

"THE PARADINE CASE"

written by

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from the novel by Robert S. Hichens

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. PARADINE HOUSE - NIGHT - LONG SHOT 1
A view of the Paradine house at night.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

2 INT. PARADINE HALL - NIGHT - LONG SHOT 2

This is empty, but we hear the sound of a piano coming from one of the rooms off the hall. After a moment an elderly butler comes through with a decanter of sherry and one glass on a tray. The CAMERA TURNS with him and follows behind him into the drawing room.

Mrs. Paradine is seated at the piano. She is slim and beautiful, dressed in black, and her manner is that of a woman who has been through a great deal but is controlling her emotions. She is playing Schubert, and as the butler moves in close to her, CAMERA with him, she turns slowly toward and up to CAMERA, and we see for the first time her lovely face and strange, brooding eyes.

MRS. PARADINE
Thank you, Lakin.

LAKIN
Dinner will be ready in fifteen minutes,
Madam.

She nods as the butler places the sherry on the piano beside her. As he turns to go, she stops playing and takes a sip of sherry. A doorbell sounds and she looks up. The butler goes out at a slightly quickened pace.

3 MEDIUM SHOT 3

On the wall behind her hangs a portrait of Colonel Paradine in the uniform of a Lieutenant Colonel of the Coldstream Guards. He wears four rows of medals and has the curious staring expression of a blind man.

Mrs. Paradine puts the glass back on the piano, and is about to start playing again, when the sound of voices comes from the hall. She listens for a moment, and then resumes playing. As we hear the door open, she half turns.

4 MEDIUM SHOT 4

Lakin comes in. CAMERA PANS with him across to her.
He hands her a card.

LAKIN
Inspector Ambrose is here, Madam.

MRS. PARADINE
Oh. Show him in, will you?

As Lakin goes out she gets up from the piano and crosses the room. Passing a mirror, she gives her hair a pat, then turns facing the door - tension in her body, but not in her face.

5 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

5

Lakin is showing in two men - Detective Inspector Ambrose and Detective Sergeant Leggett. Ambrose is forty. Leggett is about thirty; keener, sharper face.

As Lakin exits, closing the door, the older man crosses toward Mrs. Paradine, CAMERA with him. The younger man hangs back a little.

MRS. PARADINE
Good evening, Inspector.

AMBROSE
Good evening, Mrs. Paradine. I don't think you've met Sergeant Leggett.

MRS. PARADINE
How do you do.

LEGGETT
How do you do.

MRS. PARADINE
I must say I'm rather surprised to see you again, Inspector.
I can't imagine there can be anything else that you want from me -

She waves her hand in a distracted way; obviously is controlling her impatience, and is long-suffering.

AMBROSE
(apologetically)
know, Ma'am. I'm aware of what you've been through, but - we have to do these things, Ma'am.

MRS. PARADINE
Of course. I realise it's not your fault, Inspector...
(she indicates)
Won't you sit down?

AMBROSE
(pleasantly)
Thank you, but I - uh - we - I don't think we'll be here very long. I have to tell you that I have been sent here to arrest you.

MRS. PARADINE
(calmly)
Oh!
(she bites her lip and a tear almost comes to her eye)
It's incredible.
(pulls herself together)
I'm sorry... then you will want me - to go with you?

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

AMBROSE

Yes.

MRS. PARADINE

(after half a second)

I'll tell them I won't need dinner. Will you ring? The bell is over there beside the picture.

6 MEDIUM SHOT

6

Showing picture. Ambrose steps over to the bellpush. Mrs. Paradine approaches him as he rings.

MRS. PARADINE

Do you like the picture? It was finished a week or two before he... before he died. I think the artist has caught the blind man's look quite wonderfully.

AMBROSE

I'm sorry about your dinner, Mrs. Paradine. We could wait for a bit...

MRS. PARADINE

Please don't bother. I'm sure I can get something at...

AMBROSE

At Bow Street... Certainly. Mrs. Paradine, I have to use some formal words at this point.

Lakin enters, without knocking. Mrs. Paradine turns to him.

MRS. PARADINE

Lakin, ask Ellen to give you my black lamb coat and my black handbag.
(to Ambrose)

I suppose that if I need other clothes, they can be fetched.

AMBROSE

Yes, Ma'am.

Lakin bows slightly and goes out.

7 CLOSE SHOT

7

Mrs. Paradine turns facing Ambrose.

MRS. PARADINE

Well?

AMBROSE

I have a warrant for your arrest and it is my duty to warn you that you need not say anything, but that what you say will be taken down and may be used in evidence
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

AMBROSE (CONT'D)
 upon your trial. The warrant charges you
 for that on the sixth of May, nineteen
 hundred and forty-six, you did wilfully
 administer, or cause to be administered,
 some poisonous substance to one Richard
 Patrick Irving Paradine, and did murder
 him.

There is a complete silence. Mrs. Paradino's expression does not
 change. There is an awkward pause.

Lakin re-enters, carrying her coat and handbag. Lakin helps her on
 with her coat, CAMERA MOVES IN and FOLLOWS HER to front door. Lakin
 has opened it. She pauses for a second.

MRS. PARADINE
 (during above)
 Lakin, I shall probably not be back this
 evening.

LAKIN
 Very good, Madam.

MRS. PARADINE
 Tell cook I'm sorry about the dinner.

LAKIN
 Yes, Madam.

MRS. PARADINE
 Goodbye.

LAKIN
 Goodbye, Madam.

She exits, followed by Ambrose and Leggett. CAMERA MOVES IN as
 Lakin closes the door and fixes the burglar chain.

On his face, deeply distressed, we

DISSOLVE:

8 EXT. BOW STREET - NIGHT - LONG SHOT

8

Outside Police Station - lighted lamp - word POLICE prominent.
 Very gloomy and menacing.

DISSOLVE TO:

9 INT. BOW STREET CORRIDOR - NIGHT - LONG SHOT

9

A rather long drab corridor. In the foreground stands the
 silhouetted figure of a policeman.

DISSOLVE TO:

10 CLOSEUP

10

A sign on a door, which reads "CHARGE ROOM."

DISSOLVE TO:

11 INT. CHARGE ROOM - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT 11

Mrs. Paradine is seated on a long form, set against one side of the room. Standing by her is Ambrose. A uniformed inspector is seated at a low desk in another corner. Leaning over the desk and murmuring in a quiet voice is Sergeant Leggett. A hatless, uniformed constable passes through the room, carrying some papers.

12 MEDIUM SHOT 12

Mrs. Paradine and Ambrose.

AMBROSE

Yes, I know that country well. I've done a bit of shooting up in that part.

MRS. PARADINE

The trouble is, it's so difficult to get there. We can't go by car, of course, since the war - and the trains are dreadful.

Her head turns suddenly.

13 MEDIUM SHOT 13

From her viewpoint, we see Sir Simon Flaquer being ushered in by the constable, who was on the door. Sir Simon is very dapper, in a dinner jacket, with a white flower in his buttonhole. Although he is bald, with a fringe of rather errant white curls, he gives an impression of great smoothness and gloss. He wears an open overcoat over his dinner dress. He crosses over toward Mrs. Paradine, CAMERA PANNING with him. He extends a hand to her, which she takes.

FLAQUER

Forgive me for being late. Fact is I was just dressing for dinner when your call came. I took it in a bath towel.

MRS. PARADINE

This is Chief Inspector Ambrose; Sir Simon, my family lawyer.

FLAQUER

Ah, yes, we're old friends. How are you, Inspector?

INSPECTOR

Well, thank you, Sir Simon. We don't often see you here, Sir.

FLAQUER

No, no. You must excuse an old man's foibles, but I'm not very keen on this place.

(to Mrs. Paradine)

We'll get out of it as soon as possible, Mrs. Paradine, won't we? As soon as possible.

(CONTINUED)

AMBROSE

(nods)

As soon as you're ready, Sir Simon, we'll make the formal charge. Do you want to go into another room?

FLAQUER

No. It isn't necessary. Give me a couple of minutes here.

As Ambrose walks away, Sir Simon seats himself beside Mrs. Paradine. THE CAMERA MOVES IN to a CLOSE TWO SHOT.

He addresses her in a lower voice:

FLAQUER

Well, now, my dear, don't let's waste words. You don't have to tell me that the police are making a terrible mistake. I'm glad you seem to be taking it very well. We mustn't despond.

Above all things, we mustn't despond. You're not desponding, are you?

MRS. PARADINE

No, Sir Simon.

FLAQUER

Now, let me see. They'll read the charge over to you and then ask you whether you've anything to say. I think you had better say, 'No.' Just like that. Quite simply, 'No.' Is that understood?

CAMERA BEGINS TO PULL BACK as Mrs. Paradine rises.

MRS. PARADINE

Yes.

FLAQUER

All right then. You notice the extraordinary odour that hangs about Bow Street? It is the exact opposite of the odour of sanctity. I hate the place.

He rises - speaking over to the inspector:

FLAQUER

All right, Inspector, we're ready.

CAMERA PULLS STILL FARTHER BACK until we get a FULL VIEW of the room. We now have two additional officials present.

The station gaoler, and the matron. Mrs. Paradine crosses toward the desk with Sir Simon. The inspector takes a paper from a drawer, and after dipping his pen in the ink, holds it poised, as he looks at Mrs. Paradine and asks with some formality:

INSPECTOR

Your name, please.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

MRS. PARADINE
Maddalena Paradine.

INSPECTOR
Married or single?

MRS. PARADINE
Widow.

INSPECTOR
Address?

MRS. PARADINE
109A Wilton Crescent.

Ambrose steps forward to the other side of the desk.

AMBROSE
Maddalena Paradine, I charge you that,
on May the sixth, nineteen hundred and
forty-six, you did wilfully murder Richard
Patrick Irving Paradine. Do you wish to
say anything in answer to the charge?
Whatever you say may be taken down in
writing and may be given in evidence.

14 CLOSEUP

14

MRS. PARADINE
I have nothing to say.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Sir Simon in a CLOSE TWO SHOT. He
speaks quietly to her:

FLAQUER
That's all we can do at present. I'll
look in and tell your maid to put together
some of your things. You're allowed a
few things - at this stage.

MRS. PARADINE
Who is to defend me? You?

FLAQUER
At the trial? Oh, dear me, no, of course
not. I'll get you one of the leaders of
the Bar. Do you know Mr. Anthony Keane?

MRS. PARADINE
I've heard of him, of course.

FLAQUER
He's very good - in this sort of thing.
Full of charm and cunning. But the juries
like him. So do I.

MRS. PARADINE
Won't it be difficult to get him?

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

FLAQUER
 We'll see, we'll see. At the moment he's
 on a case in Lincoln. I'll get my daughter
 to run me down and have a talk with him.
 (he smiles at her)
 You'll like him.

MRS. PARADINE
 (smiling slightly)
 That's not as important as his - liking
 me - is it?

FLAQUER
 I think he will. Good night.

She watches him go.

15 MEDIUM SHOT

15

At the doorway Sir Simon stops and waves her a little farewell.

16 MEDIUM SHOT

16

Mrs. Paradine looks after him - she is interrupted by Ambrose's
 voice:

AMBROSE'S VOICE
 Would you come this way, please?

Mrs. Paradine collects herself, turns and follows Ambrose from the
 room. The gaoler and matron bringing up the rear.

DISSOLVE TO:

17 INT. C.I.D. OFFICE - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

17

This is an upstairs office at Bow Street, and is allocated to the
 use of the Criminal Investigation Department Inspector of Scotland
 Yard. It is cluttered up with two or three desks, and numerous
 files and papers. Round one of the desks a small group is assembled.
 Mrs. Paradine is in the centre.

The group consists of Ambrose, Leggett, the gaoler, and the matron.
 Their heads are bent over some operation.

18 CLOSE SHOT

18

Ambrose is taking Mrs. Paradine's fingerprints.

19 CLOSEUP

19

Mrs. Paradine's well-manicured fingers being individually inked,
 and pressed onto the official fingerprint form.

DISSOLVE TO:

20 INT. MATRON'S ROOM - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT 20

Mrs. Paradine is standing encased in a faded and washed-out cotton cloak, while the matron is industriously searching through Mrs. Paradine's garments which lie on a desk nearby. Mrs. Paradine's expression is composed, as she coldly watches the woman at her job. The matron runs her fingers through Mrs. Paradine's hair.

DISSOLVE TO:

21 INT. CELL CORRIDOR - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT 21

Mrs. Paradine, now fully dressed in her own clothes again, moves away from CAMERA and down the corridor, followed by the matron. After a few steps, the matron touches her on the arm.

22 MEDIUM SHOT 22

Mrs. Paradine stops and waits - the matron opens a cell door. The sound of the key and the undoing of the lock is very loud. As the door swings open, Mrs. Paradine steps into the cell.

23 INT. CELL - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT 23

This is a reverse angle. As Mrs. Paradine steps in, we see the matron beyond her. Mrs. Paradine gives a glance around the cell and notes the crude interior. She murmurs to herself.

MRS. PARADINE

Oh!

The door beyond her closes with a bang. She turns suddenly so that her back is to the CAMERA. It is rigid.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

24 EXT. ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY - LONG SHOT 24

An open sports car speeding through the English countryside.

It is driven by Judy Flaquer. Her father, Simon, sits beside her.

FLAQUER

I hope we're not wasting petrol foolishly.

JUDY

Oh, father, you couldn't keep Tony off the case - once he gets a whiff of it. A chance to ride to the rescue of beauty in distress - and to give another of his great performances.

(she laughs)

He'll adore it.

DISSOLVE TO:

25-27 INT. ASSIZE COURT - DAY - MEDIUM SHOT

25-27

This is a very tiny panelled court, where all the various people seem to be on top of each other. It has the atmosphere of an old print. The Judge's bench is on a very high rostrum. Keane is addressing the jury.

KEANE

And so, ladies and gentlemen of the jury,
I need detain you only a little longer.
Yes, the case of my unhappy client, who
confessedly killed his wife, is nearly
at an end.

(he pauses, walks toward
the window, looks out
of it, speaks almost
in reverie, as though
he were not in the
courtroom at all)

There is the feeling of summer outside
today... Yes, summer has come to this
envy of less happier lands, this blessed
plot, this earth, this realm, this
England...

(He sighs, turns and
walks back to the jury
as the CAMERA PULLS
BACK)

A new summer begins in the world for all
of us - but there can be no summer, no
spring, for him who awaits your verdict...
For so long as he lives, he must forever
carry with him this awful knowledge:
That he killed the woman of whose morbid
fancies he had been a patient slave for
twenty years and more. That she was a
shrew, wicked and unfeeling, unworthy of
his sacrifice... that he would not be
here today had he less of the saintly
virtues of patience and of tolerance --
of these facts there can be no doubt.

(as though it were
perfectly obvious)

These, surely, will save him from the
extreme penalty. As I look into your
faces, I see clearly that you are men
and women who have lived - yes, and who
have loved... and I know that in meting
out to him the punishment demanded by
justice -

(softly)

mixed with human understanding and divine
tolerance - you will remember that 'Each
man kills the thing he loves, By each
let this be heard, Some do it with a
bitter look, Some with a flattering word,
The coward does it with a kiss, The brave
man with a sword.'

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KEANE (CONT'D)
(he pauses a moment for
effect, comes out of
his mood and speaks
again, very quietly,
with an effort at
controlling his emotions)
And now I commend this unfortunate victim
of his own long-suffering virtues - to
your mercy.
(he sits down)

DURING HIS SPEECH, WE HAVE CUTS TO:

I. THE PRISONER

He is impassive, and Keane's defense is clearly wasted on him.

II. THE JURY

Their expressions and attitudes are, of course, not all identical, but generally they are weary and hopeful at Keane's promise of only a few more words...Increasingly they are moved, especially the two ladies among them...

When he talks about the prisoner's patience and tolerance, a couple of the men take this unto themselves, and one of them folds his arms, and nods his head: "There, but for the grace of God, stands himself in the box..." When Keane talks about their having "lived and loved," they are obviously flattered. One of the women lowers her head, while another looks far off, her recollections stirred...

Tears come to the eyes of a few as Keane continues about the summer and into the Wilde quotation...and toward the end, it is apparent that none of them is any longer weary - that all of them have been deeply stirred and are on the edge of their seats as the result of Keane's appeal.

(Since, for the purpose of the scene, the cuts of the jury are obviously the most important, it is suggested that we make at least one additional profile angle in which we can feature the expression of some of the jurists in the foreground. Hopefully these cuts of the jury can be staged from the angles of Keane, Flaquer and Judy, respectively.)

III. THE PROSECUTING ATTORNEY

He is bored at first... then amused... then annoyed... then almost incredulous at Keane's effrontery in martyrizing this character... He leans over to his junior, and it is clear from his expression that he feels the prosecution is licked.

IV. HORFIELD

He is completely cynical and somewhat impatient and annoyed.

He folds his hands and closes his eyes, then rubs his hand over his face. Perhaps he suppresses a yawn.

(CONTINUED)

25-27 CONTINUED: (2)

25-27

V. FLAQUER AND JUDY

Flaquer is amused but impressed. Judy is watching as though it were a very enjoyable show. She looks at her father, back to Keane. She is obviously very knowing and cynical, but has a sophisticated admiration for Keane's skills with this provincial jury. She looks at the jury and sees how it is taking it. We should show the jury once from Judy's angle so that we can intercut between her look to the jury to see its reaction and her reaction to the jury's being won over.

DISSOLVE TO:

28 INT. CORRIDOR, LOOKING INTO EMPTY COURTROOM

28

Flaquer and Keane, wig on, stand talking, as a group of spectators pass.

KEANE

No, Simmy, no. I'm too tired.

FLAQUER

It promises to be quite a dramatic affair.

KEANE

I've had enough of drama for a while, thank you... Besides, I've promised my wife faithfully that we'd go abroad for our anniversary... Sorry, Simmy.

FLAQUER

(wisely)

You know, when this thing comes up, it's going to be a very crowded court. They'll miss you.

KEANE

But from what I read at the time it was clearly suicide... Didn't he swallow some poison?

FLAQUER

Yes - in a wine glass...

KEANE

(his interest piqued)

But anyone could handle it... why, even my junior, Saunders...

FLAQUER

When you go into the details, you'll find out why the whole country will be following every word of it.

KEANE

(not quite so sure)

Nonsense. It's just another murder trial.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

FLAQUER
Millionaire war hero... and blind,
incidentally... Beautiful, foreign-born
wife... mysterious background...
(looking at his watch)
I'm afraid I'll have to be leaving...
What would you think of Atkinson for the
case?

KEANE
(who's been brooding)
I'll tell you what... Oh, Atkinson? He's
a stuffed shirt... She'd hang for
certain...

The court attendant approaches Keane.

ATTENDANT
The jury's coming back.

KEANE
All right...
(the attendant leaves)
...I'll see you later, Simmy.

FLAQUER
Very well, I'll wait, if you think...

KEANE
(interrupting)
No promises - but wait.

He starts for the courtroom. Flaquer smiles to himself.

DISSOLVE TO:

29 INT. THE COURT - MEDIUM SHOT

29

Shooting past the dock we see Horfield. He is addressing the
prisoner, who is a little, unattractive creature of fifty.

JUDGE HORFIELD
It is not for me to say whether justice
has, in this case, been rather over-
tempered with mercy. You may congratulate
yourself that I am to be spared the
painful necessity of pronouncing on you
the extreme penalty of the law. You have
been defended by one of the leaders of
the English Bar; and I have no doubt
that his remarkable and characteristic
eloquence has played its part in
influencing the minds of the Jury.

30 CLOSEUP - KEANE

30

Keane smiles to himself.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

HORFIELD'S VOICE
(continuing)
Have you anything to say before I
pronounce sentence?

PRISONER'S VOICE
No, Sir.

31 MEDIUM SHOT

31

JUDGE HORFIELD
Very well. The sentence of this Court is
that you go to penal servitude for a
period of nine years.

PRISONER'S VOICE
Thank you, Sir.

JUDGE HORFIELD
(sotto voce)
Not at all.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

32 EXT. HOTEL - AUTOMOBILE

32

Judy at the wheel. Keane putting his bag in the car trunk. Sir
Simon is helping lock it. Horfield approaches them at the curb. He
is now without his wig and dry courtroom formality, a man in his
sixties, dapper and keen-eyed.

JUDGE HORFIELD
Well, Keane, my congratulations.

KEANE
Thank you very much.

FLAQUER
I scarcely expected to find one of our
most distinguished justices sitting at
Lincoln.

JUDGE HORFIELD
Half the bench was down with the flu.
The younger men, you know -haven't got
the stuff of us old timers.
(suddenly spots Judy)
Isn't that your daughter, Judy? One of
my pets among the newer generation.

JUDY
(simultaneously - coolly)
Thank you, Lord Horfield.

FLAQUER
Waiting for your car?

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE HORFIELD
Just learned it was stuck in London.

FLAQUER
Can I drive you back?

JUDGE HORFIELD
I've been hinting at that. My luggage is coming out. Do you mind if I do a little basking beside Judy?

JUDY
Climb in.

He does.

JUDGE HORFIELD
(snuggling beside her)
This is unexpectedly cozy.

JUDY
(holding the wheel)
Watch out for my elbows.

JUDGE HORFIELD
Don't mind them. Best I can hope for at my age - an occasional young lady's elbow in my stomach.

KEANE
(calling to a hotel
porter carrying bags)
Bring his lordship's luggage here, please.

FLAQUER
I think it'll all fit in.

Porter approaches with luggage, and in the course of the following conversation places it in the back of the car.

JUDGE HORFIELD
You're an extraordinary fellow, Keane.

KEANE
How's that?

JUDGE HORFIELD
I never thought you'd get that nasty little fellow off today. I suppose it was that sentimental little postscript at the end of your speech.

KEANE
How do you mean?

JUDGE HORFIELD
About the flowers that bloom in the spring...or something.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

KEANE
(laughs)
I don't understand.

JUDGE HORFIELD
They had nothing to do with the case.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

33 EXT. KEANE HOUSE - TWILIGHT. SHOOTING ACROSS FRONT OF CAR

33

(Only very little set is required - just the front door, unless we wish to make a matte shot out of it.)

The automobile has stopped in the front of the house and Keane is getting out as we open the scene. We see only Judy and Horfield in the front of the car. Perhaps Keane has already alighted and is on his way up the steps.

JUDY
Give my love to Gay.

JUDGE HORFIELD
Mine, too.

KEANE
(waving and running
through the rain)
Thanks, I will.

Judy throws the car into gear and we

DISSOLVE TO:

34 INT. KEANE'S HALL - EVENING - FOLLOW SHOT

34

(already shot)

The butler opens the door. Keane, dripping wet, takes off his hat and shakes it, crosses the hall, and starts up the stairs. CAMERA with him.

GAY'S VOICE
(from upstairs)
Tony?

KEANE
(mounting steps)
Yes, my love.

GAY
(appearing on the landing)
I knew it. I knew you didn't have an umbrella or a raincoat. Wet through -
(disgustedly)
Tony!
(calling downstairs)
Baker, will you please bring up those cocktail things from the study?

(CONTINUED)

KEANE
(kissing her)
You might ask me if I won my case.

GAY
You always win your case - even if you
don't seem to have enough sense to come
home dry.

KEANE
Simmy's car. It leaks.

GAY
(as she turns to enter
her bedroom)
Come and get your things off - and have
a hot shower.

Keane, shivering, follows Gay as they go thru her bedroom and into
his. CAMERA FOLLOWING.

They are now in Keane's bedroom.

GAY
I'll make your drink strong - and with
luck we may pull you through.

KEANE
(sourly; starting to
remove his coat and
shirt)
I've good news for you. We're going to
the Horfields for dinner tomorrow.

GAY
(sarcastically)
That'll be nice. How did you wangle that?

KEANE
Not I, my dear - it's you.

GAY
Oh?

KEANE
Horfield said, 'Give your wife my
compliments. She knows I'm her victim,'
and then he said, 'I don't really think
she likes me, but tell her I'm still at
her feet.'

GAY
Why should I like Lord Horfield - because
he's a judge?

KEANE
(going into bathroom)
No reason at all, but I thought you did
like old Sophy Horfield.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

GAY
(picking up after him)
Poor old Sophy. I'm sorry for her.
(holding up his wet
coat)
Tony, you're utterly impossible! When
will you grow up?

There is a knock at the door of Gay's room.

GAY
(entering her room)
Come in, Baker!

Baker enters with a tray of bottles and shaker and places it on the table in Gay's room. She hands him Keane's wet coat as he exits, closing the door behind him.

GAY
(continuing, to Keane)
What were you doing in Simmy's car?

KEANE'S VOICE
Judy drove him out to Lincoln. He wants
me to take a case for him.

GAY
(disappointed)
Oh -
(hoping for a negative
answer)
Going to?

KEANE'S VOICE
Yes, I think so...

Gay, somewhat disappointed, busies herself with the cocktails.

GAY
(holding the shaker;
still a bit hopeful)
When will it come up?

KEANE
I don't know...but you might ask me what
case I'm talking about.

GAY
Darling, you'll tell me the name of it -
after you've won it - as you usually do.

KEANE'S VOICE
It's Mrs. Paradine.

GAY
Oh - I read about it in this morning's
paper. I don't believe she did it.

(CONTINUED)

KEANE'S VOICE

Do you mind telling me why? As her
defending counsel I might be able to use
any bit of evidence.

GAY

Nice people don't go about murdering
other nice people.

KEANE'S VOICE

So you think she's nice?

GAY

Her photograph looks nice. And anyone
who wasn't nice wouldn't have married
that poor blind man.

Her back to the CAMERA, she walks into the bathroom and extends a
drink to Keane whom we do not see.

GAY

Here you are.

As she returns to the table for her drink...

KEANE'S VOICE

Hmm - just right.

He comes out in a heavy toweling bathrobe, sipping his drink and
clutching a towel to him with his other hand.

Gay looks up at him.

GAY

Idiot - look at you! Your hair's soaking!

Gay puts down her drink with marked annoyance, snatches the towel
from him and starts rubbing his hair.

KEANE

Ow! Not so hard. So it's your opinion
that nice people never murder their
husbands?

GAY

(still rubbing
vigorously; kiddingly)
We-ll...I suppose there are
circumstances...

KEANE

It's amazing how eleven years of wedlock
with the greatest realist in the country
haven't altered a single one of your
lovely delusions about nice people.

(holding out his emptied
glass as she finishes)
This is a good one.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (4)

34

GAY

I used two fresh lemons. They were
smuggled off the Queen Elizabeth.
(she refills his glass)
Anyway, I'm glad you're defending her.

KEANE

Why?

Gay leaves him and goes into his room, CAMERA going with her. She
walks to a chest of drawers and proceeds to open drawers, pulling
out socks and a pair of shorts.

GAY

(talking over her
shoulder)

Well, it's nice to be married to someone
who can help others -even save their
lives. But you have changed, you know -
eleven years ago you wouldn't have taken
the Paradine case.

KEANE

Nonsense - I never turned down a thumping-
big fee - then, any more than now.

GAY

Oh, you'd have taken it - but only after
sneering for weeks at the decadence of
the rich.

KEANE

(grinning at her)

I hardly recognize my lost ideals.

GAY

(laughing suddenly)

I remember when you first called on me -
with two tickets for the opening night
of that Shaw play - and you'd forgotten
to dress. And my mother's horror as we
left the house. It took you five years
to forgive her parting look.

KEANE

(chuckling)

It took her fifty years to perfect that
look.

GAY

(coming to him)

You look reasonably dry now.

(handing him the socks
and shorts)

Get dressed.

KEANE

Darling, I'm not really mental.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (5)

34

GAY

I know you're not. But if I didn't pretend
you were now and then - I couldn't live
with so brilliant and wonderful a man.

KEANE

I use that sort of talk only on juries.

GAY

And does it actually work?

KEANE

(holding out his arms)
Come here!

GAY

No. You hurry up. The Drydens are coming
to dinner, and you're late.

KEANE

Come here!!

He reaches out and pulls her to him, folding her in his arms and
kissing her as we

DISSOLVE:

SCENES 35 and 36 HAVE BEEN ELIMINATED IN EDITING

FADE IN:

37 EXT. LONDON SUBURBAN STREET - DAY - LONG SHOT

37

CAMERA is shooting down a side street in a London suburb - Camden
Road. Keane's Lagonda approaches and turns in toward a gateway,
CAMERA PANNING with it. The gateway is topped by two towers in
imitation medieval style. There are two heavy doors which are
closed. The car waits for a moment, the gates swing open and it
passes through. This is Holloway Prison for Women.

DISSOLVE TO:

38 INT. PRISON ENTRANCE HALL - DAY - LONG SHOT

38

The figures of Keane and Flaquer being led up a broad staircase by
a wardress. They arrive on a first landing and are lost to sight.

35 EXTERIOR - LINCOLN'S INN - LONG SHOT

35

In the distance there are two walking figures.

LAP DISSOLVES:

36 TWO SHOT - KEANE AND FLAQUER

36

CAMERA TRUCKS WITH THEM as they walk along on the exterior and
follows them into the interior. Flaquer is talking.

(CONTINUED)

We see rather a different Flaquer, very dry and business like and to the point. The Irishman in Keane reacts to this by an offhand manner. They might, so far as he is concerned, be discussing the weather.

FLAQUER

And that completes what we know of the happenings on the night of May the sixth.

KEANE

(looking about him)

We don't know very much. I say, Flaquer, why the devil do you choose to work in the middle of a Dickens novel?

FLAQUER

I like it. I am a Dickens character. How does the case strike you?

KEANE

It shouldn't be too difficult to get an acquittal if all concerned keep their heads.

FLAQUER

The facts are -

KEANE

(smiling - interrupting)

There's only one fact. Paradine's dead. The rest is only supposition that someone put poison in his glass of burgundy and thus did him in. We counter with the supposition that poor Paradine put the stuff in himself.

FLAQUER

So far so good - but who washed the wine glass after his death - removing all traces of poison?

