

Tempest, The

1943

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ESTIMATING SCRIPT

1860

THE TEMPEST

Screen Play

A Jean Renoir - Dudley Nichols Production

APRIL 17, 1943

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THE TEMPEST

ESTIMATING

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ESTIMATING

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FADE IN - DAY

- 1 FULL SHOT - A LIMOUSINE ROLLING along a highway that edges the sea. Beyond the car we see gulls circling above a small freighter that is steaming seaward, black smoke trailing astern. Very early morning.

LAP:

- 2 THE LIMOUSINE drawing up in front of a courthouse. A distinguished-looking man of fifty, whom we shall later on learn to be Dr. Erik Jameson, steps out and goes up the steps, entering the courthouse.

LAP:

- 3 INT. EMPTY COURTROOM. A janitor is sweeping up, court not yet being in session. Dr. Jameson enters from corridor, drawing off his gloves. Now for the first time we see him in near view and can observe the strength and intelligence of his rather handsome face. He speaks in a very crisp and cultivated voice to the janitor who is going out.

DR. JAMESON

Has Judge Randolph arrived?

JANITOR

Yes, Dr. Jameson. He's in his chambers.

Indicates a door at rear of courtroom, and then passes out into corridor. Dr. Jameson, on his way to the rear door, stops in front of the rail that closes off the judge's bench, his attention caught by the statue of Justice, blindfold and with her scales, which is set in a niche behind the judge's bench. He studies it for a moment profoundly and then, coming to some strange decision, goes on and opens the door of the judge's private chambers.

4. INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS. As Dr. Jameson enters Judge Randolph, a fine-looking dignified man of sixty, obviously of the same type and class as the doctor, looks up from his desk where he is going over a brief. Through the wide window behind the judge we see the sea stretching out to the horizon and the trailing smoke of the little freighter.

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE RANDOLPH
Good morning, Erik.

DR. JAMESON
How are you, Henry.

The judge rises and shakes hands with him. We see they are old and trusted friends. Randolph scans his face, seeing something of moment in that grave face. Indicates a chair for Jameson to sit down.

JUDGE RANDOLPH
Something on your mind? Isn't Monica well?

DR. JAMESON
She had an...accident. I've just come from the hospital.

JUDGE RANDOLPH
I hope it's not serious.

DR. JAMESON
(shakes his head,
strangely quiet)
I'm no longer worried about my wife, Henry - She is no longer in danger.

JUDGE RANDOLPH
(looks at him
queerly)
What's wrong, then?

DR. JAMESON
(quietly)
It's a matter of justice. I'm surrendering myself to your custody - I have committed a crime.

As the judge looks at him with speechless astonishment and sees he is deadly serious we -

DISSOLVE

5 LONG SHOT OF A PRISON - NIGHT. Just high stone walls, with corner buttresses, guards with rifles silhouetted against the night sky. Suddenly a siren is heard, then another, then a third, rising from growls to a screaming pitch. Searchlights jab into the sky, from one wall, then another. As the beams of light crisscross and search the darkness, sirens screaming -

LAP

6 LONELY HIGHWAY. Two headlights knife through the darkness and then we see a police car come racing around a curve and pass camera -

7 INT. POLICE CAR. Dimly we see two state policemen in the front seat, the light of the panel radio etching their faces. The police radio is speaking staccato:

RADIO

...believed to be heading south toward the city. The escaped convict, Paul Legrand is thirty-two years old, has light hair, blue eyes, and can be easily identified by his French accent --

DISSOLVE

8 SEASHORE - NIGHT. CLOSE SHOT of big breakers rolling in and crashing on the beach with the spray flying past camera. The wind is blowing a gale -

9 LONG SHOT - LIGHTHOUSE TOWER by the sea (MINIATURE). The wind whistles and whines as we see the beam of light sweep the stormy sea and flick for a second into the eye of the camera -

10 CLOSE SHOT - LIGHTHOUSE TOWER. The keeper, in oilskins, clings to the iron rail that encircles the platform just under the revolving light. He braces himself against the gale, peering seaward (past camera) and rain slashes into his face. We see the downpour of rain, the drops very bright, as the light revolves around past him, just overhead -

11 LONG SHOT - SHIP AT SEA (MINIATURE). It is a freighter, wallowing in the tempestuous sea - The beam of the lighthouse illuminates it momentarily and then it is hardly visible in darkness -

12 CLOSE SHOT - FREIGHTER - as she dips down in a trough and the bow comes up near camera the lighthouse beam comes on it again and we can for an instant see the name of the ship - VILLE DE BORDEAUX.

13 SEASHORE - SHOOTING DOWN the length of the beach in the rain and darkness we see and hear the great breakers thundering in -

14 LONG SHOT OF A PINE WOOD beside the sea. SHOOTING UPWARD we silhouette the nearer trees against the dark sky, the trees threshing and groaning in the whistling wind -

- 15 CLOSE SHOT - PINE TOPS thrashing in the gale, bending and whipping. Sound of the tempest.
- 16 EDGE OF PINE WOOD - NEAR SHOT of a great pine tree as it goes crashing down in the gale.
- 17 LONG SHOT of a lonely barn. A tree beside it crashes to the ground. Above the roar of the tempest we hear a heavy door swinging and crashing on its hinges -
- 18 NEARER SHOT of the door being jerked back and forth violently by the wind, crashing each time against timbers. Suddenly it is ripped from its hinges and goes crashing off with the gale. The next moment the dark figure of a man emerges from the open barn door and runs past camera into the darkness of the storm -
- 19 ROAD THAT WINDS ALONG THE SEA. We see the unknown man come running up to the highway, stop, look both ways uncertainly in the darkness, and then start walking swiftly to the right along the road -
- 20 HIGHWAY - CLOSE MOVING SHOT BEHIND THE UNKNOWN MAN. It is not raining now but the wind is howling, he has to brace himself against it. Then suddenly the beam of a motor car's headlights finger around a curve in the road ahead. The man stops abruptly as the light comes sweeping around. For an instant he is silhouetted against the growing light. Then quickly he gets off the road and -
- 21 CLOSE SHOT at side of road as he crouches down behind a bush at roadside. We see the beam of light coming now and growing stronger. Just ahead the high tide made by the gale covers a low point of the highway and as the car comes rushing toward us it hits the water and sends white spray high into the air. Then the car is past and the man gets up and steps back to highway -
- 22 MED. LONG SHOT - PINE WOOD beside the sea. The trees are threshing and groaning. The unknown man enters from behind camera and goes into the wood -
- 23 INT. PINE WOOD - The man is coming toward camera among the groaning trees when we hear a splitting sound, he jumps back and a tree crashes right in front of camera, shutting him from view -

LAP

- 24 CLOSE SHOT on some shrubbery. It is formal, compared with the uncultivated wildness of nature we have seen. It too is torn and shaken by the wind which shines and howls in the night. But suddenly there is a greater movement in the midst of the clump and the unknown man comes through it and stops close into camera and for the first time we dimly see his face as he peers through the stormy night at:
- 25 REVERSE - LONG SHOT of a fairly large stone house, surrounded by trees and shrubbery. All its large windows are dark except at the rear where the kitchen windows are bright. A driveway winds in from the shore road to the front of the house. All at once we see the headlights of a car as it turns into driveway and moves around toward the lighted windows of the kitchen at rear - (sound of tempest)
- 26 CLOSE SHOT - THE UNKNOWN MAN. He draws back into the shelter of the whipping shrubbery - (sound of tempest)
- 27 REAR OF HOUSE - WIDE ANGLE taking in lighted windows of kitchen, the small porch at rear, and the motor car which drives in close to porch and stops, its headlights bright in the darkness. The kitchen lights are turned off and we see a woman, wearing a hat and raincoat, come out of kitchen door and lock it. She hurries to the car - (sound of storm)
- 28 IN FRONT OF CAR'S HEADLIGHTS. The woman comes hurrying in toward car, coming through the glare of the headlights, and we glimpse her face - rather bold and attractive. It is Irene, the maid whom we shall later know. She hurriedly climbs into the car and it drives off -
- 29 CLUMP OF SHRUBBERY - CLOSE SHOT ON FACE OF THE UNKNOWN MAN half-hidden by the leaves. Sound of car in low gear mingles with the wail of the tempest. Then the headlights of the car throw a growing glare directly on his face and he swiftly draws back into concealment as the car swings round and passes. As he is in stormy darkness again, he emerges in the dim light, and as sound of car dies away he steps out and moves toward -
- 30 EXT. - REAR PORCH. The unknown man stealthily comes up on porch, tries the door, finds it locked. Tries window. Also locked. He searches and finds a gardening tool - (We have seen enough of this unknown stranger to recognize something strangely attractive about him - a strength, an animal-like grace of movement that suggests great physical power, and an intense adventurous face with unforgettable eyes, which have a dangerous light in them. Somehow he has contrived to get a good suit of clothes and is clean shaven.)

INT. DARK KITCHEN OF JAMESON HOUSE - SHOOTING
THROUGH a window, we see the silhouette of Legrand as he enters stealthily and tries to force the window open. But it is locked. As he vanishes, dimly seen against the bending trees, CAMERA PANS to another window and again he tries it. He pries at it and there is a snap as the lock gives way. Stealthily he opens the window and climbs into the kitchen. Reconnoitering, he strikes a match which blows out in a gust from the window. But the glimpse has satisfied him and he slides the window shut, silently. Then strikes a second match, looks around, spots the icebox, but first goes over to try the latch on the kitchen door. It is a spring latch and the door opens easily from within. Satisfied he can get out quickly he goes over in the darkness and opens the frigidaire. Instantly the light from the icebox illuminates his face brightly. Indeed it throws enough light to illuminate the whole kitchen, though leaving massive shadows. Methodically he examines the contents of the icebox and removes the remains of a roast from the icebox, sets it on a small table and begins eating, leaving the icebox door open for light. He is ravenous. But suddenly he hears a sound we do not hear and instantly he turns and listens, hardly breathing, his ears keen as a hunted animal's. Finally he is reassured and starts to eat again when there is a piercing scream of a woman from within the depths of the house. He galvanizes, puts down the meat, ready to jump for the door. Another scream, more terrified, and leaving the icebox door open he starts for the kitchen door.

(CONTINUED)

He is half out of the door when a girl in a dressing gown, her face white with terror, comes dashing into the kitchen and, in a frantic effort to escape out the door, she sees Legrand apparently coming in to her aid. With a cry of terror she seizes his arm and crouches against him for protection, just as a man who is in pursuit of her comes running into the kitchen with an automatic in his hand. Legrand gives the girl a hard shove and she falls against the wall as he springs at the man with the gun and hits him on the jaw in the same motion. The marauder, a well-dressed rather handsome man, staggers from the blow and the automatic clatters from his hand. Both men spring for the weapon. There is a hard savage fight, Legrand gets the gun, and the marauder escapes out the door. Legrand is aiming at him but does not shoot. He has acted instinctively, without thought. Now, breathing heavily, he has only one idea, to get away himself. Also he is glad to have the gun. He starts out, but stops to look at the girl who is sprawled unconscious on the floor where she fell.

- 32 CLOSE TWO SHOT. Monica Jameson is a beautiful woman in her late twenties. Legrand wants to escape but something in the helpless attitude of this woman, the delicacy of her beauty, arrests him, keeps him looking at her against all his instincts for self-preservation. Suddenly he stoops down and tries to rouse her. For the first time we hear his accent and know beyond all doubt he is the escaped convict.

PAUL

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hurt you.

There is no stir nor answer and, acting almost automatically, against all thought of his own safety, he picks her up in his arms and goes into the other room -

- 33 INT. HALL. The staircase is dimly lighted by the light from a bedroom doorway above. We see Legrand carry the woman up the steps -

- 34 INT. MONICA'S BEDROOM. He enters and lays her carefully on the bed. He rubs her wrists and speaks softly to her again, worried.

PAUL

Don't be afraid. I won't hurt you.

But she doesn't stir. Now his instincts of escape for himself come to the fore, and he looks around uneasily, sees a telephone that has dropped to the floor beside the bed in the woman's attempts to reach it. He picks it up, sets it on the bedside table, puts the receiver to his ear and listens a moment, then lays it carefully back. It is the telephone that makes him realize he had better get out of there quickly, perhaps someone has heard.

(CONTINUED)

The woman stirs and moans half-consciously, a kind of terror in her voice.

MONICA

Father! Father!

Quickly Paul starts for the hall door, to escape before she becomes conscious, but as he reaches the door the girl moans frantically:

MONICA (cont'd)

Father! Wait! Don't leave me!

35 CLOSE SHOT ON PAUL'S BACK as he halts in doorway. Before him lies the stairway and escape. But the girl's moaning voice holds him.

MONICA'S VOICE

Don't go! Father!

Slowly he turns and looks around INTO CAMERA and again something about this beautiful, delicate, helpless woman draws him. He goes back -

36 MED. SHOT MONICA on the bed, struggling out of her coma now, as Paul comes back and leans over her, looking at her with strange curiosity. Some old remembered terrors are in her face now, not merely the fright of her encounter with the burglar. He leans close, murmuring reassuringly.

PAUL

You're all right. Don't be afraid.
I'm going now.

At that moment consciousness returns, but a dazed half unreal consciousness, and with a cry she begins crying as she puts her arms around him.

MONICA

Father! Oh, I thought --

Then her eyes open wide and she flinches back at sight of a strange man. She looks as if she is going to scream and Paul is frightened, and he speaks swiftly and reassuringly.

PAUL

It's all right, don't be afraid.
You're quite safe -

She draws the wrapper closely about her throat, staring at him a little wildly as she whispers:

MONICA

Who are you?

PAUL

My name is Paul -
(hesitates,
then goes on
reassuringly)
I heard your scream.

We see by her eyes that it all returns to her now.

MONICA

Yes - you came in the kitchen door -
(looks around
apprehensively)
Where is he?

PAUL

Don't be afraid - he's gone.
(puzzled himself)
Who was it?

MONICA

I don't know. I woke up and he
was in this room -
(shivers)
He had a gun.

PAUL

I know. I took it away from him -
(takes it out
of his pocket
and offers it
to her for
reassurance)
Here, take it. - Then you won't
be afraid.

But the gun terrifies her and she flinches away from it.

MONICA

No. No.

PAUL

Is your father away?

