off-screen, through the dense fog about them.

ZAROFF (cont'd)

(off-screen)

But you haven't won yet. Look at your watch.

144

1ST EXT. SLOPE - NIGHT

SEMI CLOSE UP - Bob and the girl listen. Dense fog.

ZAROFF (cont'd)

(off-screen)

Are you looking at it, Rainsford? (418)

CONTINUED

Bob looks at his wrist watch.

INSERT

THE WRIST WATCH. IT IS HALF PAST THREE  
O'CLOCK BY THE ILLUMINATED HANDS.

BACK TO Bob. He shows it to the girl.

EVE

It's still half an hour till sunrise.  
(419)

BOB

Swamp or no swamp, we can keep ahead  
of him that long. (420)

145

EXT. FOG HOLLOW SET - NIGHT

Zaroff takes a hunting horn from his belt as he  
continues speaking.

ZAROFF

(calls)

As you doubtless are saying, the odds are  
against me. So you can hardly blame me if  
I play my last card.

SOUND

(he blows his hunting horn. Then  
he pauses and listens)

146

EXT. 1ST SLOPE SET - NIGHT

SOUND

The fugitives in the fog also listen, alarmed and  
bewildered. A distant baying is heard.

This is the same set used in day shot for the departure from the chateau, with the same practical foreground of jungle, but with a night Dunning background of the house.

Ivan, with five dogs on the leash, runs from the direction of the house and passes camera.

SOUND The fugitives listen, terrified, at the distant baying. Zaroff's sardonic laughter is heard through the fog.

ZAROFF (cont'd)

(off-screen)

Fog blinds the eyes but not the nose, Rainsford. I advise you strongly to hurry.

The two figures on the slope turn, and with one impulse, flee down the slope, and disappear.

ZAROFF (cont'd)

(his voice ringing after them,  
off-stage)

Yes, hurry, Rainsford! Hurry! (421)

SOUND His distant laughter sounds cold as the clash of steel above the now louder baying of the hounds.

Ivan and the Tartar, led by the dogs, run past.

At the top of the slope, the Count is still laughing. Again he sounds his horn. The baying is nearer.

151

EXT. 2ND SLOPE SET - NIGHT

The fugitives flee past the camera, in heavy fog.

152

EXT. ANOTHER JUNGLE SET - NIGHT

Ivan and the Tartar, led by the dogs, pass camera.

153

EXT. EDGE OF SWAMP SET - NIGHT

This is a small set looking down a short slope, at the foot of which are high grass and reeds, with the swamp beyond. A clump of inch-thick bamboo grows beside the trail.

SOUND

Eve and Bob run in over foreground like wild things. She pauses at edge of swamp, breathless, almost ready to collapse. He holds her up, giving her a moment's rest. From behind, the baying is louder. Bob looks about, sees the bamboo; gets an idea, and leaves the girl to hack one of the bamboos with his knife. With one stroke he cuts through the bamboo with a long slanting cut, and with another cuts it at the base. He now has in his hand a sharp spear, which he quickly plants in the trail, slanting point uppermost in the direction from which they have come, arranging a bush which masks this device. Then, as the girl recovers her wind, he seizes her arm.

BOB

Straight ahead. We'll have to chance it.  
(422)

Together they plunge into the swamp. Several large birds fly up.

This is the reverse shot looking back from the bushes where the boy and girl hid, to the crevasse and jungle beyond.

The Tartar and Ivan with the hounds on leash enter upstage beyond the crevasse, from camera right. The Count awaits them in the foreground. Before their entrance, the Count blows his horn, and as they approach he points excitedly past camera. All rush past, and he follows.

155EXT. FOG HOLLOW SET - NIGHT

The Tartar, Ivan and the dogs, and the Count, rush down the slope toward the Dunning background of fog. Ivan and the dogs take the lead.

156EXT. 1ST SWAMP SET - NIGHT

The boy and girl plunge past.

157EXT. EDGE OF SWAMP SET - NIGHT

REVERSE ANGLE - This is a MED. SHOT, but a reverse direction on the angle in which in a previous scene the boy planted the sharpened bamboo. It is backed with some real bushes and a black flat in the fog. The bamboo slopes away from the camera in immediate foreground.