KEANE

It's not unusual for innocent people to wash wine glasses.

FLAQUER

Just the same, it might be hard proving suicide.

KEANE

My dear Simmy, we don't have to prove anything except that the crown is abusing - wilfully and shamefully - the sweet and innocent widow of a blind war hero.

FLAQUER

(rather impatiently)

Yes, yes, yes. Assuming that our client's character and background are unassailable, of course.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2)

36

KEANE

Oh?

FLAQUER

Nothing to worry about, I'm sure. Paradine was no fool. But there's little we can find out about her past.

KEANE

(it's his turn to be a
bit impatient)

Let's not make a mystery of this, Simmy. What we can't find out, she'll tell us. I hear we're likely to get Horfield as the judge.

FLAQUER

You don't sound pleased.

KEANE

I don't mind too much. He is a curious old hound, though. Gay says he always gives her the creeps. Perhaps a minor hazard for our client. Tell me, is she as beautiful as her photographs?

FLAQUER

You'll see for yourself this afternoon.

(thoughtfully puffs at
his cigar)

You'll find her a strange woman - with an almost mystical calm.

(he mutters to himself)

A most fascinating woman - but difficult to read...very difficult.

Keane is looking at him as we

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

37 EXT. LONDON SUBURBAN STREET - DAY - LONG SHOT

37

CAMERA is shooting down a side street in a London suburb - Camden Road. Keane's Lagonda approaches and turns in toward a gateway, CAMERA PANNING with it. The gateway is topped by two towers in imitation medieval style. There are two heavy doors which are closed. The car waits for a moment, the gates swing open and it passes through.

This is Holloway Prison for Women.

DISSOLVE TO:

38 INT. PRISON ENTRANCE HALL - DAY - LONG SHOT

38

The figures of Keane and Flaquer being led up a broad staircase by a wardress. They arrive on a first landing and are lost to sight.

39 INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY - MEDIUM SHOT 39

Keane and Flaquer are led down a short corridor towards the Solicitors' Rooms.

40 INT. SOLICITORS' ROOM - DAY - LONG SHOT 40

They are shown into a small room, with a small table and several chairs.

41 INT. CELL BLOCK - DAY - LONG SHOT 41

Coming towards us from a distance past a long row of cell doors, is Mrs. Paradine. She is accompanied by a prison nurse.

42 INT. SOLICITORS' ROOM - DAY - MEDIUM SHOT 42

Keane and Flaquer turn as they hear someone approaching.

Mrs. Paradine and the nurse enter the room. The nurse withdraws taking a position outside.

43 MED. SHOT 43

Mrs. Paradine comes towards the men. Her face is dull and expressionless. Her manner and voice are listless.

She seems a woman half-numbed with inner fears and grief.

She shakes hands with Flaquer.

MRS. PARADINE

How do you do, Sir Simon.

FLAQUER

Well, here is the great man himself. I hope you feel sufficiently honored. Mr. Keane, Mrs. Paradine.

She extends her hand - he takes it - they study each other.

MRS. PARADINE

How do you do.

KEANE

How do you do, Mrs. Paradine.

FLAQUER

Well, you can take heart now. We've got the Royal Marines on our side.

MRS. PARADINE

You're going to defend me?

KEANE

The Royal Marines look forward to very little trouble.

A brief skirmish and you'll be lunching at the Savoy again.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. PARADINE
(a smile coming wanly)
Really? I haven't been thinking - about
lunching at the Savoy - again.

Mrs. Paradine turns to the table and seats herself.

Beyond her through the glass partition we see the nurse pacing up
and down. Keane seats himself opposite Mrs. Paradine.

KEANE
I know what you have been thinking.

MRS. PARADINE
Do you?

KEANE
Yes - wild, dark thoughts such as - death,
where is thy sting? - grave, where is
thy victory?

MRS. PARADINE
(with subdued violence
and anger)
I keep hearing them all the time - saying
I married a helpless blind man - for his
money - and then killed him - for his
money. And what will they say of Dickie?
It makes him out such a fool - for loving
me.

KEANE
We'll have answers for whatever they
say... you loved him - and he needed
you.

MRS. PARADINE
(looks at him surprised)
You know that?

KEANE
Weren't you his eyes?

MRS. PARADINE
I was, of course - I had to be.

FLAQUER
(coughing sharply)
'Had to be,' Mrs. Paradine? Had to be.
Dear, dear, you must mind your verbs.

KEANE
Sir Simon means that it was a piece of
voluntary service. You devoted your
whole life to this splendid fellow.
Freely. Gladly.

MRS. PARADINE
Yes, I see what you mean.

(CONTINUED)

The rather calculating tone of Mrs. Paradine's last remark has startled Flaquer a little. He is looking at her quizzically. Keane is now absorbed in Mrs. Paradine and in his own train of thought.

KEANE

(softly)

It was a sacrifice. A sublime sacrifice.

FLAQUER

(dryly)

Yes, I think it would be better to regard it in that light.

KEANE

It was the more tremendous that Paradine could not understand could not possibly understand - the sacrifice you were making. He had never seen you. He had never, as I say, seen you.

FLAQUER

Yes, yes - quite, quite. I don't know, my dear lady, whether Mr. Keane will decide to put you in the witness box, but if he does, that is the sort of impression you must give the jury. Without eloquence, of course. You must leave that to Mr. Keane

KEANE

Come, come, Simmy. I don't think we need trouble Mrs. Paradine with all that at this stage.

He rises. Mrs. Paradine and Flaquer rise.

MRS. PARADINE

When shall I be seeing you again, Mr. Keane?

KEANE

Just as soon as I've gone over the details with Sir Simon, and from now on I want you to look on this whole thing as just an adventure - an adventure we'll be sharing equally.

MRS. PARADINE

(softly)

Adventure... it has seemed like a nightmare - until now. Thank you deeply.

FLAQUER

Good afternoon, my dear.

They shake hands.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (3)

43

MRS. PARADINE
 (quietly to Flaquer)
 Thank you for bringing him.

KEANE
 Until the next time, then.

They shake hands silently. She looks at him for a moment, then after a brief pause, she turns and goes through the door. The two men watch her depart.

From their viewpoint we see Mrs. Paradine being escorted away by the nurse. She does not look back. CAMERA IS ON THE BACKS of the two men until she disappears. Flaquer starts to move away. Keane remains still. Flaquer half turns, looks at him.

FLAQUER
 (quietly, as he taps
 Keane on the arm)
 Come along, Keane.

There is the faintest pause. Then Keane collects himself and exits with Flaquer.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

44 INT. HORFIELD DINING ROOM - NIGHT - LONG SHOT

44

The Horfields, the Keanes, Flaquer and Judy are having dessert at a small, candlelit table. Horfield is at the head at one end of the table and Lady Horfield at the other. Gay is on Horfield's right, Judy on his left. On Gay's right is Flaquer and opposite Flaquer is Keane.

Lady Horfield, a distressed looking woman, is very silent and keeps darting frightened glances at her husband. As the CAMERA MOVES DOWN Horfield is speaking.

JUDGE HORFIELD
 I have never been able to identify this vintage. My old father laid it down; but he was rather a woolly person and he employed a dipsomaniac butler. I pretend that it is the genuine, old Black Strap. It still has a tang, even in its period of decay. I flatter myself that I myself resemble it.

KEANE
 The juniors call you Black Strap.

JUDGE HORFIELD
 Do they indeed? How clever of them...

The CAMERA IS NOW IN A MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT of Flaquer, Gay and Horfield. Flaquer is passing the port to Gay. She takes the decanter, passes it on to Lord Horfield.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

JUDGE HORFIELD
Don't you like port, my dear?

GAY
(smiling)
Never touch it.

JUDGE HORFIELD
Your aunt, Lady Millicent, was a great devotee. She was a remarkable old girl, Millicent. We used to have splendid times together at Deauville -back in the Twenties. I persuaded her to bathe - at seventy. I was a brisk young fellow of fifty then - not the inadequate old dotard you see before you. I watched her frolicking in the surf and had sad thoughts about the impermanence of beauty.

45 CLOSEUP - LADY HORFIELD

45

Nervously watching her husband.

46 BACK TO SCENE

46

JUDGE HORFIELD
(continuing with a sigh)
She was a great toast when I was at Oxford. Sargent painted her...My dear, have you swallowed a plumstone or something?

LADY HORFIELD
No, Tommy...I'm all right...but I only...I mean, I was trying to catch Mrs. Keane's eye...I thought perhaps...

JUDGE HORFIELD
(signaling his wife to rise)
Sadly, regretfully, I surrender Mrs. Keane's eye...

Lady Horfield rises, followed by the others.

JUDGE HORFIELD
(continuing)
...A beautiful object, but it cannot rest on one blossom forever.
(he gestures to himself)
CAMERA PANS the ladies to the door. Keane opens it for them.

LADY HORFIELD
Don't be too long...you men...I think this is terribly antiquated, this...the ladies, I mean, but he likes it.

(CONTINUED)

KEANE

I shan't let him keep us away from you too long.

JUDY

Give me a call, Father, if the conversation takes an interesting turn.

Flaquer laughs. Keane closes the door, returns to the table, sits next to Horfield.

JUDGE HORFIELD

I see you haven't forgotten my deaf ear.

FLAQUER

Keane is too good a barrister to forget that.

JUDGE HORFIELD

Sometimes I wonder how good you really are, Keane.

KEANE

Oh, good enough - or lucky enough.

JUDGE HORFIELD

Come, come - no false modesty.

FLAQUER

There are not many better, shall we say.

JUDGE HORFIELD

Mmm... perhaps, perhaps. But I'm a legalist myself, and all this emotionalism -
(he waves his hand)

FLAQUER

I don't think Keane's all that emotional.

JUDGE HORFIELD

Please, Simmy. I don't like to be interrupted in the middle of an insult. I was about to say - you will recall an antique cannon called the petard. The bombardiers used sometimes to overload it and blow themselves up. Thus, to coin a phrase, they were hoist by their own petard. Now, you, my dear chap, have a habit of overcharging yourself with emotion when facing a jury. You understand, Keane, that all this is simply my concern for you. I shouldn't like ever to see you hoist by your own petard.

KEANE

I don't think you need worry.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (2)

46

JUDGE HORFIELD
Oh, I shan't, really! In fact, I drink
to your good fortune... and that of
your interesting client.

KEANE
(looks at him)
Oh?

JUDGE HORFIELD
Mrs. Paradine.

LAP DISSOLVE:

47 INT. HORFIELD DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT - MED. SHOT

47

The Horfield's drawing room is a fussy, bitty, Edwardian sort of
place, reflecting the character of the hostess.

She and Gay are drinking coffee. Lady Horfield has a liqueur and
helps herself to two more while she is talking. Judy at the piano
plays softly.

LADY HORFIELD
Tommy has a great opinion of your husband,
my dear... At least, I think so... He
never says 'Mark his words' or anything,
but you can always tell, can't you?...
At least, not always... I think men are
difficult, don't you? Is yours difficult?

GAY
Not very.

LADY HORFIELD
Mine is... Of course, he's terribly
kind... in a way... to some people...
And he never gets angry... Except with
me, now and again, and I can quite
understand that...

The piano has stopped playing and Judy calls across to them.

JUDY
Shall I hurry them up? They'll be kicking
the good old days around all night if
somebody doesn't ring a bell.

She exits.

LADY HORFIELD
Your husband is very clever, isn't he?

GAY
Yes, I think so.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

LADY HORFIELD

So is Tommy. I'm not sure that I like it. Clever people are so hard, aren't they?

GAY

(surprised)

Oh, not necessarily, are they?

LADY HORFIELD

(suddenly)

I'm so thankful he didn't hang that little man your husband defended the other day!

GAY

Well, of course, you must be. Lord Horfield was equally pleased, I hope.

Lady Horfield doesn't answer. There is a moment of silence. Gay looks at her curiously. Lady Horfield lowers her eyes nervously.

LADY HORFIELD

I know I shouldn't be telling you this, but I do dread it when he has to take a murder trial. If they... if they... if he... you know what I mean...he comes home looking like -

(she trails it off)

GAY

Yes, I can well imagine. It must be a terrible nervous strain-trying a capital charge.

LADY HORFIELD

It may be that... that's very comforting. You're clever, too.

Not in a hard way, of course...

(she takes another

liqueur)

You won't tell him what I said, will you?

GAY

(mystified)

No, of course not.

They both turn at the sound of a door opening.

48 MED. CLOSE SHOT

48

Three men entering with Judy. CAMERA PANS THEM across to Lady Horfield and Gay. Lady Horfield rises to meet them.

JUDY

They were re-trying Charles the First, and Tony got him off.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

LADY HORFIELD
You've been such a long time and I've
been chattering and chattering.

JUDGE HORFIELD
(glances down at Gay
and looks up at Lady
Horfield)
My dear, I am sure Keane and Simmy would
like to see your jade.

LADY HORFIELD
Would you? I have a few such pretty
pieces.

KEANE
Very much, indeed.

Lady Horfield, Keane and Flaquer move away to the far end of the L-shaped drawing room to a display cabinet. Horfiel seats himself opposite Gay, ignoring Judy who stands by.

Horfield's impudent eye takes in Gay from top to toe.

JUDGE HORFIELD
You look very, very appetizing tonight,
my dear.

GAY
A charming compliment from such a gourmet
as yourself, Lord Horfield.

Horfield pours himself a liqueur.

49 MED. CLOSE SHOT - JUDY

49

She looks down at Horfield a little disapprovingly, then turns
away and joins the others.

50 TWO SHOT - HORFIELD AND GAY

50

As he sips his liqueur, he studies her.

JUDGE HORFIELD
Tell me, Mrs. Keane. I don't amuse you
very much, do I?

GAY
Oh, no - I've always admired your wit,
Lord Horfield.

JUDGE HORFIELD
(preening)
Then you may call on it whenever you
wish. Any hour of the day or night. Life
can be very boring for grass widows.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

GAY

(lightly)

What makes you think I'm a grass widow?

JUDGE HORFIELD

Don't let's be pedantic. Golf widows,
stock exchange widows, law court widows.
They're all the same.

(taking her hand)

What a charming ruby. Did your husband
earn all that whacking away at juries?

GAY

(pulling gently but
unsuccessfully out of
his grip)

Lady Horfield was admiring it, too. It
pleased me, because she has such excellent
taste - in most things.

She manages to free her hand from Horfield.

JUDGE HORFIELD

I say, Keane. I'm afraid your wife is
wearying of me.

Gay rises and walks away. CAMERA MOVES IN to Horfield as he yawns.

JUDGE HORFIELD

Pity, pity...

DISSOLVE TO:

51 INTERIOR KEANE HALLWAY AND STUDY

51

Gay and Keane have just returned and are removing their wraps.
Keane starts for the study.

GAY

Aren't you coming to bed?

KEANE

(entering the study)

In a little while.

GAY

(following him)

You'll be tired in the morning.

KEANE

(running his hand through
his hair)

Dull evening, wasn't it?

GAY

Yes and no.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

Keane wanders over to a small cabinet, and during the following picks up a pack of cards, toys with it, and finally sits down and starts playing solitaire. Also during the following Gay sits near him then gets up and moves over next to him, looks over his shoulder and helps a bit with the solitaire.

KEANE

I've a murderous day tomorrow. I shouldn't have let Simmy talk me into this new case - with all the others I have.

GAY

Did you see Mrs. Paradine?

KEANE

Uh-huh.

GAY

What's she like?

KEANE

Strangely attractive. I'm sure you'd think so, anyway.

GAY

Oh no, I wouldn't.

KEANE

(looking up suddenly)
What do you mean?

GAY

She's cost me too much.

KEANE

Cost you? What on earth are you talking about?

GAY

Well, if you don't remember, I'm sure I'm not going to tell you.

She strolls away.

KEANE

(throwing down the cards)
Oh, I know. The anniversary! And that trip I promised. We'll still make it, Gay. Maybe before the case even comes to trial.

GAY

(returning to him,
strokes his hair, as
he puts his arms around
her and she looks down
at him)
It's all right, darling. I'm afraid your excitement will always be in the Old Bailey - and the other musty old law courts.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (2)

51

Keane rises, moves over, takes a cigarette and lights it.

KEANE

No, no, dear, honestly. I was thinking
just today what fun it would be to go to
Italy.

GAY

Italy? I thought we'd planned on
Switzerland.

KEANE

I know, but somehow Italy seems so -
well, so much more...
(reaching for the word)
...colorful.
(he loses himself in
his thoughts for a
moment)
Might even go back to Venice...you know -
and get in a gondola.

GAY

(laughing)
Oh, darling!

KEANE

(coming out of his mood
a little annoyed)
Well, what's the matter with that? What's
so amusing?

GAY

(coming to him, tweaking
his cheek)
Nothing at all. I can't imagine anything
more wonderful than being in a gondola
again with you.

KEANE

Well, what is it, then?

GAY

It's just that you're so - transparent.
And for such a devious kind of barrister,
too.

KEANE

(begins to catch on)
You're pretty devious yourself, don't
you think? Come on. Tell the jury what's
on your mind.

GAY

All right. Mrs. Paradine is 'strangely
attractive' - and 'isn't Italy colorful?'
Q.E.D.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (3)

51

KEANE
(with transparently
fake indignation)
Of all the idiotic...

GAY
I should think it might please you to
know that I can be jealous.

KEANE
It isn't that. But how you can think
that I'd be interested in a woman who...

GAY
(breaks in)
Oh, silly. I know you're not interested.
I hope you're not getting so old that
you can't admire an attractive woman.
But I want you to know something - there
are lots of men who find me attractive,
too.

KEANE
Is that so? Who, for instance?

GAY
Well - there's Tommy, for instance.

KEANE
Tommy?

GAY
Tommy Horfield.

They both laugh. She takes his hand.

GAY
Come on, now. It's getting late.
(she turns out one light
and leads him from the
room)
It's time we were in the gondola.

CAMERA PANS them out of the room and we hear Gay's voice singing a
few bars of "O Sole Mio" - and Keane's laughter.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

52 LONG SHOT OF THE PRISON WALL IN THE RAIN

52

CAMERA MOVES ACROSS AND UP TO one of the windows.

LAP DISSOLVE:

53 SHOOTING THROUGH THE GLASS-PANELLED PARTITION

53

The room is empty for a moment and then we see the pacing figure of the nurse who glances into the room. She disappears out of the picture.

CAMERA THEN COMMENCES TO PULL BACK and as the nurse retraces her steps, we come to the figures of Keane and Mrs. Paradine who are seated at a small table. During this we have heard the following dialogue:

KEANE'S VOICE

Well, I think that's enough for today.
Are they treating you well?

MRS. PARADINE'S VOICE

Yes, they're very kind.

KEANE'S VOICE

Do you have all the books you want - or
may I send you any?

CAMERA IS NOW IN THE TWO SHOT

MRS. PARADINE

No, they have quite a good library here.

KEANE

Good.

(he puts the papers in
his briefcase as though
preparing to go; gives
her a tiny sharp glance)

Very soon I'd like to talk to you about
yourself - before you met Colonel
Paradine.

MRS. PARADINE

Oh - will that be necessary?

KEANE

Just one of the more annoying parts of
this business. The prosecution will always
try to tear down the character of the
defendant.

(with a little smile)

Naturally, I wouldn't like them to have
the advantage of me.

MRS. PARADINE

(very cold)

My past is no affair of anyone but my
husband and myself. And my husband is
dead.

KEANE

(a bit cool)

But Mrs. Paradine, the character and
background of the defendant are of grave
importance to the defence.

(he looks at her)

It is my duty to warn you of this.

There is a pause.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. PARADINE
And how far back will this - this
inquisition go?

KEANE
(rather embarrassed)
We must be ready for them to take it
back to the beginning - even as far back
as your parents.

MRS. PARADINE
(with an effort at
fortitude)
Very well - since you think it necessary.
My parents - they were dishonest, I
suppose - by British standards...
sometimes they had money, sometimes not.

KEANE
One is not to blame for one's parents.

MRS. PARADINE
(rather magnificently)
Mr. Keane...my past may be on trial, but
not my parents.

KEANE
(hastily)
Forgive me. I meant only to... May we
proceed?

Mrs. Paradine does not answer.

KEANE
There's no need to trouble you with all
the details of your early years. Sir
Simon will - uh -

MRS. PARADINE
As you wish.

KEANE
But, however much I dislike it, I must
advise you to convey to me - at least -
anything that you think might be -
embarrassing.

Again a moment's silence. She looks at him. He avoids her gaze,
gets up, walks.

KEANE
(annoyed)
I must say, Mrs. Paradine, that it's
essential I have your cooperation. The
very things that it might embarrass you
to tell me are the things most certain
to be brought up by the prosecution.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. PARADINE

(after a moment)

Forgive me if I've been difficult... I shall try.

(again the bitterness)

It will not shock you, I assume, to learn that I am a woman - what would you say? - a woman who has seen a great deal of life?

KEANE

Mrs. Paradine, please don't mistake my persistence for any lack of sympathy.

MRS. PARADINE

When I was still at school in Naples, it began. I was sixteen, or so I said. Actually I was younger.

KEANE

Tragic.

MRS. PARADINE

(with a smile)

Yes, perhaps...but I didn't think so then...I ran away with the man...Athens...Istanbul...Cairo...

KEANE

(building his case)

He was much older, of course...rich...He took advantage of your youth.

MRS. PARADINE

(coldly)

He was married, respected. I took advantage of him.

KEANE

I understand how you can blame yourself. But I know we can persuade the jury to -

MRS. PARADINE

(breaking in)

Then, as suddenly as it began, it ended. He wearied of me, I wearied of him - what difference does it make.

KEANE

There were - others?

MRS. PARADINE

(her voice rising)

Of course there were others. We cannot hide these things. You said we cannot hide them, Mr. Keane. Let's drag them out - let them hang me for the past and be done with it!

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (3)

53

KEANE

No, no! You mustn't feel that! We won't permit them to make anything of it!

MRS. PARADINE

(sadly)

Poor Dickie...How he would have loathed all this. He gave me his name, his fine name. He trusted me to protect it...

KEANE

He knew all about you?

MRS. PARADINE

(head high)

I kept nothing from him. He was so good. He trusted me.

KEANE

(thoughtfully)

Mmm...

(he rises, and with a rhetoric gesture becomes the lawyer again. He stands looking out the window, speaking more to the future jury than to her)

He saw a woman reborn, cleansed of her past sins by the love he gave her.

She takes this.

KEANE

(he turns away from the window, comes toward her; continuing)

And you, you adored him for what he had done for you, gave your complete devotion to him.

MRS. PARADINE

(absorbing this, her hopes growing)

Yes...yes...

Keane is emotionally moved, takes her hand, forgetting his future jury.

KEANE

You did your best for him... that much is clear.

MRS. PARADINE

He used to sit in the dark - the eternal dark - and weep. He wanted to die. I never told anyone. I owed it to him... he was so proud.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (4)

53

KEANE
(almost tenderly)
I'm sure you must have given him -
happiness.

MRS. PARADINE
I tried. I worshipped him. He was the
only man who ever saw me as I really was -
as I'd always wanted to be.

KEANE
(quietly, almost to
himself; completely
sold)
The perception of the blind.

MRS. PARADINE
The pain never left him. And towards the
end...
(she can't go on)

KEANE
(takes both her hands)
I've tortured you enough. We'll get you
free...trust me.

She looks up.

MRS. PARADINE
I shall... I do...

Keane rises, picks up his hat, coat and briefcase. She puts out
her hand; he takes it; smiles; she smiles wanly back. He turns and
leaves. She walks with him to the door. CAMERA MOVES IN TO A CLOSEUP
of Mrs. Paradine as she watches him go. We hear the nurse's voice.

NURSE'S VOICE
Are you ready, Mrs. Paradine?

MRS. PARADINE
(yawning)
Yes, all right.

54 TWO SHOT

54

Mrs. Paradine joins the nurse and as they start down the corridor,
Mrs. Paradine casually reaches over to the nurse's wrist and looks
at her watch.

MRS. PARADINE
Oh, it's nearly time for tea.

DISSOLVE:

Flaquer is seated, his legs crossed, smoking away at a cigar. Keane is pacing up and down, full of vibrant energy, playing with an empty pipe as he walks.

KEANE

But, Simmy - what possible objection can you have to our proving suicide?

FLAQUER

I think it's dangerous. Remember, if we have Horfield on the bench -

KEANE

(interrupting)

Oh, you all have this unholy fear of Horfield.

FLAQUER

Only of his skill. And I don't like to see a defense based on suicide. Clearly the police didn't accept it.

KEANE

Of course they didn't accept it. And no wonder.

(impatiently)

`How does a blind man buy poison without attracting attention?
How does he hide it?... And where?...'

FLAQUER

Since you ask these questions yourself, why risk bringing them up?

KEANE

Because all we have to do is answer these questions. Blind men have committed suicide before. And we only need decide who helped Paradine to do it.

FLAQUER

But I persist in asking why? Why not let the Crown have the burden of proof of its accusations? What have you got in mind, Keane? I don't understand you.

KEANE

All right... It's because I want to do more than merely get her off... If I'm to be worth my fee, I must have her not only a free woman, but a completely exonerated one... No whispers - no talk that she got off only because of - well...
(he gropes for words)

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

FLAQUER
 (finishing for him)
 ...because of the persuasive eloquence
 of Anthony Keane?

KEANE
 Frankly, Simmy, I don't think Mrs.
 Paradine merits such cynicism...

He goes to the folder on the table. The folder contains press cuttings, photographs, and a ten or twelve page typewritten report.

KEANE
 Here, Simmy - let me show you something.

Flaquer gets up and goes around to him.

KEANE
 Have you ever realized what a lot you
 can learn from photographs?

FLAQUER
 (tolerantly)
 Uh-huh...
 (puffs at his cigar;
 meditatively)
 The social footsteps of time.

Keane continues to run through the research. He selects three or four of them and holds them out to Flaquer.

KEANE
 Notice anything peculiar?

FLAQUER
 (looking)
 Can't say that I do.

Keane lays out the photographs.

56 INSERT RESEARCH MATERIAL

56

There are photographs, press cuttings, typewritten reports, etc. In Keane's hand is a magazine cutting showing Paradine, Mrs. Paradine, and Andre Latour, the valet, at a country horse race. Latour is only very slightly behind Paradine and has his hand in a guiding position on Paradine's elbow.

A hand picks up a photograph with the mark of a British news agency on it - the type that is supplied to newspapers. In this photograph they are at a beach resort.

The photograph is the type that is made for a society column. And again Latour is at his side.

Over the second part of the insert we hear Keane's voice:

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

KEANE'S VOICE
And everywhere the Paradines went, the
valet was sure to go.

57 BACK TO SCENE

57

Keane is still examining the research material. He passes some
that do not include Latour. During this Flaquer answers Keane's
previous line, strolling away.

FLAQUER
What's so extraordinary? Latour worshipped
him. He guided Paradine's every step
like a mother hen.

KEANE
What was a Frenchman doing in the British
Army?

FLAQUER
French Canadian -

KEANE
(picking up something
else)
Here he is again.

FLAQUER
Latour worked on Paradine's estate - as
a groom, I think - and enlisted at the
start. Paradine made him his batman, and
Latour was with him when he was blinded.

KEANE
(disregarding; half to
himself)
It still mystifies me as to why this
valet should have been with them
everywhere.

The door opens and Gay enters. She is in negligee.

Keane's back is to her.

GAY
It's after midnight.

KEANE
(turning; boyishly
truculent)
I know it's after midnight. I heard the
clock strike. I counted the hours. Twelve.
And I'm not sleepy. And, my darling, I
have work to do.

GAY
(firmly)
Simmy looks dead.

(CONTINUED)

KEANE
Well, he isn't dead.

FLAQUER
Quite right, my dear. I only look dead.

GAY
How about some drinks to revive you?

KEANE
Good idea. Tell Baker to bring -

GAY
The servants are asleep at this hour,
like all civilized people. I'll get them
myself.

Gay leaves. Keane sits in a chair, runs his hand through his hair
thoughtfully.

KEANE
He's our man - I'm sure of it.

FLAQUER
Our man? Who - the valet?

KEANE
Who more logical to help Paradine out of
his misery?

FLAQUER
Forget it. I can't think of anyone less
likely.

KEANE
(disregarding)
The devoted, grateful servant and war
companion who would do anything to help
end his master's agony.

FLAQUER
It won't wash, Tony. Let's face it.
(quietly)
This wasn't suicide - and it wasn't
assisted suicide - it was murder.

KEANE
Are you trying to infer that Latour might
have murdered him?

FLAQUER
(explosively)
I'm not talking about Latour.

KEANE
Who, then?

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (2)

57

FLAQUER
I'm talking about our client.

KEANE
(quietly)
Oh?...You think she killed him?

FLAQUER
It's what the Crown thinks. And will try
to prove. There's no sense going into
court, hurling other names into the case.
We have to prepare ourselves to answer
the Crown on Mrs. Paradine -

KEANE
(rising; quietly)
I'll have an answer.

FLAQUER
With facts!

Gay re-enters with a tray of drinks and slowly crosses the room
towards the side table. The two men are oblivious of her presence.

KEANE
To begin with, we have the very simple
and very obvious fact that Mrs. Paradine
is not a murderess.

FLAQUER
(sarcastically)
Really?

KEANE
She's too fine a woman.

FLAQUER
Indeed! I was under the impression that
she'd been a woman of very low estate
and rather easy virtue.

KEANE
(violently)
You're an insufferable snob - morally
and socially. I only hope the Crown tries
to foul her name - once! Just once!

FLAQUER
(coldly)
I'm sorry. I hadn't realized the extent
to which she had --
impressed you.

KEANE
I've spoken to her for hours...and I've
done more than hear her words.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (3)

57

KEANE (CONT'D)
 I've seen a decent, honorable woman behind
 them. And I intend that the rest of the
 world shall see her as I do - as a noble,
 self-sacrificing human being.