There is a strange reaction in her face at the word
father again. She looks at him, her eyes dilating, as
she whispers:

MONICA

My father?

PAUL

I mean, are you alone?

MONICA

(nods, watching
him with wide
eyes)
I let Irene go to town. Her
mother is ill.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

Irene?

MONICA

My maid -

(puts her hand
to her forehead
as if trying to
collect her
thoughts)

I took a sleeping tablet -

(with the
expression of
a guilty child)

When my husband's home I'm not
allowed to take them. He won't
even have them in the house -

I borrowed them from Irene.

Paul is attracted by the beauty and strangeness of this
girl but his eyes flicker at the mention of her husband,
and he is jerked back to reality - he must escape.

PAUL

Your husband shouldn't leave
you alone. A house like this,
all by itself, attracts thieves.

(looks casually
at telephone)

Did you phone the police?

MONICA

(shakes her head
apprehensively)

I tried to. I didn't get the
operator.

PAUL

(relieved)

Well, you're all right now. I
must go.

(offers his hand,
with a smile)

Go back to sleep. Don't be
afraid.

But she clings to his hand, looking frightened again as
she gets up nervously.

MONICA

I'm frightened.

PAUL

Of what?

MONICA

(with dread)

That thief. If he comes back.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

(with the sureness
of a man who knows)
He won't come back. They never
come back - he'll think I was
your husband.

(smiles)

A thief would be a fool to hang
around here after the way you
screamed.

(pats his pocket)

Besides, I've got his gun.

MONICA

(anxiously)

But how did he get in?

PAUL

(with a sense
of humor)

If somebody didn't let him in
the front door the chances are
he broke in a kitchen window.
It isn't hard if you know how
to do it.

MONICA

Are you a detective?

PAUL

(shakes his head)

I'm a mechanic.

(with a faint smile)

I know windows. Come on, I don't
want you to worry - We'll find
out how this thief got in.

He starts for the door and she follows him, her face
lighting up with relief -

37 EXT. - LONG SHOT HOUSE. We see the windows of room
after room blazes into brightness, first upstairs, then
downstairs - all except the kitchen at rear -

38 INT. KITCHEN. The icebox door is still open and it dimly
illuminates the room where the fight took place. Paul
enters with Monica who switches on the light. Instantly
the room is blazing bright. Paul steps to the window
through which he himself entered and slides it up,
Monica watching anxiously.

PAUL

(triumphantly)

You see?

MONICA

Irene must have left it unlocked.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL
(examining)
No, the lock is snapped. I told
you they're not strong. Just a
little prying -
(from the outside
of the window
sill he picks up
a gardening tool
a couple of feet long)
Here's what he used. See?

MONICA
(as he shuts window,
anxiously)
I'd better call the police.

PAUL
No, no - I'll fix it.

He jams the gardening tool between the two window sashes
so that the window cannot be opened again from the
outside. He smiles at her reassuringly.

PAUL
That's better than a lock.

They look around the kitchen, at the open icebox and
then the meat on the table. They look at each other
and he shrugs.

PAUL
Looks like he had a meal.
(steps over and
looks at the
meat, then picks
up a fragment and
tastes it with
humor in his eyes,
hiding his real hunger)
Mmmm. Irene?

MONICA
(for the first time
she smiles a little)
Yes, she can cook.

PAUL
(dryly)
Are you hungry?

MONICA
I'm - I'm nervous.

PAUL
(quickly solicitous)
The best thing for that is food.
(draws chair to table)
You sit down. Right here.

(CONTINUED)

43
And he begins fixing the table, as she watches him strangely. Quickly and adeptly, he has milk and other things out of the icebox and onto the table. He pours her a glass of milk and puts meat on her plate and is already eating hungrily.

PAUL
(as to a child)
You drink your milk.

But she only takes a sip and fingers the glass, watching him curiously as he eats voraciously, paying little attention to her now.

MONICA
It's so strange...

PAUL
(eating)
Mmm?

MONICA
I mean the way you suddenly appeared.
I was so terrified - I didn't think
there was anybody within a mile of
our house - and then...
(suddenly finding
it very curious)
Did you come in a car?
(he nods, eating
hungrily, as she
puzzles about it)
Were you coming to see Dr. Jameson?
(he looks at her,
trying to figure
this one out)
My husband.

PAUL
(his eyes flicker;
he feels danger
in her sudden
curiosity; he
motions off vaguely,
his voice casual)
My car broke down - I lost my way.

MONICA
(watching him as
he goes on eating)
You're French, aren't you.

PAUL
(eating)
Mmmm.

MONICA
(a strange mood
possessing her)
I love France. I spent the
happiest years of my life in
France when ... when my father
was living...

CONTINUED)

Monica falls silent, swept into memories of some personal tragedy, her eyes strange.

PAUL
(curiously,
looks at her)
Your father's dead?
(she nods, her
eyes suddenly
tragic)
I thought at first he was in
the house.

MONICA
(looks at him,
startled)
What makes you say that?

PAUL
Because you were calling him -
for help.

She makes no reply. Then, after a moment, queerly.

MONICA
Sometimes I feel he is in the
house. Wherever I am.

PAUL
(studying her face)
I've never seen a woman like
you before.

MONICA
(gravely)
I've never met a man like you
before. Who are you?

PAUL
I told you. I'm a mechanic.
Who are you?

MONICA
Monica Jameson.

PAUL
(repeats it as
if the sound
pleased him,
watching her)
Monica...It's nice.

MONICA
(to dispel the
attraction she feels)
Have you never heard of Dr. Jameson?

He shakes his head, watching her.

MONICA (cont'd)
He's a psychiatrist.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL
(his brow puckers)
What's that?

MONICA
He cures people who are ill here -
(she touches
her forehead)

PAUL
Crazy people?

MONICA
(shakes her head)
Sick people. Aren't we all strange?

PAUL
Not me.
(deciding it's
time to go)
You drink your milk and get to bed.

MONICA
I'm not sleepy.

PAUL
Drink your milk.

MONICA
I'm not hungry.

PAUL
(like a stern parent)
You - drink - that - milk!

She drinks, very obediently, but stops half way.

PAUL (cont'd)
Go on! All of it!

She finishes the glass though it is an effort.

PAUL (cont'd)
Good girl!
(gets up and
puts out his hand)
Tell Irene thanks for the food.
Goodbye, Monica.

As she looks at him, dreading to be alone again, the
lights suddenly go off - and she exclaims with fear.

PAUL
Don't be scared -
(strikes a match
and we see them
again in the flaring
light, Monica
holding to his arm)

(CONTINUED)

MONICA

(nervously)

What is it - a fuse?

PAUL

They're off in the other room, too.

He looks around by the light of the match, sees a large switchbox on the kitchen wall and goes to it -

39 CLOSE SHOT PAUL as he strikes another match, Monica entering beside him as he opens the box, and we see the main switch and fuse box. He opens and closes the heavy knife switch without effect, then peers at the fuses.

PAUL

Looks like the power's gone off.
Have you got a candle?

MONICA

They're in the living room.

The match is burning out and he lights another from it, and as it flares up he goes toward living room, Monica following -

40 INT. LIVING ROOM. It is in total darkness as we see them enter, Paul holding the match. Monica leads him to a candelabra and he lights the three candles on the living room table. Then he lights another match and she guides him over to the grand piano and he lights another three-branched candlestick. Now the room is fairly light.

PAUL

Now you're all right.

MONICA

Don't leave me until the police come.

PAUL

Police?

MONICA

I'll telephone. They'll send an officer -
I just can't be here alone tonight.

PAUL

(uneasily)

What are you afraid of?

MONICA

(strangely, possessed
by unknown fears)

I don't know. When I feel like this
I just can't be alone - I shouldn't
have let my maid go out.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL
(puzzled)
You're very strange.

MONICA
(full of dread)
I begin to live it all over
again - at certain times.

PAUL
What?

MONICA
Oh, I don't want to talk about it.
I must have someone here -

She moves to the telephone and he follows her, very
uneasy.

PAUL
Wait - if something's worrying you, I'll
stay here till your maid comes back.

MONICA
(shakes head)
Irene won't return until morning.

She picks up receiver and begins dialling. We see a
dangerous change in Paul's face as he comes in close
behind her NEAR CAMERA. He fights down an impulse to
tear the telephone out of her hand. He looks like a
trapped animal. Suddenly he reaches out, but instead of
seizing the phone, presses down the switch button,
cutting the connection.

PAUL
I'll stay.

MONICA
(surprised)
Thank you - but why not call the police?

PAUL
Don't you trust me?

MONICA
(looks at him
curiously)
It's very strange - but I do.
(puts receiver back)
Usually I'm very nervous around strangers -
around anyone I haven't known for a long
time. That's why we're living here. But
with you I feel very secure - I don't know
why.

PAUL
(smiles disarmingly)
I'll tell you why - because we both love
France. I'll tell you a secret - for
five years I have thought about nothing
but how to get back to my country.

(CONTINUED)

MONICA
(looks at him
with surprise)
But is that so difficult?

PAUL
If you're not lucky - yes.
(smiles her
wonderment
aside)

Now be a good girl - Go up to
your room and go to sleep -
I'll stay here and be your
policeman.

MONICA
But I'm wide awake. I couldn't
sleep. Shall we have some
music?

PAUL
(a little
wearily)
Sure.

MONICA
I'll try the radio.

PAUL
(hastily,
intercepting
her)
No, no - not the radio.
(then, with
relief)
Anyway - the power is off.

MONICA
Oh, of course. I'll play for
you.
(goes to piano)
What kind of music do you like?

PAUL
I - uh - I like waltzes.

MONICA
(in a gay mood
now)
So do I.

She sits down at the piano and begins playing
beautifully a Chopin waltz. She is indeed a gifted
musician. Paul moves over to the piano.

41 MED. CLOSE TWO SHOT as she plays with abandon and Paul
stands listening and watching her with a puzzled face,
amazed by her skill but not understanding the music at
all. In fact he has never heard Chopin, it is music
from a world he has never glimpsed or known. She looks
up at him, playing, her face glowing with a strange
happiness.

MONICA
You like it?

PAUL
(nods, a bit
confusedly)
Is it a waltz?

MONICA
(speaking the
word with love)
Chopin!

PAUL
Oh - French.

MONICA
No. Polish. But he too loved France.
He lived there all his life.
(playing)
I always think of my father when I
play this - It was his favorite. Doesn't
it make you dream of ... things?

PAUL
(fumbling at his own
feelings, things never
awakened in him before)
Yes...it's...like looking out of
a - a dark cage -
(his hands grip
imaginary bars,
like a prisoner
at a window)
-and watching a bird flying - and then
it rains and it flies away.

MONICA
(laughs delightedly,
playing)
But it is the rain! That's how Chopin
came to compose it. He was waiting for
somebody in the rain.

PAUL
Who?

MONICA
Somebody he loved.

She finishes the piece with beautiful feeling and looks
glowingly at his wondering face. She suddenly realizes
that he has never heard this sort of music.

MONICA (cont'd)
You never heard it before, did you?

PAUL
No.

PAUL (cont'd)

(walks a little
and she watches him
strangely; then he comes
back to her)

You told me you trust me. I trust you,
Monica. Soon you will say good night - and
when you wake up tomorrow, I'll be gone -

(takes her hand,
with much feeling)

You won't tell anybody I was here.
Not your husband - not your maid -
Nobody!

(she looks at him
incredulously
and his voice
is urgent)

Please. Promise me.

Before she can answer, the doorbell rings sharply from
the hallway and he starts. They look at each other.
The bell rings sharply again, then there is a knocking
and a man's voice shouts from outside:

VOICE

Mrs. Jameson! Police!

PAUL

(as she rises)

Please.

He watches her as she takes a candlestick and goes past
him out through the portiers into hallway. Paul, now
in a dimmer light, slowly reaches in his pocket and
takes out the automatic which he took from Monica's
assailant. He stands holding it, unmoving.

42

INT. HALLWAY. MED. SHOT FRONT DOOR as Monica, holding
the candlestick, unlocks the door, and opens it to
reveal two radio car policemen. The candles jump in
the wind and blow out and the policeman turns on his
flashlight.

POLICEMAN

Excuse me, Mrs. Jameson - we were driving
past on the road below when we saw the
whole house go dark.

MONICA

Yes, the power went off.

POLICEMAN

Guess the line must have blown down.
Mighty stormy night. Just wanted to
make sure you're all right.

2ND POLICEMAN

We saw in the paper Dr. Jameson's
out of town - so we thought we
better keep an eye on the house.

MONICA

Thank you.

POLICEMAN

Mind if we take a look around the grounds before we go?

MONICA

Oh, no. Not at all. Good night.
Thank you.

POLICEMEN

Good night, ma'am.

Monica closes the door against the blustery wind, hesitates a moment, now in dim light herself - then goes back into living room -

43

INT. LIVING ROOM. Paul has got the other branched candlestick from the table and has set it on the piano as Monica enters from the hallway. He stands watching her but she doesn't look at him as she sets down her candlestick and lights the candles again, very tense and pale. Nervously she goes and sits down at piano, Paul watching her silently. She begins playing something strange and restless by Debussy. But she knows Paul's probing gaze is on her and abruptly she breaks off and rigidly looks at her hands on the keyboard.

PAUL

(quietly)

Now you're afraid of me.

MONICA

Yes.

PAUL

Call them back. They'll be outside.

MONICA

(after a moment)

I can't.

PAUL

(abruptly)

What kind of man is your husband?

MONICA

(looks up at him,
startled)

Very different from you.

PAUL

What is he like?

MONICA

(face pale, voice low)

He's a very fine man. A wonderful man.
When my father was killed he saved my life.

ml

(CONTINUED)

PAUL
(startled, as if
it brought up some
evil memory he wants
to keep out of mind)
Your father was murdered?

MONICA
(shakes head,
near tears)
An accident. He was everything in
the world to me - I didn't want to live.

PAUL
(baffled)
And this doctor - he made you want
to live?

MONICA
Yes.

PAUL
(very puzzled)
How?

MONICA
With his mind!
(seeing his confused
expression she speaks
with intensity, as
if defending her
husband against a
man who stands for
the physical world)
He's a great man! He not only saved my
life - he's saved thousands of people.

PAUL
But how?

MONICA
(with intensity)
By being human! He knows what goes on
inside a human being. A human being is
a strange thing - I told you. Do I
know everything that goes on inside me?
Do you know what goes on inside you?

