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THEY WON'T BELIEVE ME

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THEY WON'T BELIEVE ME

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Name Changes

THEY WON'T BELIEVE ME

LAWRENCE BALLANTINE is now LAWRENCE BLAKE
GRETA BALLANTINE is now GRETA BLAKE

THEY WON'T BELIEVE ME

Screen Play

by

Jonathan Latimer

FADE IN

INT. CORRIDOR LOS ANGELES COURTHOUSE - DAY

1 LONG SHOT - a marble-floored corridor broken at intervals by ornate, hand-carved mahogany doors - entrances to the chambers of the various judges. There is a hushed quality about the corridor: clerks, bailiffs, lawyers go about their business quietly, almost on tiptoe. At the far end of the corridor is a group of men and women, waiting silently by one of the doors.

CAMERA STARTS MOVING IN, APPROACHING the crowd, which is blocked from the door by a burly policeman. As the CAMERA NEARS the door a gilt inscription can be made out -- SUPERIOR COURT OF CALIFORNIA. Below this, also in gilt, is -- JUDGE CHARLES FLETCHER. The CAMERA PASSES THROUGH the door TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

2 LONG SHOT - SHOOTING along aisle towards the judge's bench. A jury trial is in progress: every seat in the room is taken. It is obviously a hot day, sunlight pours through the tall, open windows at the western side of the room and many of the spectators, in light dresses or shirtsleeves, fan themselves with newspapers, hats. The witness stand is vacant, but in front of it, pacing between judge and jury, is Defense Attorney Ralph Cahill, a homespun character in a wrinkled suit. All eyes are on him: he has evidently been making an important argument. As the CAMERA MOVES ALONG the aisle, he is speaking to the jury.

CAHILL

I guess you folks all realize this is a mighty important matter we're decidin' here...whether or not a man has committed murder...

(pauses)

The State's done a fine job in presentin' its case...It put five men and women in this chair... key witnesses....

(indicates empty witness chair)

A person'd have to go a long ways to find five better ones. (cont'd)

CAHILL (cont'd)

Anybody could tell right off
they weren't the kind of people
who'd make up things.

- 3 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Trenton,
a man of forty-eight,
dressed in conservative
business clothes.
- CAHILL'S VOICE
A prominent Los Angeles
businessman.
- The CAMERA PANS TO
Susan Haines, a
determined-looking
young woman.
- A young professional
woman.
- The CAMERA MOVES ON TO
Ed Thomason, a fat,
weatherbeaten man of
sixty in a wrinkled suit.
- A man who's run a country
store -- for thirty-five
years....
- The CAMERA PANS TO
Janice Bell, a pretty,
well-dressed young woman,
whose face is devoid of
expression.
- A writer for a national
news magazine....
- The CAMERA CONCLUDES
with Lieutenant Carr,
whose face is hidden from
the camera because, at the
moment, he's talking to
someone behind him.
- And the head of the
city's Homicide Bureau.
- 4 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Cahill. He continues to speak.

CAHILL

I reckon there's no doubt
among you folks in the jury
that they've been speakin' the
truth -- like the lawyers
say....

- 5 MED. SHOT - the jury. Nine men and three women, homely
citizens of modest circumstances, whose faces, perhaps
because of the unusual responsibility, seem grim and
foreboding.

CAHILL'S VOICE

...to the best of their
knowledge and belief. But,
even so, I suppose the judge is
wonderin' why I didn't cross-
examine.

The jury turn to look at the judge.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - judge. A handsome, old man, he is listening dispassionately to the argument.

CAHILL'S VOICE

It probably looks to him like I'm lazy, or takin' money from my client under false pretenses.... Maybe I am....

WIDER ANGLE - taking in Cahill, jury, and the table where the prosecution sits.

CAHILL

But I got an idea that five truths don't always add up to a single big truth....

(turns from judge to jury)

...When I was a shaver learnin' my three R's, I found out that three apples and two apples made five apples...and that three apples and two oranges didn't. I think that's what we got here -- apples and oranges being added together.

Cahill crosses to the prosecution table and looks down at Assistant District Attorney Patrick Gold, in charge of the prosecution. He is a studious, somewhat pompous man -- much more the accepted type of lawyer.

CAHILL (cont'd)

I'm not accusin' my friend, the District Attorney, of doin' this deliberately....he's tryin' to the best of his ability to seek out and act upon the truth... to discover and bring to judgment the murderer of Verna Carlson... if murder has been done. But, in this case, I think he's been led astray by the passion of one woman....

Cahill turns as does everyone in the court, toward Janice Bell, seated by the prosecutor's table.

CLOSE SHOT - Janice. If she is aware of the eyes, she does not show it. Her face is calm; her eyes, downcast, are fixed on some object on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CAHILL'S VOICE

You've already seen her...heard her supply the equivocal truths that formed the cornerstone of the State's case...

9 MED. SHOT - courtroom. Cahill walks slowly, dramatically, back to the jury box. He has the full attention of everyone.

CAHILL

Now, you probably want to know who's to sort out the apples from the oranges for us? Who's to give us the final truth?

(pauses
dramatically)

Well, just one person can do it -- tell the whole story as he would on his deathbed. It won't be pretty...I had to look in the dictionary to find words for it... heartless...shameful...sordid... cruel...

He walks back and forth in front of the jury box.

CAHILL (cont'd)

He's been a bad husband...and a bad citizen...he's violated half a dozen moral laws... lied...cheated...betrayed those who loved him.

He halts and speaks directly to the jury.

CAHILL (cont'd)

But you must remember, ladies and gentlemen, that he is not on trial for these derelictions... bad as they are. We are concerned here with one question, and one question alone: Did he or did he not commit murder?

Cahill walks slowly up to the judge's bench. He wipes sweat from his face with a linen handkerchief, then speaks to the judge.

CAHILL (cont'd)

May I proceed with the defense, your Honor?

JUDGE FLETCHER

You may proceed, Mr. Cahill.

(CONTINUED)

CAHILL'S VOICE

A woman slighted...scorned...who
set herself to trapping the
defendant in a snare of half
truths....

9 MED. SHOT - courtroom. Cahill walks slowly,
dramatically, back to the jury box. He has the
full attention of everyone.

CAHILL

Now, you probably want to know
who's to sort out the apples from
the oranges for us? Who's to
give us the final truth?

(pauses dramatically)

Well, just one person can do it --
tell the whole story as he would
on his deathbed. It won't be
pretty.... I had to look in
the dictionary to find words for
it...heartless...shameful...sordid
...cruel....

He walks back and forth in front of the jury box.

CAHILL (cont'd)

He's been a bad husband...
and a bad citizen...he's
violated half a dozen moral
laws...lied...cheated...
betrayed those who loved him.

He halts and speaks directly to the jury.

CAHILL (cont'd)

But you must remember, ladies
and gentlemen, that he is not
on trial for these things. We
are concerned here with one
question, and one question alone:
Did he or did he not commit murder?

Cahill walks slowly up to the judge's bench. He
wipes sweat from his face with a linen handkerchief,
then speaks to the judge.

CAHILL (cont'd)

May I proceed with the defense,
Your Honor?

JUDGE FLETCHER

You may proceed, Mr. Cahill.

(CONTINUED)

Cahill turns to the open windows at the western side of the courtroom.

CAHILL
Lawrence Ballantine!

10 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Larry Ballantine! He gets up from his seat near one of the windows and starts for the witness stand. A man of thirty-five; good-looking, debonaire, intelligent, he is dressed in a well-tailored gabardine suit. The CAMERA PANS WITH him as he walks to the witness stand, his face confident, his manner almost jaunty. He takes the stand.

CLERK
Raise your right hand.

Larry complies.

CLERK (cont'd)
Do you solemnly swear to tell
the truth, the whole truth and
nothing but the truth, so help
you God?

LARRY
I do.

He sits. The clerk, a fussy little man with a bald head, prepares to write.

CLERK
What is your name, please?

LARRY
Lawrence Ballantine.

11 MED. CLOSE SHOT - first row of spectator benches. Two youngish women, laden with peanut brittle and chocolates in paper bags, stare at Larry avidly.

CLERK'S VOICE
Is the Lawrence spelled with a
w or a u, Mr. Ballantine?

LARRY'S VOICE
L-A-W-R-E-N-C-E.

The women look at one another and one of them, without words, indicates: "That's for me." The other nods and they turn back to the stand.

MED. SHOT - stand. The clerk writes down the name.

CLERK

(finished with him)

Thank you, Mr. Ballantine.

There is a pause, then Cahill moves close to the jury box, so that in answering him Larry talks to the jurors.

CAHILL

Mr. Ballantine, you are the defendant in this case, are you not?

LARRY

I am.

CAHILL

Charged with the brutal murder of Verna Carlson?

LARRY

That's right.

CAHILL

Are you willing to describe for the jury - to describe truthfully - the events which led up to the placement of this charge?

LARRY

I certainly am.

CAHILL

(gesturing for
him to go on)

To the jury, please.

There is a pause as Larry thinks how to begin his story. He smiles a little - a depreciating, winning smile which the jury receives dead-pan.

LARRY

I guess I'd better start on a Saturday afternoon in June - in New York - in one of those little basement restaurants on Fifty-second Street - Nick's - specializing in hors d'oeuvres, chateaubriand, crepes suzette....

As he goes on speaking,

SLOW DISSOLVE

INT. NICK'S - DAY

13

FULL SHOT - an interesting room, modeled after the dining-kitchen of a French farmhouse. Above the huge stone fireplace hang copper pots and pans: on the stone floor are heavy tables and chairs of plain wood. Some of the tables are covered with checkered tablecloths. Light comes in from the street through two mullioned windows. The room seems deserted except for Nick, who is cheerfully polishing glasses back of a small bar opposite the fireplace.

LARRY'S VOICE

...and dark corner tables where couples can sit for hours with no questions asked. I remember it was hot for June - people were already leaving town - but it was cool in Nick's...and quiet...I guess, now that I look back, it was what is called the quiet before the storm....

14

MED. SHOT - bar. Nick is quietly gay, softly singing a little French tune and admiring the high polish he is putting on his bar glasses. The street door opens and Janice Bell enters - a buoyant, happy, youthful Janice.

NICK

(he loves her)

'Allo, Miss Bell.

JANICE

Hello, Nick. Where's that man?

NICK

(with an air of great secrecy)

He is here. But I must tell you, Miss Bell...with him at his table is a most beautiful blonde.

JANICE

(playing along)

A blonde! I'll cut her throat from ear to ear!

She starts for the back of the restaurant, leaving Nick grinning broadly.

"THEY WON'T BELIEVE ME"

15 MED. LONG SHOT - showing the back of the restaurant. It looks empty. Janice heads for a booth at the far corner. She peers into the booth, smiles.

JANICE

Larry!

16 MED. CLOSE SHOT - booth. Larry, shoes off, tie pulled down, is stretched out in the booth on his back. His eyes are closed, his face peaceful. Janice slides into the booth, caresses his face with a hand.

JANICE

(compassionately)

Poor baby!

Larry opens one eye.

LARRY

(with mock
indignation)

A fine thing! Getting home at
this hour of the night.

(sits up)

I suppose you've been roistering
with the boys at Bleek's.

JANICE

I've been roistering with a
typewriter: National Conference
of Women's Clubs.

LARRY

Leaving me to slave over a hot
martini!

(finds one of
his shoes)

You'd think that magazine of
yours could afford two writers.

JANICE

Tom Gledhill thinks women should
write stories about women.

LARRY

(darkly)

I know what it is - a plot
to break up our Saturday
afternoons. I suspect Gledhill's
in love with you.

(CONTINUED)

15 MED. LONG SHOT - showing the back of the restaurant. It looks empty. Janice heads for a booth at the far corner. She peers into the booth, smiles.

JANICE

Larry!

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(compassionately)

Poor baby!

Larry opens one eye.

LARRY

(with mock
indignation)

A fine thing! Getting home at
this hour of the night.

(sits up)

I suppose you've been roistering
with the boys at Bleek's.

JANICE

I've been roistering with a
typewriter: Eleanor Roosevelt's
speech before the Security
Council.

LARRY

Leaving me to slave over a hot
martini!

(finds one of
his shoes)

You'd think that magazine of
yours could afford two writers.

JANICE

Tom Gledhill thinks women should
write stories about women.

LARRY

(darkly)

I know what it is - a plot
to break up our Saturday
afternoons. I suspect Gledhill's
in love with you.

(CONTINUED)

She laughs.

JANICE

He doesn't even know what I
look like.

She touches his neck lightly with her fingers, almost
as if it were a caross.

JANICE (cont'd)

He'd probably describe me as
a portable type, having a
standard keyboard and a blue-
black ribbon.

Larry looks at her speculatively.

LARRY

Say, that was nice. Do it again.

JANICE

What?

He shows her, taking her hand and putting it back on
his neck.

JANICE (cont'd)

What will Nick think?

LARRY

He's wondering why I'm putting
my shoes on.

(finds other
shoe)

You want a drink?

JANICE

Naturally.

LARRY

(calling)

Nick! Two Saturday specials.

NICK'S VOICE

Tout de suite, monsieur.

Larry bends down to tie his shoe. He speaks from
under the table.

LARRY

Anything on the seat beside you,
skipper?

Janice finds a package and puts it on the table.

LARRY (cont'd)

(still under)

Open it.

(CONTINUED)

They want
Belmont
M.
CONTINUED)

He finishes tying the shoe as Janice opens the package.
In it is a beautiful model of a sport fishing cruiser.

LARRY (cont't)

What do you think of her?

JANICE

I think she's beautiful!

LARRY

You ought to...seeing as she's
about sixty percent yours.

17 CLOSE SHOT - model. Larry lifts the hinged superstructure,
disclosing the interior of the cruiser.

LARRY

Look. Bunks on swivels, as per
suggestion; electric galley
exactly as specified...

18 TWO SHOT - Larry grins proudly at Janice.

LARRY

Think you'd be comfortable on her?

JANICE

Well, I'd have to shrink a little...

LARRY

Now, no wisecracks, skipper.
You're being well paid for your
advice...a luncheon every
Saturday for...

JANICE

Eleven Saturdays.

LARRY

(surprised)
Eleven? Gosh, it seems only a
couple of nights ago you and
I got talking at that dull party...
What was the name of those people?

JANICE

Comstock...and they were dull!

LARRY

Do you think we're dull?

JANICE

Did you ever hear of a fisherman
finding another fisherman dull?
I wish you could have known Dad.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

I used to see his name in the books -- world's record marlin off New Zealand -- world's record sailfish off Guaymas. They never said anything about you, though.

JANICE

(smiling)

I guess I was a disappointment --
I only weighed seven pounds...

LARRY

(warmly)

He should have waited around.

Janice nods. She loves her father's memory, and Larry sees the trace of sadness in her eyes. He picks up the model.

LARRY (cont'd)

Think he would approve?

JANICE

I know he would...

LARRY

But how about you? Would you risk a cruise to Bimini or Cat Cay?

JANICE

(enthusiastically)

I'd love it.

LARRY

Maybe we could use the boat here in the summer - weekend off Long Island, or go up Nova Scotia way for tuna...it'll have a cruise radius of fifteen hundred miles -- and it would only draw six feet; -- we could dock it right at our own pier.

JANICE

If we had a pier.

LARRY

(brought up short)

Yeah.

(smiles ruefully)

Got a cigarette?

JANICE

I think so...

She takes a cheap lucite cigarette case out of purse, but as she offers it to him, the lid falls off. Both hinges are broken. Larry retrieves the lid, hands it to her.

LARRY

I thought you were going to have that fixed.

JANICE

It isn't worth it.

Larry starts to light his cigarette.

19 ANOTHER ANGLE - featuring Janice.

JANICE

What's on the agenda today?