Ivan and the dogs enter and plunge toward camera. The dogs pass on either side of the bamboo, but as Ivan is dragged to it until it is about to touch his body --

CUT TO

158EXT. EDGE OF SWAMP SET - NIGHT

Rear view of Ivan as his dogs drag him against the bamboo spear. As he hits it, his whole body is lifted off its feet and up into the air. (He is lifted by wires.) Ivan releases the dogs as he dies, and the body falls into the bushes on one side of the trail. The dogs disappear into the swamp.

159 EXT. EDGE OF SWAMP SET - NIGHT

Zaroff and the Tartar rush past camera, but do not see Ivan's body.

160 EXT. 2ND SWAMP SET - NIGHT

The boy and girl plunge past. A crocodile slips from a hummock and into the water.

161 EXT. 1ST SWAMP SET - NIGHT

The dogs follow.

162 EXT. 3RD SWAMP SET - NIGHT

LONG RUNNING TRUCK SHOT of the boy and girl making slow progress in the swamp.

163 EXT. 2ND SWAMP SET - NIGHT

RUNNING TRUCK SHOT of dogs going faster. A flash.

164 EXT. 1ST SWAMP SET - NIGHT

Zaroff and the Tartar follow through swamp.

165 EXT. FURTHER EDGE OF SWAMP SET - NIGHT

We are looking over a narrow strip of ground rising sharply to camera. Beyond is the swamp....another shallow tank set. The boy and girl come down stage toward the land. Almost at the edge girl sinks or stumbles, and is dragged out on the land by the boy. Both exit past camera. Still in heavy fog.

166 EXT. 3RD SWAMP SET - NIGHT

The dogs follow through the swamp.

167 EXT. END OF FOG SET - NIGHT

This is the edge of a sharp rise in the foreground. We look over it into dense fog beyond, but in the foreground there is no fog.

The boy and girl come up over the rise and past the camera. They are out of the fog.

168 EXT. FURTHER EDGE OF SWAMP SET - NIGHT

The dogs come out of the swamp onto the land and pass camera.

169 EXT. FIRST TREE SET - NIGHT

This is a dressed foreground, with a large Dunning background showing a large tree growing beside a cliff about 40 feet high.

The boy and girl enter over foreground and run toward the tree.

170 EXT. END OF FOG SET - NIGHT

The dogs come up over ridge out of fog and pass camera.

171 EXT. SECOND TREE SET - NIGHT

This is a practical tree, to match the one seen in the Dunning long shot, and is built about 14 feet up to the top of the set, with an exit ladder above. Behind it is the practical foot of a cliff. The tree is covered with a complete network of vines, making it easy to climb. Heavy foliage screens the trunk at the top of the set.

The boy and girl run in over foreground, and climb the tree, disappearing into the foliage above as dogs enter below them.

172 EXT. TOP OF CLIFF SET - NIGHT

A portion of the tree higher up, at the top of the cliff. A large limb projects to the right, and runs parallel to a projection of the cliff, but about four feet from it.

Up into this set climb the boy and girl. They look down and see --

173 EXT. STRAIGHT DOWN THROUGH BRANCHES SET - NIGHT

The dogs below, leaping up and howling.

174 EXT. TOP OF CLIFF SET - NIGHT

Bob turns to Eve. Sweat is standing on his forehead.

BOB

Those animals I cornered. Now I know  
how they felt. (423)

175 EXT. END OF FOG SET - NIGHT

Up out of the fog comes the Baron and the Tartar. They pause on the top of the rise, clear of the fog. Zaroff sees --

176 EXT. SECOND TREE SET - NIGHT

The dogs leaping about the foot of the tree.

177 EXT. END OF FOG SET - NIGHT

Zaroff rushes forward past camera, cocking his rifle and looking up. The Tartar follows.

178 EXT. TOP OF CLIFF SET - NIGHT

Some monkeys rush terrified down to the extending branch and leap to the cliff. The boy follows their example with difficulty and bends the branch so that the girl can follow. They exit right along the cliff.

179 EXT. SECOND TREE SET - NIGHT

The Count enters, looks up tree, sees that the boy and girl have escaped.

ZAROFF

Za mnoy. (424)

All run off right with dogs, Zaroff in lead.