PAUL
Sure I know myself. I don't need any
doctor.

MONICA
(looks at him)
I wonder.

PAUL
(a little defiantly)
You don't know anything about me.

MONICA

I wonder why I'm curious.

PAUL

(sharply,
touching his forehead)
People like me can't afford to
get sick here. That's for rich people.

MONICA

Do you think rich people don't suffer?

PAUL

They're not hungry.

MONICA

(suddenly touched, looks
at him, seeing deeper)
Were you hungry tonight?

PAUL

Yes.

MONICA

(after a moment)
I'm sorry.
(looks at him frankly)
Do you need money?

PAUL

Not from you.

MONICA

Why not from me?

PAUL

I don't know.

MONICA

(watching his
frowning face)
I'm afraid I've been stupid. You're
very tired. Why don't you lie
down and rest?

PAUL

(looks at her strangely)
I'd like to hear some more music.

Without a word she begins to play again. Paul sits down on a divan near piano, and after a moment leans back on the pillows, lulled by the unaccustomed luxury of the soft couch. Monica keeps glancing at him, playing more and more softly. Finally she stops and looks at him. He doesn't move, he is asleep. Slowly she gets up from the piano and moves over to the divan -

44 CLOSE SHOT as she looks down at him. He is sleeping²⁴
peacefully like a child. She just whispers:

MONICA

Paul.

But he doesn't stir.

45 FULL SHOT as Monica blows out all but one candle, goes over to another sofa and curls up on it, watching the sleeping man with a strange brilliance in her eyes -

DISSOLVE

46 A FORK IN THE ROAD near the Jameson estate. Just before daybreak. There are the headlights of an approaching motor car and in their sweeping glow we see two policemen come up on the road from opposite sides, out of darkness. They wait as the car drives in and stops. It is a police car, with two officers besides the driver. We see the two men come around out of the glare of headlights and talk in low murmurs with the three in the car. Then two men get out of the car, the two who have been searching all night climb in, and as the car turns and goes back the way it came, we see the two replacements move off the road in opposite directions, into darkness, to continue the search for the escaped criminal.

47 FULL SHOT - INT. LIVING ROOM - JAMESON HOUSE. A grandfather clock is slowly striking four in the hallway. Paul stirs and slowly sits up on the divan as he wakes. He looks over at the other sofa where Monica is curled up asleep. Realizing his danger he stealthily gets up and tiptoes over to the couch -

48 NEAR SHOT - MONICA asleep on the couch as he tiptoes in and looks down at her for a moment. He whispers to find out if she is sleeping soundly, almost a caress in his voice:

PAUL

Monica.

She doesn't stir, breathing softly as a child, and he takes the burning candle from the candlestick and tiptoes stealthily into the hall -

LAP

49 INT. MONICA'S BEDROOM. Now his manner is that of a thief as he looks swiftly around the charmingly furnished and extremely feminine room. He goes straight to a chest of drawers near the bed.

50 CLOSE SHOT PAUL as he softly opens the top drawer. Doing so, he finds himself looking straight into the photographed face of a man whom we recognize as Dr. Erik Jameson, a cabinet photograph in a silver frame on the chest of drawers. For a long moment he stares at that face. Then, tearing his gaze away, he opens the drawer and looks in. Lifts out a woman's purse, looks at it, then puts it back again and softly closes drawer. Sees a door leading to an adjoining bedroom and goes to it -

51 INT. DR. JAMESON'S BEDROOM as Paul steps in stealthily and looks around. The room is in complete contrast with the femininity of Monica's room - very masculine and plain, with many books, even piled on the bedside table. Paul's practised eye immediately spots a small wall safe near the bed and he goes straight to it -

52 CLOSE SHOT PAUL as he swiftly examines the wall safe, puts his ear to it and deftly turns the combination, listening for the inaudible click of the tumblers as they fall. After a few twirls it clicks and he opens it and looks in -

53 CLOSE SHOT INTO THE SMALL SAFE - All we see is some manuscripts piled on top of a small metal cash box. Paul's hand takes out the top manuscript curiously -

INSERT MSS We see the title of the paper
Dr. Jameson has been writing,
penned in a strong clear masculine
hand: "THE SECRET SELF." And
perhaps we can glimpse the first
few lines of the monograph which
commences: "The last thing any
man will ever know is himself.
We contain all evil and all good,
and our destinies are determined
by forgotten circumstances which
shape our early lives....."

54 VERY CLOSE SHOT PAUL as he frowns at the manuscript. It makes no sense to him, yet in some way it disturbs him. He shoves it back impatiently with the other manuscripts and draws out the small cash box, opens it and discovers it contains a considerable sum of money. At first he takes out the whole sheaf of bills, then on second thought he peels off a few bills and puts the rest back, as if for some strange reason he did not want to be indebted to this unknown doctor. Then he puts back the box the way he found it, closes the small round door of the safe and twirls the knob, locking it.

35 FULL SHOT SHOOTING across a chest of drawers. Paul, 25 starting swiftly from the room, sees a photograph frame in f.g. and comes over to it, near CAMERA. Looks at the photo a moment, then quickly removes it from the frame and only then do we see it is a photograph of Monica, the twin of the photo in her room. He puts it in his pocket and goes quickly from the room.

LAP

56 INT. LIVING ROOM. The gray light of foredawn is coming in the window now behind Monica who is sleeping on the couch. Some nightmare out of the past has crept into her dreaming mind and she murmurs as if calling for help, "Father! Father!" There is the sound of the front door closing out in the hallway and she awakens and sits up with a frightened expression, still oppressed by her dream. Then everything comes back to her and she looks at the divan as she calls out in a terrified voice:

MONICA

Paul!

57 CLOSE SHOT DIVAN - but no sign of Paul.

58 CLOSE SHOT MONICA as she gets up hurriedly and calls looking around, possessed again by her strange obsessive fear.

MONICA

Paul! Paul!

She runs out into the hall, frantically -

LAP

59 LONG SHOT OF THE OCEAN BEACH as seen from a higher point through early morning mist, hardly daylight yet. As mist breaks in the f.g. we see the small figure of a man walking swiftly along the edge of the ocean - Paul is trying to skirt the road. The gale has blown itself out during the night and now it is still, but the surf pounds angrily and lashes the sandy shore, drowning all sounds. Suddenly we see a girl emerge from the low mist and run frantically along the strand after the man. They are both tiny figures in the distance, the girl running madly, her thin dress blowing out behind her. Evidently the man hears her when she is only a few yards away and turns abruptly, and she runs into his arms -

60 CLOSE TWO SHOT as Paul folds the terrified girl in his arms, their voices hardly audible above the roar of the surf.

MONICA

(crying)

Paul! Paul! Don't leave - I'm
frightened!

Paul draws her close and kisses her as we - FADE OUT

61

THE BEACH - DAY. The storm has blown itself out and now the sun is rising beautifully over the foaming ocean. Monica has taken off her shoes and stockings, Paul has done likewise, rolling up his trousers to his knees. They are running along the edge of the strand, playing tag with the breakers which come foaming in on their legs. Monica is laughing like a child. Paul has forgotten all about his danger. They are like two gay, happy children. She runs down as a wave recedes and a big breaker comes foaming in. Paul runs down and snatches her up in his arms as the breaker boils around his thighs, wetting his trousers. Then he sets her down and she dashes along the wet sand again, Paul runs after her, catches her and taking her hand leads her up away from the water to a flat rock. Seagulls circle and scream overhead.

62

NEAR SHOT as she sits down. They have left shoes and stockings beside the rock, and now they sit down and put them on again, their faces so full of happiness they have no need to talk.

LAP

63

INT. PINE WOOD beside the sea. The early sun sends a beautiful yellow level light through the pines that edge the sea - the pine wood being between the sea and the Jameson estate. The storm has left traces in its wake - an uprooted tree here and there. Monica and Paul come up hand in hand from the sea and they stop beside a fallen tree. She is tired and she sits down on the trunk, Paul watching her with love. She is radiantly happy as she looks around at this bright new world, listening to the birds singing in the trees.

MONICA

(radiantly)

It's a wonderful world. At night, when it gets dark, the world seems to shrink in and get small, finally it's just the house you live in, and it presses in and frightens you. Then when the sun comes it goes flying out and out, and you see how big and wonderful the whole world is.

PAUL

(smiling a little)

You don't seem like the same girl you were last night.

MONICA

I'm not, I'm not!

(looks at him,

laughing)

And you're not the same man.

Me?

MONICA

(joyously)
Yes, you. Last night you had
such a long face, and you were
worrying about something - I
began to think you didn't know
how to laugh!

PAUL

It's been a long time since I
laughed.

MONICA

Why?

PAUL

Well, I never saw anyone like
you before.

MONICA

(teasingly)
Do you think I'm so funny?

PAUL

I didn't mean it that way.
(fumbling for words)
It's like - like meeting a
different world.

MONICA

(laughs)
So that's it -- Two worlds meet!
(teasingly)
And one world tried to run away
from the other world! Why?

PAUL

I don't belong to your world.

MONICA

(laughs)
You make it sound very exclusive.

PAUL

It is. Don't you feel very
different from me?

MONICA

(shakes her head)
No.

(smiling)
I'll tell you a secret -
sometimes I feel I don't belong
to the world I live in. It's
too safe and careful - and I
don't like to be safe and
careful. I'm like my father -
he used to say that when you got
too safe and comfortable, you
were dead.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

What did he do?

MONICA

(with intense
remembered love)

He loved life - and he loved
music. He was a violinist.

(tenderly)

A very good one. It was my
ambition to become a good enough
pianist to accompany him.

PAUL

(very interested)

Did your mother play, too?

MONICA

(shakes her head)

I can't remember her - She died
when I was born.

PAUL

(with a curious
expression which
we will understand
later)

He married again?

MONICA

(shakes her head,
her eyes faraway now)

He always said I looked like her
...and as I grew up I tried to
take her place. He was such a
wonderful, brilliant man.

PAUL

(watching her
sombrely)

Now I see it again.

MONICA

What?

PAUL

The way you looked last night.

MONICA

(in a strange tone)

Last night I felt he was there.
It's a terrible feeling - to
think that someone you love more
than your own life is near you -
and you can't reach him.

He is silent, watching her. She looks off at the sea.

MONICA (cont'd)

When I saw you in the house, I
thought for a moment you were
Paul Martin -

PAUL

(puzzled)

Somebody you liked?

MONICA

We both liked him very much -
He was a wonderful mechanic.

Paul looks curious and she goes on.

MONICA (cont'd)

You see my father loved flying -
he had his own airplane. I had
a premonition that last day, I
begged him not to take off. I
knew he was tired - after his
concert in Paris.

(her voice grows
lifeless)

When the plane caught fire and
crashed, Paul was injured too -
but he pulled my father out of
the wreckage -

(in a cold, dead voice)

It was too late.

PAUL

And you?

MONICA

(in a cold voice)

I was brought home - to a
sanitarium.

Paul looks at her lifeless face and sits down beside her
and puts his arm around her comfortingly, his voice
tender as to a child.

PAUL

You loved this Paul Martin?

MONICA

(shakes her head)

I loved my father. There
wasn't room for anyone else.

PAUL

I opened a door in your house
last night. Keep it closed,
Monica -

(kisses her, seeing
the tears in her eyes)

Now I'm going - Don't say
anything.

At the moment he starts we hear a woman's voice call
through the wood:

IRENE'S VOICE

Mrs. Jameson!

Paul, startled, wheels around -

SHOT PAST MONICA AND PAUL. We see Irene come hurrying through the pine wood, near enough to have seen Paul's kiss. She calls again, coming from the direction of the house.

IRENE

Mrs. Jameson!

PAUL

(swiftly under his
breath as Monica rises)
Who is it?

MONICA

Irene.

65

WIDE ANGLE as the maid comes hurrying in, taking a quick inquisitive look at Paul. Irene is breathless and even more agitated than she should be under the circumstances - a fact which we will understand later. She is near thirty, plain faced and yet very attractive, with very strange intelligent eyes.

IRENE

(breathlessly)
Oh, I was so frightened, Mrs. Jameson!
I found the front door standing
open and no one in the house!

MONICA

I went down to the beach, Irene.
How is your mother?

IRENE

(taking inquisitive
looks at Paul)
Much better - thank you.

She looks directly at Paul and her inquisitiveness compels him to make some explanation. He turns to Monica.

PAUL

Perhaps you'd better tell your
maid who I am -
(to Irene)
Paul Martin.

MONICA

(astounded -
but recovering)
Oh, yes. Mr. Martin is an old
friend of my father, Irene. He
arrived last night - shortly
after you'd left for town.

IRENE

(sizing up Paul)
I'm so sorry - I didn't prepare
the guest room, Mrs. Jameson

MONICA

(smiles)

It didn't matter. We sat up
all night and talked about old
times. I couldn't sleep on
account of the storm.

IRENE

(subtly)

I'm sure Dr. Jameson will be
very happy you weren't alone...
Oh, your dress is all wet. You
must change -- You'll catch cold!

Monica takes Paul's arm and they head for the house, the
maid following and giving Paul a very close scrutiny as
we -

DISSOLVE

66 INT. LIVING ROOM. The maid, Irene, in her cap and apron,
is cleaning the room. Obviously something on her mind.
She moves to a table by a window which looks out on the
flower garden. Takes some wilted flowers from the vase
on the table. Then something in the garden catches her
eye and she peers out through the lace curtain -

67 CLOSE SHOT IRENE as she draws back the curtain furtively
and watches out. Through the window we see Monica and
Paul in the garden. The window is closed and we cannot
hear their voices but Monica is very animated as she
cuts flowers, handing them to Paul whose arms are full.
He is strangely happy and carefree too. Irene slowly
drops the curtain and turns away, thinking -

CAMERA PULLS BACK as she goes over to the telephone on
the table, then picks up the receiver to dial a number.
Changes her mind and puts back the receiver. Then goes
back to the window, peering out -

68 EXT. GARDEN. Monica selects more flowers from the
luxuriant garden which has been wrecked by the storm.
She has changed to a charming frock.

MONICA

I don't like to pick my flowers --
But the storm has ruined these.
Poor things.

Paul takes several flowers she hands him and looks off
past camera, his attention caught by -

69 WINDOW TO LIVING ROOM. All we see is the lace curtain
drop back again, hiding Irene's face behind it.

CLOSE TWO SHOT. Monica straightens up with another flower, notices his face and asks:

MONICA

What's the matter?