Flaquer has seen Gay. He stands looking at her - Keane turns and
 sees her. He cannot quite cover his own guilt over his revelations,
 new even to himself, of his emotions.

GAY
 (covering up)
 We've run out of soda water.

KEANE
 (quietly)
 Ordinary water will do.

GAY
 Shall I pour yours, Simmy?

FLAQUER
 Please. A strong one.

GAY
 And you, Tony?

KEANE
 (abstracted)
 Yes.

There is an awkward silence as Gay pours the Scotch into two
 glasses. She pauses a second.

GAY
 I think I'll have one, too.

She pours the Scotch into a third glass as we

DISSOLVE:

58 INT. SOLICITOR'S ROOM - HOLLOWAY - DAY - CLOSE SHOT

58

A table on which are resting two pairs of hands: those of a man,
 which are clenched and moving with a slight tenseness; and those
 of a woman, clasped slightly. Just beyond them, a shadow passes
 along the edge of the table.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK AND UP at the same time, revealing Mrs.
 Paradine and Keane facing each other while the vague figure of the
 pacing nurse is seen beyond. During the camera movement we hear
 the voices of Keane and Mrs. Paradine.

KEANE
 Will you answer me, please?

(CONTINUED)

MRS. PARADINE
(quietly)
I have answered.

KEANE
The word 'impossible' is not an answer.
It's a feminine reaction. Could Latour
have helped your husband commit suicide?

He waits. She remains silent. He continues.

KEANE
Latour worshipped the Colonel, that's
true, isn't it?

MRS. PARADINE
Yes.

KEANE
He was alone with the Colonel a great
deal - during the day and night.

MRS. PARADINE
Yes.

KEANE
So if Colonel Paradine - blind - unable
to help himself - wanted to die - there
was only one person he could turn to.
Isn't that right?

MRS. PARADINE
(tensely)
I won't say that.

KEANE
You won't say what?

MRS. PARADINE
That Andre helped him.

KEANE
Andre!

MRS. PARADINE
Latour.

KEANE
You call him Andre - a valet?

MRS. PARADINE
(softly)
I am not too well trained in the more
subtle snobberies of your class.
My class!...
(with a smile)
I'm afraid you don't know me very well.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. PARADINE

I know you - always ready to sacrifice
some underdog - to win a point.

KEANE

To win a point! Good Michael! To save
your life!

MRS. PARADINE

Do you need to invent something about
poor Latour in order to accomplish that?

KEANE

You seem extraordinarily eager to protect
this man -- from even suspicion of
involvement.

MRS. PARADINE

(coldly)

What do you mean?

KEANE

I mean - you talk about Latour as if -

She waits.

MRS. PARADINE

(coldly)

As if what?

KEANE

(after a pause)

I'm sorry. I can quite understand how
you feel about him.

MRS. PARADINE

Can you?

KEANE

He was completely devoted to your husband.
You don't want to bring him into jeopardy -
because of his fanatic loyalty. Even if
it meant clearing you of all -

MRS. PARADINE

(interrupting)

I am not a martyr... Latour did not do
it.

KEANE

(exploding)

But I'm not accusing the man of murder!
I'm simply trying to bring you out of
here - stainless - free of all suspicion -

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: (3)

58

MRS. PARADINE

Making up lies about a man who loved my husband as a devoted slave - adds nothing to my character... In fact, it would shame me. I will not have it.

KEANE

(frustrated, his explosive mood gone)
I don't want lies... I'm a bit - confused... I don't understand your attitude toward Latour. You speak his name oddly.

MRS. PARADINE

(with sudden anger)
Oh, this is truly impossible! I'll not listen to any more stupid, vicious innuendoes.

(turning from him toward CAMERA; sarcastically; with a cynical smile)
You spoke as my rescuer - talked about a brief skirmish -

KEANE

(quietly; embarrassed and defeated; but with some bitterness)
So I did. I'll try to recover my position as - as your champion...
(with a sigh)
We'll drop Monsieur Latour - for the time being.
(his voice grows professional)
Now I shall have to ask you to tell me about the wine glass -

On the last sentence, his voice and the scene have been

DISSOLVING OUT:

THE FOLLOWING TO BE SUPPLIED:

Scene between Gay, Judy and Horfield in Savoy Grill.

Scene between Judy and Flaquer in Flaquer's Study.

FADE IN:

59 INT. FLAQUER'S STUDY - NIGHT - RAIN

59

Flaquer is in his smoking jacket or robe. Judy is in negligee or robe and slippers. Her hair is down.

They are playing chess, but we only see one move made - one by Flaquer, very early in scene so that later he can complain about

(CONTINUED)

Judy's failure to move. The game is about half over; and Judy has a decided advantage. The chess set is an old and very handsome one.

FLAQUER

No, I think that Keane's given up the idea entirely of dragging the valet into the suicide. At least he couldn't talk Mrs. Paradine into it.

JUDY

Has he got a substitute? Or is he going to follow your advice, for a change?

FLAQUER

I don't know.

(he moves advantageously)

...Sometimes I wish I hadn't briefed him for the defense, clever as he is.

JUDY

You've never worried about Tony's complicated mental processes before, Father... They usually straighten out in front of a jury.

FLAQUER

True enough. But he's not confining it to mental processes. He's turning detective.

JUDY

What do you mean?

FLAQUER

He's going to Cumberland to investigate Hindley Hall - the Paradine country house.

JUDY

But the thing happened in London.

(pause)

Oh, I'm bored with this game.

(she rises)

Let's finish it later. 'The Adventures of Anthony Keane' are much more interesting.

FLAQUER

(rises and crosses the room. His words are stern, but it is clear that there is deep affection behind them that belies them)

I don't know how you came by this decidedly unfeminine interest in such matters. Your mother was a simple, old-

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: (2)

59

FLAQUER (CONT'D)
fashioned woman who would have shuddered
at the thought of her -

Judy walks away thoughtfully. Flaquer is still studying the chess board.

FLAQUER
I'm glad you're not going on with the
game. You nearly had me.

JUDY
(suddenly with the birth
of an idea)
Is Tony infatuated with that woman?

FLAQUER
(looking up suddenly,
startled)
What? Where on earth do you get such
crazy ideas?

JUDY
(advancing to him)
Tell me something. How does Hindley Hall
happen to be still open?

FLAQUER
Oh, it's really not open... there's only
the housekeeper and... What sort of
plot are you concocting?

JUDY
(quickly)
Is that handsome valet still there?

FLAQUER
(interrupting)
I won't answer any more questions.
(he sits in a chair
with a coffee table
beside it and pours
himself some coffee)
If you don't want to play chess, I'll
write some letters. Go to bed.

JUDY
(slowly, arriving at a
conclusion)
I bet you... he's going up there...
because there's something between Mrs.
Paradine and that valet!

FLAQUER
(thoughtfully, almost
to himself)
The valet?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FLAQUER (CONT'D)
(then, half to her)
Where did you get that notion?...

JUDY
I dunno... Intuition, maybe...
(she observes his
thoughtful, rather
startled, expression)
Why are you looking so funny? Did you
have the same idea?

FLAQUER
No, but Keane was so interested in some
photographs...

JUDY
(impatiently)
What photographs?

FLAQUER
"Everywhere the Paradines went, the
valet..." - I wonder if Keane could have
found out that -

JUDY
(excitedly)
That she and the valet - That's it! And
he's jealous! Oh, my heavens, he's jealous -
of that valet!

FLAQUER
Oh, come, come!

JUDY
(sitting on his lap)
Don't 'come, come' me! Have you ever
known Tony to visit a jail so often -
for any other client?

FLAQUER
Tony's still in love with Gay and you
know it. And why shouldn't he be?

JUDY
(quietly, but vehemently)
If he lets Gay down... after all these
years...

FLAQUER
Such things do happen...I am sorry to
have to tell you, my dear, that your
education - such as it is - was paid for
by many a broken heart.

JUDY
(sharply)
He's in love with that woman, isn't he?

(CONTINUED)

FLAQUER
(pushing her)
Oh, get off my lap.

He looks after her furtively.

JUDY
(strolling to the window
and shaking her head)
I never saw it to fail... Men who have
been good too long... they get a longing
for the mud... want to wallow in it...

FLAQUER
Where did you read that?...Tony's too
decent for that sort of thing.

JUDY
(cynically)
Really?
(approaching him)
The best men always end up with the worst
women...
(she is now leaning
over his face, her
arms on the chair)
He's after her boy friend. That's why
he's going to Cumberland!

FLAQUER
(weakly)
It's absurd.

JUDY
Don't you think that's right?

Flaquer does not answer.

JUDY
Answer me!...

FLAQUER
I will not be treated like a hostile
witness by my own flesh and blood.

JUDY
(walking away)
Oh! Men are such horrible beasts! I
wish I were married to Mr. Anthony Keane
for just one hour. How I'd make him jump
through hoops!

FLAQUER
I wish you were married to someone.
Perhaps he could put up with your claptrap
more than I can.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: (5)

59

JUDY
 (seriously, after a
 moment's silence)
 I hope... no, I don't hope they hang
 her... I don't like breaking pretty
 things... but I do hope they send her to
 prison for life.
 (quietly)
 What's she really like?

FLAQUER
 Fascinating. Fascinating... I'm an old
 ruin, but she certainly brings my pulse
 up a beat or two.

JUDY
 (thoughtfully)
 Poor Gay...

On her face we read her worry for her friend as we

DISSOLVE OUT:

SCENE 60 OMITTED

61 INT. KEANE HOME - NIGHT. SHOOTING DOWN STAIRS TOWARD THE DOOR 61

Keane enters, puts his keys, which are on a chain, back in his pocket, throws his hat to one side in his accustomed manner. He comes up the stairs, and as he approaches CAMERA we see increasingly that he is drawn and nervous.

He passes very close to the CAMERA which pans as he turns and walks away from us toward his bedroom. Suddenly he stops and observes a light is coming from Gay's room.

He hesitates a second, then turns and enters.

62 INT. GAY'S ROOM 62

Gay is sitting at the dressing table, cold creaming her face before retiring.

GAY
 (without turning)
 Hello, Tony.

KEANE
 Hello, darling.

GAY
 You are late.

KEANE
 (controlling his
 irritability)
 I told you not to wait up for me.

(CONTINUED)

GAY

I wasn't.

There's a moment's silence. Neither seems to have anything to say to the other.

KEANE

(suddenly)

Well, I think I'll be off to bed myself.
Good night, darling.

He starts for the door. Gay turns, soft and remorseful.

Before he has taken more than a couple of steps he is stopped by Gay's voice.

GAY

(quietly)

Tony.

He stops.

KEANE

Yes, dear?

GAY

I'm sorry if I don't seem myself. It's
just that I - I've a bit of a headache.

KEANE

(not looking at her,
feeling a bit trapped
and a bit guilty)

Oh, I'm sorry you're not feeling well.
I'm afraid I'm a bit on the ragged side
myself tonight.

Gay rises, comes to him, sits on the edge of a chair next to him.

GAY

Tony, couldn't we get away - for just a
little while?

He doesn't answer.

GAY

(continuing)

You do need a rest. I've never seen you
quite like this before.

KEANE

(dismissing it)

Oh, darling, just one good night's sleep
and -

GAY

Even if it were only for a few days -
for our anniversary. You promised and -

(CONTINUED)

KEANE
(interrupting; his
annoyance showing)
The anniversary again! Really, darling,
there are some things
more important than -

GAY
(wistfully)
You didn't used to think so.

KEANE
(hastily)
As a matter of fact, I think I have to
go away. Mrs. - Mrs. Paradine and her
husband lived a good deal of the time at
a place called Hindley Hall up in
Cumberland. I thought
I'd nose around a bit - you know, see
what I could pick up - and get a breath
of fresh air at the same time.

During the middle of this speech Gay's face and spirits have fallen,
but suddenly she is hopeful again.

GAY
(with some excitement)
Oh, that sounds wonderful, Tony! You
won't be busy all the time, and we can -

KEANE
But, darling, it's only for a day or
two.

GAY
(crestfallen)
Oh...
(hopefully)
Honestly, I won't bother you. I won't
say one word to you about - business.
But I do so want to be with you.

Keane looks at her miserably.

KEANE
It wouldn't be any fun for you. You see
that, don't you?

GAY
(disappointed; quietly)
Yes, I see.

KEANE
(lightly)
It might be cold and wet up north.

GAY
Yes, I suppose so.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (3)

62

KEANE

(he looks around the
room)

This is the place for you. Warm...
cosy... protected. I want to keep all
this ugly business away from you.

Gay walks away from him, her back to him.

GAY

But can you?

KEANE

Can I what?

GAY

(without turning)
Keep the ugliness away.

KEANE

But haven't I always? What do you mean?
What are you afraid of?

Gay turns and looks at him.

GAY

(after a moment)
Need I say?

Keane lowers his eyes before her gaze. He walks toward the window,
takes out a cigarette case, turns, cigarette in hand.

KEANE

(nervously; rapidly)
Listen, darling...This settles it. Nothing
is worth this kind of trouble between
us.

(he comes to her, takes
her in his arms, looks
her in the eyes)
I won't go to Cumberland. I won't go on
with the case at all.
(his determination mounts
as the idea takes hold
of him)
I'll give up the brief!

Gay, who has been flabbergasted by this about-face, and who for a
moment is delighted, cannot quite believe her ears.

GAY

(excitedly)
Tony!

KEANE

I mean it. Simmy can get someone else.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (4)

62

GAY

(not knowing what to
say)

But - but what will she say?

KEANE

(not being able to look
her in the eyes; rather
hoarsely)

What the devil does it matter what she
says?

He lowers his head, starts walking away from her.

Gay watches him closely as he lights his cigarette.

His hands are trembling.

KEANE

(cigarette in mouth, is
lighting the cigarette)

The case isn't so difficult - any one of
fifty men can handle it.

Gay is still studying him. She is motionless. Keane turns, looks
at her, holding the cigarette in his hand.

KEANE

Isn't that what you wanted? We'll leave
for Switzerland. We can leave Sunday -
tomorrow, perhaps.

Gay is moved and unhappy; she comes to him, runs her fingers through
his hair.

GAY

Oh, darling, darling.

KEANE

What's the trouble now?

GAY

No trouble, darling. Just thank you...
thank you for being so - so good.

(the tears come to her
eyes)

I knew my old Tony couldn't have changed
quite that much.

KEANE

(embarrassed, but by no
means happy)

What do you think? Lucerne or St. Moritz?

(CONTINUED)

GAY

(tenderly)

No, darling. Neither. You're going to Cumberland... and then you're coming back to your office... and then you're going into court.

KEANE

(with relief but with
simulated resistance)

No, no. I'm tired - that's what you said and you're right...

GAY

You're not too tired, Tony - you're not too tired, and I'm not too frightened - for the man I'm so proud of to abandon a client who needs him.

KEANE

But -

GAY

(cutting in)

No 'buts,' Tony - and there aren't fifty men who could save her. I'm not quite so naive about - all that ugliness, as you call it. There's only one Anthony Keane.

KEANE

Oh, you've always had such big ideas about me.

GAY

No, I haven't, darling. And besides -
(she looks away,
wistfully)
I have a stake in this, too.

KEANE

I don't know what you mean.

GAY

I wouldn't like a woman to be hanged - any woman - just because my husband had tea with her - in jail.

Keane breaks a little, with a torture of mixed passion and devotion; puts his arms around her, lowers his head against hers, closes his eyes.

KEANE

Gay.

Gay holds him tightly, passionately, for a moment, then pulls away.

GAY

Now off to bed with you, darling.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (6)

62

Keane moves to kiss her; she pulls back.

GAY
(continuing)
No, Tony. Not now.

Keane lowers his eyes.

KEANE
(weakly)
You'll come to Cumberland with me?

GAY
(with a tender smile)
I'll be waiting here. Cozy - and
comfortable -- and protected...
(she leans over, kisses
his forehead)
Good night, darling.

KEANE
(miserably)
Good night.

He walks out of the room. The CAMERA holds on Gay.

Slowly, sadly, she turns. She knows her husband all too well. She knows his weaknesses and his strength. She recognizes that she's up against a tough fight. With Keane out of the room, her stature and nobility evaporate, and she's a little girl in trouble. She walks to the bed, lies on it, face down. She starts to sob miserably.

FADE OUT:

NO SCENE 63

64 EXT. CUMBERLAND LANDSCAPE - DAY - LONG SHOT

64

CUMBERLAND SEQUENCE
(Already shot)
An extensive view of the land near the
coast of Cumberland.

DISSOLVE TO:

64A EXT. CUMBERLAND LANDSCAPE - DAY - LONG SHOT

64A

(Already shot)
A nearer view. In the midst of the rolling
country we see the white plume of steam
from the engine of a train. The plume
eventually comes to a stop.

DISSOLVE TO:

64B EXT. RAILROAD STATION - DAY - LONG SHOT

64B

(Already shot)
Shooting along the platform, we see
various people alighting from the train,
Keane is among them.

DISSOLVE TO:

65 INT. BOOKING HALL - DAY - MEDIUM SHOT 65

The few people who have come from the train are giving up their tickets to the collector, and pass through the hall toward the station yard. Keane, carrying his own bag, moves toward CAMERA which PULLS BACK WITH HIM until he is outside facing the station yard.

66 EXT. STATION YARD - DAY - MEDIUM SHOT 66

(Already shot)
Keane comes out into the yard. He looks about him for a moment.

66A EXT. STATION HOTEL - DAY - LONG SHOT 66A

(Already shot)
From his viewpoint we see the other side of the station yard and the small local hotel.

66B EXT. STATION YARD - DAY - LONG SHOT 66B

(Already shot)
Keane crosses the yard in the direction of the hotel.

67 EXT. STATION HOTEL - DAY - MEDIUM SHOT 67

He approaches the entrance of the hotel and passes in through the door.

LAP DISSOLVE:

68 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY - MEDIUM LONG SHOT 68

It is empty, save for a couple of local farmers - youngish men who are deep in conversation. Keane is at the small cashier's desk. Behind it is a middle-aged woman, obviously the landlady, dressed in a simple print dress, well-worn. THE CAMERA MOVES IN as we hear Keane saying to her:

KEANE
Have I a private sitting room?

LANDLADY
Oh, yes, sir. You mentioned it in your wire. You'll be wanting to see it?

KEANE
Yes, please.

The landlady turns and goes toward a corridor, Keane following.

69 INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY - MEDIUM LONG SHOT 69

The landlady opens the door and shows Keane in. The room is what might have been expected from the Lobby. A glass door with a flapping blind, leading to the garden; iron ornaments on the mantelpiece; a large engraving of John Knox preaching to Mary Queen

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

of Scots; a horrible sideboard with mirrors; and finally a fire place with an unlit fire.

LANDLADY

You'll be cozy here. Will you want a fire?

KEANE

Oh, yes. Thank you.

LANDLADY

I'll light it.

She crosses and starts putting a match to the paper.

An unwilling flame rises. Keane watches her. The landlady rises.

LANDLADY

It's handy. It opens out into the back garden. You'll have some cold fish and salad before you go to bed?

KEANE

No, thanks. But is there any chance of a whiskey and soda?

LANDLADY

(surprisingly)

Okeydoke!

She goes over to the door and turns -

69A MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

69A

LANDLADY

Your bedroom's No. 17. I've sent your bag up.

KEANE'S VOICE

Thank you.

LANDLADY

(suddenly)

Are you a detective?

69B MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

69B

Keane turns sharply.

KEANE

No. Why?

LANDLADY

I just wondered.

KEANE

But why do you ask? Had any trouble here?

(CONTINUED)

69B CONTINUED:

69B

The landlady comes back from the door.

LANDLADY

Not exactly here. But we're not too pleased to be in the Sunday papers. Haven't you heard of the big poisoning case? Well, that was Colonel Paradine, that had Hindley Hall. Mercy me, your fire's going out.

She goes over to the fire again and holds an open newspaper in front of it to draw the flame up.

KEANE'S VOICE

Yes. I've heard about that.

CAMERA MOVES IN as the landlady talks over her shoulder.

LANDLADY

This chimney doesn't draw well. We found a dead owl in it last Sunday. Well, it's the talk of the place. It was Mrs. Paradine that did it, they say. There. That's better. The sticks were damp and the wind's the wrong way...

69C CLOSE SHOT - KEANE

69C

KEANE

Did you know her?

LANDLADY'S VOICE

Nobody knew her. She'd ride over here once in a way on a black hunter. Pleasant spoken enough, but kept herself to herself.

Keane is very intent -

KEANE

Did she always ride alone?

69D CLOSE SHOT -

69D

The landlady rises to her feet again - the fire now blazes.

LANDLADY

There. That's got it. Yes. Now I come to think of it, she was always alone. And now the poor Colonel's dead and the house is to let.

During this CAMERA takes her back to Keane.

KEANE

I heard it was. That's what I came about, as a matter of fact.

(CONTINUED)

69D CONTINUED:

69D

LANDLADY
 (in a satisfied voice)
 Oh, that's why you're here, Mr. Keane. I
 was wondering. You're seeing the house
 tomorrow?

KEANE
 Yes, I think so.

LANDLADY
 D'you mind going in a pony and trap? Our
 car is booked up tomorrow, and it's only
 about eight miles.

KEANE
 Fine, fine. Make it ten o'clock.

LANDLADY
 Okeydoke.

DISSOLVE TO:

70 EXT. CUMBERLAND COUNTRYSIDE - DAY - LONG SHOT

70

Seated in a trap is Keane and a youngish man who is driving. The
 lad points off into the distance with his whip.

DRIVER
 That's Hindley Village, down there, sir.

71 LONG SHOT

71

With the horse's nodding head in the foreground, we see the winding
 road beyond, and at the bottom of the hill, a picturesque cluster
 of houses and a church. We hear the driver's voice continue:

DRIVER
 Do you want to stop off at the village,
 sir?

72 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT - THE TWO

72

KEANE
 No, I would like to go straight on to
 the Hall.

The boy gives him a curious look.

DRIVER
 That's up the hill - on the other side.

73 LONG SHOT

73

The pony and trap goes on down the hill toward the village.

DISSOLVE TO:

74 EXT. HINDLEY VILLAGE - DAY - LONG SHOT 74

The trap coming out of the village and going on up a short hill the other side.

DISSOLVE TO:

75 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT 75

As they near the top of the hill the driver points off again -

DRIVER

Up there yonder in those trees in the Hall, sir, - where the poor Colonel lived. Many's the time I've seen him walkin' round here - blind as he was - with Andre.

KEANE

(interested)
Andre?

DRIVER

Andre Latour - the Colonel's body servant. A queer one.

KEANE

Is he -- anyone living there now?

DRIVER

Only the caretaker, Mrs. Carr. But maybe Andre's back from London now. They say he knows more about the poor Colonel's death than he'll tell. He's a queer one all right.

KEANE

In what way?

DRIVER

Oh -- I don't know. He keeps himself to himself - p'raps it's because he's foreign -- they never seem quite the same, do they, sir?

The driver looks sideways at Keane - anxious for more gossip - Keane looks ahead.

DISSOLVE TO:

76 EXT. HINDLEY HALL - DAY - LONG SHOT 76

The pony and trap turn into the main gates, and enter the driveway.

DISSOLVE TO:

76A LONG SHOT 76A

With the horse in the foreground - we turn the bend of the driveway, and revealed in the near distance is Hindley Hall.

(CONTINUED)

76A CONTINUED: 76A

It is a long, two-story building of a weather-worn brick.

It has a plain front, broken by a large porch with pilasters.

DISSOLVE TO:

77 MED. SHOT - PORCH 77

We get a nearer view as the trap draws up near the front door.

Keane steps down.

DISSOLVE TO:

78 CLOSE SHOT 78

Keane approaches the front door and presses the bell.

78A CLOSE SHOT 78A

The driver watching.

79 CLOSE SHOT 79

Keane waits for an answer to his ring. Suddenly there is the sound of a key being turned in the lock. The door slowly opens, a man in shirt sleeves stands in the doorway.

It is Latour. He is in the shadows and we can only vaguely see him.

79A CLOSE SHOT 79A

The driver calls out from his perch:

DRIVER

Eh, Latour - Here's a gentleman from
London come up with an order to see over
the Hall.

80 CLOSE SHOT - THE TWO IN PROFILE IN THE SHADOWS 80

Latour steps out of the shadows, studies Keane carefully.

Keane takes out an Order to View from his pocket, hands it to Latour.

KEANE

I'm interested in renting the house.

Latour takes it but doesn't look at it. Keane looks at him, then down at the letter.

80A INSERT OF THE ORDER IN LATOUR'S HAND 80A

He doesn't open it.

LATOUR'S VOICE

Oh. Mr. Keane.

81 BIG CLOSEUP OF KEANE 81
 Noticing that Latour does not open the order, and reacting.

81A BACK TO TWO SHOT 81A
 Latour hands the letter back to him.

LATOUR
 Will you come in, sir?

Keane steps in and the door closes.

82 INT. HINDLEY HALL - HALLWAY - DAY - MED. SHOT 82
 As Latour closes the door, both men stand in semi-darkness.

82A CLOSEUP 82A
 Keane looks around him.

83 LONG SHOT 83
 From his viewpoint, we see very little of the dark hall.
 Suddenly Latour's voice speaks:

LATOUR'S VOICE
 If you will wait here a moment, I'll
 open the shutters...

Latour crosses in the foreground of picture and walks away into the distance. He turns away round a corner.

83A CLOSEUP 83A
 Keane - as he watches him disappear.

83B LONG SHOT 83B
 We see the dim figure of Keane waiting. Then gradually the hall lights up. There is a pause, but instead of Latour returning, an elderly woman appears. She has grey hair, twisted into a knob, behind a round head. As she approaches, Keane asks:

KEANE
 Isn't he coming back?

MRS. CARR
 He might and he might not, sir. Will you
 step this way?

Keane follows her across the hall.

DISSOLVE TO:

84 INT. MORNING ROOM - DAY - LONG SHOT 84
 Shooting into the room - Keane and Mrs. Carr enter the foreground. The carpets have been taken up and the furniture is shrouded in

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

84

dustsheets. The curtains are half drawn, the sunlight filters through, giving it an eerie quality. The CAMERA GOES IN with them. There is a moment's silence, then Keane crosses toward the window leaving Mrs. Carr in the foreground.

MRS. CARR

(brusquely)

This is the morning room. It has a fine view, sir.

85 MED. SHOT

85

Shooting over Keane's shoulder, we see a beautiful view of a terrace and the lake beyond.

KEANE

Yes. Beautiful.

He turns and looks back at Mrs. Carr.

86 BACK TO LONG SHOT

86

Mrs. Carr's voice suddenly softens -

MRS. CARR

Sad, too. It was the poor Colonel's favorite room before - before the war. Afterwards - he missed the view but he still loved to have her describe it to him - every time the seasons changed.

Keane walks back to her - he is about to question her, but she stiffens up again -

MRS. CARR

I'll show you the upstairs, sir.

As Keane passes through the door -

DISSOLVE TO:

87 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY - LONG SHOT

87

This should be a portion of the corridor through an archway which gives us the impression it is a private suite. Mrs. Carr and Keane are coming out of the Colonel's bedroom in the foreground. She turns and opens the next door.

88 INT. MRS. PARADINE'S BEDROOM - DAY - LONG SHOT

88

We get the same shot as downstairs - as Mrs. Carr opens the door CAMERA GOES IN with her and Keane in the foreground.

MRS. CARR

And this was her room, sir.

Keane goes forward, then pauses and looks around.

88A CLOSEUP - KEANE

88A

His eyes taking in the room.

89 MED. SHOT OF THE ROOM - FROM KEANE'S VIEWPOINT

89

Here in this room are evidences of the luxury with which Mrs. Paradine surrounded herself. It is an extremely feminine room, done in the Louis Quinze period. At one end is a little bay window with a boudoir piano of very delicate design. Some of her music lies open on the piano.

Through the partially opened bathroom door we can glimpse a muraled wall. The closets reveal her furs - hats - dozens of pairs of shoes - her gowns and dresses. There is a large collection of expensive perfumes. Some of her negligees are lying across the bed. There is a chaise longue, with a small table beside it. A folded copy of The Tatler is on the table. On the wall hangs a portrait of her - with a Mona Lisa smile and eyes that look directly at you from whatever angle you view it.

The room seems to be in a state of disarray, and a half-packed trunk stands in the middle of the floor.

MRS. CARR'S VOICE

(tight)

I'm sorry it's so untidy, sir. I was packing up her things.

90 MED. CLOSE SHOT - KEANE AND MRS. CARR

90

MRS. CARR

If you'll excuse me, sir, I'll open up the other rooms.

Keane's eyes are on the portrait looking down at him from the wall. After a moment, he looks away and walks about the room, taking in the details of her personal things - the CAMERA MOVING WITH HIM. He picks up the Tatler and it falls open to a picture of Colonel Paradine, Mrs. Paradine, and Latour.

90A INSERT - THE PICTURE

90A

91 BACK TO SCENE

91

Keane puts the magazine down. He looks up at her portrait, finds her eyes staring directly at him. He moves to the piano, looks at the music.

91A INSERT - THE OPEN MUSIC SHEET

91A

(Title to be supplied)

91B BACK TO SCENE

91B

Keane's eyes are again drawn to the portrait and he is held almost hypnotically for a moment. He suddenly becomes aware of voices outside. He goes to the window and looks out.

92 EXT. HINDLEY HALL GARDEN - DAY - LONG SHOT 92

From Keane's viewpoint, we see Latour standing talking to the driver by the pony and trap.

93 INT. MRS. PARADINE'S BEDROOM - DAY - MED. CLOSE SHOT 93

Keane opens the window and calls down -

KEANE
Latour!

LATOUR'S VOICE
Sir?

KEANE
I should like to see the garden. Would you take me round?

94 EXT. HINDLEY GARDEN - DAY - LONG SHOT 94

Latour, looking up to the window, hesitates a moment then calls -

LATOUR
Very good, sir.

95 INT. MRS. PARADINE'S ROOM - DAY 95

KEANE
Wait there for me. I'll be down in a minute.