The foreground is a narrow rock ledge, partially screened by bushes. The background is a Dunning key of a gorge through which run wildly roaring rapids.

SOUND

The CAMERA GUNS DOWN, so as to look over the rock foreground and down into the rapids. A branch projects out over the stream from the ledge. The boy and girl rush in over the foreground, but are stopped short by the rapids before them. Above the roar the dogs are heard coming nearer. The boy and girl look back desperately in the direction from which they have come. Bob gets a desperate idea. He tears off his shirt, and hangs it on the projecting branch above the rapids. He looks about for a means of escape, and sees offstage and to the right --

181EXT. WATERFALL SET - NIGHT

LONG SHOT - A composite shot of real falls, combined with a painting. Close to the falls a small cave opens in the cliff, and runs under the falls. This is a Dunning background for some practical rocks in the foreground.

182EXT. RAPIDS SET - NIGHT

SOUND

The baying of the dogs is very loud. Bob grabs the girl's hand and pulls her along off the set, in the direction of the falls.

183EXT. WATERFALL SET - NIGHT

LONG SHOT - The boy drags the girl up over the foreground rocks and toward the falls.

Two of the dogs arrive at the rock ledge and leap at the suspended shirt. As they seize it, it tears loose and falls with the dogs into the chasm below and out of the picture.

185

EXT. ENTRANCE TO WATERFALL CAVE SET - NIGHT

A COMPOSITE SHOT of a practical cave entrance, with a ledge leading into it, combined by a matted edge with a shot of the edge of real falls running over the cliff. Up onto the ledge climbs Bob, dragging Eve. They look back and see --

186

EXT. RAPIDS SET - NIGHT

Zaroff, the Tartar and the three remaining dogs arrive at the edge of the rock. Zaroff sees the boy and girl on the ledge (offstage and above them) and all exit after them.

187

EXT. ENTRANCE TO WATERFALL CAVE SET - NIGHT

The boy and girl rush into the cave.

A practical cave fills about three-quarters of the width of the screen. On the left side, the dark wet wall of the cliff curves in at the top to form the roof of the cavern. The floor is a rock ledge, dropping off sheerly on the right side. Up stage, the interior of the mouth of the cave is seen, and beyond it the ledge by which the boy and girl entered extends with a small rock backing. The left side of the screen - not filled with the set, is Dunned to join onto a shot of water streaming straight down over rock. This rock is blended to the rock which forms the edge of the entrance to the cave. On the extreme left foreground, and near the camera, is a rushing stream of water coming down the edge of the picture, and blending with the water coming down over the rock. The cave is filled with spray.

The boy and girl enter the cave, hugging the wet side of the cliff, and shrinking away from the roaring cascade beside them. They cautiously edge along the narrow ledge, and when they come to a wider place on it, the boy places the girl in a niche in the cliff, camera foreground, which screens her from the entrance of the cave.

One of the dogs scrambles up the ledge and into the cave.

The boy sees the dog coming, draws his knife and struggles with the dog as it leaps for his throat. (This is done with a double, as the boy's back is turned toward the camera, the cave is very dark and filled with spray.)

191 2ND INT. WATERFALL CAVE SET - NIGHT

This is a CLOSE UP projection shot. The background is a cross angle on the LONG SHOT, that is, looking straight out into a wall of falling water, projected behind.

The boy, in knee figure shot, struggles with the dog as it tries to get at his throat.

192 3RD INT. WATERFALL CAVE SET - NIGHT

A CLOSE UP on the practical cliff side of the cave, of the niche in which the girl is standing.

Eve watches the fight, terrified. Just a cutaway flash.

193 2ND INT. WATERFALL CAVE SET - NIGHT

Bob, in KNEE FIGURE SHOT, against the background of roaring water, finally stabbing the dog and throwing it from him. It disappears, apparently into the falls, as it drops off the foreground platform. He turns to see --

194 1ST INT. WATERFALL CAVE SET - NIGHT

Another dog entering the cave and rushing at him.

195 2ND INT. WATERFALL CAVE SET - NIGHT

Bob, struggles with the dog, is almost overbalanced by its rush, but succeeds in stabbing it also. As it falls, his knife is knocked from his hand, and is lost.

196 EXT. ENTRANCE TO WATERFALL CAVE SET - NIGHT

The Count and Tartar appear outside the cave with the last dog. Zaroff urges it in.