PAUL

I don't think your maid likes me.

MONICA

(lightly)

Well why on earth did you tell her you were Paul Martin?

PAUL

(shrugs)

What did you want me to say?

MONICA

Why not the truth? Oh look - here's a double-petalled one!

PAUL

(looking at flower)

Wouldn't that be hard to explain?

MONICA

(bending again)

Why? You heard me scream and came to my help. I asked you to remain because I was afraid to be alone. What's wrong with that?

(cutting a flower)

Did you ever see flowers planted so crazily? I like to mix all kinds together.

PAUL

(taking flower)

It's funny - you haven't asked my name.

MONICA

I'm not going to ask any more questions. Last night you didn't want to tell me - and I'm not going to ask.

(gleefully)

You're Paul Martin. I like it!

(laughs and shakes her finger at him)

But you've got to tell that story to my husband. I won't lie to him. Don't drop the flowers!

PAUL

(in alarm)

I won't be here!

(looks at her, shocked)

Monica - I don't understand you.

(CONTINUED)

MONICA

I don't understand you, either.

At that moment the garden door is opened and Irene calls out:

IRENE

Mrs. Jameson!

MONICA

Yes?

IRENE

You really must come in and lie down for a while. Dr. Jameson will scold me for taking bad care of you.

MONICA

You're a tyrant. All right - I'm coming.

She goes to the door, Paul following with the flowers.

71

INT. LIVING ROOM as they enter, Irene holding the door open.

MONICA

Take the flowers and put them everywhere around the house, Irene. I want to see the rooms gay!

IRENE

Yes, ma'am.
(taking flowers
from Paul)
Now you go upstairs and lie down.
I've fixed your room and drawn
the curtains.

Irene goes out of the room to get a vase and Monica puts a flower in the buttonhole of Paul's coat lapel. She is still in her gay, strange mood.

MONICA

I'm sure I can't sleep, but I'll try. What about you?

PAUL

(looks at her gravely)
I'm going, Monica.

MONICA

But you can't!

PAUL

(looks her straight
in the eye)

I told you I don't belong to your
world. It's very dangerous for me.

MONICA

(comes close to
him, earnestly)

Paul. Listen to me. I know
you're in trouble. I don't know
what it is. I'm not going to ask
you. But you're safe here. You
must stay.

PAUL

There's only one thing I'm afraid
of now.

MONICA

What?

PAUL

You.

Irene re-enters, the flowers in a big vase.

IRENE

Now you come along, Mrs. Jameson.
I'll give you an alcohol rub so
you can go to sleep.

She waits very pointedly at the door and Monica has to go, but the look in her eyes is telling Paul that he must not leave the house while she sleeps. We stay on Paul for a moment as he watches after her broodingly. Then he gets a cigarette from a box on the table and lights it nervously, feeling himself in a dangerous quandary. Suddenly the lights come on. He switches them off, then steps into -

72

INT. LIVING ROOM. Paul comes in and turns off the lamps which are burning. Sees the cabinet radio and steps over and snaps it on. The light glows. Quickly he snaps it off, makes sure he is alone, then opens the panel and takes out one of the bulbs and puts it behind something on the mantel. Switches on radio again and the light does not come on. He puffs his cigarette, his brow puckered, then reaches in his pocket and pulls out the money which he abstracted from Dr. Jameson's wall safe. Looks at it, frowning, coming to a decision -

73

INT. MONICA'S BEDROOM. Monica is already in bed, her face on the pillow, her bare back and shoulders exposed as the maid rubs her with alcohol vigorously.

MONICA

Be careful, Irene - Not so hard.

(CONTINUED)

IRENE
(abruptly)
Where's his luggage?

MONICA
Mr. Martin? Oh, he didn't
bring any.

IRENE
(rubbing roughly
again)
I didn't see his car in the garage,
either.

MONICA
No, he walked.

Irene stops rubbing in her astonishment.

IRENE
Isn't there something strange
about him?

MONICA
Oh yes, he's very strange. Go
ahead, don't stop.

Irene rubs again.

IRENE
The latch is broken on the kitchen
window. Did you notice?

MONICA
(imperturbably)
Yes, somebody broke in -

Irene drops the alcohol bottle with a bang.

MONICA (cont'd)
You seem very nervous, Irene.

IRENE
(retrieving the
bottle)
Oh, no ma'am - no. Did you
call the police?

MONICA
No, I felt quite safe with Mr.
Martin. That's enough, Irene.

Irene removes the alcohol and draws the coverlet over
Monica who turns over now on her back, drowsily.

IRENE
Are you sure you're all right,
ma'am? You must be tired.

(CONTINUED)

(dreamily)
I'm happy. I'm sure I'm going
to have a wonderful sleep -- it
hasn't happened for years.

Irene, putting things away at the chest of drawers, suddenly hears something, which we don't hear, in the adjoining bedroom. She cocks her head, listening, then looks quickly at Monica, who has closed her eyes. Then Irene goes out into hall and closes the door very softly, her manner very suspicious.

- 74 INT. DR. JAMESON'S BEDROOM. CLOSE SHOT - Paul at the wall safe beside the doctor's bed. He already has opened it. Now he takes the purloined money from his pocket and slips it into the safe, locks the safe and twirls the knob. At that moment we see in b.g. what he does not see - the door to hallway opens stealthily just wide enough to reveal Irene's peeping face. Paul thinks for a swift second, then gets the photograph of Monica from his pocket -
- 75 CLOSEUP IRENE'S FACE - peeping through the door ajar. She is watching:
- 76 PAUL FROM HER ANGLE as he goes to the dresser and puts Monica's photograph back in the silver frame.
- 77 CLOSEUP IRENE as she closes the door softly, shutting her from view.
- 78 CLOSE SHOT PAUL as he finishes fixing frame and the sharp click of the door closing is heard. He whirls round and looks at:
- 79 CLOSED HALL DOOR from his angle.
- 80 CLOSE SHOT PAUL as he reacts, wondering what the sound was, then starts from bedroom furtively -
- 81 INT. HALLWAY DOWNSTAIRS. Irene comes down the stairway, carrying some things. We hear a door open and close above and Paul comes downstairs nonchalantly as Irene opens the front door and looks out. Paul takes one look at her back and decides on something. Goes over toward her -
- 82 CLOSE TWO SHOT - Paul comes up just behind Irene who is peering out into the driveway with a frowning face.

PAUL

(nonchalantly)
Looking for somebody?

IRENE
(not polite with him
now that they are alone)
The newspaper.

PAUL
Oh. What time does it come?

IRENE
It should be here now.

PAUL
How's your mother, Irene?

IRENE
Better, thank you.

PAUL
(casually)
Was it your mother you kissed
last night in the driveway?

Irene turns and stares into his face, startled. His
eyes are smiling ironically.

PAUL (cont'd)
Oh, never mind. I won't tell.

IRENE
What are you doing here?

PAUL
Just...visiting.

IRENE
(looking him
straight in the eye)
Who are you?

PAUL
Didn't Mrs. Jameson tell you?

IRENE
You know she's ill, don't you?

PAUL
I know she was ill, yes. I
wonder why you left her alone
here last night.

She is silent and he gets a flash.

PAUL (cont'd)
Did you ask her not to tell
Dr. Jameson about it?

IRENE
(startled)
Did she tell you that?

(CONTINUED)

NO. But...maybe we have something in common.

IRENE

(defiantly)

I don't trust you, Mr. Martin.

PAUL

(smiles)

I don't trust you, Irene.

There is the sound of a car coming up the driveway and both look out the door PAST CAMERA to see:

83 REVERSE - MED. LONG SHOT. The mailman's rattletrap Ford stops at a mailbox set on a post at the edge of the driveway. He waves and calls out as he puts the newspaper and some mail in the box.

MAILMAN

Morning, Miss Hoffman.

He drives off -

84 MED. TWO SHOT IN FRONT DOORWAY. Both Paul and Irene are looking at the mailbox. They glance at each other and then both start simultaneously across the porch -

85 REVERSE - SHOOTING PAST MAILBOX in f.g. we see them both walking swiftly toward CAMERA. Finally it becomes a race as both break into a run. Paul easily outdistances her and close in CAMERA he seizes the things from the mailbox, keeping the newspaper as he politely offers Irene, who comes up breathlessly, the letters. She looks at him defiantly, then holds out her hand.

IRENE

I'll take the paper, too.

PAUL

(amiably)

Mrs. Jameson is sleeping - She won't want it yet.

He starts toward the porch again and Irene falls in beside him, her eyes angry at the momentary defeat.

LAP:

86 INT. LIVING ROOM. Paul is seated by a window looking at the newspaper -

INSERT

NEWSPAPER - In a box on the front page we see a photograph of Paul and the caption: "Paul Legrand." Under this in blackface type: "State and local police were pressing their search today for an escaped convict, who is believed to be in hiding somewhere in this area....."

CLOSE SHOT - PAUL as he scans the story without expression. Beyond him we see the maid come into the room and as she comes over to dust a table, he quietly turns the page and continues to read, as if he hadn't noticed her. She moves around and after a moment switches on the radio. Paul hears the click and speaks casually without looking around.

PAUL

I don't think it's working.

IRENE

It was all right last night --
before I left.

She comes over to him but he is apparently absorbed in the paper, turning another page.

IRENE (cont'd)

May I have the newspaper?

PAUL

(carelessly)

Why are you so interested in the newspaper?

IRENE

Because you are.

PAUL

(dryly)

I told you we have something in
common.

IRENE

Are you going to give it to me?

PAUL

No.

IRENE

Suppose I telephone for the
police?

PAUL

(looks up at

her calmly)

You think that's wise?

(smiles a little

at her angry eyes)

Does a guest in this house rate
a cup of coffee?

IRENE

(maliciously)

You want to keep awake, do you?

PAUL

Oh, yes.

(as she stands there)

Be a good girl, now. Get me a
pot of coffee.

She flounces out into the kitchen. The moment she is out of sight Paul gets up, goes to the fireplace, rumples up the newspaper and touches a match to it. As it burns he gets a cigarette from the table and lights it from the same match.

88 INT. KITCHEN. Irene fills a china pot with coffee, then goes over and inspects the broken window, which is still jammed shut with the gardening tool. She frowns, then gets the tray with coffee cup and the pot and goes into --

89 INT. LIVING ROOM. Paul is watching the newspaper burn to embers as Irene enters with the tray and stops short as she reaches him, looking at the last bit of paper burning.

IRENE
Why did you do that?

PAUL
I was cold --
(nods at a
small table)
Set it down there.

She puts down the tray and as he comes over to sit down she confronts him accusingly.

IRENE
You broke the radio!

PAUL
You ought to be more friendly with me, Irene.

IRENE
What were you stealing in the doctor's room?

PAUL
Nothing.

IRENE
What have you got in your pocket?

PAUL
Oh, this.

Takes the automatic out of his pocket.

IRENE
You're no friend of Mrs. Jameson's.

PAUL
Oh yes, I am. I'm not sure you are, Irene.

IRENE
You broke in the kitchen window last night!
(CONTINUED)

PAUL

(watching her closely)
Yes -- but somebody else was in
the house, who had not broken in.

IRENE

(her eyes flicker,
on guard)
Of course. Mrs. Jameson.

PAUL

(very softly,
watching her eyes)
No. A man.

She is defiantly silent and he goes on, very quietly:

PAUL (cont'd)

He wasn't a very good thief -- he
didn't know how to open that wall
safe upstairs. I saw the marks
where he tried to pry off the lock.
That's what woke Monica -- it was
clumsy.

IRENE

I don't know what you're talking about.

PAUL

(takes cartridge
clip from the
automatic and
extends it to
her, ironically)
Don't you want to give it back
to...your mother?

She is so startled she cannot speak.

PAUL (cont'd)

I told you we have something in
common. But you don't like Mrs.
Jameson -- I do! That's why
you're going to leave here when
I leave.

IRENE

(looks at him
defiantly)
You can't prove anything.

He looks at her for a moment, then puts the gun back
in his pocket and steps to the telephone, Irene
watching him narrowly.

IRENE

What are you going to do?

PAUL

(picks up
phone)
Call the police.

IRENE
(coming toward
him challengingly)
Do you know the number?

PAUL
I'll ask.

IRENE
Dial 2477.

PAUL
Thank you.

90 CLOSE TWO SHOT - as she narrowly watches him dial the correct number. But just before there is a response she pushes down the switch and cuts the connection, her face pale.

IRENE
(a little desperately)
What is it you want?

PAUL
I want to make sure that Mrs. Jameson is not in danger after I leave.

IRENE
I'll go -- but not with you.

PAUL
When?

IRENE
As soon as Dr. Jameson returns.

PAUL
I can't wait that long.
(studies her;
then abruptly)
Why do you dislike her?

IRENE
I don't!

PAUL
Oh yes you do. You let a man in this house last night who might have killed her. No man could talk you into a thing like that unless you hated her.

Her defiance suddenly breaks and she begins to cry, in short angry gasps. Paul grips her arm sternly.

PAUL
Why?

IRENE

Because she makes me feel like
I'm nothing!

(crying angrily)

And she's the one who's really nothing!
She's not even a -- even a wife to Dr.
Jameson! He's just a slave to her --
like me!

PAUL

(in spite of himself)

What's he like?

IRENE

He's a fool. He won't even look
at another woman! All he thinks
of is Monica -- Monica! It drives
me crazy! Why shouldn't she be
beautiful? She was born rich --
she had everything! The way she
moves and talks makes me feel like dirt!

PAUL

You mean she's not nice to you?

IRENE

Too nice! She's always giving me
things -- I hate it! People like
her think they can buy you just by
being nice! They make you feel
they own the world -- and you don't
belong to it! Look at this house,
it's like her face -- books, pictures,
furniture -- it's all Monica, Monica --
and all I do is keep it clean -- just
the same way I massage her skin -- to
make her more beautiful! But nobody
looks at me!

(beside herself)

You belong to my world -- but do you
think of me? No, it's all Monica,
Monica. She hypnotizes everyone!
You don't even think of yourself,
whoever-you-are -- you'd put us both
in prison -- just to protect Monica!
I --

(brrrr-rr -- the
phone rings; she
breaks off)

Both stand frozenly, looking at the telephone which
rings sharply again, like a warning from the outside
world. It rings a third time.