LARRY

Engines. Diesels versus gas...
I've got a lot of questions.

He thinks of something, takes hold of her wrist and looks at her wristwatch.

LARRY (cont'd)

Golly! I have to go.

JANICE

(she can't help
being disappointed)

Oh, Larry!

LARRY

You shouldn't have been so late.

JANICE

I should have thrown that darn typewriter out the window!

Larry smiles sympathetically as he pulls out the table for her.

LARRY

Tell you what I'll do...
I'll call you Monday.

JANICE

(pleased)

Will you?

LARRY

With the very first nickel I get my hands on.

They start out.

20

WIDER ANGLE as they approach Nick at the bar. He has two elaborate drinks -- something like mint juleps, in silver cups set in ice -- on the bar in front of him. Larry deposits the model beside the drinks.

LARRY

Hang on to this for us, will
you, Nick?

NICK

(nodding)

But the Saturday Specials...
you forget, no?

Janice looks at Larry --- anything to be together a
moment longer.

LARRY

(to Nick)

I have to scram, Nick. You
drink 'em.

(puts bill
on bar)

From us to you.

They continue on out of the shot. The CAMERA HOLDS ON
Nick, who stares compassionately after Janice.

EXT. FIFTY-SECOND STREET - DAY

21

MED. SHOT - curb in front of Nick's restaurant. It can
be seen that Nick's is in the basement of a remodeled
three-story stone house. As Janice and Larry near the
curb a waiting cab pulls up. Larry opens the door.

JANICE

(hesitating)

I wish you didn't have to go.

LARRY

So do I. But duty's duty.

He helps her into the cab.

JANICE

Goodbye, Larry.

LARRY

(a sudden
thought)

You'll be on deck next Saturday,
skipper?

JANICE

I'll be on deck.

They look at one another for a moment, then Larry
closes the door. The cab pulls away, but the CAMERA
STAYS WITH Larry, a fond smile on his lips. Then he
turns and starts off in the opposite direction.

22 MED. LONG SHOT - Larry, walking jauntily and still smiling, comes down the street past the shop windows. He is feeling fine and isn't paying much attention to where he is going, much to the annoyance of a large woman who bumps squarely into him. Before she can say anything, Larry steps smartly aside, delivers a low bow.

LARRY

A thousand pardons, Madam.

The woman does an outraged take, but Larry continues blithely on his way. He passes a few more shops, the CAMERA TRUCKING, when suddenly he notices something interesting in the window of one. He turns and peers into the window.

23 CLOSE SHOT - window, SHOOTING PAST Larry. A few choice things are on display. Larry leaves the shot and reappears inside the jewelry store with a clerk. Larry points and the clerk picks up a woman's gold cigarette case. Larry nods and they move out of sight into the rear of the store.

DISSOLVE

INT. ELEVATOR LANDING OF RIVERSIDE
DRIVE APARTMENT - DAY

<p>24 MED. SHOT - an ornate foyer with just two doors leading off it. White rug, zebra-striped chair, and a Chinese Chippendale table on which is a vase of ivy. Larry emerges from the elevator and crosses to one of the doors. He lets himself in with a key.</p>	<p>LARRY'S VOICE Coming home that night, I ran into the first of what turned out to be a series of unpleasant surprises.....</p>
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INT. APARTMENT FOYER - DAY

<p>25 MED SHOT - shooting toward door. A small room with a circular hook rug, a maple table and two closets. A stairway leads up to the bedrooms in the duplex apartment. Larry tosses his hat on the table and starts into the living room, the CAMERA PANNING WITH him. He comes to a sudden halt at the living room entrance, surprised at something.</p>	<p>LARRY'S VOICE ...I had guests... (sarcastically) ...some of my favorite people --</p>
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INT. BALLANTINE LIVING ROOM - DAY

LARRY'S VOICE

26

REVERSE ANGLE - showing a large duplex living room, the tall windows at the far end overlooking New York and the river. The room is furnished in a tasteful combination of modern and period pieces, the principal grouping being around a large fireplace. Three women and a man are in a room, evidently enjoying some sort of a celebration. They are drinking champagne: there are flowers everywhere: on the coffee table in front of the fireplace are presents. The man, Daniel "Speed" Bowman, 45, one-time Yale halfback and now a wealthy broker, not too bright, a little gone to fat, but still muscular; suddenly notices Larry.

Greta's Aunt Martha, who hated me -- Mrs. Bowman, who bored me -- and her husband, "Speed" Bowman, Yale '24, who'd parlayed a touchdown against Harvard into a million-dollar brokerage business...

BOWMAN

If it ain't the Wolf of Wall Street! Come in, Wolf, and drink at the spring.

As Larry comes further into the room, his face inquiring, Greta Ballantine crosses to him. She is a woman of thirty: perhaps not beautiful, but with good, regular features, a nice figure and a flair for clothes. Larry gives her a perfunctory kiss.

GRETA

You're late, darling.

LARRY

Flowers...champagne...what's the big idea?

Martha Hines, a tart, wealthy woman of sixty, replies. She is Greta's aunt.

MRS. HINES

What's generally the idea of flowers and champagne? Either a funeral...or a wedding.

LARRY

Why, Aunt Martha!

He turns to Bowman and the other woman - Mrs. Bowman, a grim-faced, well-preserved woman of forty.

LARRY (cont'd)

You mean to tell me these two haven't been married all these years!

BOWMAN
(triumphantly)
You see! I told you he'd forget.

MRS. BOWMAN
(deadpan delivery)
Don't judge everybody by yourself.

LARRY
Forget what?

GRETA
(a little hurt)
Nothing important...

BOWMAN
Just your fifth anniversary, old
boy.

This seems to stagger Larry. Greta pats his arm.

GRETA
Never mind, darling. I know how
busy you've been.

She picks a present off the coffee table and hands it
to him.

GRETA (cont'd)
That's for you.

27 TWO SHOT - Greta and Larry. He opens the box, pulls
out a beautiful gold wristwatch.

BOWMAN'S VOICE
(he can't keep
a secret)
It's a gold wristwatch.

28 WIDER ANGLE - Larry turns, holding the wristwatch.

LARRY
If you hadn't told me, Speed, I'd
never known it.

Mrs. Bowman emits a cackle of delight. Someday she's
going to murder her husband.

GRETA
(to Larry)
I'll put it on for you.

She evidently enjoys touching him. Larry stands
patiently while she adjusts the strap. Mrs. Hines,
and she's quite right, thinks Greta is a fool over
Larry.

MRS. HINES

(to Larry)

More than you deserve - forgetting
your own anniversary.

LARRY

(still having the
strap put on)

What makes you think I forgot it?

MRS. HINES

I'd say it was an elementary
deduction...

Larry stares at her. There is no love in either's
face. Then slowly, he reaches in his pocket. Finally
he produces the cigarette case, hands it to Greta.

LARRY

Here, baby.

29 CLOSE SHOT - Greta, as she unwraps the cigarette case.
She is suddenly radiantly happy, not so much on account
of the gift as because he hasn't forgotten. She is
almost crying.

GRETA

Oh, Larry; it's lovely!

30 WIDER ANGLE - Greta kisses him impulsively, then shows
the cigarette case to the others. Larry pours himself
a glass of champagne.

GRETA

(in front of
Bowman)

You see, he didn't forget!

She carries it to Mrs. Hines, who sniffs at it
disdainfully.

MRS. HINES

Probably charged it to you!

Greta ignores this, starts to fill the case with
cigarettes.

31 ANOTHER ANGLE - featuring Larry. He finishes his
champagne. Bowman comes over to him, glass outheld.

BOWMAN

Better fill 'em both up, old
boy...heavy evening ahead.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

(pouring)
Is that so?

GRETA

I wangled some seats for "Foreign Lady"-that's why we're eating so early. And then the Rainbow Room and after that Cafe Society Uptown...

MRS. HINES

You get a schedule of events with dinner.

This is all unpleasant news to Larry. Greta comes over to him.

GRETA

You don't mind, do you, darling?

BOWMAN

Why should he mind - he ain't paying for it.

(holds his
champagne in
a toast to
Greta)

To the charming bride.

(to Larry)

How was business today?

LARRY

A scramble...about a million and a half shares...ticker was six minutes late.

Greta links her arm with Larry's.

GRETA

Poor Larry...having to work Saturday afternoons.

MRS. HINES

It used to be Wednesday nights for my husband.

BOWMAN

Should be like me, Larry. I take off from Friday noon to Monday.

MRS. BOWMAN

Larry never made a touchdown against Harvard.

BOWMAN

(oblivious of
the insult)

Three, my love, and kicked one field goal.

LARRY

Harvard kicked me for a field goal.

GRETA

(to Larry)

Darling, I'm going to arrange
for you to get next Saturday
off - the Bishops want us for
the week-end at Southhampton.

Larry does his best to hide how this affects him.

LARRY

I don't think I can do it.

GRETA

But of course you can. I'll
just ring up Mr. Wilkins.

This, Larry knows, will be a major disaster.

LARRY

You can't do that, Greta. He'd
be sore. Somebody has to work
in a brokerage house on Saturday...
(turns to Bowman
for help)
Isn't that right, Speed?

32 CLOSE SHOT - Bowman. It is the first that Bowman
has heard of this, but he rallies gamely. Male
solidarity.

BOWMAN

I should say so...you have to
add up the cash, balance the
books, add up the cash...

33 GROUP SHOT.

MRS. BOWMAN

You said that.

BOWMAN

Well, all sorts of things women
wouldn't understand.

MRS. BOWMAN

You'd be surprised how many
things women understand.

Greta has been looking at Larry. A maid enters the
room from the dining room.

(CONTINUED)

GRETA

(to Larry)
Well, darling, if you really
feel that way...

MAID

Dinner is served, Mrs. Ballantine.

GRETA

Thank you, Mary.
(to Mrs. Hines)
Come on, Aunt Martha, we don't
want to miss the first act.

Mrs. Hines and Mrs. Bowman rise.

MRS. BOWMAN

I should say we don't, not at
twenty-two dollars a seat...
(to Bowman)
Coming, Speed?

BOWMAN

Soon as I finish this drink.

The women disappear into the dining room. CAMERA
REMAINS on the two men. Bowman downs his drink, moves
close to Larry.

BOWMAN (cont'd)

(confidentially)
I say, old boy; has she got a
friend?

LARRY

Who?

BOWMAN

Miss Saturday afternoon.

LARRY

(with controlled
fury)
If you weren't so big, Speed,
I'd bash you on the nose.

BOWMAN

Now, Larry...

LARRY

Just between us, old boy, I
am working next Saturday
afternoon.

They start toward the dining room, Bowman with a
quizzical smirk on his slightly puffy face.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. NICK'S RESTAURANT - DAY

34 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Nick at bar. He has just completed making two of the elaborate Saturday Specials. He puts them on a tray, comes around the bar and starts toward the back of the restaurant, the CAMERA PANNING WITH him.

NICK

(as he walks)

Monsieur and Mademoiselle:
two Saturday Specials.

35 MED. SHOT - booth. Janice and Larry are in the booth, the model of the cruiser in front of them. Nick serves the drinks with a flourish.

LARRY

Thanks, Nick.

Nick bows, departs. Janice looks pale and unhappy.

LARRY (cont'd)

(bending over
boat).

Now about the outriggers: we've got a choice between bamboo and aluminum. Of course the aluminum is more expensive, but...

(looks at her)

How about paying attention?

JANICE

I'm sorry.

LARRY

You've been acting funny all afternoon. Something bothering you?

Janice nods.

LARRY (cont'd)

What?

Janice hesitates, then decides to go ahead.

JANICE

Larry, I had lunch the other day with Greta...

LARRY

(mildly interested)

Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

JANICE

She showed me the cigarette case...

LARRY

(amused)

I got trapped into that...I'd bought it for you, and then...

JANICE

(interrupting)

I know...

LARRY

Skipper, I'll get you one twice as nice.

JANICE

It isn't the cigarette case, Larry. It's how I felt when I saw it. I was hurt.

LARRY

I think that's nice.

JANICE

I don't, because...
(hesitates)
...well, because it showed me I was in love with you.

Larry looks at her, pleased.

JANICE (cont'd)

And that I've been fooling myself about these Saturday afternoons.

LARRY

(gently)

Maybe we've both been fooling ourselves.

JANICE

(nodding)

That's all the more reason why they have to stop.

LARRY

Or all the more reason why they should go on.

JANICE

(shaking her head)

I'm no Saturday afternoon girl, Larry. I'm an all-or-nothing girl. And there's Greta...I wouldn't break up her marriage for the world...hers or anybody's.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

Aren't you being a little conservative?

JANICE

I don't feel conservative. I'm in love, and it's wrong...and there's only one thing to do about it...not see you any more.

She picks up her purse and starts to rise. Larry doesn't move.

LARRY

Look, baby. Walking out of Nick's isn't going to break things off.

JANICE

I'm doing more than walking out of Nick's...I'm leaving town tonight...for Montreal...I've had the office transfer me.

(looks down at him)

Goodbye, Larry.

She starts away.

36 ANGLE - Larry gets up and catches her arm.

LARRY

wait a minute.

He pulls her back to the table, forces her down.

LARRY (cont'd)

Now it's my turn. Suppose I told you I was in love, too?

JANICE

(miserably)

That would only make it worse.

LARRY

But suppose I told you Greta and I were finished...

JANICE

It wouldn't be the truth.

LARRY

(triumphantly)

That's where you're wrong!
We've been through for months.

Janice stares at him, a faint glimmer of hope in her eyes

JANICE

But you're still living together.

LARRY

Just because we haven't gotten
around to taking the final step.

JANICE

Larry, I'd like to believe you...

LARRY

You've got to... Greta's as anxious
to break it up as I am...there's
nothing between us anymore...we're like
two strangers sharing somebody's
apartment...

(looks at her
imploringly)

How can I convince you, skipper?

Janice's eyes show that she believes him.

JANICE

You might try kissing me.

He does. Finally, she pulls away.

JANICE (cont'd)

(half humorously:
half sadly)

What a time to be going to Montreal!

LARRY

I'll go with you.

JANICE

We can't, Larry.

LARRY

(brought up
short)

No, I suppose not.

(another thought)

But I can come up and see you?

JANICE

...After you've arranged things...

LARRY

What time do you leave?

JANICE

Eight o'clock.

LARRY

(looks at watch)

That gives me three hours.

(CONTINUED)

JANICE

For what?

LARRY

By the time that train of yours pulls out, I'll be an eligible ex-married man, living at his club. Then, darling, we can make plans. I'll either see you at your apartment, or at the station. Is it a deal?

JANICE

Oh, darling, it's a deal.

As they kiss, then start to rise,

DISSOLVE

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - BALLANTINE APT. - NIGHT

37 MED. SHOT - bedroom. A handsome, masculine room with a built-in double bed, already turned down for the night. There is a fireplace, huge glass doors leading to a terrace, sliding panels of blond wood for closets and drawers. An open, calfskin suitcase is on one of the beds. Larry is taking an armful of shirts from one of the built-in drawers. He carries these to the bed and tosses them in the suitcase. He goes to one of the closets, takes out a handful of expensive-looking ties, brings these to the suitcase. This seems to complete the packing - he starts to close the suitcase.

GRETA'S VOICE

Won't you need some socks, Larry?

He turns slowly.

38 REVERSE ANGLE - Greta, in a well-cut suit, enters the room carrying half a dozen pairs of wool socks. Larry stares at her, unable to say anything, surprised and apprehensive. Greta crosses to the bed and looks down at the tumbled contents of the suitcase.

GRETA

(shocked)

Goodness!

She begins to straighten out the suitcase.

LARRY

(uncertainly)

I thought you had a date with Aunt Martha.