He closes the window and turns back into the room as Mrs. Carr enters. He crosses quickly to her.

KEANE
We won't bother about the other rooms.
He - uh -
(reaching for the name)
Latour - is going to show me the gardens.

MRS. CARR
Very well, sir.

They pass out of the room.

96 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY - MED. CLOSE SHOT 96

Shot from Mrs. Paradine's room behind them. - As they come out of the room - Keane's eyes suddenly look across the corridor - we see another door directly facing. He stops suddenly.

KEANE
Does that lead anywhere?

Mrs. Carr does not answer.

KEANE
What's the matter?

96 CONTINUED:

96

MRS. CARR
(curt)
It's Latour's room.

KEANE
Latour's? Why wasn't he in the servant's
quarters?

MRS. CARR
She felt he should be near the Colonel.

She indicates with a gesture the Colonel's room. Her expression is
completely dead-pan.

96A CLOSEUP - KEANE

96A

His eyes go from Mrs. Carr to Latour's door.

96B CLOSE SHOT - THE DOOR

96B

96C BIG CLOSEUP OF KEANE

96C

As he looks from Latour's door to Mrs. Paradine's room.

DISSOLVE TO:

97 EXT. HINDLEY HALL PORCH - DAY - MED. CLOSE SHOT

97

Keane is standing in the open doorway - Mrs. Carr holds the door.

KEANE
Thank you - and I may look in again
tomorrow.

He turns and stops.

98 MED. LONG SHOT

98

From his viewpoint - the driver stands by his trap, but there is
no sign of Latour. Keane comes into picture.

98A MED. CLOSE SHOT

98A

Keane approaches the driver.

KEANE
Where's Latour?

DRIVER
(with a dead-pan face)
I'm sure I couldn't say, sir.

KEANE
But he was to show me the garden.

DRIVER
He was called away.

(CONTINUED)

98A CONTINUED:

98A

Keane stands thoughtfully for a moment, then suddenly says:

KEANE
All right. Back to the Inn.

He climbs up into the trap - the driver mounts and the trap moves out of picture.

99 LONG SHOT
As the trap starts off, in the foreground
a BIG HEAD OF LATOUR

99 LONG SHOT

99

appears. He watches the trap disappear from view.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

100 EXT. LAKE SHORE - MOONLIGHT NIGHT - LONG SHOT

100

The bright, moonlit night shows silhouetted figure of Keane, walking along the edge of a lake. Keane's head is down, as in meditation.

DISSOLVE TO:

101 INT. INN - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT - LONG SHOT

101

Keane sits bent over a table in the middle of the room.

Lit by single fixture over table. He is smoking a cigar.

Table strewn with legal looking papers and scrap notes.

NOTE: (Throughout scene we have wind effects, shutters banging, etc.)

102 CLOSEUP

102

Keane at work. Sound of strong wind and the banging of a shutter makes him look up.

103 MEDIUM SHOT

103

From his viewpoint we see the window and the shutter banging outside.

104 MEDIUM SHOT

104

Keane gets up and CAMERA PANS him to window. He opens it and a gust of wind comes in. He fixes the shutter more tightly. CAMERA PANS HIM back to his seat. As he sits down, there is a sound of knocking - on the shutter. He looks up.

105 MEDIUM SHOT - KEANE

105

From his viewpoint, the shutter is still fixed.

106 CLOSEUP - KEANE 106
He looks round to another door, partly curtained. More tapping.

107 MEDIUM SHOT 107
He rises, stands for a moment, then crosses to the glass door.
Pulls aside curtain and opens the door.

108 CLOSE SHOT 108
Over Keane's shoulder we see the door open. Latour is in the doorway. He is bareheaded. A dark handkerchief is knotted round his throat.

LATOUR
Can I have a word with you, sir?

CAMERA PULLS BACK as Keane steps aside.

KEANE
Come in.

As Latour walks in, Keane closes the door and curtain, and walks back to table. Latour waits politely. Keane speaks in a gruff, brusque tone to hide his surprise.

KEANE
Sit down, man; sit down... What can I do for you?

LATOUR
It is not a question very easy to answer.

KEANE
How did you know this was my room?

LATOUR
I saw you come up from the shore and then this light go on...

KEANE
You've been watching the Inn for some time?

LATOUR
Yes. I walked over from Hindley.

KEANE
To see me?

LATOUR
Yes, sir. It came to my mind it would be well to see you.

A pause. Keane then sits down and indicates a chair for Latour.

KEANE
Sit down.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

108

Latour lowers himself into the chair.

KEANE

Why didn't you come to the front door?
What was your object in coming in
(nodding his head toward
the window)
the back way?

LATOUR

They'd all gone to bed, sir. I didn't
want to wake the house.

KEANE

But you might have come earlier.

LATOUR

I didn't care to come earlier, sir.

KEANE

Why not?

LATOUR

I leave that to you, sir.

Keane rises and crosses to the fireplace, CAMERA WITH HIM.

He puts a coal on the fire, then stands facing Latour with his
hands in his pockets and a cross-examination face.

109 CLOSE UP - LATOUR

109

looks at him without speaking.

110 MEDIUM TWO SHOT - KEANE AND LATOUR

110

KEANE

What is it you want with me?

LATOUR

Beg pardon, sir, but I thought it was
you wanted to see me.

KEANE

(with assumed lightness)
What caused you to think that?

LATOUR

Well, sir, you came to the Hall.

KEANE

I didn't come to the Hall to see you. I
didn't know you were there. I came to
see the house.

LATOUR

But you asked me to show you over the
garden.

(CONTINUED)

KEANE

(losing his control a
bit)

Yes! And you said you would - and then
you shot out of sight like a rabbit!
Why?

LATOUR

I don't know. I think first, 'No, I do
not want to talk to him.'
Then I think, 'Perhaps I am wrong.'

KEANE

(advancing toward the
table)

And did your change of heart give you
the excuse for coming here surreptitiously -
disturbing me at such an hour when I am
busy working?

LATOUR

I'm sorry, sir. But I thought I'd better
come.

KEANE

(at the table)

Then remember this, Latour! You forced
yourself on me. I didn't seek you out.
You are apparently going to be a very
hostile witness in this case. You are
not one of my witnesses, and it would be
most improper for me to - to try to
establish contact with you. I came on
you entirely by chance.

LATOUR

(quietly)

But you wanted to come on me, sir.

KEANE

(contemptuously)

You choose to say so! But it so happens
that it is my business,
my job, to save the life of your former
mistress, and -

LATOUR

(interrupting quickly)

Beg pardon, sir. She was not my mistress.
Colonel Paradine was my master. I should
never have served a woman. It is not in
me to do that.

KEANE

(annoyed, breaking in
over Latour's words)

Have it your own way.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: (2)

110

LATOUR

Excuse me for interrupting you, sir.

KEANE

(walks back to the
fireplace. Again
frustrated, decides to
revert to his former
attack)

I insist upon knowing what was your reason
for wanting to see me tonight.

LATOUR

If you tell me why you came all the way
from London, I'll tell you why I came
here.

KEANE

Oh, it's to be a bargain, is it? Why
should I make a bargain with you?

LATOUR

Call it what you like, sir. All I say
is, 'You tell me and I'll tell you.' It
seems fair enough.

Keane moves from the fireplace, pulls out a cigarette case, takes
a cigarette from the case and moves toward Latour.

KEANE

Cigarette?

LATOUR

No, sir, thank you.

KEANE

Don't you smoke?

LATOUR

I won't smoke, sir, thank you.

Keane is again somewhat frustrated. He lights his own cigarette.

LATOUR

(after a moment's silence)

I know why you wanted to see me, sir.

Keane looks at him.

LATOUR

(continuing)

She sent you.

KEANE

(startled)

Sh-she... Mrs. Paradine doesn't even
know that I'm here. She had nothing to
do with my coming.

(CONTINUED)

LATOUR
(disbelieving)
It seems I'm wrong, then.

KEANE
(drops into chair)
Why in the world do you think that she
would send me?

LATOUR
She might have her reasons.

KEANE
I don't know what they could be.

LATOUR
Perhaps you do not know her as I do.

KEANE
(coldly)
Mrs. Paradine is my client. I know her
as her lawyer. That's sufficient for me.

LATOUR
You may not think it, but you are on the
wrong side, sir, and I tell you so.

KEANE
(hardly)
What do you mean exactly by that? You'd
better make yourself clear, if you can.

LATOUR
Excuse me, sir, you have only known Mrs.
Paradine since she is in prison? Is it
so?

KEANE
Yes.

LATOUR
Then how can you know her? If you did,
I should not need to tell you that only
Le Bon Dieu or the Black Devil himself
knows what is happening in her head.

KEANE
(rising angrily)
I'll hear nothing further against her.

LATOUR
I know what I am talking about. What I
say is true. I know her. And I will tell
you one thing more. I will tell you about
Mrs. Paradine.

(his deep hatred letting
itself out completely)
She is bad, bad to the bone! If there
was ever an evil woman, she is one.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: (4)

110

Keane rises to his feet knocking over his chair as he does so. For a moment he looks as if he were going to strike Latour, who shows no signs of fear. He restrains himself and strides to the glass door, CAMERA FOLLOWING. He pulls aside the curtain, tearing it with the gesture. He turns to Latour.

KEANE

(in a low voice)

Would you mind getting out of here? I don't want any dirty, lying sneaks in my room. Get out!

Latour gets up slowly and goes toward Keane, CAMERA PANS WITH HIM. He tightens his neckcloth.

LATOUR

Eh, bien. As you wish. If you'll allow me, sir...I am very sorry for you.

(with a half shrug)

What shall I say - God help you.

Latour goes out of the picture. There is a gust of wind as the door opens, which blows the curtain and Keane's hair. Keane's back is seen for a moment as he looks out into the darkness.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

111 EXT. CUMBERLAND LANDSCAPE - EARLY EVENING - LONG SHOT

111

Already Shot

We see the same landscape that we saw when Keane's train arrived. The sun is going down. A tiny wisp of steam rises from a stationary train. Presently bigger puffs of steam rise as the train slowly moves away in the opposite direction to the one when it arrived. The puffs increase as it gathers speed, and the CAMERA PANS WITH IT as it gets under way.

DISSOLVE TO:

112 EXT. EUSTON STATION - DAY - LONG SHOT

112

(Already Shot)

CAMERA SHOOTS ALONG the platform, where one or two porters are waiting the arrival of a train. The rails ahead of us are empty. In the distance the train appears. There is a desultory movement among the waiting porters, as it slides toward us alongside the platform, and comes to a stop right in front of the CAMERA. The doors of the compartments swing open and passengers alight and walk toward us.

DISSOLVE TO:

113 EXT. STATION YARD - DAY - MEDIUM SHOT

113

Keane waiting impatiently in foreground with bag. A porter drives up on the step of a taxi.

PORTER

Here you are, Mr. Keane.

Porter jumps off and puts bag on seat next driver. As Keane is about to get in -

TAXI DRIVER

Where to, sir?

KEANE

Holloway Gaol.

The taxi driver gives him a look.

DISSOLVE TO:

114 INT. SOLICITOR'S ROOM - MORNING

114

Strong morning sunlight, coming through the window, casts shadows of the bars across the floor. Keane is pacing nervously while waiting for Mrs. Paradine. He has developed nerves in his jealousy and is very jittery.

He turns quickly as Mrs. Paradine is ushered in by the wardress. They go toward each other. He takes her hands eagerly, looking into her eyes searchingly for some answer to his jealousy. They speak almost simultaneously as he takes both her hands in his.

KEANE

(his eyes looking into hers)

How are you?

MRS. PARADINE

(quietly; with restrained eagerness)

SIMULTANEOUSLY

I thought you'd forgotten me.

KEANE

(pulling himself together, realizing where he is)

I've been out of London for a few days.

(studying her)

I've been up to Hindley Hall.

Mrs. Paradine's lips part then close again. She is surprised and suspicious, but controls herself. Keane watches the effect of his subsequent words.

MRS. PARADINE

Oh?...Why did you go there?

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

114

KEANE
(struggling to maintain
his proper attitude as
a lawyer)
thought it might help me to -
(with a wave of his
hand)
know more about your background. I walked
on the terrace. I went into the house -
(the man overtakes the
lawyer as he recalls
her room, the proximity
of Latour's room, etc.)
into your room...

He watches her closely. Only by the merest flicker of her eye does she indicate she is aware of his emotion.

Otherwise her face is impassive. Keane walks casually to the window, perhaps lights a cigarette.

KEANE
(affecting casualness,
but it doesn't quite
come off)
I saw -- Latour.
(he waits for a reaction)

115 CLOSEUP - MRS. PARADINE'S FACE

115

There is no reaction.

116 BACK TO SCENE

116

Keane turns.

KEANE
He behaved very strangely.

MRS. PARADINE
(quietly)
Oh?

KEANE
First he avoided me. Then he forced
himself on me -- He came to my room at
the Inn -- very late.

MRS. PARADINE
(with not too great
interest)
Why did he do that?

KEANE
He wanted to talk to me...about you.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

116

MRS. PARADINE
(not perturbed)
Indeed?
(she gives a cold and
mirthless little laugh;
then with a touch of
contempt)
And what did my husband's valet have to
say about me?

She has minimized and dismissed whatever Latour had to say about her before it is even revealed by her attitude of contempt and imperturbability. Keane is frustrated and maddened. He can no longer maintain his poise, and his jealousy and emotion overcome him.

KEANE
(breaking out sharply)
Don't -- I beg you, don't behave this
way with me!

MRS. PARADINE
(with affected surprise)
Behave?

KEANE
Unless I can put my heart into this case
I shall lose it, and you're deliberately
keeping me in the dark.

MRS. PARADINE
I don't know what you mean.

KEANE
(hastily)
Latour hates you. Do you know that? He
hates you most bitterly.

Mrs. Paradine curiously seems to relax; an enigmatic smile crosses her face. It could be a smile of a very patient and tolerant woman, for it is not unkindly.

KEANE
He said - he said you were an evil woman.

Mrs. Paradine makes no comment.

KEANE
Do you know what he meant by that?

There is no change in her. He continues:

KEANE
This man despises you... Why?

MRS. PARADINE
(she shrugs)
He despises all women.

(CONTINUED)

KEANE
(passionately)
What's the good of telling me that?
It's you he hates -- not all women...
The jury will find a reason why he hates
you:

Because of something you might have done to his master! Can't you
see that?

MRS. PARADINE
Of course I see.
(with slight impatience)
You need not explain these things to me
as though I were a child.

KEANE
Listen to me - I want to save you - I
want to fight for you - but I can't -
like this - in the dark. I can't sleep -
I can't work - I can't think while I...

MRS. PARADINE
I don't understand you, Mr. Keane.

Keane takes a deep breath.

KEANE
All right, then...
(slowly)
Is it possible what Latour hates you
because you made him - disloyal to his
master?

She takes this for a moment, looks at him contemptuously and rises.
Then:

MRS. PARADINE
(quietly and coldly)
That's enough, Mr. Keane.

KEANE
(hoarsely)
What existed between you and Latour?

MRS. PARADINE
(with a move toward the
door)
I will not be treated in this manner by
my own lawyer. I should prefer that you
give up the case.

KEANE
No, no! I must save you. No one else
can. My personal feelings
are such that --

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED: (3)

116

MRS. PARADINE
 (interrupting him coolly)
 Mr. Keane -- you must forgive me if I
 regard my life as more important.

Keane is crushed, incoherent, humiliated, this man, who has never
 before bowed to man or woman.

KEANE
 (after a moment; whipped)
 I apologize -- deeply -- fervently...
 And if you will forgive
 me I shall defend you -
 (scarcely able to look
 at her)
 to the best of my ability.

MRS. PARADINE
 (after a long moment)
 I know.

She deigns to favor him with a very tiny and rather sad smile as
 she puts out her hand. He takes her hand and holds it. He looks at
 her hungrily, tortured, deeply in love, but silenced.

MRS. PARADINE
 (withdrawing her hand
 with another smile;
 with evidence of
 fatigue; with friendship
 and consideration)
 I'm a little tired... I think you also
 are a little tired.

She turns to exit. THE CAMERA MOVES UP TO A VERY LARGE HEAD OF
 KEANE, and we see in his face a man who is deeply and impossibly
 in love.

DISSOLVE:

117-118 INT. SAVOY GRILL - LUNCH HOUR

117-118

Judy and Gay are seated at a table for two. Through the window in
 the back we see the river and the bridge.

Gay is different than we've seen her earlier. She is nervous and
 distracted. Judy is trying to cover her consciousness of this.
 They are sipping coffee.

As the scene opens Judy is pulling a cigarette out of a case and
 lighting it. As she does so she speaks:

JUDY
 Tony back from Cumberland?

GAY
 (coming out of her mood)
 I'm sorry, Judy...what'd you say?

(CONTINUED)

117-118 CONTINUED:

117-118

JUDY

Oh, I was just making conversation. I only asked whether Tony was back from Cumberland.

GAY

He was due back this morning. I haven't seen him yet.

There's another moment of silence.

GAY

(continuing)

Give me a cigarette, will you, Judy?

Judy gives her one, lights it for her during the following:

JUDY

(with surprise)

When did you start smoking?

GAY

Oh, just lately.
(she smokes rather like
an amateur)

JUDY

Poor Father.

(with a sigh)

I'm afraid he's failed with me in every way.

GAY

What do you mean?

JUDY

He's been telling me for twenty years, 'Do not ask questions. Leave others to tell you - if they wish. Only vulgar people probe.'

GAY

You're my best friend, Judy. Ask anything you wish.

JUDY

Well... You must know what everyone is saying. Oh, I know it's probably exaggerated and - but does Tony really have to see her so often? He keeps going to the jail instead of sending his juniors, and...

GAY

(interrupting, quietly)

Would it surprise you very much, Judy, to know that he wanted to give up the case?

(CONTINUED)

117-118 CONTINUED: (2)

117-118

JUDY
Surprise me! It would absolutely floor
me. Why didn't he, then?

GAY
Because I wouldn't let him.

Judy is aghast.

JUDY
Well, bless my sox!

GAY
(continuing)
Suppose someone else had taken over the
case? It would have been won - or lost.
Either way, the little romance of Gay
and Tony Keane would be ended - forever.

JUDY
Perhaps so... but I'd have nailed him up
in a barrel and carted him out of the
country 'til La Paradine was over with
one way or the other.

GAY
(with a smile)
I don't think I'd like what came out of
that barrel...

Gay is fighting her emotion, but she manages to keep the tears
back although there is a slight break in her voice.

GAY
(continuing)
Judy, darling. Just because a man - a
husband - fancies some other woman, you
don't treat him - as a criminal.

JUDY
(grimly)
You don't!

GAY
I doubt if you would, either... It's
very painful - but it's painful to him,
too. He's - he's very fond of me - and
I'd like to keep him so - very much!

JUDY
(satirically)
Even if it means letting him go?

GAY
No - simply by not making him suffer too
much for hurting me. After all, I don't
own him - I only love him.

(CONTINUED)

117-118 CONTINUED: (3)

117-118

JUDY
 (resigned)
 Darling, I think you're wonderful. But
 don't be too wonderful... You know,
 there's such a thing as making sin too
 easy for a man. The books say they don't
 like that, either.

DISSOLVE:

119 KEANE'S STUDY - TEA TIME

119

We open on a newspaper photograph of Keane coming out of Holloway Prison. Above it appears the headline:

MRS. PARADINE'S COUNSEL VISITS HER IN PRISON AS TRIAL NEARS

CAMERA PANS DOWN and under the photograph is the following:

(Exact wording to be supplied)

"Legal circles have noted with great interest the recurring visits of Anthony Keane, Counsel for Mrs. Paradine, to Holloway Prison where she is awaiting trial for the murder of her husband.

Comment has been occasioned by the extraordinary interest Mr. Keane has shown in the case and by his refusal to leave to Juniors matters which are normally assigned by Senior Counsels to their Juniors."

WE PULL BACK to reveal that it is in the hand of Gay.

She is studying it thoughtfully and is obviously not happy. In front of her on the table are some tea things and small cakes, or whatever else is available and customary in England today. Nothing has been touched and the tea has not been poured. Suddenly we hear Baker's voice.

BAKER'S VOICE
 Beg pardon, madam, but is something wrong
 with the tea?

120 ANGLE TO INCLUDE BAKER

120

GAY
 (carefully folding the
 newspaper and putting
 it away; turns to him)
 Oh, no -- no, Baker.
 (pouring the tea)
 It's all right, I'm sure.

Baker bows and exits. As he reaches the hall we see the door open and Keane enters, bag in hand. We hear him say:

KEANE
 Hello, Baker.

Baker mutters a polite answer.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

120

KEANE
Is Mrs. Keane home?

Gay turns.

GAY
I'm in here, Tony.

KEANE
Hello, darling.

Baker takes his things, including the bag, exits as Keane comes into the study.

GAY
(casually, lightly)
You're just in time for tea.

KEANE
(entering to her, leans
over to kiss her cheek)
Pour me a cup, will you, dear?

He moves and seats himself, throws his head back and closes his eyes in fatigue. During the following Gay pours the tea and moves down to him.

GAY
How was the journey?

KEANE
Oh, not very interesting...
(obviously eager to
change the subject)
You're doing your hair a new way.

GAY
No.
(touching it, with a
little laugh)
You've seen it like this dozens of times.

There's a moment's silence.

GAY
Would you rather I didn't talk?

KEANE
What do you mean?

GAY
(with a forced little
laugh)
Nothing at all. It's just that you look
tired - and...

(CONTINUED)

KEANE

(putting down his tea
cup and rising, strolls
away)

No...there's really nothing to tell you,
dear...

(he turns to her)

It's a big house - just what you'd expect -
you know the lake district.

GAY

(smiles; then:)

Oh, Tony!...

KEANE

Well, what is it you want to know about,
dear?

GAY

Oh, nothing, actually...

She stops suddenly, rises, moves toward the door. Near the door
she stops and turns, affecting a completely natural attitude that
disregards the situation.

GAY

Shall we dine early? Or would you like
to sleep a bit?

KEANE

(suddenly)

I suppose you hate her, don't you?

GAY

(after a moment;
genuinely kindly, with
no trace of self-
martyrdom)

Let's not talk about it, Tony... I'm
trying hard, and I'm hoping -

KEANE

You're hoping that I'll lose the case...

Gay takes this for a moment, turns to go, suddenly changes her
mind, closes the door, turns around to face him, stands leaning
against the door.

KEANE

(quietly; picks up a
cigarette, plays with
it)

I wouldn't blame you, darling - no matter
what you hoped for.

(he lights the cigarette,
his hand trembling
slightly)

Gay is moved. She goes to him, puts her
hand on his arm.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED: (3)

120

He turns his face away from her, unable to encounter her gaze. His guilt is boundless, his horror over what he has done and is doing to Gay very deep and very real.

GAY

(during the above)

You've been my life, Tony - and for such a long time...Do you think I could ever want anything bad for you?

KEANE

(unemotionally)

No. I suppose not.

Gay looks at him, moves across the room to the fireplace, stands looking into it, her back to Keane.

121 FULL LENGTH ANGLE OF GAY

121

GAY

I won't deny that there've been moments when I wished the worst for her. It's not easy to face the thought of losing you...We've been really married - really, truly married, as few people have been...Yes - I've lain awake - alone - night after night...and I've been tempted to pray that she'd...

122 KEANE

122

He miserably mashes out his cigarette.

123 GAY

123

GAY

But I've come to a conclusion, Tony. I want her to live. I want very much for her to live. And I hope she goes free - scot-free -

(with a certain
bitterness)

free to kill - or to take other wives' husbands - or to do anything else that comes into that beautiful head of hers.

124 ANOTHER ANGLE

124

Keane looks at her startled.

KEANE

You mean that no matter how you feel about her, you want her free just because I'm defending -

GAY

(interrupting, with a
cynical little laugh)

No - not just because you're defending her.

(CONTINUED)

KEANE

Then I don't understand you. You can't really care about what happens to her -

GAY

(she turns to him)

Oh, yes, I do. I care very much. But not for any noble reasons. I do hate her. But I want all this business over and done with - so that there's an end to your being all mixed up - part lawyer, part lover -

KEANE

(protesting instantly)

What nonsense!

GAY

(continuing)

All right - frustrated lover, then. Yes, and part husband still. Because you're not finished with me. You wouldn't have come back home - tonight - if you were.

(she goes to him and stands over him, the portrait of the eternally understanding half-wife, half-mother)

I've seen your torture - and I love you all the more for letting it torture you. I know the depth of your feelings for me.

KEANE

(quietly)

Yes, Gay.

GAY

know - and I'm counting on it. All I ask is that she lives - so the fight can be an even one. For if she dies, you're lost to me forever. Because you'll go on thinking that you love her you'll go on imagining her as your great lost love...

There is a silence.

GAY

May I tell you something, Tony?...

He looks up at her.

GAY

(with a tender smile)

You don't love her. No - you don't. I may not be the cleverest woman in the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED: (2)

124

GAY (CONT'D)
 world. And there're lots of things I
 don't know. But there's one thing I
 know better than anyone else - I know
 you!

KEANE
 Oh, my dear, I wish I could -

GAY
 (shaking her head)
 No...I don't want you to say anything.
 But I do ask for the most brilliant job
 of your entire career...I want you to
 win this case. I want you to get her
 free.

Keane lowers his eyes, doesn't answer.

GAY
 (she sighs and speaks
 very gaily)
 There! I've made my speech. And what a
 speech!
 (she moves away, perhaps
 picks up a small cake,
 takes a bite of it and
 puts it down)
 That's what comes of being married to a
 lawyer!...

She looks at him with tenderness for a moment, then moves toward
 the door.

GAY
 (en route)
 Well... I'm going up and change. Coming
 along, darling?

KEANE
 In a minute...

As Gay leaves, CAMERA MOVES UP TO KEANE AND ON A LARGE PORTRAIT OF
 HIM, deeply tortured,

WE DISSOLVE:

125 INSERT - EXT. ART GALLERY BRASS PLATE

125

We see the reflection of Keane as he enters, looks at the name and
 moves in its direction off scene, diagonally across sign and toward
 unseen doorway.

DISSOLVE TO:

The CAMERA is behind Keane as he walks through, obviously looking for someone. As he turns a corner we see Lady Horfield, distractedly trying to look at a picture and turning around. As she sees Keane, she starts toward him but stops suddenly and looks around furtively as Keane advances toward her. The gallery is practically empty, save for two elderly women who move along studying the pictures, and go around the corner from which Keane has come and out of the way for the following scene.

NOTE: At four or five points Lady Horfield coughs nervously.

LADY HORFIELD

(agitated)

Oh, I'm so glad you came...I do hope my note - that this - this meeting didn't inconvenience you.

KEANE

Naturally, I was very curious...

The two elderly women glance at them disinterestedly.

LADY HORFIELD

(catching this)

Oh - do you think they - so many people know me by sight because of him - I'm so afraid to be seen here...

KEANE

But why shouldn't you be here?

LADY HORFIELD

With you, like this, secretly - it would seem - they might easily think -

KEANE

(a little irritated)

Even if they do, they will scarcely think this is an - an assignation!

LADY HORFIELD

You're laughing at me! He does - often. Do you find me -

KEANE

No, no, dear Lady Horfield, I'm not laughing at you. I only meant...

(he abandons the attempt to explain what he meant)

Lady Horfield, very nervous, and embarrassed as well, is a pitiful figure in her confusion.

(CONTINUED)

LADY HORFIELD

You're defending her - that poor woman.
That's why I - otherwise, I should never
have spoken, never! You do understand
that, don't you?

KEANE

(sympathetically)
Of course, of course.

LADY HORFIELD

You're a great lawyer. Get her off! They
tell me there's no one like you for
getting them off. That's why I come to
you. It's wrong, perhaps. I oughtn't to
do it because I'm his wife and I - he's
everything to me. But I feel I must. He
can't help it. It's not his fault. It's
his duty!

Keane looks at her, wonders if perhaps Lady Horfield isn't just a
bit mad.

LADY HORFIELD

(fiercely)
You must believe that!...You can't believe
he likes having to sentence...

KEANE

Certainly not...

LADY HORFIELD

(looking around)
And another thing -
(deadly serious)
Be nice to him - when you can.

KEANE

Nice?

LADY HORFIELD

Yes. I'm afraid - I'm afraid he doesn't
like you. That makes it worse.
(she lowers her eyes in
shame)
It's only - you see - when he's angry,
he controls himself in court - but then -
(she looks up at him,
desperately, and closes
her hands in
supplication, filled
with shame for what
she must say)
afterwards - it's so difficult - for
me...

(CONTINUED)

KEANE
(very touched)
I understand.

LADY HORFIELD
It's so awful for me - especially when
it's a woman. It makes him like - like
an executioner... I don't think any man
should have such - such an obligation.
Perhaps - perhaps I'm too religious, but
it's against God's will, I'm sure... to
give an order that a person must die...

KEANE
It's a terrible responsibility... but he
does represent the law...

LADY HORFIELD
(who hasn't heard him)
Three months ago a poor wretch of a
laundry maid killed her lover Tommy -
with that black cap - had to sentence
her... to... He came home to me
immediately after. He was tired and he
wanted a pleasant evening... just like
any other man who's done a day's work...
but I couldn't... I couldn't...

Keane lowers his head. There's a moment's silence.

KEANE
I'm deeply sorry for you.

LADY HORFIELD
Oh, I love him so - and he can't be placed
in that position any more! You must
convince the jury that she's innocent...
for my sake.

From the distance a man's voice is heard.

MAN'S VOICE
(sycophantically)
I'm delighted, Lord Horfield, that you
found the time to come.

HORFIELD'S VOICE
I always find time for art. And besides,
my wife was telling me the other evening
what a good show it was here.

LADY HORFIELD
(looking around, panicked)
Isn't there some other way out of here?

KEANE
(calming her)
There's nothing to be worried about...