PAUL

(curtly)

Answer it!

IRENE
(in a frozen whisper,
trying to get
control of herself)
It may be the police.

PAUL
Answer it!

She steps over, takes up the telephone, trying to make her voice normal and servant-like.

IRENE
Dr. Jameson's residence...
(in the pause she
whispers to Paul)
Long distance!
(then, her face
lights up with
relief)
Oh, hello, doctor. Yes, this
is Irene... She's sleeping,
doctor - shall I wake her?...
Oh no, she's quite all right -
(with a quick sidelong
glance at Paul she
gets a malicious idea)
- she was up late last night
with your guest.

Paul makes a move but she goes on.

IRENE (cont'd)
Oh, you must know him doctor -
Mr. Martin. He's right here -
would you like to speak to him?

She holds the phone out to Paul triumphantly and he comes to her, wanting to choke her, but taking the phone instead, knowing he must.

PAUL
Hallo?... Yes, how do you do,
Dr. Jameson... Yes, Paul Martin...
Yes, it was years ago - I knew
Monica very well... Yes - her
father... No, very unexpected -
I thought you would be here, but
Monica made me stay... Yes, I
should like very much to meet
you, but I'm afraid -
(hesitates, looks
at Irene, then
makes a decision)
Tomorrow? Very well, doctor -
I'll stay... Good-bye.

He hangs up the receiver and Irene looks at him with a startled face.

(CONTINUED)

IRENE

(very pale)

You're really...Mr. Martin?

PAUL

Why not?

(smiles)

Don't worry, you can leave with
me - I'll keep your secret.

(lights cigarette

as she stares at

him speechlessly)

Irene, show me the guest room.

I'm going to lie down for a nap.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

91

INT. MONICA'S BEDROOM - DAY. It is late afternoon.
The curtains have been pulled back and the low sun sends
long rays of light into the cool, beautifully furnished
room. Monica, a wrapper over her slip, is sitting before
her dressing table while Irene brushes her hair.

IRENE

Oh, I forgot to tell you - Dr.
Jameson telephoned while you
were asleep.

MONICA

(surprised)

Oh, really? Is he all right?

IRENE

Yes, ma'am -

(brushing;

after a moment)

He said to tell you he'd be
home tomorrow. I think he was
worried about you.

MONICA

Oh, he always worries when he's
away.

IRENE

(insidiously;

brushing

vigorously)

He wondered why you were sleeping
so late. I explained you had
stayed up late with your friend,
Mr. Martin.

MONICA

(turns, with

naive surprise)

You mentioned Mr. Martin?

IRENE

I had to, ma'am. You see he was right there - He talked with the doctor.

MONICA

(smiles gaily)

I'd like to have heard it.

IRENE

(subtly;
brushing)

I understood he was an old friend of your family.

MONICA

(carelessly)

Paul Martin? Yes, he was a very dear friend of my --

(stops, refusing
to let her mind
go back to her
father again)

Oh, I don't want to talk about it.

(changing
subject)

Where is Paul?

IRENE

Mr. Martin got up half an hour ago. He must be somewhere in the house.

MONICA

(shakes her hair
loose, looking in
the dressing
table mirror)

That's enough, Irene.

(gets up gaily as
Irene puts down brush)

Now I've got to choose what I'm going to wear. You help me -

She slips her silk-stockinged feet into bedroom sandals and, drawing the wrapper about her lovely shoulders, she goes over and begins opening closet doors, exposing a wealth of charming dresses. Irene follows obediently but covertly watches her mistress rather than the clothes.

MONICA (cont'd)

Oh dear - I don't believe I have a thing!

IRENE

(a helpless gesture
at all the dresses -
and we now understand
her expression)

But Mrs. Jameson ---!

(CONTINUED)

MONICA

(excitedly)

But they're all for somebody
else. I'm a different me,
Irene - don't you understand?
I've never bought anything for
the me I am today!

(bubbling

with joy)

When you change inside you
ought to change outside.

IRENE

(pulls out a dress,
severely patient)

What about this?

MONICA

No, no, no.

(her aesthetic eye
catches some
harmony between
the color of the
dress and Irene)

Wait - hold it out. Against
your face.

(claps her hands
with a dazzled smile)

Why it's perfect for your
coloring. You must have it!

IRENE

But it's new - You haven't worn it!

MONICA

I must have had you in mind when
I got it. It's just the right
shade. Take it, Irene.

Irene takes the dress from its hanger and goes over and
lays it on the bed as Monica goes searching through her
wealth of dresses. Irene stands back now, watching her.

MONICA (cont'd)

(finally draws out
a simple dress)

This will do.

IRENE

But it's very old. You never liked
it.

MONICA

I like it now.

She tosses off her wrapper and Irene comes over to help
her slip on the dress.

IRENE

(helping her)

There's something I've got to tell
you, Mrs. Jameson - I'm afraid you'll
have to find someone to take my place.

MONICA

(astonished)

Irene! You mean you want to leave?

IRENE

(very busy)

I don't want to, ma'am - but I must.

MONICA

(dismayed)

But why? I thought you were happy here.

IRENE

Oh, you've been very kind to me - and there's no finer man than Dr. Jameson. But it's so lonely here and -

(stammers)

- and my mother needs me. She's ill, you know.

MONICA

But why don't you bring her here? I know Erik won't mind - and there's a very nice apartment over the garage.

Irene shakes her head.

MONICA (cont'd)

When did you plan to leave?

IRENE

As soon as the doctor returns.

MONICA

(brushes the problem
aside like a child)

You talk it over with Erik.
He'll change your mind for you.

(fastening the
dress, gay again)

Let's see how it looks.

Irene watches her sombrely as she goes over to the full-length mirror and inspects herself. She is even more beautiful in this plain dark dress.

MONICA (cont'd)

(eyes
sparkling)

You like it?

IRENE

(coldly)

Yes, ma'am. Isn't that the dress the doctor never wanted you to wear?

MONICA

(a little startled)

Paul Martin liked it!

IRENE

Dr. Jameson says it's dangerous for
you to be reminded of your father.

MONICA

(her eyes dilating)

Hasn't he also told you not to
mention my father?

IRENE

(tenderly and humbly)

I know, ma'am. But I feel so sorry
for you, I can't stand to see you get
these awful spells -

(goes to her sympathetically)

I was trying to tell you about
that dress without mentioning your
father. Poor dear, I know what a terrible
shock it was for you. You must realize
you're ill. You must be careful. You
mustn't let yourself get excited. I
was uneasy when you chose this dress -
I know it reminds you of your father.

MONICA

(controlling her
agitation)

Stop it, stop it, Irene!

She almost runs out of the room, leaving the hall door
open, and we see her run down the staircase. Irene
watches, unmoving, with a malevolent look of
satisfaction in her eyes -

92

INT. LIVING ROOM. Paul, who has had a bath and a shave,
looking very refreshed, stands at the piano idly
picking out a tune with one finger, as Monica's feet
are heard on the stairway and then she almost runs in
from the hallway and stops short, looking for him. As
he straightens up eagerly, she sees him and runs to
him like a terrified child and instinctively he puts
his arms around her, enfolding her protectively as she
cowers against him.

PAUL

What is it? Monica - what's wrong?

MONICA

(her face pressed against
him, whispers tensely)

Hold me. Hold me a moment!

PAUL

(murmurs soothingly)

Don't be frightened. Everything's all
right. I'm taking care of you, Monica.

ml

(CONTINUED)

PAUL (cont'd)
(reassured, she draws
away from him as he
releases her)
Now tell me, what's the trouble?

MONICA
(looks at him,
her eyes wide)
I don't know - I had a sudden
premonition you were going away.
(he is silent)
You're not going to leave me, are you,
Paul?

PAUL
(shakes his head,
evasively)
No.

MONICA
(forces pale smile)
Now I'm all right -
(stands back
from him)
How do you like my dress?

PAUL
(looks at her with
great love in his
eyes)
I like it.

MONICA
(with a sudden
return of her
gaiety, her eyes
sparkling excitedly)
You're exactly like Paul Martin!
You say it the same way he did!
(in a gay mood of
make-believe)
Do you remember the time we were staying
at St. Tropez and that silly motor-boat
broke down? We drifted all day - and
you got covered with grease -
(laughing now)
You got so mad when I made fun of you!

PAUL
(smiling at her
extravagant mood)
Did I spank you?

MONICA
(laughing)
You finally jumped out of the boat and
threatened to leave me there. I knew you
were fooling. You waded ashore and
carried me - so I wouldn't get wet. Then

MONICA (cont'd)

we had to walk for miles along the shore, and the sun was going down and it was getting dark -

(smiling
reminiscently)

I was happy that day.

PAUL

(smiling, not wanting
to break her make-
believe, seeing it
makes her happy)

You almost make me remember it.

MONICA

(eagerly)

Let's go down to the ocean, and
watch the sun go down!

PAUL

(grins, agreeing)

Should I put some grease on my face?

MONICA

(laughs)

No, I like it as it is.

They go out very happily -

93

INT. HALLWAY. We see them cross the hall, open the front door and go on. As Paul closes the door behind them, we see Irene standing at the top of the staircase, watching them with a masked expression -

LAP:

94

SEASHORE AT SUNDOWN. LONG SHOT down at two tiny figures walking hand in hand along the white thread of surf. The sea has calmed down now after the storm. The sky glows with colors as the disk of the sun dips out of sight on the far horizon. The wet strip of sand gleams in the reflected light and their small figures are black against the sheen of light. They move along idly like two stray children -

LAP:

95

NEAR SHOT - EDGE OF SEA as they stroll toward CAMERA. The spell of the vast beauty is upon them. Monica picks up a shell, like a happy child, and shows it to him. As they come in CLOSE, hand in hand, they halt and look off at the horizon where the fires of the sun are dying now -

MONICA

It's so peaceful now - it's
hard to believe it was so wild
last night.

PAUL

(completely under
her spell)

This is where I heard you
calling me in the dark - but
our footprints have washed away.

MONICA

(looking out
dreamily over
the sea)

I love the sea. It's like me -
like all of us. You don't know
where a storm comes from, or
where it goes. We never know
anything about ourselves, really -
we just walk on a narrow edge of
the mind, and if we step off -
(motions out at the sea)
we'll drown.

PAUL

Not if you have a boat.

MONICA

Yes, that's what we all have to
have - a boat -

Unconsciously, she puts her hand on his arm. He looks
at her, not trying to understand, just loving the music
of her voice and the delicate curves of her cheek.

MONICA

(strangely)

Why is living so painful?

PAUL

(not understanding
her)

Is it, for you?

MONICA

(looking off)

For everyone. It's a secret we
all keep from each other.

(with strange
insight as he
watches her, not
understanding)

I think I know - It's because
we're all reaching, reaching
into a dark sea - and we can
never reach what we want.

(suddenly her voice
is lifeless and she shivers)

Let's go back - I'm cold.

She turns away abruptly from the sea and he follows her.-

DISSOLVE

96 INT. HALLWAY - JAMFSON HOUSE - NIGHT. The lights are turned on and the portieres are drawn across the archway that leads to the living room from the large hall. It is early evening. From the living room we hear a victrola playing a beautiful Strauss waltz. No voices. Irene comes down the staircase, draws the drape of a hall window, then looks toward the living room curiously and goes stealthily to the portiers.

97 CLOSE SHOT FROM BEHIND IRENE as she furtively draws aside a portiere and through the opening we see what she does - Paul and Monica dancing beautifully together -

98 INT. LIVING ROOM - VERY CLOSE SHOT on Irene's face peering through the portieres. She lowers the portiere to a mere crack, just one eye showing through as she watches:

99 NEAR TWO SHOT - CAMERA SWINGING ON PAUL AND MONICA as they dance in complete union and forgetfulness of time and space - The record finishes and they stop VERY NEAR CAMERA, but he doesn't release her, while we hear the machine changing to another Strauss waltz -

MONICA

(just to breathe
his name)

Paul.

PAUL

(tenderly, to
hear hers)

Monica.

MONICA

(the music starts
again, but they
don't move)

You're not going away.

Paul looks at her, on the point of lying; but after a silent struggle with himself he knows he must tell her the truth, because he loves her so much.

PAUL

Monica - look at me and don't speak, don't say a thing! I'm a thief, a fugitive! The police are after me! I've been hiding here - using your house! I'm nothing but a thief - an escaped convict!

(CONTINUED)

MONICA
(looking straight in
his face, quietly)
Does it matter, Paul?

PAUL
(harshly; thinking
only of her now)
It matters to you, if I'm found here!

MONICA
(her eyes glowing
strangely)
Nothing matters now you've
told me the truth!

PAUL
(almost angrily)
But I'm a thief! I broke into
this house last night - I was
going to steal!

MONICA
But you didn't!

PAUL
(harshly)
Are you sure?

MONICA
Oh, yes. Yes.
(suddenly, as he
looks at her
speechlessly)
Are you in danger?

PAUL
The police know I'm somewhere
around here.

MONICA
How do you know that?

PAUL
It was in the newspaper this morning.

MONICA
Your name is Paul, isn't it?

PAUL
Yes. Paul Legrand.

MONICA
(anxiously)
But they'll find you - no
matter where you go!

PAUL
Not where I want to go.

MONICA

Where?

PAUL

France.

MONICA

But how?

PAUL

On a freighter - the Ville
de Bordeaux.

MONICA

But they'll ask who you are?

PAUL

(shakes head)

I have friends in the crew. But
it's no use - she sails in the
morning.

She looks at him, with a growing excitement in her face,
a daring idea growing in her mind. Abruptly she goes to
the victrola and shuts it off. He follows her
apprehensively, guessing what is in her mind.

100

INT. HALLWAY - CLOSE SHOT FROM BEHIND IRENE listening.
Irene, too, is excited and she draws the portiere
wider to see what they are going to do. Through the
parted drapes we see Paul as he catches Monica's arm.

PAUL

I'm not going to leave you alone.

MONICA

My car is in the garage. Please
get it!

PAUL

No, Monica. No!

MONICA

(recklessly)

Get it! I'm going with you!