197 1ST INT. WATERFALL CAVE SET - NIGHT

The last dog rushes at Bob, and he meets it bare-handed. He chokes the dog. The Count, seen in the background outside, sees how the fight is going and raises his rifle. The Tartar waits.

198 EXT. ENTRANCE TO WATERFALL CAVE SET - NIGHT

Zaroff takes quick but careful aim and fires. The Tartar is ready to rush forward.

199 1ST INT. WATERFALL CAVE SET - NIGHT

As Zaroff fires, the boy and the dog are overbalanced and fall off the ledge together, behind the stream of water falling down the edge of the foreground and apparently into the falls. The Tartar rushes into the cave.

200 3RD INT. WATERFALL CAVE SET - NIGHT

CLOSE UP of Eve, in her niche in the rock. She is almost fainting because of what she has just seen. A hand reaches into the scene and drags her out. It is the Tartar.

201 1ST INT. WATERFALL CAVE SET - NIGHT

The Tartar drags Eve out of the cave to the Baron, who waits outside, beyond the entrance.

202 EXT. ENTRANCE WATERFALL CAVE - NIGHT

The Tartar drags the struggling girl out of the cave to the waiting Count.

203 EXT. WATERFALL CAVE - NIGHT

MED. SHOT - Taken by a second camera, entirely on the practical cliff and cave entrance, and missing the matted on edge of fall.

SOUND The girl shrinks in terror as Zaroff smiles politely. Speech is impossible against the roar of the falls, but he makes a little "naughty-naughty" gesture with his finger, as much as to say, "You see how foolish you were." He shows her his wrist watch.

INSERT THE WRIST WATCH. IT IS ONE MINUTE TO FOUR

204 EXT. ENTRANCE TO WATERFALL CAVE - NIGHT

MED. SHOT - Zaroff smiles as much as to say he has won the game, then makes a peremptory gesture to the Tartar to bring her along. He turns away, producing a cigarette case as --

205 EXT. WATERFALL - NIGHT

FULL SHOT - He leads the way back off ledge and past camera. Behind him the Tartar drags the girl. As Zaroff passes the camera, he lights a cigarette, with a pleased smile.

FADE OUT

FADE IN206 EXT. CHATEAU AND JUNGLE EDGE - SUNRISE

This is the same shot used for the departure of the boy and girl into the jungle, but with a different sky glass, showing a brilliant sunrise. A few seconds after the FADE IN, during which birds are heard merrily singing, the Count enters over the foreground and strolls toward the house. Hee too is singing or rather humming a merry tune, with the air of one tired but happy.

207 EXT. A TREETOP BRANCH - SUNRISE

On which some birds are singing.

208 EXT. ANOTHER BRANCH - SUNRISE

On which a couple of monkeys are chattering.

209 EXT. ENTRANCE OF CHATEAU - SUNRISE

MED. SHOT - Same set as used for all entrances and exits. The Count pauses at the entrance and looks back, stops humming and smiles pleasantly as he sees --

210 EXT. EDGE OF JUNGLE - SUNRISE

LONG SHOT - The Tartar coming out of the jungle and dragging the girl.

211 EXT. ENTRANCE OF CHATEAU - SUNRISE

MED. SHOT - Zaroff smiles in happy anticipation, and hums even more merrily as he disappears up the steps to the door of the main room.

FULL SHOT - He enters the big living room, leaves the door ajar, and humming away, lays his rifle down against the stairs. Then he turns --

MED. SHOT -- to pour a drink from a decanter. He pauses as he sees --

FULL SHOT - Bob Rainsford standing in a far corner of the room, motionless, staring implacably at him.

FULL SHOT - Zaroff eyes Rainsford, brushes his scar with that instinctive nervous gesture, then relaxes and smiles.