(CONTINUED)

38 (CONTINUED)

GRETA

(calmly)
I did, but I broke it. And it's
a good thing --

She lifts out a couple of crumpled shirts.

GRETA (cont'd)

Look at these!

Larry stares at her, puzzled by her behavior. She
picks a pair of silk pajamas out of the suitcase.

GRETA (cont'd)

And these! You'll freeze to death
in Montreal!

LARRY

Montreal! Where did you get...

He breaks off as Greta hands him a railroad ticket.

GRETA

This came just as I was leaving
to meet Aunt Martha.

Larry looks from her to the ticket.

INSERT

TICKET. It is a one-way ticket
from New York to Montreal.

GRETA'S VOICE (cont'd)

I paid for it -- eighty-seven
dollars and forty cents.

39 TWO SHOT - Larry and Greta.

LARRY

(slowly)
Greta, I'd better tell you --
this is more than just a trip to
Montreal.

GRETA

I know.

She continues to repack the suitcase.

LARRY

I'm leaving...for good.

GRETA

(turns to him)
Did you remember to pack your
gold cuff links?

(CONTINUED)

39 (CONTINUED)

Larry frowns at her, completely baffled.

LARRY

Do you understand what I'm saying?

GRETA

Of course, darling.

LARRY

Then what are you doing?

GRETA

I can't have it said any husband of mine left with his clothes in such a mess.

LARRY

(suspiciously)

You're too smug about this. What have you done?

GRETA

Nothing.

LARRY

You've done something...

GRETA

(simply)

Well, I rode around in a taxi for a while, after I realized what the ticket meant -- and then I came home to help you pack.

Larry sits on the bed.

LARRY

This is a marvelous act, Greta, but I'm not enjoying it. Why don't you say what you're really thinking?

GRETA

I would, only I want to say so much...

LARRY

(ready for
business)

Well, let's have it -- but skip laying the blame on me. I admit that...

(CONTINUED)

39 (CONTINUED)

GRETA

But I'm not blaming anybody...
unless it's me. Why should I?
I've had a lovely time.

She packs while she talks.

GRETA (cont'd)

I remember skating in the
snowstorm at Lake Placid...and
the Winter Festival at Rio...
and the train ride to Quito,
where you bought the mummified
head...

(turns to Larry)

That's a funny thing to remember,
isn't it?...And the trailer...
when you were a Private at Fort
Benning...

LARRY

(reluctantly)

You were a good sport about that,
Greta.

GRETA

Maybe that's my trouble...to be a
good sport you always have to lose.
(closes bag)
There you are, darling.

LARRY

(not moving)

I'm sorry...

GRETA

Why? I know you've been unhappy
for a long time. I tried to fit
you into an apartment, make you
like my friends, do the things I
wanted to do...

LARRY

It's been just as much my fault...

GRETA

(going on)

I'd made plans to change it all.
I rented a house in California,
in Beverly Hills -- just the kind
of a house you've always wanted,
a swimming pool, tennis court, a
place to ride...

Larry is looking rather dazed.

(CONTINUED)

39 (CONTINUED)

GRETA (cont'd)

And I bought you an interest in a brokerage firm, so you'd be a partner instead of a customer's man...

LARRY

Why didn't you tell me about all this?

GRETA

It was supposed to have been a surprise...

(laughs a little)

...for tonight...of all nights!

LARRY

Tonight!

GRETA

Would you have liked that, Larry?

LARRY

Why, sure. But...

GRETA

I even got reservations -- a drawing room all the way. Mary and Peter are closing the apartment...Mary's packing now...

She touches his cheek with her fingers -- a tender, fleeting caress.

GRETA (cont'd)

It's going to be a lonely trip, darling.

She goes to the door, pauses for an instant.

GRETA (cont'd)

Goodbye, Larry.

She exits before Larry can reply.

40

CLOSE SHOT - Larry. He looks after her, his face unhappy. His mind is filled with conflicting thoughts. At last, very slowly, he reaches for the packed suitcase, stands up...

DISSOLVE

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

41

ESTABLISHING SHOT - a fast-moving passenger train -- streamlined. It is impossible to tell if the train is bound for Montreal or Chicago.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

42 CLOSE SHOT - lower berth. Larry is asleep in the berth, oblivious of the light coming through the partially open window shade. He is next to the window. There is the SOUND of a buzzer o.s. THE CAMERA BEGINS TO DRAW BACK. The buzzer SOUNDS again and Larry opens one eye. More of the berth becomes visible. The buzzer SOUNDS a third time. By now the CAMERA HAS DRAWN FAR ENOUGH BACK to disclose the bathroom door. The handle turns and the door opens slowly -- and Greta emerges. She is wearing a silk wrapper, mules.

GRETA

I'll answer it, darling.

She goes to the door, opens it. A waiter, with a breakfast tray, is outside.

GRETA (cont'd)

(to waiter)

Put it on that chair. And come back in half an hour.

WAITER

Yes, Ma'am.

The waiter leaves the tray and exits.

GRETA

(cheerfully)

Breakfast, Larry.

Larry is moodily looking out the window. He doesn't answer. Greta pours a cup of coffee, sits on the edge of the berth with it.

GRETA (cont'd)

Here, darling. This'll make you feel better.

Larry accepts the cup, but continues to stare out the window.

LARRY

Thanks.

GRETA

(maternally)

Would you like some cream?

LARRY

(shaking
his head)

No.

(after a
pause)

Greta...

(CONTINUED)

42 (CONTINUED)

GRETA

What, Larry?

LARRY

I've been wondering... How did you know my going to Montreal wasn't just a business trip?

GRETA

Janice telephoned me on Friday -- to say goodbye.

LARRY

That still doesn't...

GRETA

She happened to mention she was taking the eight o'clock train Saturday night for Montreal.

LARRY

(nodding)

And you put two tickets together...

GRETA

That wasn't hard -- you see, darling, I'd known about your Saturdays for a long time.

43 ANOTHER ANGLE featuring Larry. He is surprised at this.

LARRY

How?

GRETA

Couldn't we just consider the chapter closed, Larry?

LARRY

(protesting)

But they were all perfectly harmless...I don't want you to think Janice...

GRETA

(interrupting)

I'm just thinking one thing: We're trying to keep our marriage going.

(seriously)

That's what I want more than anything --

(looks into

his eyes)

Don't you?

(CONTINUED)

43 (CONTINUED)

LARRY

(cornered)
Yes, Greta.

GRETA

Of course you do. We're going
to be very happy with the new
house...

Larry nods reluctantly.

GRETA (cont'd)

(too casually)
And now that you're to be a
partner in your own firm, darling;
you won't have to work Saturday
afternoons...

Their eyes meet as understanding dawns on Larry.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

44 MED. SHOT - Larry on witness stand. The scene is almost
as it was when Larry began to tell his story. His
attorney has taken a seat. The Judge is leaning back
in his chair, but the jury doesn't seem to have moved
at all. The members of this august body might be so
many waxwork dummies: motionless, expressionless.

LARRY

(continuing
with story)

I understood, all right -- it
was a contract...just as if it
had been typed, signed and
notarized. No Saturday
afternoons...or Wednesday nights.
No telephone calls...no cocktails
at back tables...

(smiles
at jury)

I was private property...covered
with signs marked: "No Trespassing."

45 CLOSE SHOT - Mrs. Oakes, one of the three women on the
jury. A large, granite-faced widow, whose husband, the
late Percy Oakes, bookkeeper, died of consumption ten
years ago. She stares at Larry, her expression
completely unresponsive.

46 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Larry. Somewhat shaken, he looks away from Mrs. Oakes; continues:

LARRY

I admit I felt like a heel for a couple of weeks... When I married Greta I'd kidded myself I was in love with her, but this time I knew it was the money... I tried to forget Janice... My work helped...

He goes on talking.

SLOW DISSOLVE

INT. BROKER'S BOARDROOM -
DAY

47 FULL SHOT - room. A theater in miniature, with forty comfortable seats for customers to watch the projection of the ticker tape on a screen at one end of the room. Below the screen, and on either side, are the boards showing the latest quotations on leading stocks of the New York Exchange. About half the seats are occupied by men and women. On the screen pass a constant series of names and figures -- UNITED MOTORS 38 $\frac{1}{2}$ -- BOLIVIA COPPER 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ -- COMMERCIAL AIRCRAFT 11 -- etc. Two boys in trim uniforms keep the quotation boards up to date. Larry can be seen crossing the room, nodding to customers now and then, but not stopping.

LARRY'S VOICE

Trenton and Ballantine... Investment Brokers... bonds and stocks...direct wire to New York... I kept busy for about six months...up at five-thirty to be on hand when the market opened in New York ...lunch at the Athletic Club...tennis or riding after work...the model young businessman --

48 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Larry. He is dressed in the double-breasted blue suit he is describing. The CAMERA PANS as he continues on his way, stopping momentarily to say an unheard word to one of the uniformed boys, and then going on toward some file cabinets. His attention is suddenly caught by something in front of the furthest

LARRY'S VOICE

-- right down to the double-breasted blue suit, the black Homburg hat, the conservative English shoes. I guess I fooled nearly everyone -- the customers, Greta... even myself. Only Trenton saw through the fancy dress...and maybe one other...

ANOTHER ANGLE - Disclosing what has caught Larry's attention -- a very shapely girl, Verna Carlson, bending over one of the files. She becomes aware of Larry's glance and smiles provocatively, but he ignores her firmly. He proceeds to a door marked GILBERT TRENTON, opens it and walks in.

LARRY'S VOICE
...She looked like a very special kind of dynamite, neatly wrapped in nylon and silk... only I wasn't having any. I'd been too close to one explosion already... I was powder-shy...

INT. TRENTON'S OFFICE - DAY

50 MED. SHOT - an elaborately furnished office - leather divan, leather chairs, an enormous desk behind which is a big window with a venetian blind. Trenton, a man of forty-eight, at once pompous and shrewd, is seated back of the desk. He looks up without any particular friendliness as Larry comes over to the desk.

LARRY
I hear you've had the bloodhounds out for me.

TRENTON
I've been looking for you, if that's what you mean. Sit down.

Larry takes a seat, rather bored with the lecture he knows is coming.

TRENTON (cont'd)
Ballantine, you have a twenty-five percent interest in this firm...
I have seventy-five percent...

LARRY
That's not exactly news.

TRENTON
(ignoring this)
Every account you muffed costs me three times as much as it does you.

LARRY
Your mathematics are fine... but I don't recall having muffed an account recently.

(CONTINUED)

TRENTON

No?

(pauses)

I had a phone call from Clark
Boyd this morning.

51 ANOTHER ANGLE - as Larry reacts to this. A memory of
something undone begins to dawn.

TRENTON

He wanted to know what happened
to the analysis of his holdings
we were preparing for him...or
perhaps I might better say: you
were preparing.

Larry can't answer. The guilt is clear on his face.

TRENTON (cont'd)

Mr. Boyd has more than two
hundred thousand dollars in
the market...an active account
that would bring in anywhere
from ten to twenty thousand
dollars a year...a well-prepared
letter, with sound, intelligent
suggestions, would have swung
his business our way...

(very casual,
but putting
the barb in)

Three quarters of, say, twelve
thousand dollars amounts to
nine thousand...

He breaks off and glances at someone o.s.

52 WIDER ANGLE - as Verna enters. She has some sheets of
paper in her hand.

TRENTON

What is it, Verna?

VERNA

Mr. Ballantine asked me to bring
in the carbons of the letter he
sent Mr. Boyd yesterday...he
thought you might want to see them.

She hands the carbon copies to Trenton.

53 CLOSE SHOT - Larry. He is dumfounded, having never
heard of the letter before.

VERNA'S VOICE

That's all you wanted, wasn't
it, Mr. Ballantine?

(CONTINUED)

Larry pulls himself together.

LARRY
Yeah, that's all.

54 GROUP SHOT - Verna goes out, swinging her hips. Larry looks after her, then turns to Trenton, who has been studying the carbon copies.

TRENTON
(angrily)
Why didn't you tell me about this?

LARRY
I like to hear you talk, Trenton...
it saves me going to the Chamber
of Commerce luncheons.

Larry turns and walks out jauntily. Trenton scowls after him, angry and puzzled.

INT. BOARDROOM - DAY

55 MED. SHOT - by Trenton's door. Verna is busy at a filing cabinet. Larry closes Trenton's door and crosses to her.

LARRY
(angrily)
Suppose you tell me what that
was all about, Miss Carlson.

VERNA
(innocently)
Is something wrong, Mr. Ballantine?

LARRY
I'm perfectly capable of
handling my own affairs.

Verna is smiling at him mockingly.

LARRY (cont'd)
I've been in the brokerage
business a long time...

VERNA
So have I.

LARRY
But it just happens you aren't
one of the partners...
(breaks off, grins)
Thanks.

Verna nods understandingly.

LARRY (cont'd)
How did you happen to think of it?

VERNA
I heard Mr. Trenton on the
telephone...

LARRY
And moved like greased lightning!
What'd you do with the original?

VERNA
Special messenger...to Mr. Boyd's
office.

LARRY
I hope the recommendations were
up to my usual standard.

VERNA
They were even better...

LARRY
What sort of perfume do you like?

VERNA
That, Mr. Ballantine, was for free.

LARRY
Why?

VERNA
Because I wanted to.

Larry looks at her speculatively.

LARRY
Well, if there's anything I can do...

VERNA
I'll call it square for a lift
home some night...I hate buses...

LARRY
I thought Trenton had the franchise.

VERNA
Sometimes he's busy.

Larry thinks this over.

LARRY
(apparently
without any
particular
enthusiasm)
Okay...some night...when he's
busy.

Both turn away.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

56 MED. LONG SHOT - attendant's shack. Larry, on his way home, passes the shack. The attendant looks out the door. The lot is flood-lighted.

ATTENDANT

(pointing)

Right over there, Mr. Blake.

LARRY

Thanks.

He starts in the direction indicated by the attendant.

57 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Larry's car, an expensive convertible with the top up. Larry opens the left hand door, looks inside, surprised.

LARRY

Hello!

58 MED. SHOT - convertible, SHOOTING PAST Larry INTO the front seat. Verna is sitting there.

VERNA

(calmly)

Hello.

LARRY

I didn't know Trenton was working tonight.

VERNA

He isn't.

Larry hesitates, then climbs into the convertible. He starts the engine, then turns to Verna.

LARRY

Where do you live?

VERNA

Not far from where you live.

LARRY

Where do you think that is?

VERNA

838 Benedict Canyon...a two-story Monterey house with a swimming pool and a tennis court.

(smiles slyly)

Five hundred dollars a month rent...two servants...

Larry takes this, then starts to back out of the parking lot.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

56 MED. LONG SHOT - attendant's shack. Larry, on his way home, passes the shack. The attendant looks out the door. The lot is flood-lighted.

ATTENDANT

(pointing)

Right over there, Mr. Ballantine.

LARRY

Thanks.

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DISSOLVE

INT. CONVERTIBLE - PROCESS - DAY

59 TWO SHOT - Larry and Verna. Larry's car winds through traffic along Wilshire Boulevard. Larry frowns as he drives, evidently thinking the situation over. Verna seems perfectly pleased with herself. Finally, Larry breaks the silence.

LARRY

What's Trenton going to say about this?

VERNA

Are you afraid of Trenton?

LARRY

Aren't you?

VERNA

(scornfully)

He wants to marry me.

LARRY

Would that be so bad?

VERNA

Not if you like drive-ins, thirty-five cent movies and long walks in the park.

LARRY

What makes you think that isn't my idea of a gay evening?

VERNA

This three-thousand-dollar jalopy... for one thing.

LARRY

Well, maybe you're right...but you're overlooking something.

VERNA

What?

LARRY

My wife.

VERNA

(nodding)

Greta...I've seen her picture in the society section of the Times. She's distinguished looking.