Irene swiftly closes the portieres, blotting the two of
them from our view. Quickly the maid turns and we see
her face in CLOSEUP, filled with hatred. Then CAMERA
PANS on her as she goes quickly up the staircase -

LAP:

101

EXT. DRIVEWAY IN FRONT OF HOUSE - Paul sits behind the
wheel of a roadster, the motor purring. He has on an
overcoat and a felt hat pulled down over his eyes -
probably borrowed from the doctor's wardrobe. The front

door opens and Monica runs across the porch, climbs into the car beside him and the car pulls out of the driveway -

102 INT. MONICA'S BEDROOM - CLOSE SHOT IRENE looking out window. On the driveway below, we see the car's headlights sweep around through the darkness as it turns out on the road. Irene turns away and CAMERA PANS as she goes straight to the telephone beside Monica's bed and dials - She puts a handkerchief over the mouthpiece of the phone to alter her voice:

IRENE

Police?...You're looking for
an escaped convict?...If you'll
stop all cars coming into town
on the shore road, I think you'll
find him.

She puts back the receiver, cutting the connection, and comes back to the window again, peering into the darkness, trying to follow the faint streak of the headlights far down the road as we -

LAP:

103 CLOSE MOVING SHOT - MONICA'S ROADSTER. PROCESS. Their faces are dim in the light reflected from the dashboard. Monica is stepping on the gas, the car going faster and faster. Paul stares straight ahead, wondering what he is going to do about Monica. Suddenly, as she makes a turn, both react, and we hear the brakes as they see -

104 LONG SHOT AHEAD - headlights of four or five halted cars illuminate a white police car that is angled across to block the highway.

105 CLOSE TWO SHOT - PROCESS. Monica stops her car behind the car just ahead. She sees Paul take the automatic from his pocket.

MONICA

No, Paul! No! Give it to me!

He doesn't but she reaches out and takes it, slipping it into the pocket of her sports coat -

106 WIDE ANGLE - Monica's roadster, as we see a couple of police come walking back and peer at Monica and the man beside her, whose hat is pulled down over his eyes -

MONICA

I'm Mrs. Jameson.

POLICEMAN

Oh, good evening, Mrs. Jameson.
Say, that's a funny thing - we
just stopped the doctor's car
comin' the other way.

MONICA

(cool, despite
her agitation)
My husband?

POLICEMAN

Yeah - Here he comes now -
(calls out as
headlights of
another car grow
bright on him and
the car comes alongside)
Hey, Dr. Jameson!

A man climbs out of the rear of the limousine, a man
whom, even in this dim light, we recognize as the
distinguished-looking doctor of our opening, and comes
over to Monica's car -

107

NEAR SHOT taking in Monica, the man beside her, the
doctor as he comes in on Monica's side, and the two
policemen just behind him -

DR. JAMESON

Monica! How are you, my dear?
(she just looks
at him)

I believe you're as surprised to
see me as I am to see you. I was
worried about you - That's why I
decided to come home tonight and
not wait till tomorrow.

(peers at the man
beside her with a
friendly smile)

Is this Mr. Martin?
(reaches in to shake
hands genially)

How do you do, Mr. Martin - I've
heard a lot of fine things about
you from my wife.

PAUL

(shaking hands)
Thank you, doctor.

The police react sharply at the sound of that French
accent and peer at Paul, but Dr. Jameson seems not to
notice them. He is used to having authority himself.

DR. JAMESON

(to Paul)
You're not leaving us, are you?

MONICA

(quickly)
No, we were just driving.

DR. JAMESON

(to policeman who is
at his elbow, still
curious)
Is it all right to turn around,
officer?

POLICEMAN

Sure, doctor.

DR. JAMESON

Well, young lady, you can drive
me home -

(calls to chauffeur
in limousine)

Go ahead, John. I'll ride with
Mrs. Jameson and Mr. Martin.

As he goes around to Paul's side -

108 FULL SHOT taking in both cars and part of the blockade.
The limousine drives off as Monica turns her roadster
and follows back toward home -

109 CLOSE SHOT - THE TWO POLICEMEN looking curiously after
the roadster, which we can hear in gear, as it pulls
away and the sound of its motor dies out -

FADE OUT

110 INT. LIVING ROOM OF JAMESON HOUSE. All the lights are turned on and the victrola is going full force, playing a wild tempestuous dance by St. Saens. Irene is stretched out on the divan smoking a cigarette. All at once the doorbell rings sharply in the hallway and she jumps up like a shot, runs over and turns off the victrola. The doorbell rings again and she starts for the hallway, realizes she has a cigarette burning in her fingers, squeezes it out against a piece of furniture and throws it in the fireplace.

111 INT. HALLWAY. The bell rings again as Irene comes hurrying in from the living room to the door. But as she takes hold of the latch she is suddenly cautious and she calls through the door:

IRENE

Who is it?

VOICE

Dr. Jameson, Irene!

Her expression changes to eagerness and she unbolts the door and swings it wide, then stands riveted to the spot as Monica and Paul enter, followed by Dr. Jameson.

112 CLOSEUP IRENE. She is speechless, unable to believe what she sees.

DR. JAMESON'S VOICE

(cheerily)

Well, Irene, what did you think
we were - thieves?

113 CLOSE GROUP SHOT as Irene tries to regain control of herself.

IRENE

Oh - oh, no, Doctor - I didn't
expect you home tonight.

DR. JAMESON

(as she takes his coat and hat)
I didn't expect it myself when I telephoned
this morning. But I found I could get
away earlier.

IRENE

(with a covert
glance at Paul who
stands waiting
uncertainly)

Oh, I'm very glad to see you.

DR. JAMESON

Don't stand on ceremony, Mr. Martin.
Make yourself at home - You're one of
us.

(CONTINUED)

CHAUFFEUR

(entering at that
moment with the
doctor's bags)

Shall I put them in your room, sir?

DR. JAMESON

Yes, John -

(as John crosses
to stairway)

Oh, I noticed Mrs. Jameson's car
is almost out of gas. You'd better
get it filled up.

CHAUFFEUR

(turns on stairway)

Yes, sir. Would you mind if I stayed
in town tonight? I could bring it
back in the morning.

DR. JAMESON

Just as you please.

CHAUFFEUR

Thank you, sir.

He goes on upstairs as Irene closes the door, and Paul
and Monica exchange an uneasy look. The doctor is
entirely unsuspecting as he turns to Monica and we can
see he is deeply devoted to her.

DR. JAMESON

You look a little tired, my dear.
Don't you want to lie down and
rest before dinner?

MONICA

(nervously)

Oh no, I'm quite all right, Erik.

DR. JAMESON

(taking Paul's arm hospitably)

Well, what do you think, Mr. Martin? Has
she changed much? It's been a long time.

PAUL

(as they go into
living room)

She looks very well.

Irene watches as they vanish into --

114

INT. LIVING ROOM. As they enter there is a great sense
of strain between Monica and Paul, but the doctor seems
entirely unaware of it as he goes on talking serenely
and hospitably. Monica is obsessed with the idea of how
to get Paul out of the house so he can reach the harbor--
but so far she has no idea how to accomplish it.

DR. JAMESON

I'm very happy for this unexpected visit. I've been wanting to meet you for years -- You were one person Monica always talked about. But we'd lost all trace of you. My letters were returned. Sit down, Mr. Martin.

PAUL

Thank you, sir.

(sits as the doctor
strikes a match and
stoops to light fire
which is laid)

DR. JAMESON

That's one reason I came back earlier - I wanted to have more time to talk with you. It's a pleasant surprise to hear you speak English so well. Monica hadn't told me that. I have a hard time with French.

PAUL

I've been in this country for -
for some time.

DR. JAMESON

(straightens
up, smiling)

Why didn't you get in touch with us sooner?

PAUL

(hesitating,
fearing questions)

We live in different worlds, doctor.

DR. JAMESON

It's true my wife and I live in a little world of our own. But old friends never disturb it - and we have so few that we treasure them.

MONICA

(cuts in nervously)

But he didn't know where to find us, Erik. It was just by accident --

(Erik looks at her

and she goes on
hurriedly)

Paul's going back to France.

(CONTINUED)

DR. JAMESON

Well, it's fortunate he did find us -

(offers cigarette
box to Paul)

Cigarette, Mr. Martin?

(laughs as Paul
takes one)

Here, I'm not going to be so formal - I'm going to call you Paul. D'you mind?

PAUL

Not at all, sir.

Jameson puts the box back on the table without taking a cigarette for himself. Paul lights his cigarette. Jameson alone is quite at ease. Monica speaks to break the strained silence.

MONICA

How did your meeting go, Erik?

DR. JAMESON

(sits down in
front of fire)

Oh, I got into quite an argument with old Dr. Carlson, as I told you I would. Psychologists like Carlson regard me as a heretic - (half-amused)

They think the human mind is something tangible - just another organ like the stomach. They have no doubts, they believe they know everything about the mind - (smiles)

Myself, I know very little.

(to Paul,
touching his
forehead)

This is the last mystery, Paul. We're just at the edge of knowing something about it. You can see living cell or an atom with a microscope, but the only instrument we have to study the mind with is the mind itself. That's like lifting yourself by your own boot straps. (chuckles)

Carlson calls me a spiritualist. Well, perhaps I am. What do you think, Monica?

MONICA

I think it's a compliment.

rb

(CONTINUED)

DR. JAMESON

(smiles)

You said something that interested me, Paul. You said we live in different worlds.

(looks at him
keenly)

You divide the world into two parts - rich and poor, don't you?

PAUL

Why not?

DR. JAMESON

Everyone divides the world into two parts. A tall man believes the two parts are tall and short. A homely woman thinks it's beautiful and ugly. I'm no different - I divide the world into spiritual and material. Rich-and-poor means nothing to me, because our greatest artists and thinkers have been poor men. They weren't rich in wealth - they were rich in spirit. They're the only givers. There's my two worlds, Paul - the spiritual is the world that gives, and the material is the world that takes. It's an endless conflict - in the world and in each one of us --

(touches his
own heart)

The spirit is trying to lift up life, and the material is trying to pull it down. If the spirit doesn't win we die. Nations. Civilization itself.

(smiles)

But I'm an incurable optimist - I believe the spiritual world will always win in the end. What do you think, Paul?

PAUL

Do you call a man who is hungry a materialist?

DR. JAMESON

A very good question. That's the problem of the world - the spirit cannot exist without the physical. What we have to learn is that the sole purpose of materialism is the spirit. If we forget that we destroy ourselves.

PAUL

This house - do you need so much
for your work?

DR. JAMESON

(smiles)

I can see why you like him, Monica
- he goes straight to the point.

(then to Paul)

You're quite right, I don't need all
this for my work. I told you it's
a conflict - we're all imprisoned
by things we need -- and love.

(glances at
Monica)

The hungry man is a prisoner of his
stomach. These things are my way of
being hungry.

(gets up
walking)

Take Monica, she needs a piano. And
a very good one - an expensive one.
I need innumerable books - expensive
books - and paintings that cost a
great deal because they're rare. I
haven't enough - I'm always hungry.

(smiles)

That's the human weakness, Paul -
we're all insatiably hungry. But
also it leads to all human greatness.

(stops and looks
at him quietly)

Haven't you a secret hunger, Paul?

PAUL

(looking at
Monica)

Yes.

DR. JAMESON

What is it? Can I help you?

PAUL

(looks at him a
moment sombrely,
then shakes his
head)

No.

The telephone rings and Monica jumps up, startled, but
Dr. Jameson, who is nearer phone, starts for it, his
voice calm and unruffled.

DR. JAMESON

Never mind, my dear.

As Paul and Monica look at each other tensely, Irene, coming hurriedly to answer the phone, stops short in the archway, seeing Dr. Jameson lift up the receiver.

DR. JAMESON (cont'd)

(into phone)

Dr. Jameson speaking...Somebody telephone from here? Oh, I'm sure not. Just a moment, Inspector.

(turns very calmly to Monica who stands watching him tensely)

It's very peculiar. Did anyone telephone police headquarters from here, darling?

MONICA

No.

DR. JAMESON

(looks at the maid who is standing rigidly in the archway)

Irene?

IRENE

No, doctor.

DR. JAMESON

(into phone, making light of it)

I'm afraid you've made a mistake, Inspector, in tracing the call. It wasn't from here...Oh, no trouble -- Good night.

(hangs up phone cheerily)

What about dinner, Irene? I'm sure we're all famished.

IRENE

It's ready, doctor.

115 CLOSE SHOT INTO PAUL'S FACE - behind him we see Jameson waiting and Monica going to his side, to accompany him into the dining room. The doctor turns and calls to Paul whose tight face expresses a turmoil of conflicting thoughts.

DR. JAMESON

Come on, Paul - Let's be a couple of materialists --

(as Paul rouses, and gets up, he laughs)

This is one hunger Irene can satisfy for us.

As they go into dining room --

LAP:

INT. DINING ROOM. Monica, Paul and the doctor seated at the dining table, finishing dinner. Irene is serving dessert and coffee. This room like the rest of the house is furnished with exquisite simplicity. Monica and Paul are obviously under a strain, but Jameson is perfectly at ease, very entertaining and cheerful. His inner strength and magnetism seem to give a warmth to the whole room.

DR. JAMESON

...We all have a secret ambition. Now me, I should like to have been a novelist. I'm always trying to see things through other people's eyes. I'd like to get inside your mind, Paul, and see the world the way you see it - I could learn a lot.

IRENE

(serving him coffee)

Excuse me, doctor, I meant to tell you - the lock is broken on a kitchen window. I think you ought to look at it.

DR. JAMESON

(looks up at her,
his thoughts
interrupted)

Very well, Irene. Later -
(then goes on,
to Paul)

Monica would like to have been a concert pianist. Tell me, Paul, what would you like to be?

PAUL

(in a low voice)

Anything I'm not.

DR. JAMESON

(teasingly)

Pure escape.

IRENE

(busy at table)

Excuse me, doctor, but did Mrs. Jameson tell you I'm going to leave?

(he looks at her
in surprise)

She told me to take it up with you.

DR. JAMESON

I thought you were very attached to us, Irene.

IRENE
(looks straight
at him with
intense devotion)
Yes, sir, I am. But --

DR. JAMESON
(interrupts her,
his voice kindly
and understanding)
I know something's worrying you.
I saw it the moment I returned -
when you opened the door.

IRENE
(forced to speak
in front of Monica,
grabbing at a straw)
Yes, sir, I - I know it was
wrong for me to leave Mrs.
Jameson alone last night.

DR. JAMESON
(astounded)
You weren't here?