ZAROFF

Rainsford, my dear fellow - I congratulate you again. You have beaten me. (425)

BOB

Not yet. (426)

ZAROFF

But, of course. I insist. Why, you aren't even wounded. (427)

BOB

You hit the dog, not me. I took a chance, and went over with him. (428)

ZAROFF

(smiles)

A clever trick, Rainsford. And cleverer still, you doubled back on your tracks to the one place where we would not expect to find you - my own house. (429)

BOB

(grim)

Exactly, Count Zaroff. (430)  
(a step nearer - TRUCK OR PAN  
to follow these movements)

ZAROFF

Then I cheerfully admit defeat. Here -  
(tosses key on table)  
- this is the key to my boat house.  
The door is in the trophy room. Leave  
at once with Miss Trowbridge, if you  
desire. (431)

BOB

(slow - hard)

No! (432)  
(picks up key, pockets it, his  
eyes never leaving Zaroff)

The Count sees in his face that he is about to attack and suddenly realizes the danger. He turns quickly to seize his rifle. Bob has been watching for just such a move. He leaps forward and hits the Count's jaw as hard as he can. Zaroff staggers, drops the gun. Bob hits him again. He staggers back.

216 INT. LOBBY - DAWN

MED. SHOT.

BOB

Now the odds are even. (433)

He hits the Count again twice. Zaroff grapples with him. They fight furiously. The scarred servant rushes in, jumps on the boy's back. All three fight.

217 INT. LOBBY - DAWN

FULL SHOT - A great fight. Tables overturned, etc.

218 EXT. COURTYARD - DAWN

FULL SHOT - In the courtyard just under the open window, Zaroff's hounds hear the noise above. This window should be so planned that it is not too high, so that the noises within - crashing of furniture, etc., - is audible and exciting to the dogs. They gather under the window.

219 INT. LOBBY - DAWN

FULL SHOT. The fight continues. Bob knocks the Count down. He lies stunned for an instant. Bob struggles with the scarred servant. He manages to get a grip about the servant's waist, presses with all his strength, forcing the latter's chest back with his chin.

220 INT. LOBBY - DAWN

SEMI CLOSE UP - The scarred servant strains to resist this. Suddenly his face contorts with agony.

221 INT. LOBBY - DAWN

CLOSE UP - The boy's hands locked about the servant's back, pressing in on the backbone with tremendous pressure.

222 INT. LOBBY - DAWN

MED. OR FULL SHOT. The Count's head clears. He sees the servant locked in the boy's arms. He staggers weakly to his feet and makes for his bow, which is a few feet away. PAN to follow.

223 INT. LOBBY - DAWN

SEMI CLOSE UP. Bob still holds the servant, bending him back. Suddenly the servant shrieks - it ends abruptly as a sharp snapping sounds. His back is broken. He goes limp. Bob sees over his shoulder -

224 INT. LOBBY - DAWN

MED. SHOT - the Count taking an arrow from his quiver, picking up the bow.

225 INT. LOBBY - DAWN

FULL SHOT. Instantly Bob lets go the servant. He falls, quite dead, in some curious ungainly position indicative of a broken back. An attempt should be made to indicate this clearly, to get over the fact that he is dead once and for all. Bob leaps at --

226 INT. LOBBY - DAWN

MED. SHOT - the Count, just as the latter raises his bow, an arrow in place, to take a shot. They grapple. The Count drops the bow, but in some way gets a hold on the arrow, midway on its shaft. Bob throws the Count to the floor with a wrestler's hold.

227 INT. LOBBY - DAWN

MED. SHOT. On the floor, Zaroff tries to stab the boy with an upthrust of the arrow. In this, he is under Bob, half sitting up. Bob catches his hand, twists it behind him in a hammer lock.

228 INT. LOBBY - DAWN

SEMI CLOSE UP. Zaroff's arm twists behind him so that the arrow slowly comes into position to press against his back.

229 INT. LOBBY - DAWN

SEMI CLOSE UP - Zaroff's face muscles stand out as he tries to resist this. Bob's other arm is about his shoulders, preventing escape. He hits into the boy's face with his free hand, tries to choke him, to gouge his eyes, anything to relieve that remorseless pressure on the arrow behind.

230 EXT. CHATEAU - DAWN

FULL SHOT - The dogs outside, just able to glimpse this in the window, begin to howl.

231 INT. LOBBY - DAWN

MED. SHOT - Zaroff and the boy are locked together. Bob's other arm is about Zaroff's shoulders. Zaroff tries to hit his face desperately or tries to choke him with his free hand. Bob gathers his strength into one supreme effort, pressing Zaroff's twisted arm so that the arrow drives into him. This cannot be seen - the CAMERA gets only the front of Zaroff. But his gasp makes clear that the arrow has driven home. He relaxes in Bob's arms.