(looks at him)

Tell me...does she ever drink beer out of bettles?

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

(laughing
in spite of
himself)

She doesn't even drink beer.

VERNA

I do. Although I prefer martinis...
(looks at her
wristwatch)
...especially around five-thirty.

As he gets this,

DISSOLVE

INT. VERNA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

60 CLOSE SHOT - martini shaker. Shaped like a large brandy inhaler, the shaker is being gently rotated in Verna's hands.

VERNA'S VOICE

Four to one...and a bit of lemon
peel....

The CAMERA DRAWS BACK as Verna fills one martini glass, which has been standing with another on a table, and starts forward with it.

VERNA

(holding out
glass)

See if this doesn't beat any
bar in town.

61 WIDER ANGLE - disclosing a nicely-furnished living room with a modern divan, a couple of overstuffed chairs, well shaped lamps and a large built-in bookcase. Larry accepts the drink.

LARRY

Thanks.
(looks around
room)
Pretty fancy layout.

VERNA

It's not bad.

She turns and goes back to the table to pour herself a drink. Larry continues to examine the room.

VERNA (cont'd)

Wondering how I handle it on
my Trenton and Ballantine salary?

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

I wasn't...
(turns)
But now that you mention it...
how do you?

VERNA

(fencing)
That might be an embarrassing
question.

LARRY

Then suppose I withdraw it...

VERNA

You don't have to. I split
expenses with another girl.
Susan Haines. She's a dietician,
and she makes more money than I do.

LARRY

Is she prettier, too?

VERNA

She looks exactly like a dietician.

She comes over to Larry with her glass.

VERNA (cont'd)

How is it?

LARRY

(sampling the
drink)
Fine...but where's the profit?

VERNA

What do you mean...profit?

LARRY

You can't just be giving these
away...not after all that talk
about how much things cost...how
much rent people pay...how much
people make...

VERNA

Look. The only thing I'm interested
in is how much people spend.

LARRY

They have a name for an interest
like that.

VERNA

Sure...gold digging!

(CONTINUED)

She curls up on the divan, holding the martini glass in her hand.

VERNA (cont'd)

I read a poem once in high school... something about gathering rosebuds while you can. But instead of rosebuds, I gather orchids...

LARRY

Even better!

VERNA

(nodding)

And, of course, what goes with orchids...shows, expensive restaurants, nightclubs...

(smiles across at Larry)

And while I'm reading my palm I'd better warn you I'm not particular who I gather orchids from...

LARRY

That's fair enough...but it doesn't answer my question.
(holds up drink)

VERNA

The cost of that will be included in the dinner you're going to buy me.

LARRY

(putting down his empty glass)

Lady, you've made a bad investment. I eat my own orchids...and I eat them at home.

(looks at watch)

And I should be there now. Can I use your phone?

VERNA

(pointing)

Over there.

Larry goes over to the phone.

62

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Larry. He dials the number on the phone.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

(on phone)

Mary?.. Is Mrs. Blake home yet? Oh, she won't.. Well, in that case I'll eat out myself..

He replaces the phone and turns.

LARRY (cont'd)

Greta's out..

VERNA

(nodding)

At a meeting of the Welfare League...

(a sly smile)

I must have forgotten to give you the message.

63 CLOSE SHOT - Larry. He realizes he has been tricked and likes it.

DISSOLVE

INT. BOARD ROOM - NIGHT

64 FULL SHOT. The room is empty, evidently the end of a business day. Electric lights still illuminate the stock boards, but the ticker screen is empty. Trenton, wearing a tweed topcoat, comes out of his office and starts toward the secretaries' anteroom back of the filing cabinets.

65 ANOTHER ANGLE as Trenton reaches the filing cabinets.

TRENTON

(calling)

Verna!... Oh, Verna!

VERNA'S VOICE

Yes, Mr. Trenton.

TRENTON

(in a possessive tone of voice)

Ready to go home now?

Verna appears from the anteroom.

VERNA

You go ahead, Mr. T. I still have some work to do.

TRENTON

Now, Verna, we can't have you ruining your health. Do it tomorrow.

62 (CONTINUED)

LARRY

(on phone)

Mary?...Is Mrs. Ballantine home yet? Oh, she won't...Well, in that case I'll eat out myself...

He replaces the phone and turns.

LARRY (cont'd)

Greta's out...

VERNA

(nodding)

At a meeting of the Assistance League...

(a sly smile)

I must have forgotten to give you the message.

63 CLOSE SHOT - Larry. He realizes he has been tricked and likes it.

DISSOLVE

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(in a possessive tone of voice)

Ready to go home now?

Verna appears from the anteroom.

VERNA

You go ahead, Mr. T. I still have some work to do.

TRENTON

Now, Verna, we can't have you ruining your health. Do it tomorrow.

VERNA

(obviously
stalling)

I honestly don't think I should -

TRENTON

Come, come... Who's the boss
around here?

Moves closer to her.

TRENTON (cont'd)

And, besides, I've missed you.
Do you realize you haven't
ridden home with me all this week?

VERNA

(defensively)

I told you I'd been shopping
downtown...

TRENTON

But you aren't tonight, young lady...
We're going to have dinner at some
nice little place on the way home...
and then maybe take in a show.

VERNA

(evidently in
a quandary)

Mr. T, I don't see how we can...

LARRY'S VOICE

Especially since she's having
dinner with me at Chez Roland.

As Trenton and Verna turn:

66 REVERSE ANGLE. Larry is just getting out of one of the
big overstuffed chairs used by the customers. He has
evidently been there during the entire scene.

TRENTON

(surprised)

What are you doing here?

Larry grins at him.

LARRY

The same thing you are.

TRENTON

(turning to
Verna)

But Verna, this is Thursday!...
It's our night to go out!...

(CONTINUED)

66. (CONTINUED)

LARRY

(mockingly)

For a nice, big dinner at some
drive-in.

TRENTON

(shocked that
she's been
talking)

Verna!

LARRY

And afterwards a long walk in
the park?

Enraged, Trenton swings around on Larry.

TRENTON

(ominously)

I think you could use a lesson
in manners.

He advances on Larry, evidently intending to hit him.
Larry holds his ground calmly.

LARRY

(warningly)

Better pick on somebody your
own age, Trenton.

67 ANOTHER ANGLE - featuring Trenton. He halts, realizing
he can't whip Larry. For a moment, he stares at Larry,
almost ready to hit him anyway. Then he gives up. He
turns to Verna.

TRENTON

Verna, I may seem old-fashioned --
I probably am -- but I know one
thing: you're making a big
mistake. He's married.....

LARRY

(impatiently)

She knows that.

TRENTON

(to Verna)

... He has a home ... a wife ...
it's a pretty serious matter
when you start pulling marriages
apart. Maybe he doesn't care ...
but you should, Verna.

(pauses)

You're sure you won't come with me?

VERNA

(reluctantly)

I promised Larry.

67 (CONTINUED)

TRENTON

Very well.

(to Larry)

I'll not forget this, Ballantine.

He starts across the board room.

68 ANOTHER ANGLE. Larry and Verna watch him leave. Verna turns to Larry.

VERNA

(indignantly)

Well, you certainly fixed things!

LARRY

I don't care.

VERNA

But I do! And, besides, he'll probably tell your wife.

LARRY

What can he tell her? That I'm driving you home nights?

VERNA

He can tell her anything.....
I don't like it.

LARRY

(misunderstanding)

I didn't know you felt that way,
Verna.

VERNA

(contemptuously)

Don't be silly! I just hate to see a good meal ticket cancelled out.

LARRY

(disappointed)

And that's all?

VERNA

Well, what do you think?

He moves toward her.

LARRY

I'll show you...

He tries to kiss her, but she pushes him away.

VERNA

Stop it!

(smiles
provocatively)

She starts away. Larry grins at her.

DISSOLVE

INT. CHEZ ROBERT ANTEROOM - NIGHT

69 MED. SHOT as Verna and Larry enter. The anteroom, with old-fashioned mahogany hutch, instead of a checkroom, and a few moth-eaten, ornate French chairs, indicate the character of the restaurant. In one corner, back of a desk, Madam Robert, elderly and fat, is adding up checks and making change for the waiters. The Headwaiter meets Larry and Verna as they come from the door.

HEADWAITER

Good evening, Mr. Blake.

LARRY

Hello, Franz. Got our table?

HEADWAITER

In just a minute.

He hurries into the restaurant and Larry and Verna halt.

VERNA

(to Larry)

I'll be right back.

She starts away in the direction of the powder room. Larry glances at Madam Robert, then steps aside as a party of three men and three women emerge from the restaurant and cross to the door. Larry glances at them casually, then recognizes one of the women.

LARRY

Janice!

70 ANOTHER ANGLE - Janice halts and looks toward Larry. The rest of the party continues out the door.

LARRY

(crossing to Janice)

I've been meaning to look you up...

JANICE

(coldly)

What for?

LARRY

(taken aback)

Why...to talk with you, to -- well -- to say hello.

She starts away. Larry grins at her.

DISSOLVE

INT. CHEZ ROLAND ANTEROOM - NIGHT

69 MED. SHOT as Verna and Larry enter. The anteroom, with old-fashioned mahogany hatrack, instead of a checkroom, and a few moth-eaten, ornate French chairs, indicate the character of the restaurant. In one corner, back of a desk, Madam Roland, elderly and fat, is adding up checks and making change for the waiters. The Headwaiter meets Larry and Verna as they come from the door.

HEADWAITER

Good evening, Mr. Ballantine.

LARRY

Hello, Franz. Got our table?

HEADWAITER

In just a minute.

He hurries into the restaurant and Larry and Verna halt.

VERNA

(to Larry)

I'll be right back.

She starts away in the direction of the powder room. Larry glances at Madam Roland, then steps aside as a party of three men and three women emerge from the restaurant and cross to the door. Larry glances at them casually, then recognizes one of the women.

LARRY

Janice!

70 ANOTHER ANGLE - Janice halts and looks toward Larry. The rest of the party continues out the door.

LARRY

(crossing to Janice)

I've been meaning to look you up...

JANICE

(coldly)

What for?

LARRY

(taken aback)

Why...to talk with you, to --
well --- to say hello.

(CONTINUED)

70 (CONTINUED)

JANICE

You could have said hello when
I phoned you.

LARRY

I've been so darn busy, Janice...
and you know talking on the
telephono's no good.

A couple brushes by them, on their way out.

71 TWO SHOT - Janice and Larry.

JANICE

You know, you're acting just as
I imagined you would...as though
nothing had happened.

Larry is unable to say anything.

JANICE (cont'd)

A few weeks ago I might **not** have
understood. When you **didn't** come
that night, I tried to make excuses...
that you'd been taken sick, or called
away on business, or'd had an accident...
anything. And when the magazine
transferred me to the West Coast, I
still hoped you'd explain...

She pauses.

JANICE (cont'd)

But last month I met Greta...learned
that she'd never even considered breaking
with you.

There is a pause. Larry can't find anything to say.

JANICE (cont'd)

That was a pretty shoddy lie of
yours, wasn't it?

(looks into
his eyes)

Only I don't suppose you feel
quite as cheap about it as I do.

She turns abruptly and starts out of the restaurant.
CAMERA HOLDS on Larry, who stares after her. Verna
appears from the powder room, comes up to him.

VERNA

Who was that?

LARRY

A woman I knew once...in New York.

(CONTINUED)

71 (CONTINUED)

VERNA

(looking
after her)
She's pretty... An old flame,
Larry?

LARRY

Hardly...

As Verna looks at him, sensing something, the Headwaiter arrives.

HEADWAITER

I have your table now, Mr.
Ballantine.

As they start to follow him.

DISSOLVE

INT. LARRY'S OFFICE - DAY

72 MED. SHOT - desk. Larry is dictating to his secretary, Miss Jordan, a plain woman of forty. His office is about the same as Trenton's, but it is smaller and not quite so elaborate.

LARRY

(to secretary)

...if the suggestions meet with
your approval, please sign the
enclosed form and return it to
us as soon as possible.

(breaks off
dictating)

Fix it up for my signature.

(picks up a
printed form
off the desk)

Now on the prospectus of the
Seabright Manufacturing Company...
the firm's opinion is that while
the issue is purely speculative,
it offers an excellent opportunity
to participate in the...

(he breaks off
as someone
enters the office)

ANOTHER ANGLE as Verna comes across to the desk with a manila folder in her hand.

VERNA

I have the Hepburn file for you, Mr. Ballantine.

She puts the envelope on his desk, starts to turn away.

LARRY

Wait a second. There are a couple of things I want to ask you about it.

(to Miss Jordan)

Suppose you run off that letter for me, Miss Jordan. I'll do the prospectus later.

MISS JORDAN

The usual copies?

LARRY

Yeah.

Miss Jordan closes her notebook, rises and starts out of the room.

LARRY (cont'd)

(to Verna)

I noticed that most of Mrs. Hepburn's recent trading has been in preferreds. Has she ever indicated that....

Miss Jordan closes the door.

LARRY (cont'd)

Our date's off tonight, baby.

VERNA

It is?

LARRY

I've got to go to the ballet with Greta.

VERNA

(coldly)

Why?

LARRY

(a little taken aback)

Why? Well, because she has the tickets....and ordered dinner early....I can't get out of it....

(CONTINUED)

VERNA

(in a level,
unfriendly voice)
You've been able to get out of
things before.

LARRY

Not when the leash has been
pulled tight....
(grins at Verna)
Haven't you heard about the
leashes we married men wear?

VERNA

No, I hadn't.
(looks at
him icily)
Larry, I don't understand one
thing.

LARRY

What?

VERNA

(sarcastically)
Why didn't you wait until five
o'clock to break the date?
Then you'd be sure I couldn't
get another.

Larry gets up and comes around the desk.

LARRY

(beginning
to get angry)
Look. You're being a little
unreasonable.

VERNA

Am I?

LARRY

Aren't you forgetting all that
talk about good times on a
cash-and-carry basis?

Verna stares at him, coldly angry.

LARRY (cont'd)

You knew what you were getting
into, baby; you knew about
Greta....

(pauses)

How do you figure you have any
kind of claim on me?

VERNA

I guess I don't.

She turns and walks quickly out of the room. Larry

DISSOLVE IN

INT. THEATRE - NIGHT

- 74 FULL SHOT - SHOOTING TOWARD stage and including part of audience. A pianist seated at a large grand piano is spotlighted in the center of the stage. He is playing a piece of Shostakovitch. The audience is watching silently, absorbed.
- 75 MED. CLOSE SHOT - tenth row center. Larry and Greta are seated just off the aisle. Greta, elegantly dressed in furs, diamonds, evening gown, watches the pianist, but Larry's attention wanders. He is in evening clothes. Greta glances at him, smiles tolerantly, then looks back at the stage.
- 76 MED. LONG SHOT - stage - FROM their ANGLE. The pianist continues playing.
- 77 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Larry. His wandering eyes fix on something. He sits up, startled.
- 78 MED. LONG SHOT - FROM Larry's ANGLE - Verna and Trenton seated together in the twelfth row right.
- 79 TWO SHOT - Verna and Trenton. Verna has seen Larry. She looks at him without expression, then says something to Trenton, who smiles at her and presses her arm. She squeezes close to him.
- 80 TWO SHOT - Larry and Greta. Larry glares at Verna. Greta turns toward him.

GRETA

(in a low voice)

What are you looking at?

LARRY

Me?

GRETA

You were looking at something.

LARRY

Oh...Trenton...I didn't know he was going to be here..