(CONTINUED)

LADY HORFIELD

But -

KEANE

Come and stand in front of this picture.
Talk about it to me.
(urgently, raising his
voice)
You see the balance of colors in this
particular one is -

LADY HORFIELD

know he'll suspect. I'm -

The voices are nearing.

MAN'S VOICE

Most of them are sold. We've had a very
successful show.

Horfield has now spotted them.

JUDGE HORFIELD

Keane!... And Sophy, of all people...How
good of you, Keane, to help Sophy in her
efforts to obtain a better understanding
of art! How are you getting on, Sophy?
Here's the painter himself to add to
your knowledge... May I present Mr. Peter
De Lindstrom?... My wife...And my good
friend, Mr. Anthony Keane.

Lady Horfield, instead of collapsing as Keane half-expected her
to, turns around and faces her husband with surprising intrepidity.
Keane and De Lindstrom nod to each other.

LADY HORFIELD

How do you do. This is the second time
I've seen your show... and I found Mr.
Keane here. He was kindly explaining to
me...

She sees her husband's eyes fixed on her between narrowed lids,
and her courage falters for a moment.

JUDGE HORFIELD

(softly)

Yes? Yes, Sophy? What?

KEANE

(casually)

I wasn't really, but I'm afraid I may
have sounded a bit professorial in my -

LADY HORFIELD

(interrupting)

No, no! It's only that -

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: (4)

126

DE LINDSTROM
 (politely, to Lady
 Horfield, seeing
 something is wrong)
 I'd like to show you my drawings. I have
 a portfolio downstairs.

He moves away with her, leaving Horfield and Keane together.

JUDGE HORFIELD
 Sophy doesn't look well, do you think?

KEANE
 Oh? I hadn't noticed.

JUDGE HORFIELD
 Yes. She suffers from blood pressure.
 Perhaps you knew it.

KEANE
 No, I didn't.

JUDGE HORFIELD
 That's partly what makes her talk
 nonsense. Don't bother to be polite; you
 know, everyone knows what gibberish she
 talks...
 (he takes Keane's arm
 and propels him away)
 It's not only the possibility of a stroke
 that worries me...
 (his voice lowers as we
 hear him say)
 The thought of a sanatorium is so
 repellent that I...

On the last we have started a SLOW DISSOLVE as they get out of
 hearing distance.

FADE IN:

127 EXTERIOR OLD BAILEY - DAY - LONG SHOT

127

At the Newgate side of the Central Criminal Courts we see a queue
 of about seventy or eighty people lined up at the small door. CAMERA
 MOVES SLOWLY round to the main entrance as if it were a sightseer.
 On its way we get a glimpse of the street sign "OLD BAILEY."

At the portice there is a group of about fifty people watching the
 various arrivals going up the steps into the building.

LAP DISSOLVE:

128 INT. COURT - LANDING - LONG SHOT

128

The first floor landing; a dozen or so people are hanging about.
 Entrances to various courts are seen.

129 MEDIUM SHOT

129

of double glass doors leading to Number One Court.

- 130 INT. NUMBER ONE COURT - LONG SHOT - MOVING 130
- CAMERA searches out every corner of the empty Court Room.
- All kinds of angles and shadow effects are exploited to drive home the atmosphere of the great, wooden Law Machine.
- In the well of the Court a little Official in a gown totters about like an automatic doll, arranging papers, flicking away dust, etc.
- 131 CLOSEUP 131
- BIG HEAD of Official with a heavily lined face and a dead eye, gazing into vacancy. He slowly takes snuff, but there is no following sneeze.
- 132 INT. JUDGE'S ROBIN ROOM - MEDIUM SHOT 132
- Horfield is being helped on with his robes by an attendant a parched and withered man like most of the rest of them.
- He walks to a mirror. The Judge's clerk, an elderly type, is also present. He is dressed in black coat and striped trousers.
- 133 CLOSEUP 133
- BIG HEAD of Horfield studying a pimple on the side of his nose. He touches it gently with his forefinger.
- 134 INT. CELL CORRIDOR - LONG SHOT 134
- Corridor below the various Courts, containing prisoners' cells and waiting rooms. Various warders and officials moving about.
- 135 MEDIUM SHOT 135
- CAMERA TRAVELS along row of cell doors. Faces look out through small glass partitions. CAMERA STOPS at one door.
- 136 INT. CELL - CLOSE SHOT - MRS. PARADINE 136
- Sitting at a small table. She has an open book on the table, but is not reading. SOUND of door being unlocked.
- She looks up.
- 137 MEDIUM SHOT - HER VIEWPOINT 137
- Two wardresses framed in the doorway.
- WARDRESS
Ready, Mrs. Paradine?
- 138 MEDIUM SHOT - MRS. PARADINE 138
- She closes the book and walks to the door, CAMERA PANNING with her.

139 INT. CORRIDOR - MEDIUM SHOT 139
CAMERA PANS her up the corridor to small stairway leading to dock.
Pause here.

140 MEDIUM SHOT 140
As Mrs. Paradine and the wardresses wait, the Clerk's voice is
heard, not loudly, but distinctly -

CLERK OF COURT'S VOICE
Bring forth the prisoner.

141 CLOSEUP 141
Mrs. Paradine mounts the stairs into the dock.

142 MEDIUM SHOT 142
CAMERA takes the place of Mrs. Paradine and goes up the stairs.
For a time we get the dark panelled walls of the dock and no more.
As we get higher, we see the top part of the panelled courtroom.
CAMERA TURNS AROUND and ADVANCES towards the front of the dock. As
it does so, the full Court is brought into view. It is now full.

Judge and Counsel are in their places and the well is full of
solicitors, clerks, police, etc. Reporters are noted. Everything
is very still.

143 CLOSEUP - MRS. PARADINE 143
She glances up.

144 LONG SHOT 144
Mrs. Paradine's viewpoint. A crowded public gallery.

145 LONG SHOT 145
A high view of the Court containing all main elements.
An usher rises and recites in a mechanical fashion:

USHER
(rapidly)
If anyone can inform my Lords, the King's
Justices or the King's Attorney General
ere these inquest be taken between our
Sovereign Lord the King and the Prisoner
at the Bar of any treasons, murder
felonies, or misdemeanours done or
committed by the Prisoner at the Bar,
let them come forth and they shall be
heard. For the Prisoner now stands at
the Bar on her deliverance. And all
persons who are bound by recognizance to
prosecute or give evidence against the
Prisoner at the Bar, let them come forth,
prosecute and give evidence, or they
shall forfeit their recognizances. God
Save the King!

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED:

145

Clerk of the Court rises.

CLERK

Maddalena Paradine, you are charged that on the sixth day of May, nineteen hundred and forty-six, in the City of Westminster, you did wilfully and with malice aforethought kill and murder Richard Patrick Irving Paradine. Are you guilty or not guilty?

MRS. PARADINE

Not guilty.

DISSOLVE TO:

146 INT. JUDY'S SITTING ROOM - CLOSEUP

146

Judy is on the telephone.

JUDY

(arguing)

But, Gay, darling. I don't see how you can possibly stay away...No, Tony won't be able to see you. We'll be in the gallery - just two more dim faces...

(then pleased, as Gay is obviously weakening on the other end of the phone)

You can trust me to get us in. The doorkeeper's wildly in love with me...

DISSOLVE TO:

147 INT. GALLERY CORRIDOR - LONG SHOT

147

Judy and Gay hurry towards the CAMERA. CAMERA PANS THEM to a door. Judy opens door and peeps through. The voice of Farrell addressing the Jury comes faintly through.

Judy turns to Gay.

JUDY

(in a whisper)

My dear, it's like opening night.

They encounter a Constable who is in charge of the gallery.

JUDY

(to Constable)

Hello, Drake. Who is on his feet?

CONSTABLE

(to Judy)

Sir Joseph Farrell is halfway through his opening for the Prosecution. He's at the top of his form...

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED: 147

He shuts the door behind them.

148 INT. COURT GALLERY - MED. SHOT 148

The gallery is crowded. Judy and Gay come through the door with the Constable. He induces a man sitting next them to move up and make room. The Voice of Sir Joseph Farrell is heard:

CAMERA MOVES IN to Gay in CLOSEUP

FARRELL'S VOICE

You will hear that, on the night of May the sixth, a quarrel took place at the Paradine town house in which the participants were Colonel Paradine, Mrs. Paradine, and the Colonel's valet, Andre Latour.

149 LONG SHOT - COURT 149

From Gay's viewpoint. Sir Joseph Farrell can be seen addressing the Jury from the front bench of Counsel's seat.

FARRELL'S VOICE

The Colonel, being in a very agitated state, shut himself up in his bedroom alone, and at about twenty minutes past eight, the butler took his dinner up to him, a dinner consisting of roast chicken, roast potatoes, and cauliflower au gratin.

Later, when the Colonel finished his meal, he asked that a single glass of burgundy should be put by his bedside, so that he would know exactly where to feel for it. A single glass of burgundy, Ladies and Gentlemen.

150 MED. SHOT - GAY AND JUDY 150

JUDY

Do you see Tony? Down there - along from Sir Joe Farrell.

GAY

Yes, I see him.

150A CLOSEUP - GAY 150A

She leans forward.

151 MED. SHOT 151

Gay's viewpoint. Keane leaning back with his arm over the back of his seat listening to Farrell.

FARRELL'S VOICE

The butler went at once to the dining room, on the ground floor, to fetch the
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED:

151

FARRELL'S VOICE (CONT'D)
burgundy. As you will hear, Mrs. Paradine
was there, finishing her dinner alone.
The butler told Mrs.
Paradine of the glass of burgundy, then
he took it upstairs to the Colonel's
bedroom, and placed it as the Colonel
had told him.

FARRELL'S VOICE
(continuing)
He then cleared away the dinner things,
and went downstairs. So much for the
butler.

152 CLOSEUP - GAY

152

She is looking at Keane.

She looks away from him; stares ahead a little and then, almost
furtively, turns in another direction.

FARRELL'S VOICE
(continuing)
About fifteen minutes later the valet,
Latour, went upstairs to the Colonel's
room to determine whether there was
anything he could do to repair the breach
between himself and his master to whom
he had long been devoted.

153 MED. LONG SHOT

153

Gay's viewpoint. CAMERA LOOKS DOWN on the dock and begins to MOVE
IN. Finally CLOSEUP of Mrs. Paradine.

FARRELL'S VOICE
(continuing)
Up there in the hallway, Latour saw Mrs.
Paradine and gathered the impression,
which I hope to show is borne out by the
fact, that she had just left the Colonel's
bedroom.

154 CLOSEUP - GAY

154

CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Judy. She steals a glance at Gay who
is still looking at Mrs. Paradine. Judy also looks down and then
back again. Gay turns and looks into the well of the Court.

Her face changes slightly.

FARRELL'S VOICE
(continuing)
When Latour sought to see the Colonel,
the Colonel told him, very harshly, to
go away. His tone and manner were such
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

- 154 CONTINUED: 154
- FARRELL'S VOICE (CONT'D)
that Latour left at once, feeling very
much upset.
- 155 MED. SHOT - HORFIELD 155
- On the bench. He listens with an expressionless face, stabbing his blotting paper with a pencil.
- 156 CLOSEUP - GAY 156
- Her eyes turn away from Horfield.
- FARRELL'S VOICE
(continuing)
Members of the Jury, on the night of May
the sixth, and at a time we may be able
to fix within the compass of a few
minutes, some persons or person,
administered to Richard Paradine a
murderous dose of poison - for at half
past nine he was heard calling for help,
and a few minutes later he died painfully,
before he could be reached by his old
comrade-in-arms and faithful servant,
Andre Latour.
- 157 MED. SHOT 157
- The stolid faces of the Jury - 11 men and 1 woman.
All bourgeois types.
- FARRELL'S VOICE
(continuing)
You are aware of Colonel Paradine's
character. He was a man cast in heroic
mould. One looks back on his life with
humility and pride.
- 158 MED. SHOT - GAY AND JUDY 158
- JUDY
There's Simmy...At the Solicitors' table.
Leaning back to hand a note to Tony...
- 159 MED. SHOT 159
- Gay's viewpoint. Flaquer reaching across a note to Keane.
- FARRELL'S VOICE
(continuing)
He was like a reincarnation from the
spacious days of Queen Elizabeth -
Incredibly daring - illimitably
adventurous. And this man - this man of
dynamic energy - is doomed suddenly to
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED:

159

FARRELL'S VOICE (CONT'D)
darkness and the life of a helpless
invalid. You will hear from the witness
box that his outbursts of anger were at
times terrible. Is it any wonder, with
his fiery energy quelled and crippled,
that he lived in a state of sullen rage
with the Universe, with mankind - with
his wife? The accused had to live with
him. She was constantly by his side.

160 CLOSEUP - GAY

160

Listening to Farrell.

161 CLOSEUP - SIR JOSEPH FARRELL

161

CAMERA MOVES ROUND him till it brings him into full face. His voice
is slow and deliberate.

He bends over his papers.

162 CLOSEUP - GAY

162

She looks away from Farrell and down to Keane.

163 CLOSEUP - KEANE

163

Looking slowly and furtively toward Mrs. Paradine.

CAMERA BEGINS TO PAN OFF him.

FARRELL'S VOICE
(continuing)
Members of the Jury,
whatever you - whatever I - may think,
we must surely, honestly and sincerely,
pity this woman, chained as she was to a
ruined giant burning with a dreadful
resentment.

164 CLOSEUP - GAY

164

Gay's eyes slowly turn in the direction of the PAN. She holds her
breath.

165 CLOSEUP

165

CAMERA COMPLETES THE PAN and arrives at Mrs. Paradine.

166 CLOSEUP - GAY

166

She swings her eyes back to Keane.

167 CLOSEUP

167

JUDY
Gosh! The old man isn't such a fool as
he looks.

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED: 167

FARRELL'S VOICE
(continuing)
One could forgive an occasional
demonstration of impatience from her.

168 CLOSEUP - KEANE 168

Still looking at Mrs. Paradine.

FARRELL'S VOICE
(continuing)
But the odd thing, Ladies and Gentlemen,
is that, until the night in question,
there never was any such demonstration.

Outwardly this woman was a model of patience.

But heaven knows what sultry fires were banked within. It would have been a considerable strain to any ordinary woman, no doubt, but...

169 CLOSEUP - LADY HORFIELD 169

She is watching intently, looks from the defendant up to her husband, nervously. She coughs, looks up at her husband.

170 HORFIELD 170

He is aware of the cough, looks around for its source.

171 LADY HORFIELD 171

She coughs again, tries to hide away, turns her eyes from her husband's.

172 HORFIELD 172

He is annoyed with his wife and turns back to the proceedings.

173 CLOSEUP - FARRELL 173

He drops his voice, fumbles with his papers, fiddles with his glasses and "throws away" his last sentence -

FARRELL
...this woman, the Prosecution contend,
is no ordinary woman.

She had patience. She could wait. This was indeed...no... ordinary woman.

DISSOLVE TO:

174 LOW CAMERA ANGLE - SHOOTING UP ON OLD BAILEY CLOCK 174

It reads "2:05."

DISSOLVE TO:

175 INT. COURT - MEDIUM LONG SHOT - THE LIGHTS ARE ON

175

CAMERA is now on floor of Court. Keane is standing in Counsel's bench questioning a witness - Lakin, the butler.

KEANE

Now Lakin, you have said that after you served dinner to Colonel Paradine in his bedroom, he asked you to place a glass of burgundy by his bedside. Is that correct?

LAKIN

Yes, sir.

KEANE

It, of course, struck you as odd that Colonel Paradine should order burgundy before retiring?

LAKIN

No, sir, not particularly. The Colonel had his whims and fancies. Blind men often have, sir.

KEANE

Burgundy, though. Would you call that a suitable bedtime drink? You, as a butler?

LAKIN

No, sir. I would not. But the Colonel...

176 MEDIUM SHOT - KEANE

176

KEANE

Answer my questions, please. Had he ever asked for a glass of burgundy to be put by his bedside before?

LAKIN'S VOICE

No, sir. Not that I remember.

KEANE

Did he usually drink burgundy?

177 MEDIUM SHOT - LAKIN

177

LAKIN

No, sir. Usually claret.

KEANE'S VOICE

He seldom drank burgundy?

LAKIN

It didn't usually agree with him. But sometimes...

178 MEDIUM SHOT - JUDY AND GAY

178

Judy whispers to Gay.

(CONTINUED)

178 CONTINUED: 178

JUDY
He's building a suicide motive!

179 CLOSE SHOT - KEANE 179

KEANE
That will do.

180 MEDIUM SHOT - HORFIELD 180

JUDGE HORFIELD
(in a bland, encouraging voice)
One moment, er, Lakin. I think you told the Jury that Colonel Paradine did not usually take burgundy because it disagreed with him. Did he dislike burgundy?

LAKIN
Oh no, my Lord. On the contrary.

JUDGE HORFIELD
He was very fond of burgundy but seldom dared to take it?

LAKIN
Yes, my Lord, that's correct. I expect being a bit upset in his nerves, he had a fancy for it that night.

JUDGE HORFIELD
That will do...I was anxious that the point should be clear, Mr. Keane...

181 MEDIUM SHOT - JUDY AND GAY 181

JUDY
(whispering)
Horfield's killed that point.

GAY
How? What do you mean?

JUDY
By making clear that there was nothing so extraordinary about his drinking burgundy.

182 MEDIUM SHOT - OVER WELL OF COURT - KEANE LOOKING ANGRY - 182

KEANE
Thank you, m'Lord. I'm obliged to your Lordship.

Keane sits down.

FARRELL
No questions, my Lord...Call Andre Latour.

(CONTINUED)

182 CONTINUED: 182

Lakin steps down from the witness box.

COURT USHER
(calls)
Andre Latour!

The court usher makes his way to the dock where he will meet the witness.

183 CLOSEUP - KEANE 183

He turns his head to the entrance door of the Court.

184 MEDIUM LONG SHOT 184

Latour enters and advances to the dock, accompanied by a policeman. The court usher now escorts Latour to the witness box. Latour enters the box.

185 CLOSEUP - KEANE 185

He leans forward and looks keenly at Latour.

186 MEDIUM LONG SHOT 186

The usher hands the Bible and the oath card to Latour and administers the oath...

186A CLOSEUP - KEANE 186A

His eyes moving away from Latour to:

186B CLOSEUP - MRS. PARADINE 186B

USHER'S VOICE
Hold the Testament in the right hand and repeat the oath.

LATOUR'S VOICE
I swear by Almighty God that the evidence which I shall give shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

186C CLOSEUP - LATOUR 186C

He waits.

186D MEDIUM SHOT 186D

Farrell gathers himself together and rises.

FARRELL
What is your name?

LATOUR
Andre St. Etienne Latour.

(CONTINUED)

186D CONTINUED:

186D

FARRELL
Your age?

LATOUR
Thirty.

FARRELL
(turning to Keane)
I am sure my learned friend has no
objection to my leading in these matters.

Keane nods his head. Farrell turns back to Latour.

FARRELL
You were born, I think, in Montreal,
Canada; and you served in the war with
Colonel Paradine?

LATOUR
Yes, sir. I was his manservant before
the war, and later I had the honour of
serving under his command.

FARRELL
You won the Distinguished Conduct Medal -
and bar - for gallantry in the field?

LATOUR
That is so, sir.

FARRELL
At the time of Colonel Paradine's death
you were again employed as his valet and
confidential companion?

LATOUR
Yes, sir.

FARRELL
Speak out, Latour, so that we can all
hear you...You were very much attached
to Colonel Paradine, were you not?

LATOUR
He was the best man I ever knew in my
life.

FARRELL
(picking up paper)
Now, Latour...I should like to ask you...

DISSOLVE TO:

187 EXT. LONG SHOT - SHOOTING UP TO DOME OF THE OLD BAILEY - NIGHT

187

We see the silhouetted figure of Justice against the evening sky.
CAMERA PANS DOWN to front of building.

(CONTINUED)

187 CONTINUED: 187

There are one or two lighted windows, but these go out one by one till the place is in darkness. A solitary policeman goes by on his beat. The streets are almost deserted.

DISSOLVE TO:

188 INT. PRISON CELL - MEDIUM SHOT - NIGHT 188

Mrs. Paradine at table, reading. A thick mug and an empty plate with a spoon stand nearby.

DISSOLVE TO:

189 INT. HORFIELD'S DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT 189

(already shot)
Horfield and his wife at opposite sides
of the fireplace.

He is reading the evening paper and smoking a cigar.
She is watching him.

190 CLOSE SHOT - HORFIELD 190

(already shot)
He looks very pleased with himself. He
goes on slowly sipping brandy and puffing
contentedly.

191 CLOSE SHOT - LADY HORFIELD 191

(already shot)
Her fingers twist and turn together. She
looks anxiously across at her husband.

DISSOLVE TO:

192 INT. GAY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - CLOSE ANGLE ON GAY 192

She is ostensibly asleep. CAMERA PULLS BACK slightly as Keane enters, looks down at her very moodily, turns and leaves. CAMERA MOVES IN to Gay. She opens her eyes, looks after him wistfully...

DISSOLVE TO:

193 EXT. OLD BAILEY - DAY - LONG SHOT 193

DISSOLVE TO:

194 INT. NUMBER ONE COURT - DAY - LONG SHOT 194

Farrell is on his feet. Latour is in the box. Farrell is consulting his papers. He takes off his glasses and looks at Latour.

FARRELL
At about eight o'clock you heard the
bell ringing violently.

(CONTINUED)

194 CONTINUED: 194
You went upstairs to the Colonel's room. You found Colonel and Mrs. Paradine facing one another. What happened then?

195 CLOSE SHOT - LATOUR 195
He is silent. He looks down and then up again.

FARRELL
Yes?...What happened then?

196 MED. SHOT - HORFIELD 196
He speaks gently and persuasively.

JUDGE HORFIELD
I think the Court appreciates your difficulty; but you must tell the Jury the whole truth, you know.

197 CLOSE SHOT - LATOUR 197
He looks at the Judge.

LATOUR
Yes, my Lord.
(turns back to Counsel)
He looked at me for a minute in his blind way and then burst out with it...

FARRELL'S VOICE
(encouraging)
Yes? Tell us.

LATOUR
He said that Mrs. Paradine had given me away.

198 CLOSE SHOT - MRS. PARADINE 198
She's impassive.

199 CLOSE SHOT - FARRELL 199

FARRELL
Try to give us his exact words.

200 CLOSE SHOT - LATOUR 200

LATOUR
He said, 'Do I understand you're going to leave me - now, when I need you most?' I asked him who told him such a thing. He said...
(he hesitates)
She did.

FARRELL'S VOICE
Did he say anything else?

(CONTINUED)

200 CONTINUED:

200

LATOUR
He was very angry. He used - strong
language.

FARRELL'S VOICE
Had you any intention of leaving him?

LATOUR
No, sir.

201 CLOSE SHOT - FARRELL

201

FARRELL
What else did he say?

202 CLOSE SHOT - LATOUR

202

LATOUR
He said, 'How dare you tell my wife and
keep it secret from me?'

FARRELL'S VOICE
Had you, in fact, done so?

LATOUR
No, sir.

FARRELL'S VOICE
You're quite certain of that?

LATOUR
Yes sir, quite certain.

203 CLOSE SHOT - HORFIELD

203

JUDGE HORFIELD
While this conversation was going on,
what was the accused doing?

204 CLOSE SHOT - LATOUR

204

LATOUR
Nothing, sir. Just standing there as if -
well, just standing there.

205 CLOSE SHOT - FARRELL

205

FARRELL
Do you know of any reason why Mrs.
Paradine should have told her husband
that you were going to leave him?

206 CLOSE SHOT - LATOUR

206

He looks belligerent; almost defiant.

(CONTINUED)

206 CONTINUED: 206

LATOURE
She wanted to get rid of me. She thought
the Colonel depended on me too much.

207 CLOSE SHOT - FARRELL 207

FARRELL
You mean she was jealous?

LATOURE'S VOICE
It is possible.

208 MED. SHOT - FARRELL AND LATOUR 208

FARRELL
You said yesterday, Latour, that when
you went back up to see Colonel Paradine
you saw Mrs. Paradine in the hall outside
the bedroom.

LATOURE
Yes, sir.

FARRELL
Would you say that that was shortly before
nine o'clock?

LATOURE
(hesitantly)
I - I think so, sir.

FARRELL
Now here is a plan of the house. I want
you to show me exactly where you saw
Mrs. Paradine.

Farrell hands the plan to the clerk of the Court, who in turn passes
it on to the usher, who gives it to Latour.

DURING THIS WE HEAR, VERY LOW:

FARRELL'S VOICE
Now, if one were coming from Colonel
Paradine's bedroom, directly opposite
Mrs. Paradine's room, will you indicate
the route one would take?

209 INT. GALLERY - CLOSE SHOT JUDY AND GAY 209

Judy and Gay are dressed differently from what they were on the
first day.

FARRELL'S VOICE
Is it your impression, Latour, that the
lady was passing directly from the
Colonel's bedroom to her own?

(CONTINUED)

209 CONTINUED:

209

LATOUR'S VOICE

(reluctantly)

It could be so, sir.

JUDY

Latour's a liar.

GAY

Oh, is he? Don't you think he saw Mrs.
Paradine in the hall?

JUDY

Oh, maybe he did - but he lied like mad
about the quarrel. He's keeping something
back. We'll know what it is when Tony
gets busy on him.

They look down into the Court.

210 INT. COURT - MED. SHOT

210

From the gallery's viewpoint.

FARRELL

Thank you. That is all for the time being.

Farrell sits down. Keane stands, looking at a sheaf of papers in
his hand. There is a long pause - almost deliberately theatrical.
Then he looks up sharply and says in a strong voice:

KEANE

Does the name of Margaret Wells convey
anything to you?

211-212 CLOSEUPS - LATOUR AND KEANE

211-212

Latour looks startled then recovers himself.

LATOUR

(reluctantly)

Yes, sir.

KEANE

What does that name convey to you?

Latour is silent.

KEANE

I must try to help your memory. I put it
to you that some years ago you were
engaged to Margaret Wells, of Three
Rivers, Quebec, and that on your wedding
day she left you at the church door, and
went off with a saddler named Richard
Truton. Is this correct?

LATOUR

(shaking with rage)

That is finished. That is in the past.

213 CLOSE SHOT - HORFIELD 213

JUDGE HORFIELD
Your point may be relevant, Mr. Keane;
but I must admit its relevance escapes
me.

214 CLOSE SHOT - KEANE 214

KEANE
My Lord, with all respect, my question
is strictly relevant. I submit that the
witness has shown, in his evidence, and
also in his behavior, an almost
pathological bias against not only my
client but against all women.

215 CLOSE SHOT - HORFIELD 215

JUDGE HORFIELD
I may be very stupid, but I cannot see
what bearing this jilting can possibly
have on the case. After seeing the witness
and observing his appearance and bearing,
I should be inclined to regard the young
lady's conduct as pathological, not his.

Controlled laughter in Court.

COURT USHER
Silence!

216 MED. SHOT - JURY 216

Smiling respectfully.

217 CLOSE SHOT - KEANE 217

KEANE
I am concerned to prove, my Lord, that
bias exists, and to explain why it exists.

218 CLOSE SHOT - HORFIELD 218

JUDGE HORFIELD
If you wish to shake the witness' credit,
you surely must attempt some different
manner than dragging into light an
unfortunate love affair of many years
ago. As if there was anything
discreditable in being jilted! Kindly
proceed to your next question.

219 CLOSE SHOT - KEANE 219

KEANE
Very good, my Lord. If I am not to be
allowed to show one of the reasons for
the witness' hostile attitude towards my
client...

(CONTINUED)

219 CONTINUED:

219

He turns back to Latour.

220-221 MEDIUM SHOT - KEANE AND LATOUR

220-221

KEANE

Were you aware that Colonel Paradine had made a will in which he bequeathed you the sum of three thousand five hundred pounds?

Latour is silent.

KEANE

Come, come. It's a simple question of fact.

LATOUR

(after hesitation)

Colonel Paradine told me he might leave me a little something - but I didn't know about the will, sir.

KEANE

Do you mean that Colonel Paradine told you he was going to leave you this legacy, but you doubted his word?

LATOUR

No, sir. I did not doubt his word.

KEANE

Then you believed it?

LATOUR

Yes, sir.

KEANE

Believing it, then you knew and believed you would receive such a legacy on his death?

Latour is silent.

KEANE

Please answer my question.

LATOUR

I don't know - what you ask.

222 CLOSE SHOT - HORFIELD

222

JUDGE HORFIELD

You have been asked if you knew you were going to inherit three thousand five hundred pounds from Colonel Paradine - if and when he died.

223 MED. SHOT

223

LATOUR

We never discussed it. I did not think about it -- Yes, I knew.

(CONTINUED)

223 CONTINUED:

223

KEANE
(sarcastically)
You don't remember very easily, do you,
Latour?

Latour doesn't answer.

KEANE
Now please think carefully before you
reply to this, and remember that you are
on your oath. While you were in London,
did you or did you not repeatedly hear
Colonel Paradine say that he wished to
be dead?

LATOUR
That he wished he was dead, sir?

KEANE
That - he - wished - to - be - dead.

LATOUR
(with hesitation)
He used to complain a lot, sir, but I
never took much notice.

KEANE
He said so often that he wished to be
dead that you thought nothing of it?

Farrell rises in his seat and turns to the Judge.

FARRELL
I object to the innuendo, my Lord.

224 MED. SHOT - FARRELL AND KEANE

224

Farrell smiling.

KEANE
I respectfully suggest, your Lordship,
that in a capital charge it is hardly
customary to subject defending counsel
to almost continuous interruptions at
the very beginning of a cross-examination.

225 CLOSE SHOT - HORFIELD

225

He lies back in his chair.

JUDGE HORFIELD
I am bound to confess that the form of
learned counsel's last question did not
particularly appeal to my sense of what
is proper.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

225 CONTINUED:

225

JUDGE HORFIELD (CONT'D)

(he leans forward)

And I think learned counsel would be less subject to interruption if he adhered a little more closely to the manners and customs of this place. Will you proceed, please?