MONICA
(quickly, a
little guiltily)
Don't blame her, Erik - I let
her go home, her mother was ill.

DR. JAMESON
But you know I never want you to
be alone, my dear. Irene knows it
too.

IRENE
But she wasn't alone, doctor -
Mr. Martin was here.

Jameson conceals his astonishment and passes it off
very quietly.

DR. JAMESON
Oh, I see. Of course. No more
coffee, Irene. That's all.
We'll talk about it tomorrow.

He stirs his coffee thoughtfully as Irene goes out.
Then with calm dignity he continues his interrupted
train of thought.

(CONTINUED)

DR. JAMESON

Don't think I was blaming you, Paul, when I said "pure escape". We're all trying to escape from something. But it's a very dangerous thing to try to change one's environment - or to change anyone else's environment. We're like plants or trees - if we're transplanted to a different climate we might die. Oh, some of us, you or I, are strong enough to survive. But not everybody.

(his grave eyes
rest for a moment
on Monica who
is looking at
her plate)

Have a cigarette, Paul.

(Paul takes one
from the box on the
table and offers
him the box, but
he shakes
his head)

Thank you, no - I don't smoke.

(lights cigarette
for Paul, and then
continues very calmly)

Sometimes it's the new environment that's in danger - and not the man who moves into it. His life may be so strong that in the new environment he becomes a monster -

(smiles as Paul
looks at him
quickly)

I'm thinking of a curious biological experiment a friend of mine made. He was living in your country - in Sologne. A place of lakes and rivers - you must know it.

(Paul nods)

There were many kinds of fish - but none of the species we call in America the catfish. My friend imported a few and put them in the streams. Instead of dying out, they multiplied abnormally - and not only that, they became monsters - grew to four times their natural size and devoured all the other fish.

MONICA

(very pale, abruptly)

Paul isn't interested in science, Erik.

DR. JAMESON

I'm sorry, dear.

MONICA

(rises abruptly)

Let's go in the living room.

DR. JAMESON

(both men rising)

Certainly.

Monica goes out swiftly and the men follow her. The door opens softly and we see Irene looking in from the kitchen on their backs as they exit.

LAP

117 INT. LIVING ROOM. Monica is at the piano, playing rather nervously. Dr. Jameson sits watching her and listening. Paul stands near fireplace with a perplexed look on his face. There is a growing tension in the atmosphere. Paul glances at a clock on the mantel - it is a quarter past - then he looks at the doctor, then at Monica. Monica stops playing abruptly.

DR. JAMESON

Go on, dear - that's lovely.

MONICA

(looks at him,
her manner
strained)

You must be tired, Erik. So much driving today.

DR. JAMESON

Oh, not at all. But you look tired, my dear - I think you'd better turn in. I'll sit up for a while - I want to talk with Paul.

PAUL

(abruptly)

If you'll excuse me, doctor - I'm going to take a walk.

MONICA

(gets up quickly)

It is close in here. Shall I take you for a drive, Paul?

PAUL

If the doctor doesn't mind.

DR. JAMESON

(to Monica,
indulgently)

You forget John has taken your car into town - he won't return until morning.

(CONTINUED)

MONICA

I can drive the big car.

DR. JAMESON

(gets up hospitably)

I'll drive it for you. Where would you like to go, Paul?

PAUL

Oh, I don't care about driving. I was going for a walk.

DR. JAMESON

(pleasantly)

Well, I'll walk with you.

MONICA

(the air is electric)

I'd rather you'd stay here, Erik.

DR. JAMESON

Of course, dear -

(smiles to Paul)

You see? She doesn't want us to leave the house. Sit down.

But it is Monica who sits down, the two men remain standing.

MONICA

I'm afraid, Eric, that Paul will have to leave before it gets too late. He didn't plan on staying tonight - did you, Paul?

PAUL

(looks straight at her)

I've changed my mind.

(then forcing a more casual tone as he turns to Jameson)

You see, doctor, I haven't seen Monica for so many years it's like meeting a new person. We have many things to talk about.

DR. JAMESON

(smiles)

What! - you haven't talked yourselves out yet?

PAUL

(looking at Monica)

I've hardly told her anything about myself yet - I mean things that have happened to me, since I last saw her.

Please go ahead. I'm very interested myself.

MONICA

(quickly)

Erik. Remember you're practically a stranger to Paul.

DR. JAMESON

I don't feel that at all. I feel I know him very well. Please finish that nocturne, my dear - it's beautiful.

Monica plays, her mind only half on the music, while Paul moves around looking at objects with the same inattention. Paul stops in front of an old pair of antique rapiers hung on the wall, looking at them but hardly seeing them.

118 MED CLOSE SHOT PAUL as he idly fingers the rapiers, tarnished by time, to feel if the point is sharp - Jameson, his hands behind his back, moves in casually, just behind him --

119 CLOSE SHOT MONICA playing at piano and looking off at:

120 THE TWO MEN from her angle, looking at the old rapiers. Jameson reaches up and unhooks one from its hanging --

121 CLOSE SHOT MONICA as she stops playing, watching them uneasily.

122 THREE SHOT. Jameson is showing Paul the old rapier, his manner casual and offhand.

DR. JAMESON

It's not really a weapon, Paul -- they're antiques. We don't have any weapons in this house --
(smiles)

In this day and age we don't have to defend our homes with personal bravery. We have the police all around us.

(very amused as he pokes at the air with the old sword)

In the old days every man was a man of action -- he carried one of these foolish things at his belt. Nowadays we merely pick up the telephone. Perhaps we're becoming decadent.

PAUL

(watching him coldly)

A man still has to defend himself, Dr. Jameson.

(CONTINUED)

DR. JAMESON

(lightly)

Oh, but not with weapons, surely.

PAUL

(coldly)

Why not?

DR. JAMESON

(smiles)

Because we pay taxes.

PAUL

I don't get you.

DR. JAMESON

(shrugs)

Taxes protect property - protect people. Everything is organized. Life is secure.

PAUL

No.

Monica rises from the piano and stands watching them tensely.

DR. JAMESON

I mean from any physical attack. I know we still have the danger of our own destinies inside us.

PAUL

(coldly)

I don't mena that. Are you safe?

DR. JAMESON

Of course.

PAUL

Am I safe?

DR. JAMESON

(smiles)

I hope so.

MONICA

(inwardly
agitated)

Erik, please don't talk so strangely. You know we want Paul to be safe.

(looks straight
at Paul)

He is!

DR. JAMESON

Of course, dear -- but suppose I took it into my head to attack him with this silly antique?

MONICA

(startled
as Paul watches
Eric narrowly
What for?

DR. JAMESON

(making light
of it)
Don't take it seriously, Monica
- but I could invent a score of
fantastic reasons. I might
become possessed of a weird
idea that he'd come here to
steal something - something
very precious to me.
(laughs as he
looks frankly
at Paul)
What would you do in that case,
Paul?

PAUL

I'd defend myself.

DR. JAMESON

How?

Paul just reaches up and takes down the other antique,
as Monica freezes, watching them. But the doctor
laughs, and it seems to be merely a game from his
manner.

DR. JAMESON

Ho! On guard, is it?
(backs off,
trying to strike
a pose with
the sword,
as if playing
a game)

This is the first time in my
life I've ever had one of these
toys in my hand. I don't know
how to use it.

PAUL

(watching him
like a hawk)
Neither do I.

DR. JAMESON

(lightly)
You hear that, Monica? That
makes us even.

MONICA

(terribly agitated)
Erik! For heaven's sake, stop
this fantastic game!

(CONTINUED)

DR. JAMESON

(smiling as the
two weapons cross)
Look at Paul! He's taking it
seriously. He has imagination,
Monica - he knows that men
haven't changed much in three
hundred years!

MONICA

(frantically as
the swords thrust
and parry)
Erik! Stop!

DR. JAMESON

Don't be worried, darling -
it's just a game. Keep back
- give us room.
(with a laughing
expression
to Paul)

Watch out, Paul. Now we're
rivals. Wait a minute - we
have to have something to fight
about. What was it in the
sixteenth century? Always a
woman, wasn't it? Monica, you
can play the part. Just imagine
we're fighting for your love.

MONICA

Erik! Paul!

But they go on with their dangerous game, which has
suddenly become a very serious matter - as they move
around for an advantage, their blades clashing clumsily -

123 CLOSE SHOT MONICA - a frenzy of speechless fear in her
countenance.

124 THREE SHOT. They seem to be evenly matched and both
are holding their ground.

DR. JAMESON

Come on, Legrand!

Paul stops, thunderstruck, and lowers his blade -

125 CLOSEUP MONICA. She is rooted to the spot, stunned.

126 CLOSE SHOT PAUL as he looks speechlessly at:

127 CLOSE SHOT JAMESON. He keeps his sword up as he speaks
quietly.

DR. JAMESON

I saw the newspaper this morning,
I never forget a face.

THREE SHOT as Paul and Monica stare at him thunderstruck. Jameson is very quiet, no longer pretending anything as he watches Paul.

PAUL

(angrily accusing,
his eyes dangerous)
You knew who I was all the time!
Why do you play this game?

DR. JAMESON

(quietly)
I'm not sure it is a game. You're
a dangerous man.

MONICA

(terribly agitated)
No, he's not! He's not Erik!

PAUL

Yes, Monica - I am! Now I am!
(looks with
hatred at
Jameson who
is suddenly
to him a symbol
of an antagonistic
class - banks,
police, comfort
and the like)
I'm dangerous because it's the
only way of defending myself.
You're not fair, you people.
You have everything - all you
have to do is pick up a telephone,
as you said yourself, and everyone
comes running to protect you! Even
this crazy game is unfair - If I
killed you they'd hang me for it -
But if you kill me what happens?
Nothing! They give you a medal!
(angrily)
But now I don't care - I'm not
afraid. You make a joke - you
said we were fighting for Monica!
Well, we are! Me, I'm not joking!

With a sudden fury he raises his weapon and starts at the doctor, who parries with his own weapon. But now Paul is clearly the stronger and he forces Jameson back as Monica cries out -

MONICA

Paul! Paul!

(CONTINUED)

128 (CONTINUED)

Jameson, backing, trips on the rug and, catching hold of a light chair, and, turning to see Paul advancing on him, he flings the chair with all his might, fighting for his life now. The chair hits Paul and the rusty rapier goes flying out of his hand. Instantly the doctor rushes at him but Monica with a cry runs in and confronts him, covering Paul with her body as she almost screams at her suddenly halted husband.

MONICA

Don't!

129 CLOSE THREE SHOT as Jameson looks at her queerly and lowers his sword. Monica is very pale, her back close against Paul, protecting him.

DR. JAMESON

Don't be frightened, Monica -
it's all right.

(lowers his
weapon quietly)

I'm afraid I'm foolish - I've been
behaving like a twenty-year-old
lover -

(a bitter smile
touches his eyes)

I must be my age... Sit down,
Paul. Sit down, Monica. We
must all understand each other.

And he walks over, picking up Paul's fallen weapon on the way, and hangs them both back on the wall where they belong. Monica and Paul sit down, their expressions tense, watching Jameson. The doctor turns to face them, after hanging up the weapons, with a bleak smile.

DR. JAMESON

(very quietly)

After all, we are in the twentieth
century. I'm guilty of archaic
thinking. It's been a long time
since men used these -

(indicates rapiers)

They belong to the age when a
wife was a husband's property.
Women have grown up, Paul, as we
have - as I thought I had. They're
free. They belong to themselves
first, as every human being must.
And the very essence of freedom is
choice - we can choose what we
want in life.

(meditates a moment
calmly)

I know what you want, Paul. You
want freedom - and Monica.

PAUL

(gruffly)

The same thing you want.

(CONTINUED)

DR. JAMESON

Oh, I have freedom. I have a fairly clear conscience and money - and the man who possesses those has freedom. What I want is...my work - and by that I mean the chance to discover all the truth that I can find in me - and I also want, not Monica, but Monica's happiness.

(looks at Monica
tenderly)

You've been happy here, haven't you, my dear?

MONICA

(presses her
hands to her
head, distraught)

Yes, I've been perfectly happy. But what is awful is to know that I'll be always perfectly happy - year after year, until I'm old and still perfectly happy -

(gets up, walking
agitatedly)

You don't know what's inside me, Erik - sometimes I don't want to be happy. It's not because I'm good - I don't suffer because I see other people suffer - I don't want to be poor and have terrible things happen to me just because other people are that way. No, I'm not good. I'm probably selfish - I don't understand it but I find myself wishing an earthquake or some awful catastrophe will happen - I'd like to find myself even walking a road, alone, and begging for something to eat -

(looks at Paul)

- or maybe stealing what I want.

(then to Erik
who listens with
profound attention)

It's wrong for a human being to have as much attention and kindness as I have - Everyone worrying about me and thinking of my slightest need - Whether I've slept well or whether I haven't - Whether I've eaten or not eaten. Like being the center of a little world. It's wrong, Erik - it isn't real. I'm not living!

(almost accusingly)

Are you happy, Erik?

(CONTINUED)

DR. JAMESON

I was.

MONICA

Because you've been living - you were worrying about me. You had someone to give your life to. I can't be worried about you - You're strong, you're never ill, you're a great man, you really don't need anyone. All you need is someone to love and take care of:

(almost pleading)

Don't you understand, Erik? It's hard to love a great man.

(very agitated)

I know you don't want me to talk about my father, but I must - because he was a wonderful musician but not a great man as you are - he was weak. He was like a child, I could worry about him all the time - He'd even forget to eat if I wouldn't make him eat. He'd get wildly happy or terribly sad - and when he was sad I could comfort him - as if he were my own child -

(strangely)

And yet I was only a girl. You talk about happiness, Erik, but do you know what it means? Sometimes it means to be unhappy.

(with sudden

strength, as if

her course were

revealed to her

at last)

Perhaps I don't love Paul as I love you, Erik - but I'm not going to stay in this house. I'm going with him!

And she almost runs from the room as Jameson rises with an agonized plea in his call.

DR. JAMESON

Monica!

130 INT. HALLWAY. Irene is listening behind the half-closed portieres as Monica comes running through. Irene starts guiltily, but Monica catches her arm, hardly noticing that the maid was eavesdropping.

MONICA

Irene! Help me pack a bag!