Greta looks around at Trenton, then back to Larry. Larry's eyes are sternly fixed on the stage. As Greta, after a moment's study of Larry's face, again turns toward the stage

DISSOLVE IN

INT. THEATER - NIGHT

- 74 FULL SHOT - SHOOTING TOWARD stage and including part of audience. A ballet, maybe Swan Lake, is being performed. The audience is watching silently, absorbed.
- 75 MED. CLOSE SHOT - tenth row center. Larry and Greta are seated just off the aisle. Greta, elegantly dressed in ermine, diamonds, evening gown, watches the stage, but Larry's attention wanders. He is in evening clothes. Greta glances at him, smiles a little, then looks back at the stage.
- 76 MED. LONG SHOT - stage - FROM their ANGLE. The ballet continues.
- 77 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Larry. His wandering eyes fix on something. He sits up, startled.
- 78 MED. LONG SHOT - FROM Larry's ANGLE. Verna and Trenton seated together in the twelfth row right.
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(in a low voice)

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Me?

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You were looking at something.

LARRY

Oh...Trenton...I didn't know
he was going to be here.

Greta looks around at Trenton, then back to Larry. Larry's eyes are sternly fixed on the ballet. As Greta, after a moment's study of Larry's face, again turns to the ballet:

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

81 TRUCKING SHOT. People stand around during intermission. Greta and Larry pass slowly through the crowd, the CAMERA WITH them as they walk along. Greta catches sight of someone o.s.

GRETA

There's Mr. Trenton, Larry.

She guides the somewhat reluctant Larry to Trenton and Verna, standing by a poster. Trenton is not too pleased to see them. Verna's face is expressionless. Her 'date dress', short, black, with a few sequins, is in marked contrast to Greta's formal evening gown.

TRENTON

Good evening, Mrs. Ballentine.
(pointedly

ignores Larry)

Have you met Miss Carlson from
our office?

GRETA

No, I haven't.

(to Verna)

Do you like music, too, Miss
Carlson?

VERNA

(smiling)

I can take it or leave it.

GRETA

Didn't you like the polka?...
Shostakovitch is so exciting.

TRENTON

I think Verna would prefer music
by Harry James.

GRETA

But that Chopin prelude he played
first!...It was wonderful!

TRENTON

I don't suppose any of you
remember Fachmann...

Verna has been looking up and down Greta, estimating
the cost of her clothes.

VERNA

(to Greta)

What a lovely ring! May I see
it?

(CONTINUED)

DISSOLVE IN

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

81 TRUCKING SHOT. People stand around during intermission. Greta and Larry pass slowly through the crowd. The CAMERA WITH them as they walk along. Greta catches sight of someone o.s.-

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TRENTON

Good evening, Mrs. Ballantine.

(pointedly
ignores Larry)

Have you met Miss Carlson from our office?

GRETA

No, I haven't.
(to Verna)

Do you like ballet, too, Miss Carlson?

VERNA

(smiling)

I can take it or leave it.

GRETA

Didn't you like The Bluebird?
The music's so wonderful.

TRENTON

I think Verna would prefer music by Harry James.

GRETA

But Eglevsky...nobody has danced it as well since Lifar.

TRENTON

I don't suppose any of you remember Nijinski....

Verna has been looking up and down Greta, estimating the cost of her clothes.

VERNA

(to Greta)

What a lovely ring! May I see it?

(CONTINUED)

GRETA

Why, certainly.

Greta holds out her hand, on which there is a magnificent diamond ring.

VERNA

(casually)

I may be getting one like that myself....

GRETA

You're engaged, Miss Carlson?

VERNA

(looking at
Trenton)

Well, it's being debated....

Greta turns to Trenton, who nods rather smugly.

GRETA

Congratulations!

(to Larry)

Larry, we'll have to give them a party.

82 ANOTHER ANGLE - featuring Larry. His face is grim.

LARRY

Yeah....we certainly will....

VERNA

We'd love it....

(touches

Trenton's arm)

Darling, excuse me a minute.

She leaves. Both men look after her.

GRETA

Mr. Trenton....

(as Trenton
turns back
to her)

I've been studying the report
you sent me on the Mexican
Pacific four and a half preferred.

Trenton nods. They begin to walk along, the CAMERA
PANNING.

GRETA (cont'd)

I think I'd like to buy some.

(CONTINUED)

TRENTON

We're recommending the issue....

Larry begins to drop back quietly.

TRENTON (cont'd)

With the expansion of trade in the Southwest, there should be a common stock dividend this year. This should lift the preferred to perhaps double its present price and even now the four and a half dollar payments....

By now Larry has gone.

INT. LOBBY ADJOINING REST ROOMS - NIGHT

83 MED. SHOT. Larry comes down the stairs and takes a stand by a potted palm in a small lobby. A few people hurry by as the final warning bell rings for the next ballet. After a while Verna appears and starts past the palm, not noticing Larry.

LARRY

Verna!

Verna halts, turns slowly. She has a lighted cigarette in her hand. Larry comes over to her. During this scene, a few members of the audience hurry by.

LARRY (cont'd)

This is completely cockeyed.

VERNA

(coldly)

What is?

LARRY

All this conversation about marrying Trenton.

VERNA

You think I couldn't?

LARRY

(angrily)

I think you won't! I know exactly what that little brain of yours has cooked up -- the old jealousy routine -- only I'm not falling.

VERNA

(shrugging)

All right....you're not falling.

(CONTINUED)

She starts on, but Larry takes her arm, turns her toward him.

LARRY

When am I going to see you?

VERNA

There was tonight...remember?

LARRY

How about tomorrow night?

VERNA

I'm afraid I'm busy.

LARRY

No, you're not! Tomorrow night, Verna?

VERNA

(begins to
get angry)

Let me go.

She tries to pull away, but Larry holds her.

LARRY

Not until you say you'll see me.

Verna tries to jerk away again, but Larry holds her firmly. From inside the auditorium we hear the SOUND of clapping as the pianist returns, followed by a brief silence. Then he begins to play.

LARRY (cont'd)

Will you, Verna?

VERNA

You're making a scene!

LARRY

(evenly)

I don't care...Will you?

VERNA

(softly)

I suppose so.

Larry smiles, then kisses her roughly. She breaks away and goes up the stairs without a backward glance. Larry stands looking after her, then pulls out a handkerchief and rubs the lipstick off his lips. He starts toward the stairs at the opposite end of the room. As he begins to mount them

DISSOLVE OUT

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There was tonight....remember?

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Larry smiles, then kisses her roughly. She breaks away and goes up the stairs without a backward glance. Larry stands looking after her, then pulls out a handkerchief and rubs the lipstick off his lips. He starts toward the stairs at the opposite end of the room. As he begins to mount them:

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. LARRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

84 MED. SHOT - parking court in front of the three-car garage. A light is burning over the side entrance of the big Monterey house, providing illumination for the court. Larry's convertible slides quietly into the court, comes to a halt and Larry climbs out. He is wearing a business suit. He closes the car door softly and starts toward the side entrance.

MAN'S VOICE

That you, Mr. Ballantine?

Larry turns, startled.

85 ANOTHER ANGLE. A Protective Association watchman comes across the court to Larry.

LARRY

(recognizing
the watchman)

Oh, hello, Ryan.

RYAN

Sorry if I scared you, Mr. Ballantine....Been some early morning prowlers in the neighborhood.

LARRY

Long as you don't take a pot shot at me....

(starts into
the house)

Night, Ryan.

RYAN

(pointedly)

Good morning, Mr. Ballantine.

Ryan waits as Larry enters the house, his face both curious and amused. Suddenly the porch light goes off.

INT. LARRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

86 MED. SHOT - hallway. Larry turns from the light switch and starts quietly along the hall. About half way down, he notices a band of light coming from a partially-opened door. He halts in front of the door and peers in

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

87 MED. LONG SHOT - SHOOTING PAST Larry. Greta, in a dressing gown, is curled up in one of the big easy chairs, reading. The room is a small one, almost completely lined with books. Logs smolder in the stone

LARRY

That must be an interesting
book.

As Greta looks up, Larry starts into the room.

88 ANOTHER ANGLE. Larry crosses over to her.

GRETA

I wanted to catch you before
you went to bed.

LARRY

I'm sorry....I got mixed up
with some customers.

GRETA

(solemnly)
Sit down, Larry.

Larry sits on the arm of a chair.

LARRY

Why so serious?....I just
couldn't get the guys to go
home.

GRETA

Larry, do you remember Janice?

LARRY

(surprised)
Why, sure....I saw her a couple
of weeks ago.

GRETA

So did I. Do you know how much
she hates you?

LARRY

I've got a faint idea.
(looks at her
suspiciously)
You must have had a cozy talk
with her. How come?

GRETA

I was silly enough to think
you'd picked up with her again.

LARRY

(amazed)
With Janice!?

GRETA

(matter-
of-factly)
Of course, that was before I
found out about Verna.

88 (CONTINUED)

LARRY

What are you talking about?

GRETA

(ignoring the
question)In a way I could understand
about Janice....She's a nice
girl; attractive, smart....
But, Larry, a little tramp!....

LARRY

Who's been giving you all this
dope? Trenton?

GRETA

What difference does that make?

LARRY

(after a
pause)

I guess not any.

89

ANOTHER ANGLE - Larry stands up, paces up and down in
front of the fire. Greta watches him - her face calm.

LARRY

(after a
time)

What do you intend to do?

GRETA

I've bought a ranch near Owens
Lake...up in the mountains...away
from everything...I'm going to live
there for a while.

LARRY

With or without me?

GRETA

That's up to you.

LARRY

(irritated)

You sort of run in a pattern,
don't you? One quick move after
another.(comes over
to her)Tell me one thing. When you
found out about Janice, did you
already have this house and the
train reservations?

(CONTINUED)

89 (CONTINUED)

GRETA

No, Larry, I didn't.

LARRY

Well, I will say that when you do move, you move fast!

GRETA

But not fast enough to break the pattern, I'm afraid.

She puts down the book and stands up.

GRETA (cont'd)

I must have lost my self-respect the day I married you. I can make all the moves, but the one that has any meaning. I can't walk out...You're going to have to do the walking, Larry. You can come to the ranch with me, or you can start off on your own with your girl friend.

She goes to the door, then pauses a second.

GRETA (cont'd)

I'll have to know tomorrow.

She goes out. Larry looks after her, very troubled.

DISSOLVE

EXT. BILL'S PLACE - DAY

90 MED. SHOT - entrance. A hole-in-the-wall bar, with a shabby entrance directly off the street. A few bottles of inferior liquor are on display in a window by the entrance. Verna, looking pretty and happy, comes along the street and turns in the bar.

INT. BILL'S PLACE - DAY

91 MED. SHOT - door. Verna enters and goes directly to the bar, the CAMERA PANNING WITH her. Larry is seated at the bar, back toward her. He has an old-fashioned for her, and is drinking one himself. The bartender is busy at the other end of the bar, serving the one other customer: a man.

VERNA

Hi, darling.

As Larry turns, she sits on a stool beside him.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

Hello, baby.

He smiles at her rather despondently.

VERNA

I missed you this morning. Where were you?

LARRY

Home.

VERNA

(smiling)

Too lazy to come to work?

LARRY

No work to come to.

Verna looks at him questioningly.

LARRY (cont'd)

I'm no longer the Blake of that celebrated brokerage house -- Trenton and Blake.

VERNA

(surprised)

You've quit?

LARRY

You might put it that way.

VERNA

Well, tell me about it. What happened?

LARRY

(gloomily)

Greta. She sold back my interest to Trenton.

VERNA

But why?

LARRY

She's found out about us.

92 ANOTHER ANGLE. Verna digests this bit of information, then smiles.

VERNA

That certainly takes a load off my mind.

She pushes her old-fashioned glass towards the inside of the bar.

91 (CONTINUED)

LARRY

Hello, baby.

He smiles at her rather despondently.

VERNA

I missed you this morning. Where were you?

LARRY

Home.

VERNA

(smiling)

Not even enough strength to come to work?

LARRY

No strength....and no work.

Verna looks at him questioningly.

LARRY (cont'd)

I'm no longer the Ballantine of that celebrated brokerage house - Trenton and Ballantine.

VERNA

(surprised)

You've quit?

LARRY

You might put it that way.

VERNA

Well, tell me about it. What happened?

LARRY

(gloomily)

Greta. She sold back my interest to Trenton.

VERNA

But why?

LARRY

She's found out about us.

92

ANOTHER ANGLE - Verna digests this bit of information, then smiles.

VERNA

That certainly takes a lead off my mind.

She pushes her old-fashioned glass towards the inside of the bar.

92 (CONTINUED)

VERNA (cont'd)

Let's have another round to celebrate.

LARRY

Celebrate what? Me being out of a job?

VERNA

No. That we're out in the open at last.

LARRY

Oh... that.

He doesn't look very happy about this. Verna touches the back of her hand to his face.

VERNA

Don't worry, Larry. We'll make out.

LARRY

Maybe you haven't heard... the dough goes with Greta.

VERNA

I heard... Trenton saw to that a long time ago...

(smiles at Larry)

You can get a job with Chase and Bordon, or Benner and Company. The both need men.

LARRY

(contemptuously)

Sure. Customer's men... at fifty a week!

VERNA

There won't be butter and bacon on my salary, darling.

LARRY

That's why I think we ought to go slow.

VERNA

(sensing the undercurrent)

What do you mean, slow?

LARRY

I want to be sure the job is right.

The bartender comes up and takes Verna's glass.

(CONTINUED)

92 (CONTINUED)

VERNA

(to bartender)

No bitters this time, George.

(turns to
Larry)

I don't quite get this, Larry.
I don't quite get where you'd be
living while you're looking
for this "right" job.

LARRY

That's what I'm trying to
explain... You know I love
you, Verna.

She stares at him, thinking hard.

LARRY (cont'd)

That's why we have to figure
this out so carefully....

VERNA

Larry, I'm asking you a question...
Which one of us are you going to
be seeing?

There is a long pause. Larry is trying to search for
a way to explain his position. Verna already knowing
his answer, reaches for her pocketbook.

VERNA (cont'd)

(softly)

Her or me, Larry?

LARRY

I guess it's her right now,
Verna, but maybe in....

VERNA

(interrupting)

You know, Larry, you've just
witnessed a memorable occasion...
the one time in my life when I
was on the level.

She gets off the stool.

VERNA (cont'd)

It didn't last long, did it?

(to bartender)

That drink's yours, George.
The rat on my left will pay....
He's got a rich wife.

As both Larry and the bartender look at her, she marches
out of the bar, head up, hips swinging.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

93 MED. SHOT - Larry on witness stand. The scene is the same. Larry, however, has begun to wilt -- the story is not going as well as he thought it would. He is sweating. His shirt is wet and wrinkles mar the tailored perfection of his gabardine suit. But he still has hopes of the ultimate result, convinced the truth will eventually clear him. He continues to talk, looking over the heads of the spectators.

LARRY

I don't remember much about the drive to the ranch...I was in kind of an emotional blackout... numb...

94 MED. CLOSE SHOT - jury foreman. This is Patrick Collins, retired bible salesman, aged 61, face gaunt and lined, dark hollows under his eyes. A fanatic! He is watching Larry somberly.

LARRY'S VOICE

I'd sold out again...and I think it was somewhere along the way I first realized I was running in a pattern, too -- a pattern of dollar signs.

95 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Larry.

LARRY

Now, looking back, I know I should have felt sorry for Greta, trying to buy happiness for herself... and for me. But what I felt was...

Larry turns to the jury, hoping for understanding.

LARRY (cont'd)

...the feeling of a prisoner towards his jailer...

96 MED. CLOSE SHOT - juror Joe Pots. A small, unshaven, sullen man about 42, with a facial scar sustained while working as a welder at Lockheed. His face is impassive.

97 CLOSE SHOT - Larry. The hope fades from his face.

LARRY

...In a way she was a jailer...
for both of us. She wanted us to
be alone, wanted to wall off the
outside world...to lock us behind
a door marked "Do Not Disturb."