226 CLOSE SHOT - KEANE

226

KEANE

(loudly)

Andre Latour, on your solemn oath do you deny having heard Colonel Paradine say again and again, to you and in your hearing, that he was sick of life and wished to be dead?

227 CLOSEUP - FARRELL

227

Frowning. He looks at the judge.

228 CLOSEUP - HORFIELD

228

A faint, weary smile passes over his face.

229 MED. SHOT - KEANE AND LATOUR

229

LATOUR

He said a lot of things when he was angry about his blindness. I got so accustomed to them I didn't take much notice.

KEANE

You didn't take much notice. You did not take much notice. Very well...

(briskly)

Will you tell the Court, please, what exactly happened round about eight o'clock on the evening of May the sixth? You remember. When Colonel and Mrs. Paradine were quarreling.

Latour looks puzzled.

LATOUR

You mean, you want me to go over my evidence again?

KEANE

No, Latour, I do not want you to go over your evidence again. I want you to tell the truth.

LATOUR

I told the truth, sir.

(CONTINUED)

229 CONTINUED:

229

KEANE

No doubt some of what you told us was true. But did you not stand in that box and swear by Almighty God, as you should answer to Him, on the Great Day of Judgment, that you would tell the truth, the WHOLE truth, and NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH? Did you?

LATOUR

Yes, sir.

KEANE

Very well. I put it to you that your evidence was a tissue of lies. I put it to you that you were trying to cover up what really happened. There is another person in court who was there, who knew what happened. Remember that!

Latour looks in the direction of Mrs. Paradine.

230 CLOSEUP - MRS. PARADINE

230

She looks at him impassively, returning his gaze, without either friendship or rancor.

231 CLOSE SHOT - HORFIELD

231

JUDGE HORFIELD

(annoyed and sarcastic)

Mr. Keane, what is your question?

232 MED. SHOT - KEANE AND LATOUR

232

Keane looks toward Horfield controlling his anger, then pulls himself together and resumes the cross-examination.

KEANE

Do you still wish to allege that Mrs. Paradine invented a cock-and-bull story about your leaving the Colonel's service - and that this precipitated the quarrel?

LATOUR

Yes, sir. She did.

KEANE

It would be her word against yours, now.

LATOUR

Yes, sir. And so it was then - with the Colonel.

KEANE

You are then asking his Lordship and the Jury to believe that, after years of
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KEANE (CONT'D)
devoted service in the field and in the
sick chamber, you were in this position -
that Colonel Paradine had absolutely no
faith in your word of honor?

There is a silence.

KEANE
Answer me. You are here to answer.

LATOUR
It was my word against the word of his
wife. He believed her.

KEANE
But you could prove you were telling the
truth.

LATOUR
(nervously)
How - could I do that?

KEANE
By not leaving his service, of course.

LATOUR
But - he thought I had already planned
to do so. His anger was because of that.

KEANE
Did he ask you what you intended to do
after you left his service?

LATOUR
(nervous - sweating)
Yes -

KEANE
And what did you tell him?

LATOUR
I told him I didn't have any plans because
it wasn't true that I wanted to leave.

KEANE
Mrs. Paradine contradicted you?

LATOUR
Yes.

KEANE
And did she tell him anything about your
future plans?

LATOUR
(hesitating - nervous)
No.

(CONTINUED)

232 CONTINUED: (2)

232

KEANE
Did Colonel Paradine ask her?

LATOUR
(sweating)
Yes - I mean - he may have.

KEANE
May have? You were there. You heard
what was said. You have remembered
everything else. How does it happen you
forget this vital moment of your quarrel?

LATOUR
I do not forget. He asked her.

KEANE
And she had no answer - no evidence
against you.

LATOUR
I do not remember what was said exactly,
sir.

KEANE
Oh - now your memory is beginning to
falter again! But you do remember that
your master went into a violent rage
against you?

LATOUR
Yes.

KEANE
And he went into this rage - on the basis
of an unsupported accusation by Mrs.
Paradine that you were quitting his
employ? An accusation not borne out by
any fact or piece of evidence?

Latour is silent.

KEANE
(continuing)
I put it to you again, Latour, that your
story is a pack of lies. Do you persist
in it?

LATOUR
(hoarsely - mutteringly)
If she says the contrary - she'd better -
(he breaks off)

233 CLOSE SHOT - HORFIELD

233

JUDGE HORFIELD
What's that? Speak.

234 CLOSE SHOT - KEANE 234

KEANE
What did you start to say?

235 CLOSE SHOT - HORFIELD 235

JUDGE HORFIELD
Answer the question.

236 CLOSE SHOT - LATOUR 236

LATOUR
(sullen, defiant)
What does he want?

237 CLOSE SHOT - HORFIELD 237

JUDGE HORFIELD
He wants to know whether you still adhere
to your version of what took place between
Colonel and Mrs. Paradine and you on the
evening of May sixth.

238 MED. SHOT - LATOUR AND KEANE 238

LATOUR
(in a breaking voice)
I stick to what I said.

Keane smiles, stops a moment, picks up some papers and looks at
them. We hear coughing.

239 LADY HORFIELD 239

She is attempting to cover up her coughing.

240 HORFIELD 240

He looks at her, annoyed.

241 GAY AND JUDY IN GALLERY 241

Gay is staring at Keane, leaning forward and intent. Judy looks at
her, pulls her back a little out of view. Gay looks at her, smiles,
lowers her eyes, and turns back.

242 MED. SHOT - KEANE AND LATOUR 242

Keane continues with his cross-examination.

KEANE
If you don't mind, Latour, I should like
you to go over that night again -
(sarcastically)
In case any small incidents have slipped
your memory...

Latour closes his lips tightly in suppressed anger.

(CONTINUED)

KEANE
When the butler, Lakin, took the Colonel
his dinner, where were you?

LATOUR
In my room.

KEANE
When did you go up to the Colonel's room?

LATOUR
After the butler had come down.

KEANE
Did you speak to Lakin?

LATOUR
Yes.

KEANE
Did he tell you about putting a glass of
burgundy at the Colonel's bedside?

LATOUR
Yes.

KEANE
Was that, or was that not, unusual?

LATOUR
Maybe so.

KEANE
(sharply)
No maybe about it! Was it - or wasn't
it?

LATOUR
It was, sir.

KEANE
After he had told you this, you went
upstairs again?

LATOUR
Yes, sir.

KEANE
Why?

LATOUR
(after a moment)
I had no special reason, sir.

KEANE
Shortly before, Colonel Paradine had
denounced you - 'in strong language' -
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KEANE (CONT'D)
for deserting him. And yet you went
upstairs `for no special reason'?

Latour hesitates, then speaks quietly.

LATOUR
I was unhappy about being - on bad terms
with him.

KEANE
(sharply)
What's that? Speak up. The Jury can't
hear you.

LATOUR
(loudly, with nervous
violence)
I wanted to make it up with the Colonel.

KEANE
Very well. You knocked on his door and
went in?

LATOUR
(alert)
I knocked on his door. I did not go in.

KEANE
Weren't you in the habit of walking in
without waiting for an invitation?

LATOUR
No, sir. I always knocked and waited.

KEANE
Very well, then. You knocked. What
happened then?

LATOUR
The Colonel told me to go away.

KEANE
He told you to go away. Without even
knowing who was knocking?

LATOUR
No, sir. He asked who it was and I told
him. Then he told me to go away.

KEANE
You're very sharp, Latour...Tell me,
what manner of tone did the Colonel use?

LATOUR
Sir?

(CONTINUED)

242 CONTINUED: (3)

242

KEANE
When he told you to go - to get away
from him.

243 FARRELL AND KEANE

243

FARRELL
(rising)
My Lord, I beg my learned friend to be
careful when he is making any alleged
repetition of the evidence. When Latour
gave his evidence in chief, the words
used by him were 'The Colonel told me to
go away,' not 'get away from me.'

KEANE
(angrily)
'Go away' - 'get away' - what's the
difference?

FARRELL
My learned friend is sufficient of an
artist to appreciate the shades of
meaning, and I would much prefer that he
be accurate in these matters.

KEANE
It's a point of no importance. Make it
'go away,' if you like...Now, then...

244 CLOSE SHOT - HORFIELD

244

JUDGE HORFIELD
(interrupting)
Mr. Keane, one moment, please. Counsel
for the Crown is right in his contention,
and I agree that you should be more
careful.

245 KEANE AND LATOUR

245

KEANE
(testily)
If Your Lordship pleases, I will continue
with my cross-examination.
(he swings back to the
witness, his face angry)
When the Colonel told you to go away,
did you go away?

LATOUR
Yes, sir.

KEANE
What did you do then?

LATOUR
I stood in the hall.

(CONTINUED)

KEANE

You didn't open the door to the Colonel's bedroom?

LATOUR

No, sir. Just stood outside the door.

KEANE

Let us consider for a moment. It would have been a natural thing to go into the room, surely? You used to help the Colonel get to bed, did you not?

LATOUR

Yes, sir.

KEANE

It's quite a complicated matter, putting a blind man to bed. Didn't everything have to be made ready? His toothbrush, his pajamas, his hot water bottle?

LATOUR

Yes, sir. But everything was ready.

KEANE

What time did the Colonel usually go to bed?

LATOUR

Different times, sir.

KEANE

Twelve o'clock? Ten o'clock? Eight o'clock?

LATOUR

Different times, sir.

KEANE

(picking up his papers,
looking at them, speaks
quietly, drops his
tone)

Let's see...What time was it when you went upstairs to see the Colonel?

LATOUR

You mean when I came into the quarrel?

KEANE

No. The time the Colonel wouldn't see you.

(sarcastically)
Surely you remember, Latour.

(CONTINUED)

245 CONTINUED: (2)

245

LATOUR

Oh...yes, sir. It was about a quarter to nine.

KEANE

(his trap having failed)

I see...And you prepared the Colonel for retiring before this?

LATOUR

(a little unsure)

Yes, sir. I never knew when the Colonel would get tired, and I always prepared everything early.

246 CLOSE SHOT - HORFIELD

246

JUDGE HORFIELD

I think I ought to advise you that it will be better for you to confine yourself to answering the questions put to you - and not to volunteer any information. Perhaps I ought also to advise you that you are free to take your time before answering questions. Proceed, Mr. Keane.

247 MED. SHOT - KEANE AND LATOUR

247

KEANE

Now let's see, Latour... Where were we?
(with exaggerated
impatience)

You had knocked, the Colonel had politely asked you who you were, and you had given him this vital bit of information. But you didn't enter his room.

LATOUR

(he's a bit slower about
answering now)

No, sir.

KEANE

Not even to see that Lakin had put the burgundy in the right place? Where the Colonel could reach it without knocking it over by mistake?

LATOUR

I wasn't thinking about the burgundy.

KEANE

Didn't you tell the Jury that this glass of burgundy was something rather unusual?

LATOUR

Yes, sir.

(CONTINUED)

KEANE

And yet, a few minutes after the butler had told you about it, you had forgotten all about it. Is that correct?

LATOUR

Yes, sir.

KEANE

Very well. You had left the Colonel's room and, for some purpose or other, were hanging about in the hall. Did you see anyone?

LATOUR

Yes, sir. Mrs. Paradine.

KEANE

What was she doing?

LATOUR

(by now he has forgotten
Horfield's advice and
Keane's tempo has forced
him again into answering
quickly)

Going into her bedroom.

KEANE

Mrs. Paradine's bedroom was directly across the hall from Colonel Paradine's room. Is that correct?

LATOUR

Yes, sir.

KEANE

You were standing at the Colonel's door and you were very upset. You were trying to think how to make it up with the Colonel. Is that so?

LATOUR

Yes, sir.

KEANE

You were more or less blind and deaf to everything until you saw Mrs. Paradine in the hall near her room? Is that putting it fairly?

LATOUR

Yes, I think so.

KEANE

At the moment you saw Mrs. Paradine had you the remotest idea where she had come from?

(CONTINUED)

247 CONTINUED: (2)

247

LATOUR

No, sir.

KEANE

She might even have come out from her room, seen you, and turned to go in again?

LATOUR

It is possible.

KEANE

Might she have come from the staircase or the bathroom or from anywhere at all so far as you know?

LATOUR

Yes, sir.

KEANE

But she could not have come from the Colonel's room without going around you? (sarcastically)
Or through you? Is that correct?

LATOUR

(after a moment)

Yes, sir.

Keane pauses a moment.

247A CLOSE SHOT - HORFIELD

247A

We see an Undersheriff take a seat on the extreme left of Horfield. Horfield turns his head, sees the Undersheriff take his position.

(NOTE: The clock at this point reads about "12:55")

248 CLOSEUP - MRS. PARADINE

248

249 CLOSE SHOT - GAY AND JUDY IN THE GALLERY

249

250 LATOUR AND KEANE

250

KEANE

You saw Mrs. Paradine go into her room and shut the door. Is that correct?

LATOUR

Yes, sir.

KEANE

What did you do then?

LATOUR

Nothing - I hung about for a minute or two. Then I went downstairs.

KEANE

You're certain it was only for a minute or two?

(CONTINUED)

LATOUR

Yes, sir.

KEANE

And what was your purpose in `hanging
about for a minute or two'?

LATOUR

(trying to explain his
actions, but finding
it difficult)

I did not have any purpose, sir. I just -
well, I just did not know what to do -
and then I decided to go downstairs.

KEANE

(quietly)

Tell me, Latour. Have you ever seen anyone
die by poison?

LATOUR

(controlling his rage)

No, sir.

KEANE

(voice and tempo rising)

Or any animal?

LATOUR

(hastily; unthinking in
his rage)

No, sir.

KEANE

Wasn't there an old dog put away by poison
at Hindley about two years ago?

LATOUR

(hastily and eagerly)

Oh! I beg your pardon, sir. I almost
forgot.

KEANE

Yes, so we noticed...It was killed by
poison, wasn't it?

LATOUR

(frightened)

Yes, sir. It was the Colonel's old gun
dog. He was sick, and so we put him away -
you see -

KEANE

(again interrupting)

You mean, you put him away.

LATOUR

Yes, sir.

(CONTINUED)

250 CONTINUED: (2)

250

KEANE
What poison did you use?

LATOUR
(now rattled a bit)
I - I don't know, sir.
(he feels the trap
tightening)

KEANE
(on the kill)
Oh, you don't know. Did you keep any of
it?

LATOUR
No, sir. We got the single dose from the
vet.

KEANE
Don't keep on saying 'we.' You mean you
did!

LATOUR
Yes, sir.

KEANE
It wasn't a big dose?

LATOUR
No, sir. Very small.

KEANE
And it acted very quickly?

LATOUR
Yes, it did.
(he begins to tremble
violently)
I understand what you mean to say.
(he turns to the Judge
frantically)
He's accusing me of poisoning the Colonel!
But I didn't! I didn't!

Keane smiles, controls it theatrically.

251 CLOSE SHOT - HORFIELD

251

JUDGE HORFIELD
I must ask the witness to collect himself
and remember where he is.

252 CLOSEUP - LATOUR

252

LATOUR
(shouting)
But it's not true, I tell you! I didn't
do it! How could I?

253 CLOSEUP - MRS. PARADINE 253

She turns her eyes from Latour toward Keane. She is sullen with suppressed rage.

254 CLOSEUP - KEANE 254

He is smug and confident.

260 CLOSE SHOT - MRS. PARADINE 260

She is looking anxiously in the direction of Latour.

JURY USHER'S VOICE

(continuing)

...neither will I speak to them myself,
touching the trial held here this day,
unless it be to ask them if they are
agreed upon their verdict without leave
of the Court.

261 CLOSE SHOT - LATOUR 261

He mops his brow, is distraught.

262 CLOSE SHOT - HORFIELD 262

He rises, nods to the Courtroom, gathers his robes and exits.

263 INT. GALLERY - GAY AND JUDY 263

Judy is excited; Gay is troubled.

JUDY

(excitedly)

Tony's torn him to pieces.

GAY

(with a troubled
expression)

Yes... It was beastly.

JUDY

But, darling, you've got to remember
it's Tony's job. He's got to see that
the wrong person doesn't hang. And he
obviously thinks that Latour is the right
person.

GAY

(dubiously)

I wonder...

Judy looks at her a moment, then:

JUDY

(taking Gay's arm)

Come on, let's get some lunch.

DISSOLVE TO:

264 INT. CONSULTING CELL IN OLD BAILEY - MIDDAY

264

(Fifteen minutes later than Scene 263)

Mrs. Paradine is seated at a table. The door is open and we can see a wardress in the half-open door. Keane comes down the short corridor and at the same time from another direction a second wardress arrives with a lunch tray, so that for one moment the room is filled with the two wardresses, Mrs. Paradine and Keane. As the wardresses retire, Keane goes over to Mrs. Paradine, eagerly takes her hands in his.

KEANE

(eagerly)

It's gone well for us this morning. Really well!

MRS. PARADINE

(coolly)

Has it?

She moves from him, sits down to her lunch.

KEANE

But surely you must know that.

MRS. PARADINE

(coldly)

I'm not a lawyer.

KEANE

(suddenly, fiercely)

But good heavens! You're a clever woman!
Don't you realize how I shook him!

Mrs. Paradine coolly pours a glass of wine and lifts it to her lips.

MRS. PARADINE

You have not kept faith with me.

KEANE

What d'you mean?

During the following, Mrs. Paradine examines her lunch, perhaps takes a bite or two, but disregards the rest.

However, she sips the wine intermittently.

MRS. PARADINE

I did not agree to what you have done today.

Keane advances to the table and leans over, facing her.

He is almost speechless with rage and frustration, especially coming at the time when he expected congratulations and her great admiration.

(CONTINUED)

KEANE

But...

MRS. PARADINE

I objected when you wanted to make it appear that Andre had helped my husband kill himself. I objected even to that, and now you make him out to be - a murderer.

Keane is speechless, turns and walks toward the door.

MRS. PARADINE

No... I will not forgive you for what you have done today.

KEANE

(turning and advancing
toward her)

Forgive me! You! When I have exhausted myself - destroying - everything in an effort to save you!

MRS. PARADINE

(quietly and coldly)

I did not ask you to do that.

KEANE

Forgive me! You - forgive me!

(then he adds almost in
a whisper to himself)

And I was idiot enough to love you.

He is suddenly aware that he has said it at last. She is completely impassive in the face of the revelation, having known it all along. Keane sits down in the other chair and leans across to her. Then:

KEANE

Did you hear what I said just now?

MRS. PARADINE

Of course.

KEANE

Well?

MRS. PARADINE

If it's true, how could you deceive me as you've done today?

KEANE

Look! The case has narrowed itself down to this - one of three things! Either your husband managed somehow to poison himself; or Latour did it, or -

(deliberately)
you.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. PARADINE

(stolidly)

As you like. But I will not have you
making Andre the murderer.

There is a moment's silence. His tone changes and his whole mood
changes as he looks into her eyes.

KEANE

(almost afraid)

Tell me... do you love him? Is that the
reason?

MRS. PARADINE

What has that to do with it? You are my
lawyer, not my lover.

Keane takes this with a bitter smile. It strikes a chord in his
memory. He pushes his chair back and rises.

KEANE

(bitterly)

Yes... someone else told me something
very like that recently.

MRS. PARADINE

I should like to know whether you intend
to continue with the case.

KEANE

(wearily)

Of course.

He sits down, rubs his hand across his eyes.

KEANE

I'm planning to cut out all the witnesses
except you...

MRS. PARADINE

(surprised and a shade
uneasy)

Cut out the witnesses?

KEANE

Yes - To trust to your evidence and my
final speech to save you.

(but he says the last
without enthusiasm or
even great interest)

Mrs. Paradine rises, comes over next to
him, puts her hand on his hand which is
on the table.

MRS. PARADINE

(with great charm)

I know I can trust you. I feel it.

(CONTINUED)

264 CONTINUED: (3)

264

Keane closes his eyes. She closes her hand around his fingers. Keane cannot resist this, turns and looks up at her. His passion has had a tremendous blow, but he is still in the grip of her fascination.

KEANE

Yes. You can trust me.

He turns his head away again, withdraws his hand. The faintest shadow of a smile crosses her face. She knows that she still has him in her power.

MRS. PARADINE

You will save me - but not at his expense.

Keane takes this, the rage mounting in him, but he is silent.

MRS. PARADINE

You understand that, don't you?

KEANE

(savagely rising to his
feet and pushing his
chair back)

shall do things my own way. What do you
know of the law - of judges - and juries?
Nothing! And you dare to tell me what I
must do to get you off!

MRS. PARADINE

(quietly, slowly, and
again impassively)

I know what must not be.

Keane looks at her.

MRS. PARADINE

(deliberately)

You are not to destroy him. If you do, I
shall hate you as I've never hated a
man.

This is another and even greater blow to Keane. He overcomes his emotion and tries to speak again as the lawyer.

KEANE

And suppose that's the only way to save
you?

MRS. PARADINE

(after a moment)

You know how I feel about it. I've just
told you.

Keane moves away a few steps, turns and speaks to her.

(CONTINUED)

264 CONTINUED: (4)

264

KEANE

I must go on the way I've begun. I shall not give in to you. I must act according to my own view. And you can do what you like... I am not through with Latour yet. And after that, I shall put you in the box. Say what you like there. My questions will be mine - your answers yours!

He turns, pulls open the door and exits. Mrs. Paradine looks after him a moment, picks up a fork and carelessly pushes at the food on her plate. Her expression shows that she doesn't like the looks of it. She picks up the half bottle of wine and pours herself a glass.

DISSOLVE TO:

265 OPEN ON CLOCK - INT. COURTROOM

265

It is about ten minutes to two. There are just a few people in the gallery. PULL THE CAMERA DOWN ACROSS the courtroom. It is empty except for a policeman, off in a corner; Keane is in his place, alone, studying his notes.

Flaquer is advancing toward him as the CAMERA STOPS. Keane is for a moment oblivious to Flaquer until Flaquer speaks.

FLAQUER

I've been looking everywhere for you, Keane. I thought we were having lunch together.

KEANE

(covering up and looking back at his papers)
I wasn't hungry - and I wanted to study my notes.

266-267 ANGLES - ACROSS KEANE AT FLAQUER, AND ACROSS FLAQUER AT KEANE

266-267

(NOTE: During the course of the following, the court is gradually filling up, but we see very little of it in these angles. However, Flaquer should turn at one point to note that one of the other counsels has entered, and lower his tone.)

FLAQUER

I must say, Keane, that I don't know where you're headed for with this defense.

KEANE

(almost with a jeer;
his mood is sullen and defensive)
Didn't I give that devil a grilling?
Didn't I break him?

(CONTINUED)

266-267 CONTINUED:

266-267

FLAQUER
But the last part of your cross-examination pointed straight at murder - by Latour!

KEANE
(defiantly)
And why not? He had the opportunity.

FLAQUER
I wish I could agree with you.

KEANE
Well, one thing is crystal clear - he was lying this morning, and I intend to break him down.

Flaquer is silently uncertain and worried. After a moment Keane speaks again.

KEANE
I've decided to scrap all our witnesses.

FLAQUER
Oh, I see - so you can have the last word with the jury. Why? Are you afraid of Prosecutor's speech?

KEANE
Yes - if Farrell has the last word - but if we can wind it up on my speech, I believe we're all right.
(he is suddenly aware of someone offstage.
THE CAMERA PULLS BACK as he says:)
Hello, Farrell.

We see Farrell getting seated, smiling in return and giving a little wave.

FARRELL
Good hunting, Keane.

KEANE
Thanks -

DISSOLVE TO:

268 INT. OLD BAILEY COURTROOM - SHOOTING FROM THE WITNESS BOX ACROSS AT THE COUNSEL BENCHES 268

The clock now reads 2:07. We are on Latour's back as he advances into position in the box. We see Keane rise from the bench, stand at his seat. He looks at his notes, puts them down.

269-273 MASTER SHOT AND INDIVIDUALS, THE INDIVIDUALS PREFERABLY DIFFERENT 269-273
FROM ANGLES USED IN MORNING'S CROSS-EXAMINATION

KEANE

Now, Latour, you remember your evidence concerning your attempt to see the Colonel shortly before he died?

(jeeringly)

When you were 'hanging about' in the hall?

LATOUR

Yes, sir.

KEANE

The Colonel told you to go away?

LATOUR

Yes, sir.

KEANE

He was obviously very angry with you?

LATOUR

Yes, sir.

KEANE

Earlier - during the quarrel - if you remember, he had used strong language with you.

LATOUR

Yes, sir.

KEANE

Did he discharge you?

LATOUR

No, sir.

KEANE

(suddenly)

But didn't you assume that you were discharged? Or had you already resigned from his employ?

LATOUR

(a bit rattled)

didn't know what - I didn't know what to think -

(with a gesture)

It was all a lie she told about my leaving and -

KEANE

Yes, yes. We've heard all that. Then you assumed you were discharged?

(CONTINUED)

269-273 CONTINUED:

269-273

LATOUR
(after a moment)
Yes, sir... I suppose so.

KEANE
Oh, you suppose so? But aren't you still
employed at Hindley Hall?

LATOUR
(after a moment)
Yes, sir.

KEANE
Aren't you aware that Mrs. Paradine is
the mistress of Hindley Hall?

LATOUR
(sulkily)
Yes, sir.

KEANE
Let me review things for you, Latour.
You supposed that you were discharged by
the Colonel. Yet you continued in the
employ of the woman who allegedly lied
about you to your master?

Latour doesn't answer for a moment.

KEANE
Answer me, Latour! You are here to answer!

LATOUR
I - I felt I wanted to help take care of
the Colonel's estate...
(he is reaching for a
reason)
And there was no place else to go, so -

KEANE
(shouting)
Isn't this the real reason you stayed on
at Hindley Hall - that you wanted an
opportunity to make improper advances to
Mrs. Paradine?

LATOUR
(angrily)
No, no! I do not want anything to do
with her!

KEANE
You mean, you don't like Mrs. Paradine?
Perhaps you even hate her?

LATOUR
I have not said that.

(CONTINUED)

269-273 CONTINUED: (2)

269-273

KEANE

But you have revealed it clearly enough...
Did you at any time disclose to the
Prosecution your feelings towards my
client?

Farrell is now on his feet.

FARRELL

Really, my Lord. I insist that my learned
friend keep the defense within proper
bounds.

JUDGE HORFIELD

(interposing - in reply
to Farrell)

I agree with Sir Joseph. I must ask
counsel for the defense to avoid impromptu
interpretations of the witness's
replies... The jury will disregard Mr.
Keane's last remarks.

KEANE

My Lord, I protest. If I am not permitted
to do my best for my client, my handicap
in this case is really too great.

JUDGE HORFIELD

(sternly)

There is no handicap put upon you, Mr.
Keane. It is a lack of respect to the
bench to suggest such a thing.

KEANE

(hoarsely)

Very well, as I am not permitted to show
the reason behind the witness's hostile
attitude towards my client -

JUDGE HORFIELD

(interrupting cuttingly)

I must ask counsel not to question my
rulings.

KEANE

Very well, my Lord. I won't pursue it -
(he turns to his papers)

I won't pursue it.

(then to Latour)

Do I understand, Latour, that after that
quarrel on the night of May the sixth,
you never again saw Colonel Paradine
alive?

LATOURE

Yes, sir.

(CONTINUED)

269-273 CONTINUED: (3)

269-273

KEANE
But you did see him dead?

LATOUR
(after a moment)
Yes, sir.

KEANE
When?

LATOUR
saw his body several times, sir, after -

KEANE
(interrupting impatiently)
No, no! When was the first time you saw
him dead?

LATOUR
After Dr. Young left, I was told to clean
up the room.

KEANE
Who gave you these instructions?

LATOUR
(after a moment)
She did.

KEANE
Whom do you mean by 'she'?

LATOUR
(after a second)
Mrs. Paradine.

KEANE
While you were cleaning up the room, did
you notice the wine glass?

LATOUR
Yes, sir.

KEANE
Did it still contain the burgundy?

LATOUR
There were only a few drops in the bottom
of the glass.

KEANE
Oh, you say there were a few drops left
in the bottom of the glass?

LATOUR
Yes, sir.

(CONTINUED)

269-273 CONTINUED: (4)

269-273

KEANE

If you were told that Dr. Young examined the glass after he discovered that Colonel Paradine was dead - that he examined the glass and found it was clean, that it had been washed and dried, what would you say?

Latour is silent.

KEANE

Would you still hold to your statement that there were a few drops of burgundy left in the glass?

LATOUR

(firmly)

Yes, sir. I still say the same thing.

KEANE

(after a moment; quietly
and insidiously but
dramatically and slowly)

When did you wash and dry that glass, Latour?

LATOUR

(excitedly)

I never washed or dried that glass! I never touched it! I left it just where it was!

KEANE

You stated that it was Mrs. Paradine who sent you in to clean up the room?

LATOUR

Yes, sir.

KEANE

And that AFTER Mrs. Paradine sent you into that room, the glass had not yet been washed?

LATOUR

Yes, sir.

KEANE

Then Mrs. Paradine could not have washed that glass?

Farrell comes to his feet.

FARRELL

Really, my Lord. All this is most improper. I simply must insist that these questions be kept within bounds.

(CONTINUED)

269-273 CONTINUED: (5)

269-273

JUDGE HORFIELD

Yes, I noticed that the learned counsel was tending to make points rather than ask questions, but I was reluctant to interfere as I know how he resents interruption.

KEANE

(with heat)

I beg your Lordship's pardon. I resent no interruption that is valid. I only object to being interfered with when I'm performing my bounden duty to my client.

JUDGE HORFIELD

(suavely)

I think that it would be desirable if learned counsel for the defense let the witness speak entirely for himself.

Farrell, with a smile of satisfaction, sits down.

Keane takes the rebuke.

274 CLOSEUP - MRS. PARADINE

274

She turns her head in the direction of Latour, looks at him impassively.