232            INT. LOBBY - DAWN

MED. SHOT - Bob realizes what has happened. He steps back, lets Zaroff slide to the floor. As he does so, he hears Eve scream. He turns to see --  
SOUND

233            INT. LOBBY - DAWN

FULL SHOT - Eve and the Tartar in the main door. The Tartar has a knife raised. He throws it.

234            INT. LOBBY - DAWN

MED. SHOT - Bob throws himself to the floor just in time. The knife, missing his head, quivers in the torn curtain beside the window.

235            INT. LOBBY - DAWN

MED. SHOT - On the floor Bob finds the rifle by his hand. He grasps it, jumps to his feet.

236            INT. LOBBY - DAWN

FULL SHOT - The Tartar darts through the arch into the dining room. Eve stands there alone.

237            INT. LOBBY - DAWN

FULL SHOT - Bob stands ready to shoot. Seeing Eve alone, he runs towards her.

FULL SHOT - He runs to seize her hand.

BOB  
(breathless, indicates trophy room  
door)  
Boat! (434)

She runs with him to and through the trophy room  
door. PAN TO FOLLOW.

239 INT. TROPHY ROOM - DAWN

GENERAL VIEW. They run down the trophy room steps  
and across the room to --

240 INT. TROPHY ROOM - DAWN

MED. SHOT -- the boathouse door. Bob pulls out a key,  
starts to unlock it. Eve gasps. He turns to see -

241 INT. TROPHY ROOM - DAWN

FULL SHOT. The Tartar on the head of the steps,  
about to throw another knife.

242 INT. TROPHY ROOM - DAWN

MED. SHOT. Bob raises his rifle and fires.

243 INT. TROPHY ROOM - DAWN

FULL SHOT. The bullet strikes the Tartar in the act  
of throwing; the knife goes high. He falls from  
the head of the steps to the floor ten feet below.

244 INT. TROPHY ROOM - DAWN

MED. SHOT. Bob unlocks the door. He and the girl go through it down another flight of steps, giving off from a stone landing at right angles.

245 INT. LOBBY - DAWN

MED. SHOT. Zaroff is lying near the window, the arrow sticking in his back. He coughs, then raises himself weakly as he hears the dogs howling outside.

SOUND

246 INT. LOBBY - DAWN

SOUND FULL SHOT. The dogs jump about the window, very excited, baying their loudest.

247 INT. LOBBY - DAWN

SOUND MED. SHOT. Over this sound of the dogs, Zaroff hears a muffled roar as the launch motor starts in the boathouse below. He realizes what that means. He crawls towards --

248 INT. LOBBY - DAWN

SOUND MED. SHOT -- the window. The war bow with the quiver of arrows is beside it. He clutches it, pulls himself up by the window. TILT to follow. He is so weak that he has to prop himself against the window frame as he fits another arrow to the bow. As he does this, he is racked with coughs. It is apparent that he is dying. But in his face is not so much terror and pain as the fanatic excitement of one bent on winning a game. He puts one foot on the window sill or on the edge of a cornice outside, the better to prop himself while he takes aim at --

249      EXT. COVE - DAWN

LONG SHOT - the water below, seen from his angle, as launch glides slowly out. In it are Eve and Bob. (Cornice of house cuts off view of boathouse doors.)

250      EXT. COURTYARD - DAWN

MED. SHOT. In the window Zaroff makes a mighty effort to pull the bow. He can't quite do it. As he does this, he leans slightly out of the window, against the window frame, so that blood from his wound drips down to the dogs, who are leaping and howling excitedly under the window. TILT DOWN to show them rushing to smell the blood.

251      EXT. COVE - DAWN

FULL SHOT. The launch gathers speed as it heads away.

252      INT. LOBBY - DAWN

SOUND

MED. SHOT. In the big room, Zaroff makes one last effort to pull the bow. At the critical moment, his strength leaves. Slowly he topples out the window. A terrific clamor from the dogs outside as he lands among them. A single piercing scream from Zaroff as they tear the life out of him. Framed in the empty window, the launch is seen heading away across the cove.

FADE OUT

THE END