As he continues talking

SLOW DISSOLVE

EXT. GRETA'S RANCH - DAY

98-
102

ESTABLISHING SHOTS:

LARRY'S VOICE

LONG SHOT - as Larry's
station wagon approaches.
A lush valley can be seen,
surrounded by hills.

She'd found the place, all
right...in the center of a
rise of foothills...hidden
from everything but sky...

ANOTHER SHOT - cattle and
horses grazing in the
fields.

Two hundred and forty acres;
horses, cattle;

ANOTHER SHOT - with a
splash of white water,
the cars ford the stream.

a cold, clear stream with
trout in it;

ANOTHER SHOT - a covey
of quail fly away as the
station wagon passes a
field of clover.

quail and dove in the
fields...

LONG SHOT - adobe ranch
house as the station
wagon draws up in front
and Greta and Larry
climb out, start into
the house.

a snug Mexican ranch house,
of adobe and stone...with
electricity and hot water,
fireplaces, a walk-in
refrigerator...

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

103

MED. LONG SHOT - as
Greta and Larry enter
the living room. It
is a beautiful room;
a blend of modern and
Mexican-type furnishings:
tile floor, huge fireplace,
beam ceiling. Larry walks
around, looking at various
things in the room. Greta
stands, watching him.

. It had been the summer home
of a San Francisco banker...

(CONTINUED)

103 (CONTINUED)

GRETA

What do you think of it, darling?

LARRY

(wearily)

I'll have to buy a sombrero...and
some spurs...

He collapses in one of the big chairs, very tired.

LARRY (cont'd)

How many peons go with it?

Greta goes over to him, lightly caresses the back of
his neck.

GRETA

None.

LARRY

(surprised)

Who's going to take care of things?

GRETA

Just the two of us.

Larry is irritated, but tries to hide it.

LARRY

That's going to be cozy. What
about groceries, mail, telephone?

GRETA

There's a store about three miles
down the road -- and they leave
the mail at the box on the highway...

LARRY

And the telephone?

Greta moves away from him. This is the clue to how she
expects the immediate future to be.

GRETA

I had the telephone taken out, Larry.

104 ANOTHER ANGLE - Larry
reacts to this with
narrowed eyes. Greta
watches him for a
moment, then starts
out the door. Larry
gets up slowly and
goes to a window and
stands looking out.

LARRY'S VOICE

I guess that was when I first
got the idea...the glimmering
of a plan to get free and
still keep some of the money.
Greta didn't know what I was
thinking...In the days that
followed, she seemed happy...

-DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. TRAIL

195 MED. LONG SHOT - ...riding with me in the hills
Greta and Larry ride ...exploring new trails...and
along the winding she found a friend...
trail in bright
sunshine. Both ride
expertly, and both
seem happy.

LARRY'S VOICE

DISSOLVE

EXT. CORRAL - DAY

106 MED. SHOT - Corral ...a Palomino stallion with a
gate. Greta walks up weakness for sugar...he followed
to the gate and a her everywhere, nuzzling her
magnificent Palomino shoulder to attract attention,
stallion trots up to whinnying when he couldn't
her, whinnying for find her...
sugar.

LARRY'S VOICE

DISSOLVE

EXT. HIDDEN VALLEY - DAY

107 LONG SHOT - SHOOTING ...but her happiest discovery
DOWN. A small patch of was a hidden valley at the base
of grassy land about a of a waterfall...there was a
pool made by a water- pool in the valley, dark and
fall. Steep cliffs mysterious, constantly in
surround the valley. motion...

LARRY'S VOICE

108 MED. CLOSE SHOT - ...she liked it there...
pool. The flow of I can't tell you why...maybe
water from the fall something told her the pool
makes strong eddies held the solution to everything
in the pool. for her...and for me, too.

LARRY'S VOICE

109 ANOTHER ANGLE - as Sometimes we'd go there
Larry and Greta come together...down a path so
down the steep path steep and rocky, the
through the valley and Palomino couldn't follow...
halt by the side of
the pool. After a
moment Greta calls
Larry's attention to
something above them.

LARRY'S VOICE

110 FULL SHOT FROM their He'd wait above, nervous
ANGLE - Cliff above and impatient, until at
pool. The Palomino last we'd come up again.
is peering down at
them.

LARRY'S VOICE

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. RANCH LIVING ROOM - DAY

111 MED. SHOT - Larry at the window where the plan first came into being. He is staring outside.

LARRY'S VOICE

And all the time the plan mushroomed in my mind... it was a beautiful plan, but to set it going I had to get to Los Angeles. I tried to think how, without arousing suspicion, but I couldn't. And then, one afternoon, the solution came...supplied by Greta.

Larry turns from the window.

112 ANOTHER ANGLE - Greta comes into the room, in riding clothes.

GRETA

Larry...

LARRY

What?

GRETA

(enthusiastically)

I just had an idea. What would you think of building a guest house?

LARRY

I thought you'd passed a law about guests.

GRETA

Not a permanent law, darling. And besides, Aunt Martha would hardly be a guest.

LARRY

(disgustedly)

Aunt Martha!

GRETA

She's thinking of coming out. And it would be fun to build, anyway. You can draw the specifications.

LARRY

I don't know the first thing about specifications.

GRETA

Then we'll get an architect.

LARRY

Where?

GRETA

Why, in Los Angeles, of course.

113 CLOSE SHOT - Larry as he realizes the implication of this.

GRETA'S VOICE

We can get the name of one...

LARRY

(almost too quickly)

I know one...name's Harwell.

114 TWO SHOT - Greta and Larry.

GRETA

That's fine. Why don't you run up to the store and phone him for an interview?

(as Larry nods)

And at the same time get me an appointment at Marcel's -- my hair needs doing. And we need groceries, too. Would you rather have me go?

LARRY

No, I'll go.

He starts away, Greta pats his arm.

GRETA

Thanks, darling.

As Larry winces.

DISSOLVE

INT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

115 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Larry at phone. It is an old-fashioned wall telephone, more wood than metal, with a coin-drop at the top. Larry is talking on the phone, but nothing he is saying can be heard.

LARRY'S VOICE

I called Harwell and made a date for Thursday...and then the hairdresser...and then I made the important call...

LARRY

Where?

GRETA

Why, in Los Angeles, of course.

113 CLOSE SHOT - Larry as he realizes the implication of this.

GRETA'S VOICE

We can get the name of one...

LARRY

(almost too
quickly)

I know one...name's Harwell.

114 TWO SHOT - Greta and Larry.

GRETA

That's fine. Why don't you run up to the store and phone him for an interview?

(as Larry nods)

And at the same time get me an appointment at Camille's -- my hair needs doing. And we need groceries, too. Would you rather have me go?

LARRY

No, I'll go.

He starts away, Greta pats his arm.

GRETA

Thanks, darling.

As Larry winces.

DISSOLVE

INT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

LARRY'S VOICE

115 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Larry at phone. It is an old-fashioned wall telephone, more wood than metal, with a coin-drop at the top. Larry is talking on the phone, but nothing he is saying can be heard.

I called Harwell and made a date for Thursday...and then the hairdresser...and then I made the important call...

(CONTINUED)

Larry begins to drop coins in the phone, making his last call. The SOUND of the coin indicator comes o.s. There is a pause as the last coin drops in the telephone.

LARRY

(on phone)

Hello....Verna Carlson, please.

INT. BROKERAGE HOUSE - DAY

116 MED. SHOT.- Verna's desk. She is one of three secretaries having desks in the room. Her phone rings.

VERNA

(lifting receiver)

Hello.....

117 CLOSE SHOT - Larry.

LARRY

(on phone)

Verna! Larry Ballantine. I'm coming into town Thursday... I'll be at our place at two o'clock....

118 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Verna. She doesn't speak into the phone. And, very slowly, she begins to hang up.

119 CLOSE SHOT - Larry.

LARRY

(on phone)

How about meeting me there? I've something to tell you...Verna...

(as no one answers)

Hello... Verna! Verna!...

He realizes that she's hung up. Disappointed, he puts the receiver on the hook and turns from the phone.

MAN'S VOICE

Get cut off?

120 REVERSE ANGLE - showing a part of the General Store. Handling everything from blue jeans and Mexican saddles to candy and cough medicine, the store is a clutter of merchandise. A wooden counter runs across one side and behind this is Ed Thomason, the proprietor, who has just asked the question. He wears a checked shirt, blue denim trousers with suspenders, and boots. Larry walks toward him.

THOMASON

Operator's got a knack of breaking
off just when things is gettin'
interesting.

LARRY

(wondering how
much he has heard)
Yeah? All the groceries in the
car?

THOMASON

Everything but the lump sugar.
Don't have much call for geegaws
like that.

LARRY

That's okay. I'll pick up some
in town on Thursday. Can't
afford to disappoint the horses.

On Thomason's reaction, he disapproves of the
extravagance of feeding lump sugar to horses.

DISSOLVE

INT. BILL'S PLACE - DAY

121 MED. SHOT - bar. As usual it is deserted. Larry is
seated on one of the stools, his face gloomy. The
bartender, George, is chipping ice. There is a long
silence.

LARRY

(finally)
What time have you got now?

BARTENDER

(tired of this)
It's six minutes later than the
last time you asked me, Mister...
two twenty-five.

LARRY

Thanks.

BARTENDER

Want another drink?

LARRY

No, I guess not. How much do
I owe you?

BARTENDER

Maybe she got held up...it's
been known to happen.

LARRY

Sure...

He swivels around on the stool, about to slide off, when he sees something o.s.

122 MED. LONG SHOT - bar entrance from Larry's ANGLE. Verna is walking toward the bar. She is mad at herself for coming. She sits on the stool next to Larry.

VERNA

(disgustedly)

Do me a favor...tell me why I'm here.

LARRY

(softly)

You're here for the same reason I am, Verna. Because you couldn't stay away.

The bartender comes over to them.

BARTENDER

An old-fashioned, Miss Carlson?

VERNA

No.

(to Larry)

You've got quite an opinion of your drawing power, haven't you?

LARRY

All right...why did you come?

Verna can't answer.

LARRY (cont'd)

It isn't me Verna. It's something in us...we can't help it...

(leans toward her)

Will you go away with me?

VERNA

(scornfully)

For how long?

LARRY

For as long as you can put up with me. I'll get a divorce in Reno...and then we can go anywhere...make a fresh start...

VERNA

(interrupting)

Look. That was my line. Only you decided I couldn't support you properly. Remember?

He swivels around on the stool, about to slide off, when he sees something o.s.

122 MED. LONG SHOT - bar entrance from Larry's ANGLE. Verna is walking toward the bar. She is mad at herself for coming. She sits on the stool next to Larry.

VERNA
(disgustedly)
Do me a favor...tell me why
I'm here.

LARRY
(softly)
You're here for the same reason
I am, Verna. Because you couldn't
stay away.

The bartender comes over to them.

BARTENDER
An old-fashioned, Miss Carlson?

VERNA
No.
(to Larry)
You've got quite an opinion of
your drawing power, haven't you?

LARRY
All right...why did you come?

Verna can't answer.

LARRY (cont'd)
It isn't me, Verna. It's something
in us...we can't help it...
(leans toward her)
Will you go away with me?

VERNA
(scornfully)
For a week-end somewhere?

LARRY
For as long as you can put up
with me. I'll get a divorce in
Reno...and then we can go
anywhere...make a fresh start...

VERNA
(interrupting)
Look. That was my line. Only
you decided I couldn't support
you properly. Remember?

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

Yeah, I know, but....

VERNA

(interrupting)

If I go anywhere now, there'll
be orchids involved.

LARRY

I can get orchids.

VERNA

That's the best offer I've had
since lunch... but it's not good
enough.

123 ANOTHER ANGLE - featuring Larry.

LARRY

Maybe I should have said a lot
of orchids.

VERNA

(a flicker of
interest)

How?

LARRY

(slowly)

Greta has thirty thousand dollars
in her checking account.

VERNA

And she's going to give it to
us with her blessing?

LARRY

You don't understand ... it's
a common checking account. I
can draw on it, too.

Now there is definite interest in Verna's eyes.

VERNA

How...without letting her know?

LARRY

You're going to do it.

VERNA

I'm going to do it!

LARRY

Listen. I've got it all figured
out. I write the check, but you
cash it through the firm. There'll
be no questions asked - the bank
will think I'm buying securities
for her.

LARRY

You cash the check Monday, so
it'll be on next month's statement.
Then take the eleven o'clock Reno
bus...to Thomason's crossroads.
It gets there at one. And I'll
meet you.

(pauses)

What do you think?

VERNA

I think you're crazy!

LARRY

I'll show you how crazy!

He takes out his checkbook.

LARRY (cont'd)

(to bartender)

Got a pen?

BARTENDER

Sure.

(hands Larry
a pen)

It's one of them new ones...
I do my writing with it
under water.

Larry begins to fill out the check. He pauses as he
is about to write in the amount.

LARRY

(to Verna)

Twenty thousand?

124 CLOSE SHOT - Verna. This is the big moment for her.
Yes or no?

VERNA

(slowly)

Make it twenty-five.

125 TWO SHOT - Larry hesitates, then fills out the check.
He waves it in the air for a moment, then hands it to
her. It slips from her fingers, falls on the bar.
Larry gives it to her again.

LARRY

(smiling)

Scared?

VERNA

You're the one who ought to be
scared.

LARRY

Why?

VERNA

How do you know I'll show up
on Monday?

Larry studies her, but Verna's face is impassive.

LARRY

I'm betting you will, baby....
twenty-five thousand dollars!

He slides off the bar stool to take the pen to the
bartender.

DISSOLVE

EXT. HIGHWAY NEAR RANCH - DAY

126 LONG SHOT - The convertible, with Greta and Larry in
it, moves along the winding highway.

INT. CONVERTIBLE - DAY (PROCESS)

127 TWO SHOT - Larry and Greta. Larry is driving, deep in
thought. Greta is looking out the window. She turns
toward Larry.

GRETA

What do you think of the
architect's ideas, Larry.

LARRY

(coming out of
his reverie)

Architect?....Ch, fine...
but pretty expensive. What
would you think of seeing a
contractor...for an estimate
on the job?

GRETA

Good idea. When do you want to
do it?

LARRY

Maybe....

(has a hard
time saying
the day)

...Monday?

GRETA

Monday's awfully soon to be going

LARRY

Maybe it is....
- (turns head)
Let's see what the mailman left.

He swings the car to the right and steps on the brake.

128 MED. SHOT - rural mailbox. This stands at the entrance to the ranch road. The convertible pulls up beside the box and Larry takes out a letter without getting out of the car. He hands the letter to Greta and the car drives on up the ranch road.

INT. CONVERTIBLE - DAY (PROCESS)

129 TWO SHOT. Greta opens the letter and begins to read it.

GRETA

It's from Aunt Martha.

LARRY

(without much
interest)
What's she got to say?

GRETA

She's definitely coming....
(turns to
Larry)
Do you mind very much, dear?

LARRY

I wouldn't if we had the guest house.

(looking straight
ahead)

That's why I think I ought to go in Monday.

GRETA

All right, darling....
(smiles at him)
It's nice you're so enthusiastic.

Larry glances at her suspiciously, but she continues to smile, then leans over and kisses his cheek.

SLOW DISSOLVE

INT. RANCH LIVING ROOM - DAY

130 MED. SHOT - entrance to bedroom. Larry comes from the bedroom with a suitcase. The CAMERA PANS as he crosses to a desk on which there is a typewriter. He puts the suitcase on the floor and sits at the desk. He finds an envelope and inserts it in the typewriter.