She goes right on up the stairs and Irene follows her -

131

INT. LIVING ROOM. Jameson still stands riveted to the spot, looking at the portieres where Monica vanished. Paul is on his feet, watching Jameson. Finally the doctor turns to him, getting control of himself, but his voice strained in its quietness.

DR. JAMESON

Sit down, Paul. There are some other things you've got to know... I'm going to tell you everything.

132

INT. MONICA'S BEDROOM. Clothes are strewn around the brightly-lighted room while Monica, in a tempest of excitement, is trying to pack a bag, with Irene's help, and doing it very ineffectually. In contrast with the earlier dressing scene, Monica is no longer wondering which things to choose. She is taking only the simplest things and throwing everything else that Irene brings her aside.

MONICA

(feverishly
tossing things
aside)

Not that. No. No. No, Irene.
I can't take much. Just the
simplest things -

IRENE

(putting things
in the bag)

What about Dr. Jameson?

MONICA

(very busy)
What do you mean?

IRENE

(straightens
up defiantly)

How can you leave a man like
him for a common thief?

MONICA

(startled,
looks at her)
Don't be impertinent, Irene.
(very quietly)
Erik has his work and his books -
He doesn't need me.

IRENE

(throwing caution
to the winds)
I'm sure he doesn't. He'll have
me to take care of him.

She stops helping Monica and sits down on the edge of the bed defiantly. Monica looks at her queerly for a moment, beginning to understand something she has never understood, and then goes on packing by herself.

(CONTINUED)

MONICA

(off handedly)

Irene, you were Erik's nurse
at the hospital before I married
him, weren't you?

IRENE

(with an
insolent manner)

I was.

MONICA

You're very devoted to him,
aren't you.

IRENE

I think it's outrageous that
he gave up his practice. For you.

MONICA

(straightens up
and looks at
her curiously;
very calm in
her surprise)

Why you're in love with him.

IRENE

(gets up,
defiantly)

I can't tell you how glad I am
that you know it!

MONICA

You must be very happy I'm
leaving. I wondered.

IRENE

(eyes flashing)

Did you also wonder how that
thief got in this house last night?

MONICA

(sharply)

You mean Mr. Martin?

IRENE

I mean the thief I let in the
front door - after you'd gone
to bed -

Monica is startled.

IRENE (cont'd)

I hoped he'd kill you. I waited
till Dr. Jameson was away - I
didn't want him to get hurt!

MONICA

(looks at her
revolted)

You hate me that much, do you.

(CONTINUED)

IRENE

I'm not ashamed of it!

MONICA

(disgusted,
very quietly)

I am! No wonder I felt afraid
in this house. I couldn't
understand it - I felt afraid
until Paul came. To be near him
was like feeling well again after
being ill a long time -

(coldly)

You may go, Irene. I'll finish
packing myself.

Irene just looks at her contemptuously and then goes to
the door, but turns for a last fling:

IRENE

You are ill! You'll always be
ill! You'll ruin any man you
ever touch - even this thief
you're going with!

MONICA

(angrily,
almost frightened)

That's enough!

IRENE

I could have given Erik children,
a real life, a home - and not
this madhouse he's living in!

Monica stands speechless and unnerved, as Irene vanishes
out the door triumphantly -

133

INT. LIVING ROOM. Paul sits rigidly listening to Jameson
who stands before him talking his whole heart out.

DR. JAMESON

I've told you her early life,
because I want you to understand
the responsibility you're
undertaking, Paul. Monica was an
intense, spoiled, highly-gifted
girl, utterly beautiful and
enchanted - and utterly devoted
to her father, who was not only a
remarkable musician but a brilliant,
fascinating man. Without knowing it,
she had taken the place of her
mother, whom she'd never known. It
was that intense kind of love. If
her father hadn't been suddenly
killed, she would naturally have
transferred that love to some young
man - and developed into a normal
happy woman. But instead her life
stopped - she was in love with a
ghost,

(CONTINUED)

DR. JAMESON (cont'd)
(very quietly as if
it hurt him to tell it)
For three years after her father's
death, Monica was insane.

PAUL
(after a stunned moment)
That's how you met her?

DR. JAMESON
(nods slowly)
I was in charge of the asylum
where she was confined. I fell
in love with her - it seemed that
if I couldn't cure her my whole
life would be worth nothing. She
was in love with a ghost that
wouldn't die - and I finally
realized the only way I could cure
her was to give that ghost a living
reality and a name. That's what I
am - a ghost. That's what I became,
because I loved her -

(Paul listens with dread)
That's why we live here like ghosts,
without servants - because that's
the only way she can go on living.
That's why I write - I gave up all
active work, so she won't be alone.

(checks Paul, strong
in his love for Monica)
Oh, don't think I regret it.
Sometimes adversity is the greatest
good luck. By what seemed a
sacrifice of my work I found my
real work. By having to write I
had to think clearly - and I began
for the first time to understand a
few things about the mind -
(touches his forehead)
Instead of a few patients, my clinic
now is the world.

PAUL
If you know so much about people,
what about this nurse - Irene?

DR. JAMESON
We all make mistakes, Paul - I
didn't realize how serious it
was until you told me.
(quietly)
I can protect Monica from Irene -
but what about you?

PAUL
(just as quietly)
I love her.

DR. JAMESON
So do I. You think that's enough?

PAUL

If two people love each other,
yes.

DR. JAMESON

(quietly)

She's really not in love with
you, Paul - she's in love with
adventure. It's part of her
illness - she always wants to
escape from reality. You're a
sort of ghost too, in her mind.
You're the illusion of escape
and adventure. You're surrounded
by danger -

PAUL

That's no illusion.

DR. JAMESON

But you don't want danger, you
want to escape too. You want
security.

PAUL

Sure I do. And I'll find it!

DR. JAMESON

I believe you will - because of
Monica. And when you find it,
you'll lose her.

(dryly)

I'm more of an adventurer than
you are.

PAUL

(with a scornful
gesture)

In this house?

DR. JAMESON

(touches his head)

In this house, Paul. The most
dangerous adventures are here
in the mind. It's a big dark
house to go in to - It's full
of monsters, and you can get
lost. It's not always easy to
find your way out again -

He breaks off, seeing Monica enter hurriedly through the
portieres from the hall, drawing on her gloves. Paul
gets to his feet - both men looking at her. She is
agitated from her encounter with Irene, her eyes feverishly
bright. Irene appears in narrow opening between the
portieres, and stands watching her from behind, not
entering the room. There is a fearful tension in the
atmosphere as Monica looks at them both, then goes to
Jameson and puts her arms around him and kisses him, as
a daughter would.

134 CLOSEUP PAUL watching with tormented eyes.

135 CLOSE TWO SHOT - Monica and Jameson. There are tears in her eyes as she looks at him deeply, and there is only tenderness, no reproach, in his eyes as he looks at her with deep love.

MONICA

(whispers)

Thank you, Erik - for everything.

DR. JAMESON

(very low)

Thank you, darling - for having given me so much happiness -

MONICA

(in a low,
frightened voice)

Am I really ill? Is that why I'm leaving?

DR. JAMESON

No, you're perfectly all right. I was your doctor - but now you're well, you don't need me any more.

136 THREE SHOT - Paul watching them with that tormented expression, Irene visible in the narrow gap of the portieres in the background, as if watching to protect Jameson.

MONICA

Forgive me, Erik - I have no will. I can't help what I'm doing - I know it's mad.

DR. JAMESON

(very low)

It's perfectly normal. You've found someone you need now more than you need me. I'm sure he's a good man - If I weren't sure of that I'd never let you go.

(turns to Paul calmly)

Where is this ship you're sailing on?

PAUL

In the harbor.

DR. JAMESON

You'd better take my car.

He steps to him and holds out his hand.

PAUL

Thank you, Jameson.

DR. JAMESON
(grips his hand)
Take care of her.

PAUL
I will -
(he looks at Monica
for a silent moment)
Stay with him a moment till I
get the car.

She is so full of emotion she can only nod, and abruptly he starts from the room. Irene has quickly stepped back behind the portieres as he exits without glancing back.

137 CLOSE TWO SHOT as Monica and Jameson look at each other, tears glimmering in her eyes.

MONICA
(choking, hardly
able to speak)
It's so hard - so hard -

DR. JAMESON
I can see why you trust him.
It's strange, but I trust him
myself -

There is the sound of the car starting, the motor suddenly racing - and then the sound fades rapidly. Irene runs from the hallway, in a fury -

IRENE
He's gone! He's gone!

DR. JAMESON
What?

IRENE
(runs to him
crazily)
He stole your car! He went off
without her!
(points at Monica)

But Monica has not waited even to hear this. With a cry she runs out of the room, Jameson following her. Irene looks after them crazily and then, as they exit, runs to the telephone and dials frantically:

IRENE
(on phone)
Police? My name is Irene
Hoffman - I'm the maid at Dr.
Jameson's house. That convict
you're looking for - yes, that's
his name - he just stole the
doctor's car. Yes, he's heading
for town!

- 138 INT. JAMESON'S LIMOUSINE - (PROCESS). Paul is driving with a set lifeless face. Sudden headlights of another car on his face as he makes a turn and he has to jerk the wheel to miss the car as it whips past him, the car lurching.
- 139 EXT. GROUNDS OUTSIDE JAMESON HOUSE. In the moonlight we see Jameson as he breaks through some thick shrubbery and comes close into CAMERA calling, looking all directions anxiously -
- DR. JAMESON
Monica! Monica!
- 140 SHORE ROAD - MED. LONG SHOT - JAMESON'S CAR as it swings around a sharp turn and heads along the shore road toward town - its headlights knifing the darkness -
- 141 INT. JAMESON'S CAR - (PROCESS) Paul begins to step on the gas and the throb of the motor increases its pitch. Suddenly he reacts, glimpsing:
- 142 SHOT THROUGH WINDSHIELD - in the bright beam ahead we see Monica run across the road, vanishing into darkness again on the seaward side at left -
- 143 INT. JAMESON'S CAR - CLOSE SHOT PAUL as he jams on the brakes and the car skids -
- 144 CAR - as it skids to a stop near CAMERA and Paul jumps out and runs toward the sea -
- 145 EDGE OF SEA - MED. LONG SHOT MONICA wading almost frantically into the calm moonlit sea. Far out in the harbor we see the tiny lights and silhouette of a small freighter riding at anchor. The water deepens quickly and the next moment Monica is swimming -
- 146 SHORE ROAD - in the bright beam of the headlights of Jameson's stopped car on the road we see the figure of Jameson as he runs across the road, calling Monica's name.
- 147 EDGE OF SEA - SHOOTING ALONG the sandy beach we see Paul come running straight into CAMERA. He stops short, very near, and peers around, almost ready to believe the glimpse he had of the girl was an hallucination. Then he hears Jameson's voice calling and looks seaward -
- 148 LONG SHOT OUT OVER SEA from Paul's angle. In the moonlight we can dimly see Monica swimming out and out -

PAUL

Monica!

Then he tears off his coat and runs into the water -

150 SEA - CLOSE MOVING SHOT MONICA in the water. She is growing tired and suddenly she stops any effort and goes under. We hear Paul's voice calling her - CAMERA HOLDS on the water as Monica comes up and goes under again. Paul comes swimming in with powerful strokes, looks around, then dives under and comes up with her in his arms. He starts swimming back with the unconscious girl -

LAP

151 BEACH. Jameson comes running along the sandy strip as Paul finds a footing and, with Monica in his arms, wades through the shoaling water.

DR. JAMESON

Darling!

PAUL

She's unconscious!

He carries her swiftly up the beach a few yards to where a lifeguard's boat is beached on the sand, CAMERA FOLLOWING. Paul lays her carefully on a piece of canvas which he rips out of the small boat, and Jameson drops to his knees beside her, chafing her wrists and calling to her anxiously. Paul remains standing -

152 CLOSE SHOT PAUL looking down at:

153 CLOSE SHOT JAMESON'S HEAD bent over Monica's anxiously as he tries to restore her.

154 THREE SHOT - Paul watching down at the other two.

PAUL

Is she all right?

DR. JAMESON

Only shock. She'll be all right.

PAUL

I'm going to be a thief for the last time, Jameson - I'm going to steal this boat.

DR. JAMESON

(working over
his wife)

Do you think you can make it?

154 (CONTINUED)

PAUL

It's the only way I can make it.

He lays hold of the light boat, throws in the oars, and starts dragging it down the sand to the water's edge.

DR. JAMESON

(never pausing
in his work)

Thank you, Paul.

PAUL'S VOICE

Thank you, sir.

DR. JAMESON

- And good luck!

155 AT WATER'S EDGE. Paul drags the boat into scene, wades out alongside it, then climbs in and sets his oars. He looks back toward where he can see Jameson and Monica but we cannot, and speaks softly -

PAUL

Good-bye, Monica.

Then he digs in the oars and begins rowing hard out toward the open harbor -

156 BEACH - CLOSE TWO SHOT - LOW CAMERA. As Jameson chafes Monica's wrists her eyes open and she looks up at him as if coming out of a dream. She sighs and a sense of peace is in her hardly audible voice -

MONICA

Oh, Erik.

DR. JAMESON

(tenderly)

It was just a storm, darling - A tempest. It's all over now.

He lifts her up and holds her in his arms closely and his gaze turns to where she is looking - out to the harbor -

157 VERY LONG SHOT (MINIATURE) - Out across the moonlit sea we can see the tiny freighter riding at anchor and halfway to her is the small dark blob of the small boat, rowing, rowing -

158 CLOSE TWO SHOT. Both Jameson and Monica watch silently, but there is no anguish in her face now. The storm is indeed over -

INT. PRIVATE CHAMBER OF JUDGE RANDOLPH. CLOSE SHOT FROM BEHIND JAMESON - who stands at the wide window staring out at the sunlit sea of early morning. The smoke of the freighter is dwindling in the distance on the wide ocean. CAMERA PULLS BACK SLOWLY AND PANS LIGHTLY TO TAKE IN Judge Randolph who is watching him with a meditative expression. Finally Jameson turns away from the window and looks at the silent judge, breaking the silence.

DR. JAMESON

I told you it was a matter of justice. I was an accomplice to his escape. I don't feel guilty but in the eyes of society I am.

JUDGE RANDOLPH

Yes, Erik. According to law you are.

(slowly)

I'm just wondering what a jury will say.

DR. JAMESON

So am I.

FADE OUT

THE END