275 CLOSEUP - LATOUR

275

He is wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

276 CLOSEUP - GAY AND JUDY

276

Gay is holding her handkerchief, very worried. Judy looks at her surreptitiously.

DISSOLVE TO:

277 MONTAGE - TILTED CAMERA AND OTHER ODD ANGLES (1 EACH) ON OVER THIS 277
WE HEAR THE FOLLOWING: KEANE -

LATOUR'S VOICE

I don't know... Yes, sir...
No, sir!

LATOUR -

KEANE'S VOICE

The truth!

MRS. PARADINE

LATOUR'S VOICE

(agonized)
I'm not sure, sir!

(CONTINUED)

277 CONTINUED:

277

GAY -

KEANE'S VOICE

(louder)

I said the TRUTH!

THE JURY -

FARRELL'S VOICE

I object, my Lord.

HORFIELD -

HORFIELD'S VOICE

I agree with you, Sir Joseph.

FARRELL -

LATOURE'S VOICE

(confused)

No... Yes... I think so...

THE CLOCK - reading 2:48

KEANE'S VOICE

(very loud)

THE TRUTH! ANSWER ME!

THE CLOCK - reading 3:15.

DISSOLVE TO:

278-280 MASTER SHOT AND CLOSE ANGLES - DIFFERENT FROM THOSE PREVIOUSLY 278-280
USED -

(NOTE: Starting about halfway through the testimony, it is suggested that the Closeups of Keane and Latour grow larger and larger, and that we cover the last two pages with an angle cutting off the tops and bottoms of their respective heads; and also with an angle that takes in only part of their faces, in order to emphasize Keane on the kill and Latour being trapped; and in order, further, not only to catch the expressions in their eyes, but to see the perspiration on both, and especially on Latour.)

At the beginning of the scene, we should get a sense of heat, since it is summer, and of a cross-examination which has gone on for a long time and is terribly wearing on everyone in the Court, most especially, of course, on Latour, and, secondarily, on Keane. The collars on both men should have wilted somewhat by the beginning of this scene. Latour's sleek and well-groomed appearance has undergone a little change, and his hair has fallen a little on his forehead. Keane, too, is not quite the dapper man that we have seen earlier, although he would, of course, not show the wear as much as Latour. Latour is no longer as self-possessed as he was. He has the appearance of one "expecting a terrible blow from fate."

(CONTINUED)

278-280 CONTINUED:

278-280

KEANE

I put it to you - Andre Latour - that
Colonel Paradine had a reason for his
rage with you that fatal night - a reason
that had nothing to do with the trumped-
up story you have told in this Court.

Latour is silent. It is clear that he is weakening as he lowers
his eyes and can't meet Keane's gaze.

KEANE

(as though pronouncing
sentence)

Are you aware of the penalty for perjury?

Latour still does not answer.

KEANE

(sharply)

Answer me!

LATOUR

(quietly)

I've told the truth.

KEANE

And if I put Mrs. Paradine into the box
to tell the Jury that she never said a
word to the Colonel about your leaving
his employ... what will you say then?

Latour half-turns his head and looks at the prisoner.

281 MRS. PARADINE

281

She is not even looking at him. She is still unruffled, the only
one in the Courtroom who has not shown at all any of the results
of the wearing ordeal.

282 LATOUR

282

He turns his head back to Keane.

LATOUR

(he lowers his eyes and
mutters)

I cannot help what others say.

283 BACK TO SCENE

283

KEANE

(loudly)

Speak up! What was that you said?

LATOUR

(almost shouting)

I cannot help what others say!

(CONTINUED)

283 CONTINUED:

283

JUDGE HORFIELD

(sharply)

You are in a Court of Justice. Control
yourself.

LATOURE

(he turns pitifully to
the Judge)

He -

(he lifts a hand, which
is shaking, and
indicates Keane)

he -

KEANE

I suggest, Latour, that you had ideas
about Mrs. Paradine scarcely consistent
with your professed devotion to her
husband.

LATOURE

I don't understand.

KEANE

I will make it more clear: Wasn't your
attitude toward Mrs. Paradine altogether
too familiar - for a servant?

Latour does not answer.

284 MRS. PARADINE

284

She is startled by the line this questioning is taking, and as it
continues she is horrified and angry.

285 BACK TO SCENE

285

KEANE

Was it at Hindley Hall or in London that
you first gave Mrs. Paradine occasion
to complain of your attentions?

LATOURE

It's not true! She never did!

KEANE

(leaping at this
ambiguity as proof
that his fishing
expedition was justified
and he is at last
getting the lead he
needs)

You're certain that she never complained?
You're certain she didn't threaten to
tell the Colonel unless you stopped?

(CONTINUED)

LATOUR

No!

KEANE

I suggest to you, Latour, that she only refrained from doing so because she knew how completely her blind husband had come to depend upon you.

LATOUR

I won't stand here and listen to these filthy lies!

(he looks around as though for escape)

JUDGE HORFIELD

(sternly)

You will answer the Counsel's questions properly.

(with a wave of his hand to Keane)

Go on!

KEANE

Is it not true, Latour, that you continued to persecute Mrs. Paradine with your undesirable attentions - in the belief that she would never dare speak to the Colonel?

LATOUR

No - she can't say that.

KEANE

And was she not at last, forced to go to her husband and beg him to dismiss you from his service?

LATOUR

No!

KEANE

And was that in fact the cause, and the only cause, of the terrible scene which took place between the three of you on the night that Colonel Paradine died?

LATOUR

No!

KEANE

(he is racing to his conclusions and to the denouement)

The Colonel knew, didn't he? Knew because she told him!... Isn't THAT the truth?

Silence.

(CONTINUED)

KEANE

Answer the question! Isn't that the truth?

LATOUR

(wildly)

(wildly)

I will not answer!

KEANE

Why? Because you don't want to admit he had trusted you - and you betrayed him?

LATOUR

No! I did not! She can't put it on me! She has told you lies! I hate her!

KEANE

Because she told her husband about you!

LATOUR

(wildly)

No! She did not. He found out.

KEANE

Oh - then he did find out?

LATOUR

Yes. I didn't want to tell about it. I did not want to hurt his good name. But you have spoken. You and she! Both of you! So I will speak now, too.

KEANE

(driving at him)

Go on!

LATOUR

He heard us.

(in agonized memory he closes his eyes for a moment)

KEANE

You mean, he heard you speaking improperly to his wife!

LATOUR

(painfully, defeated, almost with relief that it is out)

Yes.

KEANE

My Lord, I have finished with the witness.

Keane is about to sit. Latour continues talking almost hysterically.

(CONTINUED)

285 CONTINUED: (3) 285

LATOUR

It was she who dragged us both down! I
hated every moment with her - but God
forgive me, I could not help myself.

During Latour's speech, we CUT TO:

286 CLOSEUP OF KEANE 286

He realizes that this thing is going way beyond him and that he
must stop it. He talks over Latour.

KEANE

My Lord, this man is a confessed perjurer!
Must the Jury listen to this rubbish? He
has finally been forced to tell the truth,
and is now trying to involve my client
in his treachery.

During Keane's speech we CUT TO:

287 JUDY AND GAY IN THE GALLERY 287

They are both rather frantic. We hold them just long enough to
hear Gay say:

GAY

Oh, Tony'

288 MRS. PARADINE 288

She's looking with cold hatred at Keane.

289 FARRELL - 289

He is alert, looking from one to the other, realizing what Keane
has gotten himself into.

290 THE JURY 290

Held by the drama.

291 BACK TO SCENE 291

JUDGE HORFIELD

Mr. Keane, I might remind you that you
always create this over-emotional
atmosphere in Court. I cannot blame the
witness for his behavior... However -
(turns to the witness)
the witness will please desist from making
any further statements unless Counsel
for the Prosecution wishes to exercise
his right of re-examination.

292 QUICK CUTS 292

293 KEANE - 293

Pulling himself together.

294 FARRELL - 294

Smiling.

LATOUR - exhausted.

295 THE JURY 295

NOTE: It is suggested that we get a side angle of the Jury so that we can see more clearly a few of the foreground faces in profile, for this spot and elsewhere. We should see them for various cuts and various reactions: dubious, impressed, startled, etc., in accordance with the several developments.

296 MRS. PARADINE - 296

Staring coldly at Keane.

297 BACK TO ANGLE ON KEANE AND FARRELL 297

Farrell now rises as Keane looks in the direction of the Jury, then back to Farrell.

FARRELL

Latour, you have stated -

KEANE

My Lord. With all respect I submit that a transcript of this man's evidence be sent to the Director of Public Prosecutions, with a view to formulation of charges of perjury, which clearly he has committed, and -

(feeling his way and
fishing for a big red
herring)

and whether to such a charge might not be added a graver one - that of murder.

298 QUICK CUT OF LATOUR 298

He comes out of his exhaustion sufficiently to look at Keane, then at Horfield. He gives the impression of a trapped animal.

299 HORFIELD 299

JUDGE HORFIELD

Mr. Keane. You seem most anxious to usurp the duties of a Judge in this case. Proceed, Sir Joseph.

300 KEANE 300

Frustrated and rather frightened, sits down, looks over at Mrs. Paradine, as Farrell rises.

301 MRS. PARADINE 301

She looks back at him coldly.

302 KEANE 302

He is looking at her. He can't meet her gaze. Keane's Junior taps him, leans over to him. Counsel is obviously timidly suggesting something in a whisper, which we do not hear, but Keane shakes his head in the negative impatiently, and resumes his attention to Farrell.

DURING ALL THIS, we have heard Farrell go ahead with his re-examination.

303 BACK TO SCENE 303

FARRELL

Latour, in testifying as to what was heard by Colonel Paradine, you used the word 'us.' Do you mean by that that the Colonel heard you and Mrs. Paradine?

LATOUR

Yes.

He is still not fully recovered. He is leaning, slumped and exhausted.

FARRELL

Are you implying that you engaged in an adulterous relationship with Mrs. Paradine?

LATOUR

(deeply ashamed)

Yes.

FARRELL

And this had gone on for some time?

LATOUR

Yes. You now know what I did.

(he wails in despair)

I cannot live with the memory of what I have done.

(he lapses into his native French and cries out in French)

Dieu me pardonne mes peches. Je ne peux vivre avec mes peches. Je ne peux pas vivre en pensant.

(his head falls forward and he is silent in his agony)

(CONTINUED)

303 CONTINUED:

303

FARRELL
(sympathetically)
I understand your feelings perfectly,
Latour, but I shall have to ask you to
bear with a few more questions.

Latour does not answer.

FARRELL
Did you avoid the truth in your earlier
testimony because -

Keane jumps to his feet.

KEANE
(sarcastically)
Avoid the truth! The man perjured himself -

FARRELL
(interrupting)
Very well, Mr. Keane. I shall not quarrel
with your terminology.
(he turns back to Latour)
Did you perjure yourself -
(Keane sits down angrily)
earlier in your evidence - because of
your feelings for this woman?

LATOUR
(deeply ashamed and
finding difficulty
with the words)
Yes... I lied - because I did not want
the world to know what she was... his
wife... my Colonel's wife...

FARRELL
(insistently)
And also because you cared for her?

LATOUR
I never loved her... but I do not know
how to say it...
(he looks painfully
across at Mrs. Paradine)

304 MRS. PARADINE

304

For the first time we see her unable to meet his gaze.
She lowers her eyes.

305 BACK TO SCENE

305

LATOUR
tried not to, but -

(CONTINUED)

305 CONTINUED:

305

FARRELL
And you could not bear the thought of
her conviction on this charge?

LATOUR
(lowering his eyes)
Yes, that is so...

FARRELL
You did not want the world -
(he looks to the Jury)
and the Jury - to know what manner of
woman this is.

LATOUR
(eyes still lowered)
She is bad, but I do not want - I cannot
see her die.

FARRELL
That is all, Latour. My Lord, that
concludes the case for the Prosecution.

Latour remains stationary in the witness box. The usher goes to
him, taps him, and slowly, wearily, he drags himself out of the
box.

306 KEANE

306

He is staring at Mrs. Paradine.

307 MRS. PARADINE

307

Her head is up, her lips compressed. She is controlling her rage.

308 ANOTHER ANGLE

308

Latour walks down from the witness box. As he passes behind her,
he looks in her direction, his face full of pain, but she does not
turn around.

309 MRS. PARADINE

309

From his viewpoint - as he goes out.

310 LONG SHOT OF THE COURT

310

Keane is examining his notes, talking with his Junior.

HORFIELD'S VOICE
(from the distance)
We're waiting for you, Mr. Keane.

Keane rises to deliver his opening speech for the defense.

(CONTINUED)

310 CONTINUED:

310

KEANE

Members of the Jury, the woman who is before you in the dock is a foreigner - friendless and alone - in a strange country - but a country, thank heaven, that has always prided itself on its passion for justice. I had the intention to call before you numerous witnesses on her behalf, to speak of her character, of her self-sacrifice, a sacrifice made cheerfully by a beautiful woman while still fascinating and still young, in order to bring the light of her affection into the darkness of a blinded man. But after hearing the case for the Crown, we find so little to rebut that we have decided to call no witnesses, Members of the Jury, except - the prisoner.

He pauses. There is a stir in the court.

311 QUICK CUTS TO THE FOLLOWING: HORFIELD -

311

He leans forward in surprise and interest.

312 FARRELL -

312

He, too, is impressed. His Junior is whispering to him.

Farrell shrugs, obviously not displeased.

313 GAY AND JUDY

313

JUDY

He hasn't lost his nerve, I'll say that for him.

Gay is tense with nervousness. Her eyes turn from Keane in the direction of Mrs. Paradine.

314 MRS. PARADINE

314

Over this we hear:

KEANE'S VOICE

When she has been heard, I am confident that the decision of the Jury will be 'Not guilty,' and that the prisoner at the bar will be exonerated in the sight of all men from the monstrous charge brought against her.

Over the end of this, the track and the picture have

DISSOLVED OUT:

DISSOLVE INTO:

315 CLOSEUP - HORFIELD

315

Stifling a yawn. WE PULL BACK - Keane is still in his opening speech. He is at his theatrical best, seemingly without worry, "his voice powerful and persuasive, his manner serene..." But when we get close to him, we see that this is a mask, his see thing emotions and fears underneath.

KEANE

Colonel Paradine was not a well man. Many times his devoted wife had occasion to call in specialist after specialist. Were these actions probable on the part of a woman who had resolved to get rid of her husband?... In any event, in order to bring in a verdict of murder, the Prosecution must convince you beyond all reasonable and possible doubt, that Mrs. Paradine, and she alone, could have committed it...

KEANE

(continuing)

I shall not now detain you longer, other than to point out that there has been a strange lack of motive in the case presented by the Prosecution. Also, you have heard the evidence that Colonel Paradine died of poisoning, but the Crown has offered no satisfactory evidence as to where that poison came from. There has not been a shred of evidence of access to the poison by the defendant. On the contrary, it has been clear that if she had access to it, so did many others who are not on trial in this case. I will now ask the prisoner to go into the box, absolutely certain that when she leaves it there will be nothing left of the stain which the Prosecution - as I hope to show -has so recklessly and unjustifiably sought to place on her character.

316 GAY AND JUDY -

316

JUDY

(in a whisper to Gay)

He seems certain of acquittal.

GAY

(not looking at Judy,
her eyes staring at
Keane)

What do you think?

(CONTINUED)

316 CONTINUED:

316

JUDY
Wait till we've heard her story - then
I'll tell you.

317 LONG SHOT - FROM THEIR VIEWPOINT

317

WE SEE AND HEAR KEANE:

KEANE
I call the prisoner. Maddalena Paradine.

As she makes her way to the witness box, all eyes are on her. She is accompanied by one female officer. THE CAMERA moves slowly down as she crosses and stops on her as she takes the oath.

318 THE JURY -

318

They are all leaning forward to get a closer look at her.

It is obvious that everyone is fascinated by her.

319 HORFIELD

319

He, too, leans forward. He looks from her to Keane.

327 MASTER SHOT AND INDIVIDUALS

327

Examination of Mrs. Paradine by Keane.

Keane is entirely different in his manner with Mrs.

Paradine than he was with Latour. He is strong and towering, "kind but not soft." However, he has been through a great deal with Latour, as we've seen, and his appearance is harassed and no longer sleek. He has lost a great deal of his well-groomed look. He is still struggling with her fascination for him, tortured with jealousy, but - at least during the first part of the succeeding scenes - still the professional and experienced lawyer. She is cool and calm, covering the hatred she feels for Keane for what he has done to Latour - a consummate actress determined to save her own life, and thoroughly aware of the impression she must make.

KEANE
What is your name?

MRS. PARADINE
Maddalena Anna Paradine.

Throughout she speaks softly and clearly, without hesitation and seemingly without fear.

KEANE
Are you the widow of Richard Patrick
Irving Paradine?

MRS. PARADINE
I am.

(CONTINUED)

327 CONTINUED:

327

KEANE

What were your circumstances when you married him?

MRS. PARADINE

I was very poor. My life had been unpleasant and - unattractive.

328 GALLERY - GAY AND JUDY

328

GAY

(with some bitterness)

Truthful, isn't she?

JUDY

Very clever of Tony, you mean! He's just disarming the other side.

329 BACK TO SCENE

329

KEANE

Had you no fear at the thought of spending your life with a blind man?

MRS. PARADINE

I thought it a splendid opportunity.

KEANE

An opportunity?

MRS. PARADINE

Yes. I thought, 'I will be his eyes.'

Keane takes this, looks at her admiringly for her good memory.

KEANE

Did you find it difficult to care for a blind man? - to take care of him?

MRS. PARADINE

No...

KEANE

Was he never unkind to you?

MRS. PARADINE

Sometimes. But I understood. It was terrible for him, being like that. It was easy to forgive him.

KEANE

On the night of your husband's death, a quarrel took place? At your London home - in your husband's room?

MRS. PARADINE

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

329 CONTINUED:

329

KEANE
Would you tell the Jury what was the
cause of that quarrel?

MRS. PARADINE
I had spoken to my husband about his
valet, Latour.

KEANE
What did you say?

MRS. PARADINE
I asked my husband to find another place
for him.

KEANE
Why was that?

Mrs. Paradine does not answer.

JUDGE HORFIELD
Answer the question.

MRS. PARADINE
(after a moment)
I did not wish Latour to stay in the
house.

330 LARGE CLOSEUP OF KEANE

330

He looks at her. Again jealousy is overtaking him.

330A LARGE CLOSEUP OF MRS. PARADINE

330A

She stares directly at him. Her look is sultry and defiant.

330B BACK TO CLOSEUP OF KEANE

330B

KEANE
Why didn't you wish Latour to stay in
the house?

330C BACK TO CLOSEUP OF MRS. PARADINE

330C

Her lips are taut. She waits a second, then replies.

She is clearly trying to protect Latour.

MRS. PARADINE
I preferred he shouldn't be there.

330D LARGER CLOSEUP OF KEANE - JUST HIS FACE

330D

KEANE
(insistently)
But why?

330E MATCHING LARGER CLOSEUP OF MRS. PARADINE

330E

MRS. PARADINE
(after a moment,
reluctantly)
I did not like his manner with me.

331 BACK TO MASTER ANGLES

331

KEANE
What was it in Latour's manner that you
disliked?

MRS. PARADINE
I thought it sometimes - too familiar.

KEANE
Please explain exactly what you mean by
that.

MRS. PARADINE
(reluctantly)
He - he took liberties.

KEANE
(pressing)
Did he try to make love to you?

Mrs. Paradine opens her mouth to speak, closes it, is silent.

KEANE
(insistently)
Please answer. Did Latour try to make
love to you?

MRS. PARADINE
(reluctantly)
Yes.

Keane takes this, lowers his eyes for a moment. He brushes the
side of his hand across his head as though to wipe out his jealousy;
speaks again with some difficulty.

KEANE
And did you - or did you not - resent
that?

Mrs. Paradine looks at him with hatred; then after a moment answers.

MRS. PARADINE
(quietly)
I... did.

KEANE
And you complained about it to your
husband?

MRS. PARADINE
Yes.

(CONTINUED)

KEANE

What was your husband's reaction when you told him?

MRS. PARADINE

He was very angry. He rang the bell for Latour.

KEANE

Mrs. Paradine, you have heard Latour's version of the quarrel in your husband's room on the night of May the sixth. What actually did happen when Latour came to the room?

MRS. PARADINE

My husband swore at him and said 'You have insulted my wife.'

KEANE

And what did Latour say to that?

MRS. PARADINE

He broke down and said - he said that if my husband would forgive him, it would never happen again.

KEANE

(triumphantly)

So Latour's version of what took place is completely untrue?

Farrell rises.

FARRELL

My Lord, I object! My learned friend is once more deliberately putting words into the mouth of a witness.

KEANE

(with nervous anger)

I was merely asking a question.

JUDGE HORFIELD

The form is objectionable. I'm anxious not to intervene again, Mr. Keane.

(cuttingly)

You understand me, I hope.

KEANE

(sarcastically)

Your Lordship always makes his meaning perfectly clear.

JUDGE HORFIELD

Then kindly attend to my ruling, and do not let me have cause to repeat it.

(CONTINUED)

331 CONTINUED: (2)

331

KEANE

I hope I shall always take note of the ruling of a learned Judge, however much I may disagree with it.

JUDGE HORFIELD

Do not bandy words with me, Mr. Keane; and kindly go on with your examination of the witness!

Keane opens his lips as if to continue the argument, but shuts his lips, controls himself and resumes the examination with cold self-possession.

KEANE

Mrs. Paradine, you have heard Latour's evidence concerning the remains of the burgundy that were found in the wineglass - after the Colonel's death?

MRS. PARADINE

Yes.

KEANE

You sent him into the Colonel's room to tidy it up?

MRS. PARADINE

Yes.

KEANE

Was anyone with you when you sent Latour into the room?

MRS. PARADINE

Dr. Young.

KEANE

What did Dr. Young do?

MRS. PARADINE

He talked to me for a time, and then went to my husband's room.

KEANE

Was Latour still there?

MRS. PARADINE

No. He came out of the room and went downstairs while I was talking to Dr. Young.

KEANE

Have you heard of Dr. Young's deposition stating that he found the glass washed and dried?

(CONTINUED)

331 CONTINUED: (3)

331

MRS. PARADINE
I have heard that, yes.

KEANE
Then is this not true - that the only
person who could have washed and dried
that wineglass is Latour?

Farrell half rises.

FARRELL
My Lord...

KEANE
(interrupting)
All right...
(to Mrs. Paradine)
Could anyone else have washed and dried
it?

Farrell sits down with a sigh.

MRS. PARADINE
(after a moment)
I know what you are trying to make me
say...
(with deliberation and
slowly)
You're trying to make people think that
Andre Latour killed my husband.

332 LARGE HEAD CLOSEUP - KEANE

332

Showing big reaction.

333 LONG SHOT - COURT

333

The Court is astonished by this remark.

334 BACK TO SCENE

334

Keane recovers himself.

KEANE
(with forced calm)
I asked you whether anyone else could
have washed and dried that wineglass.

MRS. PARADINE
(after a moment)
Yes.

KEANE
(frightened but
determined to see it
through)
What do you mean by 'yes'? Who else could
have done it?

(CONTINUED)

334 CONTINUED:

334

Mrs. Paradine looks at Keane steadily.

MRS. PARADINE

I did.

KEANE

(almost bellowing back
at her)

You did?

MRS. PARADINE

(coolly)

Yes.

335 MED. ANGLE ON COURTROOM

335

There is a hubbub and general excitement.

336 ANOTHER ANGLE

336

JUDGE HORFIELD

It is my duty to warn you that you have
made a very serious admission. Would you
like to make some explanation of it to
the Jury?

KEANE

(staggered)

My Lord, with the utmost respect, I should
like to request time to consider this
turn of events. This piece of evidence
is entirely new to me and...

(he doesn't know what
else to say)

JUDGE HORFIELD

Mr. Keane, it is getting rather late -
and we've had a very trying session.
Would it be convenient to you if we
adjourn now?

KEANE

(a shade relieved, but
by no means recovered
from the blow)

I'm greatly obliged to your Lordship.

JUDGE HORFIELD

Very well. We'll adjourn until tomorrow
morning at ten-thirty.

337 KEANE

337

He takes a deep breath, looks in the direction of Mrs. Paradine.

337A MRS. PARADINE

337A

She is staring at him coldly.

337B KEANE

337B

He lowers his eyes, sits wearily down in his place, and lowers his head in his hands.

COURT USHER'S VOICE

All persons who have anything further to do before My Lords, the King's Justices of Oyer and Terminer and general jail delivery for the jurisdiction of the Central Criminal Court may depart hence...

DISSOLVE TO:

337C KEANE

337C

As he exits from the Court and passes by the glass partition of the dock.

337D MRS. PARADINE

337D

On the other side of the glass partition. She is beginning to descend the stairs.

DISSOLVE TO:

338 INT. KEANE HOME - HALLWAY - EARLY EVENING (IT IS SUMMER, SO IT IS STILL LIGHT.) 338

Keane enters, having let himself in with his own key, very wilted and depressed. As he does so, he is conscious of Judy coming downstairs. (She is in the same costume as in the Courtroom.)

GAY'S VOICE

(off)

Are you sure you won't stay for dinner, Judy?

JUDY

No, Gay - I really can't - I promised Father...

(she breaks off)

Hello, Tony.

KEANE

(looking up, sees her but is not very interested)

Oh, hello.

339 TWO SHOT - KEANE AND JUDY

339

Judy for a moment doesn't know quite what to say, then looks at him very sadly.

KEANE

(nervous, on edge)

What the devil are you looking so sad about?

(CONTINUED)

339 CONTINUED:

339

JUDY
Oh, nothing -
(then changes mood -
quietly)
I was there today.

KEANE
(he looks upstairs -
suddenly)
Was Gay with you?

JUDY
(coldly)
Yes.

Keane is silent and embarrassed.

KEANE
I suppose that was your idea?

He advances toward the living room, and Judy strolls along with him, CAMERA TRUCKING IN FRONT OF THEM.

JUDY
(candidly)
Why shouldn't she be there?

KEANE
(sarcastically)
I suppose you have your usual expert
comment to make on the conduct of the
case?

JUDY
(with no self-
consciousness)
Yes -

KEANE
(still sarcastically;
he goes to a table
near the wall, mixes
and drinks a highball
during the following:)
I'm certain it would be most helpful.
Precisely what I need at this moment.

JUDY
If she washed the wineglass -
(with a gesture as much
as to say "the goose
is cooked")

KEANE
(emphatically)
She didn't.

(CONTINUED)

JUDY

I hope the Jury sees it your way, but...

KEANE

(interrupting savagely)

She's trying to cover up that swine. If she did wash the glass, she did it because she knew he killed Paradine.

(he looks into the wall
and speaks with
violence, almost to
himself, and with a
gesture, with the glass
in his hand)

KEANE

(continuing)

And if only I had access to her while she's a witness, I'd make her say so tonight!

Judy moves away, lights a cigarette.

JUDY

Tony - you won't get angry if I ask you something else, will you?

KEANE

(with a bitter laugh)

Will it make any difference if I do?

JUDY

Why are you hammering away at that quarrel in the bedroom? That's what made her say what she did.

KEANE

(turning and approaching
her)

If you really want to know -

(defiantly)

or if your father wants to know - it's because I wanted to get at the motive.

JUDY

Oh?

KEANE

Latour's motive. He was in love with her and wanted to get rid of her husband.

JUDY

And what about your motive?

KEANE

(angrily)

What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

339 CONTINUED: (3)

339

JUDY
(approaching him)
You know, and I know - yes, and Gay knows -
that it's your jealousy that's making
you believe Latour's the murderer!

KEANE
(angrily)
What a nerve you have to say that!

JUDY
You wouldn't have handled her in the box
that way for any other reason... Why,
you treated her as though you were cross -
examining a witness for the prosecution!

KEANE
(turning on her coldly)
Look here, Judy. I've put up with a great
deal from you -

JUDY
(interrupting)
It's true, Tony. It's terribly
true...Somebody's got to show you! You've
got to save this woman - for Gay's sake!

Keane recognizes the truth of what she is saying and turns away in
torture.

KEANE
(with quiet bitterness)
If people like you will leave me alone,
maybe I still can.

JUDY
(her anger rising)
If you're left to your own devices, and
to your own stupid blindness, I'll bet
you one thing - Mrs. Paradine will be
hanged by the neck until she is dead...and
your career along with it! And if it
weren't for Gay I wouldn't be so sure
that that'd be a very bad thing, either...
Goodnight!

She flings out into the hall, opens the door and slams it.

Keane puts down his drink, goes into the hall, starts up the stairs.

KEANE
(calling)
Gay!

340 ANGLE SHOOTING UP THE STAIRS -

340

As Keane advances, from above we hear:

(CONTINUED)

340 CONTINUED:

340

GAY'S VOICE
 (cheerfully)
 Hello, Tony. I thought I heard voices.
 I'm glad you're home.

KEANE
 (with a sigh, cheered
 by her voice and
 attitude)
 So am I.

As he disappears up the stairs, we

DISSOLVE TO:

Note: Page 157 is missing from the original source.

341 EXT. - SECOND UNIT SHOT - OLD BAILEY

341

DISSOLVE TO:

341A INT. - OLD BAILEY

341A

SHOOTING across Counsels' benches at Judge's bench.
 Mrs. Paradine is standing in the witness box.
 Keane rises.

KEANE
 I have no more questions of this witness,
 my Lord.

Farrell, with his Juniors, is taken by surprise.

341B JUDY AND GAY - IN GALLERY

341B

JUDY
 (half to herself)
 That's funny.

Gay turns to her.

GAY
 What do you mean?

JUDY
 (brushing it off)
 Oh, nothing... I'll tell you about it
 later.

341C ANGLE ON FARRELL

341C

He rises. During his examination, Farrell is "almost seductive" with his dulcet tones and his softly inquiring voice. However, as the examination proceeds, his tempo accelerates and he is able enough to fire questions at her when he has her at a disadvantage.