INSERT TYPEWRITER CARRIAGE as Larry addressed the envelope. The keys spell out:

GRETA

131 MED. SHOT - Larry pulls out the envelope and puts a sheet of paper in the typewriter and starts to type. Greta comes from the bedroom.

GRETA

Do you think you'll want your topcoat, darling.

Larry stops typing and puts the envelope face down on the desk.

LARRY

I might.

GRETA

I'll get it for you....
(as he starts
typing again)
What are you doing?

LARRY

A note...to post on the way in.

Greta turns and goes back into the bedroom. Larry continues to type.

INSERT TYPEWRITER CARRIAGE. Already written on the paper is:

Dear Greta,

When you read this, Verna
and I will be out

The keys spell out:

of the country.

I suppose I should have
left you long ago. Or never --

(CONTINUED)

GRETA'S VOICE

Darling --
(He stops typing)
Would you do something for me
in town?

132 MED. LONG SHOT - living room. Larry looks up as Gretha
comes out of the bedroom again, this time with his
topcoat.

LARRY

Sure. What?

He starts typing again, but as Gretha comes toward him,
he slows apprehensively. //

GRETA

Pick up some nylons for me at
Manley's.

LARRY

Nylons!

Gretha puts the coat on the back of Larry's chair.

GRETA

Mr. Rose on the second floor
promised to save me some.

She perches on the arm of a chair at the side of the
desk. She cannot see what is being written.

133 TWO SHOT favoring Larry. Larry starts typing more
rapidly again. Gretha takes a cigarette, lights it,
leans over, and puts it in his mouth.

INSERT TYPEWRITER CARRIAGE. Another bit has
been typed.

...have let it happen in the first
place. Though I honestly tried to
make it work for awhile. You'd
best get a divorce somewhere...

The keys continue:

and go back East, and forget me.
You shouldn't find that hard.

Larry

134 TWO SHOT - Larry pulls the letter out of the typewriter.
He folds it, sticks it in the envelope, and starts to
put it in his pocket. Gretha slides off the chair.

GRETA'S VOICE

Darling --
(he stops typing)
Would you do something for
me in town?

132 MED. LONG SHOT - living room. Larry looks up as Greta comes out of the bedroom again, this time with his topcoat.

LARRY

Sure. What?

He starts typing again, but as Greta comes toward him he slows apprehensively.

GRETA

Pick up some nylons for me at
Magnin's.

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Greta puts the coat on the back of Larry's chair.

GRETA

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INSERT TYPEWRITER CARRIAGE. Another bit has been typed.

...have let it happen in the first place. Though I honestly tried to make it work for awhile. You'd best get a divorce somewhere....

The keys continue:

and go back East, and forget me.
You shouldn't find that hard.

Larry

134 TWO SHOT - Larry pulls the letter out of the typewriter. He folds it, sticks it in the envelope, and starts to put it in his pocket. Greta slides off the chair.

GRETA

Wait a minute, darling.

Larry freezes.

GRETA (cont'd)

You forgot a stamp.

She opens the desk drawer.

GRETA (cont'd)

Air mail?

LARRY

(striving to
be casual)

Three cent'll be enough.

She licks a stamp and holds it out, ready to put it on the envelope. Larry takes it from her, stamps it himself. He puts the letter in his pocket and picks up coat and bag.

GRETA

Coming back, you'd better pick up the groceries at Thomason's.

Larry starts toward the door and Greta follows, CAMERA PANNING WITH them.

LARRY

Won't you be going in?

GRETA

I'm riding all day today and tomorrow...it's so glorious in the hills.

They start through the door.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - DAY

135 MED. SHOT - door. The station wagon is parked in front of the house. Greta and Larry come out. Larry opens the rear door and tosses his bag in back. Greta puts his topcoat on the front seat. As Larry closes the rear door, they meet face to face.

GRETA

If you need any money, darling, draw it from our account.

LARRY

I've got plenty...even for nylons.

Greta holds up her face and Larry kisses her, quite tenderly.

136 ANOTHER ANGLE - Larry turns away from Greta and climbs into the station wagon. He starts the motor.

GRETA

Hurry back.

LARRY

I will. 'Bye, Greta.

GRETA

'Bye, Larry.

The station wagon starts away.

INT. STATION WAGON - DAY (PROCESS)

137 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Larry. He turns back to look at Greta.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - DAY

138 MED. LONG SHOT - Greta from Larry's ANGLE. She looks trim and lovely in the sunlight, the wind blowing her hair. She waves goodbye to Larry.

DISSOLVE

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

139 MED. LONG SHOT. Larry drives the station wagon up to the mailbox and comes to a stop.

140 MED. CLOSE SHOT. Larry takes the envelope from his pocket, puts it in the box and drives away. The CAMERA HOLDS on the mailbox.

DISSOLVE

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

141 CLOSE SHOT - sign which reads:

"THOMASON'S CORNER
BUS STOP"

The CAMERA PULLS BACK FROM the sign, showing Thomason's General Store in the b.g., with the station wagon parked in front. By the sign a gravel road intersects Highway 6. Larry is pacing up and down the highway. Cars are passing by.

LARRY'S VOICE

The bus was late, but I didn't care...it was warm in the sunshine. I walked up and down for a while, watching the cars pass on the highway...

142 ANOTHER ANGLE - a large diesel truck, engine wide open, passes, and the driver gives Larry a friendly salute, which Larry answers.

LARRY'S VOICE
I wondered how long it would take us to reach Reno...I had no way of knowing then that roads don't always go where you expect them to...

143 MED. LONG SHOT - Larry is walking away from the sign as the bus draws up and comes to a stop. Larry turns, sees the bus and starts toward it.

LARRY'S VOICE
I didn't hear the bus until it had stopped.

144 MED. SHOT - bus door. An elderly rancher carrying a big market bag climbs out and starts towards Thomason's store. The bus is just pulling away as Larry arrives.

LARRY'S VOICE
By the time I got to it, the one passenger had already climbed out...a man.

145 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Larry. He watches the bus disappear down the road, completely sunk. He tries to think what has happened, then turns and starts hurriedly for the store.

LARRY'S VOICE
That was a jolt -- no Verna...and no twenty-five thousand dollars. Suddenly I began to wonder if I'd been double-crossed...

INT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

146 FULL SHOT - counter. Thomason is waiting on the elderly rancher, putting various groceries in his market bag. The rancher is giving him directions and pointing out things he wants, but none of this dialogue can be heard. Larry enters hurriedly, brushes past the rancher, bumping him slightly, and crosses toward the telephone. Both Thomason and the rancher look after him.

LARRY'S VOICE
I had to find out quick...I was plenty scared....

147 MED. CLOSE SHOT - old-fashioned phone. Larry is already talking to the operator, but his first few words are not heard. Then he begins to try to put coins in the box, dropping a quarter. Finally, he gets in the correct sum.

LARRY'S VOICE
My hand shook so I could hardly put the coins in the box...

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

(into phone)
That makes eighty-five...

There is a moment of silence.

VERNA'S VOICE

Larry!

He spins around.

148 REVERSE ANGLE - Verna is standing only a few yards away. He turns back and hangs up, starts away from the phone without waiting for the change.

149 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Verna, dressed in a modish suit that looks out of place in a general store, smiles at Larry. He doesn't smile back, still upset by her non-appearance. In b.g. back of the counter, Thomason is still taking the order from the elderly rancher.

LARRY

(to Verna)
What the devil happened to you?

Verna's smile fades. She is surprised at Larry's tone.

VERNA

Why....nothing.

LARRY

Why weren't you on the bus?

VERNA

I was. They ran two today....
(getting a
little mad)
What did you expect me to do,
be on both of them?

Larry looks at her, not seeing anything funny in this.

LARRY

Let's get going.

He starts out of the store. Verna follows, hurt and bewildered by his strange attitude. Thomason, still waiting on the elderly man, stares after them curiously.

DISSOLVE

EXT. MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY - DAY

150 LONG SHOT - station wagon. It moves along the highway at a good clip, in bright sunshine.

INT. STATION WAGON - DAY (PROCESS)

151 TWO SHOT - Larry and Verna. Larry is driving - his face rather sullen. Verna sits as far away from him as possible, staring straight ahead. Both are rather tense, but Larry is feeling slightly ashamed of having snapped at her.

LARRY
(after a time)
It's going to be a hot drive.

Verna doesn't answer. Larry looks at her out of the corner of his eye.

LARRY (cont'd)
Was it hot on the bus?

VERNA
(straight
ahead)
What difference does it make
how it was?

There is a long pause. Both stare straight ahead.

LARRY
Maybe it'll be cooler in Reno.

VERNA
(concluding the
conversation)
Maybe.

DISSOLVE

EXT. HIGHWAY NEAR MOUNTAIN LAKE - DAY

152 LONG SHOT. The station wagon moves along the highway, slows and takes an unpaved path leading toward a sandy beach. Some campers, a couple and their children, are having a picnic at one end of the beach.

INT. STATION WAGON - DAY - (PROCESS)

153 TWO SHOT - Verna and Larry. The station wagon is slowing to a stop.

VERNA
(looking around)
What are you doing?

LARRY
How about a swim?

VERNA
(unpleasantly)

LARRY

We are....but I'm hot.

The station wagon halts and Larry turns off the ignition.

VERNA

We'll never get there tonight
with half a dozen stops.

LARRY

(with exasperating
cheerfulness)

All right. We'll get there
tomorrow.

He opens the door and starts to climb out.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

154 MED. SHOT. Larry pulls trunks and a towel from the back seat, whistling cheerfully. Verna sits stiffly in the front seat, looking straight ahead. Larry takes off his shirt, hangs it on the door handle.

LARRY

(to back of
Verna's head)

Better try it.... Might improve
your temper.

VERNA

(turning
furiously)

I should have known it would be
like this.... you're about as
dependable as a four-year-old
child!

LARRY

(levelly)

You can still turn back if you
want.

(moves closer
to her)

Maybe you'd like it better with
Trenton.... He probably doesn't
swim at all.

Verna slaps him, hard.

155 ANOTHER ANGLE featuring Larry. The slap hurts, but he grins. He reaches into the front seat and pins Verna's arms.

LARRY (cont'd)

Okay, you can go back. But
first you're coming for a swim,
if I have to throw you in.

She struggles, but he pulls her out of the car, lifts her and starts towards the lake. Suddenly she stops fighting.

VERNA
You're hurting me!

She begins to cry. Larry immediately becomes contrite.

LARRY
I'm sorry, baby.

VERNA
You don't love me!

Very slowly, Larry lets her feet touch the ground.

LARRY
But I do, Verna.

VERNA
You can't... you've been so strange.

LARRY
So have you.

VERNA
But you haven't said anything...
You didn't even seem glad to see me.

LARRY
I was scared to show you how glad I was.

VERNA
Really, Larry?

(solemnly) LARRY
Really.

He kisses her quickly, then turns and takes his shirt off the door handle.

LARRY (cont'd)
We'll move along.

VERNA
But I think a swim would be nice.

Larry looks at her, surprised.

LARRY
What was all that talk about Reno?

VERNA

Just talk....

She picks up his towel and trunks, tosses them to him.

VERNA (cont'd)

Bet I beat you in.

As she hurries toward the station wagon,

DISSOLVE

EXT. BEACH - DAY

156 MED. LONG SHOT - SHOOTING TOWARD station wagon. Verna, in a bathing suit, comes from behind the station wagon and runs down the sloping beach. At the same moment Larry appears from behind a big rack and races toward her.

157 ANOTHER ANGLE by water's edge. Verna is a little ahead as they reach the water, but Larry, with a long, flat dive, hits the lake at exactly the same moment she runs into it. They halt waist-deep in the water, both laughing.

LARRY

Photo finish!
(takes her
hand)
Come on!

He pulls her forward, into the lake -

DISSOLVE

EXT. SMOOTH WATER - DAY

158 TWO SHOT. They paddle along slowly, tired after the swim.

VERNA

It's wonderful....after that
first shock.

They smile at one another -- all the tension gone.

LARRY

Happy?

VERNA

(nodding)

Mmmmmmm....

He tries to kiss her and both sink under the water.
They come up laughing.

(CONTINUED)

VERNA (cont'd)

Larry! You'll drown me!

LARRY

Darling...

VERNA

What?

LARRY

(urgently)

Let's go ashore.

VERNA

Now?

LARRY

Yes, now...

He takes her arm, almost roughly swings her around. Then they both start swimming toward the beach.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

159 MED. SHOT - SHOOTING TOWARD lake as Verna and Larry, hand in hand, wade from the water to the beach.

VERNA

(as they reach
dry beach)

That was wonderful!

Larry halts her, evidently about to kiss her.

LARRY

Now there'll be no drowning, baby.

Verna turns to him, then sees something over his shoulder.

VERNA

(warningly)

Larry...

Larry looks around.

160 ANOTHER ANGLE - the male camper a plump man in rubber boots, his clothes laden with fishing gear, and carrying a casting rod, is approaching them. They draw apart rather guiltily. The man grins at them as he walks by. He moves a little ways down the beach, then halts and makes a cast into the lake. Larry and Verna watch him for a second, then Larry shrugs, takes Verna's hand, and they start toward the station wagon. The CAMERA HOLDS ON the man as he reels in, prepares to make another cast.

161 MED. SHOT - station wagon. Verna pulls a towel and her purse from the back of the station wagon. The CAMERA PANS as she goes to a rock near the front of the wagon, sits with her back against it, and begins to dry her face. Larry has gotten cigarettes and matches from the front seat.

LARRY

Cigarette?

Verna looks up at him.

VERNA

That would be lovely.

Larry lights a cigarette, and, reaching down, puts it between her lips. Then he lights one for himself. He sits on the rock by her. Both smoke contentedly for a moment.

LARRY

What did Trenton have to say?

VERNA

Nothing...on account I didn't give him a chance...just left word I was leaving.

LARRY

I bet the old fossil's hot on your trail right now.

VERNA

He's in for an awful shock, if he is...

They both smile. She looks up at him.

VERNA (cont'd)

How about you?

LARRY

Same sort of deal. I wrote a letter, asking for a divorce.

VERNA

Think you'll get it?

LARRY

Sure. And then we'll get married, baby.

VERNA

(smiling)

I brought along the equipment...

She reaches in her purse and takes out a cheap imitation gold wedding ring, tosses it to Larry.

162 CLOSE SHOT - Larry's hand as he examines the wedding ring.

VERNA'S VOICE

I thought it might come in handy.

163 TWO SHOT - Larry and Verna.

LARRY

Where'd you get it?

VERNA

At the dime store.

Larry smiles at her -- touched by this.

LARRY

Why the dime store? You can buy rings with diamonds in 'em for twenty-five grand.

VERNA

(suddenly a
little confused)

I know you can...

LARRY

Were you afraid I'd get sore?

VERNA

No...I wasn't afraid...

LARRY

(suddenly
suspicious)

What's the matter? Haven't you got the money?

VERNA

Well...not exactly...

LARRY

(suddenly
outraged)

Look. You've either got it or you...

He breaks off as Verna hands him something.

164 CLOSE SHOT - Larry. In his hand he holds the check, uncashed.

(CONTINUED)

VERNA'S VOICE

My dowry.

Larry looks at the check, then, the tension gone, smiles at her.

LARRY

What happened? . Lose your nerve?

165 TWO SHOT - featuring Verna.

VERNA

I just got thinking what I was bringing you...no social position...no family except a drunken uncle I haven't heard from in years...just myself. So I thought I'd keep the record clean by not bringing the money.

(looks at him)

Mad?

LARRY

(slowly)

No. In fact a little glad... What do you want me to do with it?

VERNA

That's up to you.

166 CLOSE SHOT - Larry. He looks at the check, then begins to tear it up.

167 TWO SHOT - Verna smiling.

VERNA

I thought maybe you'd do that.

LARRY

(seriously)

I guess this is what we both intended all along.