(CONTINUED)

341C CONTINUED:

341C

At the outset, Mrs. Paradine is completely composed and has herself marvelously well in hand.

FARRELL

Mrs. Paradine... Latour has been described as having an aversion to all women. Did you find this so?

MRS. PARADINE

I don't think he cared about women.

FARRELL

But you had reason to believe that this - this a - what shall I say - woman-hater, had taken a fancy to you?

MRS. PARADINE

(after a moment)

Yes.

FARRELL

Was he, in your opinion, a most devoted servant?

MRS. PARADINE

Yes.

FARRELL

Didn't you feel his devotion was hypocritical?

MRS. PARADINE

(in a low and reluctant voice)

I - I do not care to say that.

FARRELL

(with a jeer)

You don't care to say that? Here is a man professing devotion to his master - and, according to you, secretly trying to make love to his master's wife. Wouldn't you call that hypocrisy?

Mrs. Paradine is silent. She looks questioningly over to Keane.

341D KEANE -

341D

He is studying her grimly.

342 BACK TO SCENE

342

FARRELL

Kindly attend to me! Do you or do you not believe that Latour was genuinely devoted to his master?

(CONTINUED)

MRS. PARADINE
I suppose so - yes.

FARRELL
These - attentions, on the part of Latour
had been going on for some time?

MRS. PARADINE
Yes.

FARRELL
(suddenly - sharply)
Why did you wait until that night to
tell your husband about the matter?

MRS. PARADINE
My husband was very fond of Latour. He
depended on him.

FARRELL
Did you think Latour was more important
to him than you, his wife?

MRS. PARADINE
No, of course not.

FARRELL
Then why didn't you complain of these
alleged gross insults much sooner?

MRS. PARADINE
I hoped to stop them without upsetting
my husband.

FARRELL
So you put up with these insults for a
long time?

MRS. PARADINE
(after a moment)
I spoke to Latour on several occasions,
and he promised to stop.

FARRELL
Did you seek assistance from anyone else?

MRS. PARADINE
No.

JUDGE HORFIELD
I must ask you, Mr. Keane, not to
interrupt Counsel. I will intervene if I
see reason.

Keane stands for a moment staring at him as Farrell proceeds.
Keane's Junior gently pulls at his robe, whispers something to
him, and Keane sits down reluctantly.

(CONTINUED)

342 CONTINUED: (2)

342

FARRELL

Let me repeat my question. Do you think
Andre Latour a very good-looking man?

MRS. PARADINE

Of course not. He is a servant. How could
I consider him in that way?

FARRELL

Even when Latour made love to you, as
you say, you never gave a thought to his
looks?

MRS. PARADINE

(softly)

I have told you.

FARRELL

Very well. Now I ask you on your oath,
Mrs. Paradine...did you not refrain from
complaining about Latour because you
were madly in love with him?

Mrs. Paradine moves sharply back as if she had been struck, then
moves forward again, and in a rage, facing Farrell - after a moment -

MRS. PARADINE

(in a heavy voice)

What you say is not true.

342A KEANE

342A

He takes this, lowers his head, closes his eyes. He knows it is
not the truth.

343 GAY AND JUDY - IN THE GALLERY

343

JUDY

(almost to herself)

She is the liar.

344 BACK TO SCENE

344

FARRELL

Were you not in love with Latour all the
time he lived with you at Hindley Hall?

MRS. PARADINE

No!

FARRELL

Were you not madly in love with him all
the time he lived with you in the house
in London?

MRS. PARADINE

Madly in love with him!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

344 CONTINUED:

344

MRS. PARADINE (CONT'D)
And yet I went to my husband and asked
him to send Latour away? Is that what
you think?

She laughs a bit hysterically.

344A LONG SHOT

344A

As her laughter comes over the court. All who are there watch her
breathlessly.

344B BACK TO SCENE

344B

FARRELL
Please stop making statements. You are
here only to answer my questions. Is it
not the fact that as soon as you
discovered that Latour took no interest
in women, you resolved to overcome that
indifference?

MRS. PARADINE
No.

FARRELL
And did you not finally succeed in your
objective, and induce this unfortunate
man who worshipped his master, to be
false to his trust, and betray that
master?

MRS. PARADINE
(her eyes flashing)
I deny that!

She sits down in the chair almost as though she were going to faint.
One of the officers touches her and whispers to her. She shakes
her head.

JUDGE HORFIELD
If you wish to rest for a moment -

344C MRS. PARADINE

344C

She brushes her head.

MRS. PARADINE
(with a sigh and a
pretense of pulling
herself together)
No, my Lord - I am perfectly well. But
these dreadful lies...

345 ANOTHER ANGLE

345

There is a moment's silence as Horfield signals to Farrell to
continue.

345A KEANE

345A

His hands are locked tightly together. He is staring at Mrs. Paradine.

346 ANGLE SHOOTING ACROSS FARRELL AND HIS JUNIORS

346

FARRELL

Now, Mrs. Paradine... were you in the habit of dining with your husband?

MRS. PARADINE

Of course.

FARRELL

Wasn't it an extraordinary thing for you to be dining downstairs alone while your husband was having his dinner upstairs?

MRS. PARADINE

No, it was not unusual. Sometimes, when he was not feeling well, he preferred to dine alone.

DURING THE LAST LINES we see the court attendant enter excitedly and whisper something to one of Farrell's Juniors. He in turn has told the Junior next to him.

Involuntarily they have spoken louder than would have been their custom during the examination, and we have heard them say, "No - I can't believe it!" "It can't be possible!" "It doesn't surprise me. When did it happen?" and "Late last night." All of this has been over Farrell's and Mrs. Paradine's last line or two.

Farrell, on his last line, has looked down at them, annoyed, but has gone on with his questioning.

346A HORFIELD

346A

He senses that something is wrong and looks forward, in the direction of Counsels' bench.

346B FARRELL AND HIS JUNIORS

346B

Farrell is in the process of leaning over and talking to them, engaging in a whispered conversation. Everything else in the court has stopped.

346C KEANE

346C

He is aware of something going on. He looks over at the Prosecution bench.

347 MEDIUM LONG SHOT

347

JUDGE HORFIELD

(testily)

Sir Joseph, is something wrong?

Farrell, somewhat confused, stands up again and addresses Horfield.

(CONTINUED)

347 CONTINUED:

347

FARRELL

My Lord, I would like to have an opportunity of considering what bearing this has on the case. I have just been informed that the witness, Latour, has done away with himself.

There is a great hubbub in the court. WE CUT immediately to:

347A MRS. PARADINE

347A

She takes this incredulously, horror-stricken, and rises to her feet.

347B KEANE

347B

He looks at Mrs. Paradine and involuntarily rises, the CAMERA with him. He looks in the direction of Farrell, back to Mrs. Paradine, then speaks quickly.

KEANE

My Lord. I submit that this has great bearing on the case.

(with growing conviction)

It is perfectly obvious why the witness has committed suicide.

It bears out my...

348 FARRELL

348

FARRELL

(interrupting)

I don't think so. You will recall that the witness himself said something about not being able to live with the knowledge that he had betrayed his beloved master.

348A QUICK CUT TO GAY AND JUDY

348A

Gay is aghast.

JUDY

(rather smugly and
bitterly)

That does it!

GAY

(agony in her face)

Oh, Tony...My poor Tony...

348B MRS. PARADINE

She is stunned, perhaps open-mouthed. She looks from Farrell to Keane, not knowing what to do or say.

JUDGE HORFIELD

(suavely)

I suggest that both Counsel recover their equanimity, and remember where they are.

(turning to the Jury)

The Jury will disregard the statements of both Sir Joseph and Mr. Keane and all that they have just heard. None of that was evidence.

(directly to Keane)

Mr. Keane, would you like to apply for an adjournment so that you may consider your position?

KEANE

(he doesn't know what to say for a moment, then:)

No, my Lord. On consideration I have no application.

(then forcefully)

But I will have my observations to make to the Jury in due course.

JUDGE HORFIELD

(drily)

We have no doubt of that, Mr. Keane. No doubt at all. Sir Joseph, does this affect the Prosecution to the degree to asking for an adjournment?

Farrell is in whispered consultation with his solicitors and Juniors. He rises and speaks suavely.

FARRELL

Oh, no, my Lord. I merely regret that the Court has been inflicted with additional sensationalism.

JUDGE HORFIELD

Then proceed, Sir Joseph.

Keane sits down.

FARRELL

Mrs. Paradine, you admitted yesterday that you deliberately washed the glass that contained the poison which killed your husband.

She is not hearing him. She is swaying in the box, all her thoughts on her dead lover. Over this we hear Farrell continuing, and we also CUT to him:

350 FARRELL 350

FARRELL
Why did you wash that glass?

351 MRS. PARADINE 351

She is obviously in a state of great emotion and is far from the court or the questioning.

352 FARRELL 352

FARRELL
Answer my question:
(slower and more deliberately)
Why did you wash that glass?

353 HORFIELD 353

JUDGE HORFIELD
(not unkindly)
You must answer the question.

354 MRS. PARADINE 354

She is suddenly aware of Horfield. She turns and speaks vaguely, as though half in coma.

MRS. PARADINE
I'm sorry... I didn't hear...

355 HORFIELD 355

JUDGE HORFIELD
(rather impatiently and incredulously)
Counsel has repeated the question once.

356 MRS. PARADINE 356

The tears come to her eyes. Whatever this woman has been, she has a deep emotion and passion for Latour, and the one person in the world she cared about is gone.

MRS. PARADINE
What does it matter now?... Andre is dead... The man I love is dead.

She raises her tear-stained face and waits.

357 FARRELL 357

FARRELL
(quietly, almost politely)
Will you tell us why you washed that glass?

358 MRS. PARADINE

358

MRS. PARADINE
I thought about it day and night... But
I didn't know how... I wanted to do it
so we could be free... So that Andre and
I could go away and live together as we
should. But Andre wouldn't help me - he
and his 'honor.'

359 KEANE

359

He rises.

KEANE
My Lord! -

360 HORFIELD

360

Horfield ignores him and addresses Mrs. Paradine.

JUDGE HORFIELD
I must warn you of the gravity of the
statement you are making.

361 MRS. FARADINE

361

MRS. PARADINE
Andre knew I killed the blind man... And
Re knew it... I didn't tell him, but he
knew it...

362 KEANE

362

His whole world has collapsed and he slumps down into his seat.
His Junior touches him sympathetically, but he is oblivious to it.
He looks down, covers his face, looks up at her, thunderstruck and
unable to collect himself.

362A HORFIELD

362A

JUDGE HORFIELD
Do I understand this makes no alteration
to the plea of 'Not Guilty'?

362B KEANE

362B

KEANE
(without rising)
None, my Lord.

363 LONG SHOT - COURT

363

The whole court is frozen into silence. Farrell goes into a huddle
with his Juniors, which we do not hear. The others also have their
heads together in whispered consultation. Finally, Farrell rises.

FARRELL
I think it quite unnecessary - to ask
any further questions, my Lord.

(CONTINUED)

363 CONTINUED: 363

He sits down.

364 LONG SHOT - WITH KEANE IN THE F.G. - LOW CAMERA ANGLE 364

(EVEN IF IT'S ON HIS BACK.)

Keane sits stunned. Horfield waits a moment, then speaks.

JUDGE HORFIELD

Is there anything further you wish to
ask the witness, Mr. Keane?

Keane rises.

KEANE

Mrs. Paradine...

365 MRS. PARADINE 365

MRS. PARADINE

(breaking in)

I have nothing more to say to you, Mr.
Keane. I loved Andre Latour - and you
murdered him. My life is finished. It is
you yourself who have finished it. My
only comfort is the hatred and contempt
I feel for you. Will you please leave
these people to make an end of me?

DURING THIS, CUTS TO:

366 GAY AND JUDY; ALSO GAY ALONE 366

They are staring and listening with horror, neither of them able
to speak. Gay looks from Mrs. Paradine to Keane, then back again.

367 HORFIELD - 367

368 BACK TO KEANE - 368

He is looking at Mrs. Paradine searchingly. He is evidently having
difficulty pulling himself together, but he manages to do so.

KEANE

My Lord, and Members of the Jury, I've
done my best. This case has already taken
its heavy toll -

368A HORFIELD 368A

He leans forward as though to interrupt, then, with an expression
of "what's the difference!" leans back.

369 BACK TO KEANE

369

KEANE
 in the life of Latour, in its burden on
 you, and indeed on me. I am more than
 ever conscious of my shortcomings.
 Everything that I have done seems to
 have gone against my client. But, Members
 of the Jury, you must not confuse my
 incompetence with any of the issues of
 this trial. Those are two questions apart.
 Two questions quite apart.
 (he now begins to break
 down)
 Many things have become obscured...
 (he starts to hesitate)
 in this trial...
 (SOUND EFFECT TOGETHER
 WITH MUSIC starts to
 convey the growing
 disorder in Keane's
 mind)
 Many things have become obscured...
 (the SOUND EFFECT and
 MUSIC rise to a
 crescendo)
 My Lord, I regret that I can go on no
 longer. And I request your Lordship's
 indulgence to let my friend, Mr. Collins,
 take over the conduct of this case.

DURING KEANE'S SPEECH, we have the following cuts:

368C-D GAY AND JUDY; ALSO GAY ALONE

368C-D

(Perhaps one of these could start in a TWO-SHOT and MOVE into a
 CLOSEUP of Gay)

We see the tears in Gay's eyes, and the agony at the terrible defeat
 of her beloved husband. Judy is also moved as she looks at Gay,
 then back again.

368E MRS. PARADINE

368E

She stands, head erect. As Keane condemns himself, a cynical smile
 comes into her face, but she soon relaxes again into the stony
 impassivity with which we had come to identify her before her
 confusion.

368F FARRELL

368F

As he listens to Keane. Even he is sympathetic and lowers his head.

368G HORFIELD

368G

He sits with no expression whatsoever, the impersonal figure of
 Justice.

369 KEANE

369

He starts to exit. His Junior is looking at him sympathetically. The court is stunned and there is silence as we PULL BACK and see Keane wend his way out of the courtroom.

DISSOLVE TO:

FADE IN:

370 INT. HORFIELD DINING ROOM - NIGHT - LONG SHOT

370

Sir Thomas and Lady Horfield are seated at dinner. The table is lit by candles. It is eight feet long. Horfield sits at one end and Lady Horfield at the other. They are taking dessert. We can hear the sound of heavy rain outside.

371 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT - LADY HORFIELD

371

She looks down at her untouched food and looks up nervously. Throughout this scene, she gives an occasional nervous little cough.

372 CLOSEUP - HORFIELD'S HANDS WITH NUT CRACKERS

372

He holds the walnut in his hand after he has cracked it.

373-377 MASTER SHOT - AND OTHER ANGLES

373-377

JUDGE HORFIELD

Have you ever seen a post-mortem examination, my love?

LADY HORFIELD

No, Tommy. Well, not exactly - I mean - no.

JUDGE HORFIELD

It is surprising how closely the convolutions of a walnut resemble the human brain.

He eats the nut and washes it down with port. Lady Horfield opens her mouth to speak; stops; then takes courage.

LADY HORFIELD

I wish you hadn't refused - that is, forbidden me... Of course, you were quite right - to attend the trial today.

JUDGE HORFIELD

Your coughing, my dear, might have distracted me. It was important that I should concentrate on Mr. Keane's performance.

LADY HORFIELD

Yes, of course...
(with effort)
I read about the trial in today's paper.

(CONTINUED)

373-377 CONTINUED:

373-377

JUDGE HORFIELD

That was very clever of you. What did it say in today's paper

LADY HORFIELD

Nothing. I mean, they had a whole page of it. They said that it might - that it might draw to a close tomorrow. How I shall pray that the verdict will be 'Not Guilty'!

JUDGE HORFIELD

Unfortunately, my love, your prayers will be too late to turn Justice aside from her course.

Lady Horfield is terrified and she plays with her hands in frantic nervousness.

LADY HORFIELD

But how can you know - that is - perhaps the jury... It hardly seems likely that the jury would...

JUDGE HORFIELD

They were out for scarcely half an hour.

LADY HORFIELD

Oh.

(a pause)

What did they say, Tommy? They couldn't have - Oh, no... Please, Tommy - I know you don't like to discuss these things with me, but please - what was the verdict?

JUDGE HORFIELD

It would interest me, my dear, to know how shrewd an observer you can be - how successful as a prophet. What do you think the verdict should have been?

LADY HORFIELD

Oh, they couldn't - they couldn't have been so cruel - so abominably cruel - as to want her - as to want her -

JUDGE HORFIELD

Must I listen to more of your silly pity for every scoundrel - man or woman - who cumber the earth?

LADY HORFIELD

(with sudden fierceness
and far-away fire)

I do pity her! Does anyone need pity more than the woman - who has sinned?

(CONTINUED)

373-377 CONTINUED: (2)

373-377

JUDGE HORFIELD

You forget that punishment is part of the scheme. And an extremely necessary part of it.

LADY HORFIELD

But doesn't life punish us enough? Doesn't it, Tommy? Why should we hurt each other?

(she stretches forward, awkwardly, and knocks over a glass. She pays no attention to it.)

We have no right to be cruel. If I am certain of anything, I'm certain of that.

JUDGE HORFIELD

(rising; coldly, quietly)

You have thrown over a glass.

LADY HORFIELD

(her fright returning)

Oh - Oh - have I? -

(she looks)

Oh, yes. How stupid of me! But I'm always so clumsy.

She picks up the glass and sets it down on the table, but so violently that the stem breaks. Horfield comes down to her exasperated.

JUDGE HORFIELD

Oh, give it to me!

He picks up the glass, takes it over to the sideboard, then looks around suddenly.

JUDGE HORFIELD

You've been talking even greater nonsense than usual tonight, Sophy. I'm afraid the trial has got your nerves. I suggest you go to bed.

LADY HORFIELD

will, Tommy. I'm sorry - I didn't mean to -

(then suddenly again)

Oh, that poor woman - how can anyone be certain? There's no absolute proof.

(distractedly)

Isn't there something - something you could do for her?

Horfield turns on her.

JUDGE HORFIELD

How dare you speak like that to one of His Majesty's Judges? You silly old woman! The jury decides questions of guilt or innocence.

(CONTINUED)

373-377 CONTINUED: (3)

373-377

LADY HORFIELD

I may be silly - but I love you, Tommy.
 I've - I've always loved you. And I can't
 stand - yes, you must know it - you must
 know it at last, after all these years -
 you must know how terrible it is to love
 a man who has to... Oh, Tommy - when you
 were young, you were kind. You know that
 Christ said - I'm sorry, Tommy - I can't
 help being religious. I tried not to be
 because you're not. I know you don't
 believe in anything, and I wanted not to
 be religious so I wouldn't offend you.
 But even if you're not religious -you
 can't - please - you can't remain on
 that bench and -

JUDGE HORFIELD

As long as I am on that bench I shall
 continue to do my duty...
 And, my dear Sophy, I have performed
 such a duty today... The Paradine woman
 will be hanged within three clear Sundays.

Lady Horfield is aghast. After a moment, she rises from the table and staggers toward the door. She goes out without looking at him. Horfield walks over to his place at the table, sits down again, takes out his gold toothpick, pulls it open, and picks his teeth under his other cupped hand.

DISSOLVE:

378 FLAQUER LIVING ROOM - DAWN

378

The lamps are on but the dawn light is coming through the window.

In the foreground Flaquer is seated idly playing with the chessmen. He is in pajamas, slippers and dressing gown.

Keane stands at the window, a half-finished highball in his hand. He is dressed as he was in the court. His clothes are rather awry, and probably his collar is open, his tie pulled down. His hair is somewhat dishevelled. He hasn't shaved in twenty-four hours. As the scene opens we see him in the background pulling up the shade to let in the dawn light. He stands for a moment looking out moodily.

FLAQUER

It's not the end of the world, Tony.

KEANE

(with a bitter smile)

Yes, I know. `These are the times that
 try men's souls' - and all that sort of
 thing...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

378 CONTINUED:

378

KEANE (CONT'D)
(he lowers his head,
wipes the back of his
hand across his forehead)
Among my other sins is the little matter
of what I've done to you.

FLAQUER
(attempting to minimize
it)
Well... We can't win every case.

KEANE
Next time you'll place your confidence
with more discretion.

He takes a big gulp of his drink, sets it down, comes forward,
lighting his cigarette.

KEANE
I suppose I ought to get out of here.
I've kept you up late enough.

FLAQUER
You're more than welcome. But I do wish
you'd at least telephone Gay. She must
be worried - worried to death.

KEANE
(with a bitter little
laugh)
Worried for fear I'll come home, you
mean... No, the least I can do for Gay
is to spare her the boring job of
'standing by' me.

He sits down in the chair, throws his head back or forward in an
attitude of guilt and confusion. Flaquer looks at him and comes
forward, stands over him in a fatherly fashion.

FLAQUER
Listen to me, my boy. You're not as wise
about everything as you may think. And
you mustn't despair. If there's one thing
I can't abide, it's despairing.

KEANE
What would you have me do? Hope for a
high court judgeship?

FLAQUER
Not for a while. But all this talk of
giving up the bar is just so much
poppycock. If I know anything about Gay,
there's nothing at all she wants at this
moment except for you to -

Over the last few words, from off stage we hear Judy's voice:

(CONTINUED)

378 CONTINUED: (2)

378

JUDY'S VOICE
(in a stage whisper)
Father...

Flaquer turns.

379 JUDY IN DOORWAY PRESUMABLY LEADING TO ENTRANCE HALL

379

She is in dressing gown, her hair down, obviously just having been awakened a few minutes before. She signals to her father. He goes to meet her. She whispers something to him.

(she is telling him that Gay has arrived)

FLAQUER
(quietly)
Oh... oh... Where is she?

Judy indicates with her head or her hand that she is just outside. He starts out, Judy behind him.

380 KEANE

380

His head back on the chair. He speaks without turning.

KEANE
Sorry to have been such a nuisance, Judy.
I'll be going in a second.

He leans forward, picks up the drink and finishes it. He rises as CAMERA PULLS BACK. He is adjusting his collar, running his hand through his hair. We see Gay enter alone.

She stands at a distance from him. Keane turns, sees her standing there and stops, without speaking.

GAY
(quietly)
Hello, Tony.

KEANE
Hello

GAY
(lightly)
You look terrible, Tony.

KEANE
I feel terrible.

GAY
What about having some breakfast?

KEANE
Do you mind? Thanks. As a matter of fact,
I was just leaving.

He goes to get his hat.

381 CLOSE ANGLE

381

He stops as he picks up his hat. His back is to her, he finds it difficult to speak.

KEANE

I'd like Baker to pack some things for me, and send them to -
(he doesn't know where to have them sent because he hasn't thought of that)

GAY

(quietly)
To the Club? Now you know you hate that Club.

KEANE

Yes, and I suppose the Club returns the feelings in kind. Well - I'll go to the Savoy and phone Baker when...

GAY

(interrupting and coming to him)
Tony, you really shouldn't have worried me like this. I waited up till all hours. I should have known you'd be here with Simmy.

(he doesn't answer)
was proud of you today -
(he laughs slightly, bitterly)

Yes, I was!... Darling - it won't be easy. There'll be those who laugh at you. And sneer. And I don't think the newspapers will be very kind.

(his back is still to her. She comes around to him, puts her hands on his shoulders)
But I know what you did. You tried to throw everything away - everything you had - everything you were so proud of - in a last wild effort to save her. It's been a wonderful career...

KEANE

(without looking at her)
What I did to you is the worst thing of all.

GAY

Tony...
(she takes a deep breath)
The most important moment in your life wasn't when you discovered - what she was - and it wasn't even when you stood
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

381 CONTINUED:

381

GAY (CONT'D)
 up there before the whole world and damned
 yourself...
 (he looks up at her)
 The most important moment in your life -
 (she drops her arms,
 takes on a tone of
 authority)
 Look at me, Tony! The most important
 moment of your life is now.
 (he looks at her)
 My husband is the most brilliant man
 I've ever known... You can throw away
 your career and become a -
 (she gestures
 deprecatingly; in a
 somewhat cutting tone,
 deliberately intended
 to snap him out of his
 mood)
 a beachcomber, if that's what you want.

KEANE
 (with a bitter smile)
 Maybe that's not such a bad idea.

GAY
 (moved and quickly
 changing back to her
 other tone)
 Oh, darling, don't you understand? I
 want you back on the job - just as fast
 as ever you can - and I hope you've a
 tough case - very tough - so that it
 will take the very best you have...

During this we have seen Keane slowly coming out of himself, his
 head rising almost imperceptibly, his shoulders going back. Gay
 strokes his face.

GAY
 (continuing)
 ...winning every verdict you're after,
 convincing...

Her enthusiasm is carrying her away and there are tears in her
 eyes. Keane's mood of defeat has gradually changed to one of
 embarrassment.

KEANE
 (interrupting)
 Oh, there you go again, darling, with
 your fancy ideas about me.

(CONTINUED)

381 CONTINUED: (2)

381

GAY
 (she abruptly stops
 stroking his face now)
 Incidentally, darling, you do need a
 shave.

KEANE
 (he strokes the other
 side of his face)
 Oh?...

FADE OUT:

THE END

5 INT. PARADINE DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

5

ADDED SCENE THE PARADINE CASE Retakes and Added Scenes Script
 11/25/47

CLOSE SHOT of the Colonel's portrait.

Over this, we will hear Mrs. Paradine's voice as she speaks to
 Inspector Ambrose who has walked over to ring the bell beneath the
 portrait.

MRS. PARADINE'S VOICE
 Do you like the picture?

THIS FOLLOWS KEANE'S FIRST MEETING WITH MRS. PARADINE IN PRISON

43 INT. FLAQUER'S APARTMENT - EVENING

43

ADDED

SCENE (NOTE: As it is summer, it is still light)

Flaquer is in dinner clothes. Judy, in dinner dress, is tying his
 tie.

JUDY
 So you think Tony was taken with her,
 eh, Father?

FLAQUER
 Now, let's not go on one of your fishing
 expeditions.

JUDY
 All right. Don't tell me... Y'know, Tony
 may be as good a lawyer as you think -
 but, boy oh boy, how he loves anything
 dramatic!

Flaquer is trying to light a cigar.

(CONTINUED)

JUDY

(continuing)

Oh, stand still, Father, if you ever want me to get this thing tied.

FLAQUER

The impertinence of young people today is appalling. If there is one thing I can't abide -

JUDY

I know - it's impertinence.

(she kisses his cheek
and moves over toward
her coat)

Can't you just see Tony giving another of his great performances - riding to the rescue of beauty in distress? How he must relish this!

FLAQUER

Well, if the case comes up before Horfield, he'd better not try one of those performances - or, I'm afraid he'll have his ears slapped down for him properly...Good gracious, we're late!
(he moves to get his
hat)

JUDY

Yes, we'd better hurry, or Horfield will take it out on poor Sophy.
(as they are starting
out; sarcastically)

Let's not miss a single word of His Lordship's reminiscences. But if I hear another word about his gay times in Deauville with Lady So-and-so -

PLEASE SHOOT SO CAN CUT HERE

FLAQUER

(clucking, and looking
back to his past)

Sometimes I'd like to do a little reminiscing of my own.

JUDY

(looking at him with
mock shock)

Father!

FLAQUER

(very correctly)

Oh, I'm referring to - uh, certain experiences before I met your mother, of course.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2)

43

They both laugh as we -

NOTE: In view of Miss Tetzels's unavailability from now on, cover above with enough angles to enable shortening the scene.

DISSOLVE TO:

43B INT. HORFIELD DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

43B

ADDED SCENE

PORTRAIT OF LORD HORFIELD ON WALL - mantel clock beneath.

61 INT. KEANE UPPER HALL - NIGHT - CLOSE SHOT GAY'S DOOR

61

ADDED SCENE

The angle takes in only the lower half of the door showing the light coming through the bottom of the door.

(This will cut in as Keane is about to enter his own room, turns and sees the light under Gay's door.)

89 INT. HINDLEY HALL - MRS. PARADINE'S BATHROOM (MATTE SHOT) - DAY

89

RETAKE

This should be a combination dressing room and bathroom.

We see evidences of the luxury with which Mrs. Paradine surrounds herself.

(As per Mac Johnson's sketch)

90 A-A INT. HINDLEY HALL - MRS. PARADINE'S BEDROOM - DAY

90 A-A

RETAKE

PANNING SHOT of lingerie on bed and luggage. (see film for matching)

Mrs. Paradine's lingerie is luxurious and in good taste.

Among other pieces, we should see a handsome negligee with fur cuffs. Beautiful slippers should be in evidence also.

(Original shot seemed to feature the luggage and you couldn't tell what some of the pieces of clothing were.)

91A INSERT - MUSIC SHEET ON PIANO

91A

ADDED SCENE

This will be a stationary insert - or CAMERA WILL MOVE IN TO

(CONTINUED)

91A CONTINUED: 91A
 THE TITLE: "APPASSIONATA"

119 KEANE HOME - TEA SCENE - INSERT - NEWSPAPER - DAY 119
 RETAKE

With a picture of Keane coming from Holloway Prison. The newspaper is on Gay's lap. She has been looking at it.

(Get another picture of Keane. Instead of a full-length figure, get a closer shot of him showing him kind of glowering.)

119A INSERT - NEWSPAPER - DAY 119A
 RETAKE

It is on the back of the chair Gay has just left. The angle is from Keane's viewpoint, and it should be very close to avoid "Greece" in the headline.

124 INSERT - NOTE FROM SOPHY HORFIELD TO KEANE - DAY 124
 ADDED SCENE

(to precede Art Gallery)

"My dear Mr. Keane:

I implore you to meet me tomorrow at four at the Albemarle Galleries. I ask your pardon for any inconvenience this request may incur, and I do entreat you to keep this meeting a secret.

Faithfully yours,

Sophy Horfield."

NOTE: ANN HARRIS to check on the signature