(he leans down)

Let's have your left hand.

Verna holds out her left hand and Larry slips the ring on her third finger.

LARRY (cont'd)

There you are, baby.

(CONTINUED)

VERNA

(admiring
ring)

It looks nice...as if it
belonged there.

LARRY

It does belong there...from now
on.

Verna smiles at him.

VERNA

That almost sounds like a
marriage ceremony.

Verna looks down at her white bathing suit.

VERNA (cont'd)

(lightly, but
serious
underneath)

I've always dreamed of getting
married in something white.

Larry kisses her, half tenderly, half passionately.

DISSOLVE

EXT. LAKE - DAY

LARRY'S VOICE

168 MED. SHOT - station wagon - Late in the afternoon,
Larry and Verna, now dressed, shadows from the mountains
climb into the station wagon. fell across the lake, and
Larry starts the motor and it got cold. We decided
begins to swing around to to push on to Reno.
the road that leads back
to the highway.

LARRY'S VOICE

169 ANOTHER ANGLE as the station wagon reaches the road.
Fisherman, still casting under three hundred
by the shore, turns and miles...and I figured we
waves. Larry returns his could make it before
salute. The CAMERA HOLDS midnight...
ON the fisherman, looking
after them, as the station
wagon disappears.

DISSOLVE OUT

VERNA

(admiring
ring)

- It looks nice...as if it
belonged there.

LARRY

- It does belong there...from now
on.

Verna smiles at him.

VERNA

That almost sounds like a
marriage ceremony.

LARRY

Sure it does...because that's
what it is.

Verna looks down at her white bathing suit.

VERNA

(lightly, but
serious
underneath)

I've always dreamed of getting
married in something white.

Larry kisses her, half tenderly, half passionately.

DISSOLVE

EXT. LAKE - DAY

168

MED. SHOT - station wagon -
Larry and Verna, now dressed,
climb into the station wagon.
Larry starts the motor and
begins to swing around to
the road that leads back
to the highway.

LARRY'S VOICE

Late in the afternoon,
shadows from the mountains
fell across the lake, and
it got cold. We decided
to push on to Reno.

169

ANOTHER ANGLE as the station
wagon reaches the road.
Fisherman, still casting
by the shore, turns and
waves. Larry returns his
salute. The CAMER HOLDS
ON the fisherman, looking
after them, as the station
wagon disappears.

LARRY'S VOICE

It wasn't too far well
under three hundred
miles...and I figured we
could make it before
midnight...

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT - (PROCESS)

170 CLOSE SHOT - speedometer. It reads sixty-five miles an hour.

The CAMERA DRAWS BACK, disclosing a four-lane highway winding through hills. There is the SOUND of MUSIC, from the car radio o.s. A car approaches at a high rate of speed from the other direction. Its lights throw a blinding glare directly into the camera.

171 TWO SHOT - Verna and Larry. The lights of the oncoming car illuminates their faces. Verna has her head on Larry's shoulder. Both are relaxed, contented. After the car passes, Verna speaks.

VERNA

(drowsily)

Larry...

LARRY

What?

VERNA

Any regrets?

LARRY

About what?

VERNA

About the check?

LARRY

No regrets, darling. No regrets at all.

The lights of another passing car briefly illuminate their faces. Verna smiles dreamily.

VERNA

What do you think Greta will do?

LARRY

Find herself another guy.

VERNA

I wonder...

LARRY

Why not? Even if she wasn't attractive, there's that lovely money.

(CONTINUED)

VERNA
(almost asleep)
Maybe she won't want another
guy... I wouldn't.

LARRY
Don't shed any tears over Greta.
She's quite capable of looking
after herself.

VERNA
All right, darling. I won't shed
any tears...

She begins to breath deeply. Larry looks down at her,
smiling. Then at the road again. Suddenly his face
becomes tense.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

172 MED. LONG SHOT - road ahead - FROM their ANGLE. A big
truck, apparently out of control, is swerving toward
them.

INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT - (PROCESS)

173 TWO SHOT - Larry and Verna. Larry jams on the brakes.
Verna wakes. Their startled faces are brilliantly lit
by the truck's headlights. Verna pulls away from Larry
in terror as he swings the wheel to the left, trying to
cut inside the truck. The station wagon fails to clear
and there is a gigantic CRASH.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

174 MED. LONG SHOT - road. The station wagon rebounds from
the truck, rolls over and over and, finally stopping,
bursts into flame. The truck, hardly damaged at all,
halts in some bushes.

175 MED. SHOT - truck. Two men jump out of the cab and
start to run toward the blazing station wagon.

176 ANOTHER ANGLE as the men near the burning vehicle.
The driver swerves as he sees a figure beside the
station wagon.

DRIVER
(calling)
Over here, Gus.

The other man turns and follows him.

- 177 MED. SHOT - figure. It is Larry, unconscious. The flames from the station wagon, close by, light his face. Shielding themselves against the flames, the men lift him by the shoulders and drag him to safety, the CAMERA PANNING WITH them. They put him down and turn back to look at the station wagon.
- 178 MED. LONG SHOT - station wagon FROM their ANGLE. It is completely enveloped in flames.
- 179 MED. CLOSE SHOT - men.

DRIVER

Must have busted the gas tank!

GUS

You think anybody's in there?

DRIVER

You find out... Happens I left off my asbestos undersuit.

Both men stand, looking at the station wagon. Larry lies unconscious at their feet.

- 180 REVERSE ANGLE. The station wagon continues to blaze.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

- 181 CLOSE SHOT - traction splint -- a leg in a plaster cast, held up in the air by weighted pulleys. The CAMERA PULLS BACK, revealing that the splint belongs to a rather rough-looking man with a three-day growth of beard. He is lying on his back, looking up at the ceiling. He reaches over to a small table beside the bed for cigarettes and matches. As he lights a cigarette, Larry's voice, in an almost incoherent mutter, comes over scene.

LARRY'S VOICE

From now on...my wife...you are my wife...you are...

The man raises himself on one elbow and looks sympathetically o.s.

182 ANOTHER ANGLE. Larry is lying on the adjacent bed. His head is bandaged and his face is feverish. He continues to mutter.

LARRY

No regrets...yes, no regrets...
I am...

His voice dies away and he falls into a stupor. The man continues to look at him, puffing his cigarette. There is the SOUND of a door opening and the man looks across Larry.

183 REVERSE ANGLE - including door. An interne and a highway policeman are coming into the room.

INTERNE

(protesting to
policeman)

Doctor Newhall's going to raise
the roof...

POLICEMAN

I'll be responsible...

He crosses to Larry's bed, followed by the interne.

POLICEMAN (cont'd)

I got my report to make tonight.
And, besides, the inquest's set
for tomorrow.

(looks down
at Larry)

Mr. Ballantine...

184 CLOSER ANGLE - featuring Larry. He stirs a little. The SOUND of the haunting MUSIC played when he put the ring on Verna comes over scene - he is hearing it.

POLICEMAN

Who was with you in the station
wagon?

LARRY

(muttering)

It is true...we aren't pretending...

The policeman glances at the interne, who nods "I told you so." The policeman looks back at Larry.

POLICEMAN

(firmly)

Was there anyone with you,
Mr. Ballantine?

LARRY

From now on...don't shed...tears...
It is, my darling...

184 (CONTINUED)

POLICEMAN

(louder)
Mr. Ballantine...

The SOUND of the MUSIC FADES AWAY.

MAN'S VOICE

Why don't you club him over
the head?

The policeman, with the dignity of policemen, turns
slowly.

185 WIDER ANGLE. The man in the traction splint is glaring
at the policeman.

MAN

The guy loses his wife, so you
give him the third degree.

POLICEMAN

Why not mind your own business?

The policeman looks at the man angrily, but decides he
can't very well get tough with someone flat on his
back. He is turning back to Larry when an idea strikes
him.

POLICEMAN (cont'd)

(to man)

How do you know it was his wife?

MAN

The poor guy's been raving about
her for an hour!

The policeman turns back to Larry.

186 MED. CLOSE SHOT - bed, featuring Larry. The policeman
waits for a moment, but Larry has relapsed into a
stupor again.

187 WIDER ANGLE. The policeman turns to the interne.

POLICEMAN

When's he likely to snap out
of this?

hs

(CONTINUED)

187 (CONTINUED)

INTERNE

Maybe tonight... Maybe not for a couple of days... Depends on the extent of the trauma. Why don't you try again in the morning?

The policeman nods disgustedly.

POLICEMAN

Yeah...and, of course, it's got to be my day off.

MAN

(sarcastically)

Ain't that tough!

The policeman burns, but starts out without paying any attention to the man.

DISSOLVE

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

188 MED. SHOT - two beds. The window blinds are up and sunlight streams through the windows. Larry is lying with his eyes closed. The man with the traction splint is reading a magazine. Larry stirs, opens his eyes.

MAN

How are you feeling, mate?

LARRY

(slowly)

I don't know...

He puts his hand up and feels the bandage.

MAN

I do! I got a brick on the noggin once...bustin' through a picket line.

Larry looks around the room and then at the man, rather dazedly trying to figure out where he is.

MAN (cont'd)

Cigarette?

LARRY

No...I guess not.

MAN

(leaning toward Larry)

I know it don't do any good, mate, but I'm sorry...mine's gone, too.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

(not
understanding)

Yours?

MAN

My wife...passed away of t.b.
(pauses)

We'd been married thirteen years.

189 CLOSE SHOT - Larry. He doesn't reply. He is thinking hard, trying to put together what the man has said.

LARRY'S VOICE

I wondered where he'd gotten the idea it was my wife...and then I realized...Verna was dead... Suddenly I was filled with a kind of irrational anger at having been tricked out of both Verna and the money...then something began to stir in my head...a vague sort of hundred-to-one shot play...

DISSOLVE

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

190 MED. SHOT - corridor. The policeman, followed by a police stenographer, comes up to Larry's door, opens it and enters.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

191 MED. SHOT - door. The CAMERA PANS as the two men cross to Larry's bed and look down at him. Larry's eyes are closed.

POLICEMAN

(to man in splint)

How is he?

MAN

How would you be with your head busted open?

(after a pause)

That I'd like to see!

The policeman lets this pass. He looks down at Larry, whose eyes are still closed.

POLICEMAN

Mr. Ballantine.

As Larry opens his eyes:

POLICEMAN (cont'd)

You well...

191 (CONTINUED)

LARRY

(dazedly)
I guess so.

POLICEMAN

Fine.
(indicates
stenographer)
This man'll fill out the accident
form for you...save your
appearing at the inquest.

192 ANOTHER ANGLE as the stenographer takes out form and pen and prepares to write.

POLICEMAN

(to Larry)
We'll need your name and address.

LARRY

(slowly)
Lawrence Ballantine...Box 43,
R.F.D. 6, Tulare County.

POLICEMAN

Age?

LARRY

Thirty-four.

POLICEMAN

Profession?

LARRY

Broker.

POLICEMAN

(to stenographer)
What's next?

STENOGRAPHER

His wife's name.

LARRY

Greta Ballantine.

POLICEMAN

Age?

LARRY

Thirty-two.

POLICEMAN

Now tell us in your own words
what happened.

192 (CONTINUED)

LARRY

(slowly)
I can't remember...

POLICEMAN

Just tell us what you can...

LARRY

Well...we were going north...
not fast...when the truck
swerved. We tried to cut
inside...and then...

POLICEMAN

That jibes with the truck
driver's story...he blew a
tire...now who was driving?

LARRY

I was.

POLICEMAN

You're sure it wasn't your wife
driving?

193 CLOSE SHOT - Larry, on his guard.

LARRY

Yeah -- I'm sure... Why?

POLICEMAN'S VOICE

From the way her body was,
looked like she was at the wheel.

Larry doesn't answer.

194 WIDER ANGLE.

POLICEMAN

Of course, you couldn't tell
much -- everything was burned.

LARRY

She was burned?

POLICEMAN

This is about all that was left.

He hands Larry something.

195 CLOSE SHOT - Larry. With difficulty, he looks at it...
Verna's dime-store wedding ring.

POLICEMAN'S VOICE

We found it wedged in the door.

196 WIDER ANGLE. Larry looks at the ring without saying anything.

POLICEMAN
(to stenographer)
Where was I?

STENOGRAPHER
(reading
from notes)
"You're sure it wasn't your
wife driving?"

Policeman looks at Larry.

LARRY
I'm sure....Greta was in the
right-hand seat.

POLICEMAN
Well, that's that.
(to stenographer)
Have him sign it.

The stenographer hands Larry the form. He signs his name.

LARRY
(to policeman)
That all you want?

POLICEMAN
As far as I know.

LARRY
When can I leave?

POLICEMAN
That's up to the doc. Good
luck.

The policeman and the stenographer start toward the door.

MAN
(calling)
Copper!

The policeman turns.

POLICEMAN
What?

MAN
Enjoying your day off?

(CONTINUED)

POLICEMAN
(finally losing
his temper)
Look, when you get well, bud....

MAN
(interrupting)
I know. You'll send me a basket
of bananas.

The policeman controls himself and exits. The man
laughs delightedly at his joke.

197 CLOSE SHOT - bed. Larry is deep in thought. He
suddenly sits up in bed and swings his feet over the side

MAN'S VOICE
Hey! What are you doing?

198 WIDER ANGLE. Larry crosses to a closet and starts
pulling out his clothes.

LARRY
I'm going home.

MAN
You're crazy! The doc'll never
give you permission.

Without replying, Larry starts to dress.

DISSOLVE

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

199 MED. SHOT - door to one of the rooms. A nurse, carrying
medical supplies, hurries along the corridor and
disappears around a corner. The door to the room opens
and Larry peers out. He sees that the corridor is clear
comes out of the room and starts rather furtively along
the corridor, the CAMERA TRUCKING WITH him. He is
completely dressed, but the bandage is still around his
head. He is still suffering from shock, and his walk
is unsteady. Once he almost falls, but saves himself
by bracing against the wall. He hears the end of the
corridor.

MAN'S VOICE
(authoritatively)
Just a moment, Mr. Ballantine.

Larry halts, then turns slowly around, caught!

200 ANOTHER ANGIE . A middle-aged man, in a black suit and a black felt hat, comes after Larry. He might possibly be a detective. He has a queer air -- ingratiating and slippery.

MAN

There's still a little matter connected with your -- ahem -- wife.

Larry faces him unsteadily.

MAN (cont'd)

I was in to see you earlier, but you were asleep.

Larry remains silent.

MAN (cont'd)

(rather coyly)

I hope you weren't running off....

LARRY

(lying)

No....I wasn't.

MAN

(continuing)

I don't like to mention --ahem-- money, but I'm sure you wish to have everything settled....ahem.. ..quietly.

Larry nods.

MAN (cont'd)

(apologizing)

We've had a few unfortunate experiences....Now about the payment....

LARRY

(getting the idea)

How do I know you won't keep coming back?

MAN

(indignantly)

My card, sir.

He hands Larry a card.

201 CLOSE SHOT - card in Larry's hand. It reads:

HENRY BASCOMBE

MORTICIAN-

Phone: Paso Robles 39 National Ass'n
of Morticians.

MAN'S VOICE

Under the present circumstances,
I would suggest cremation.

202 TWO SHOT - Larry and undertaker. Larry is scowling at
the undertaker.

LARRY

I don't care what you do, Mr. --
(looks again
at card)
-- Bascombe.

He pulls out his wallet, takes out some bills and hands
them to the undertaker.

LARRY (cont'd)

Will that cover it?

MAN

(impressed
by bill)
It certainly will!

Larry starts away.

MAN (cont'd)

(calling
after him)
But, Mr. Ballantine, where shall
we send the remains?

LARRY

(pausing)
The remains?

MAN

(helpfully)
There's generally a family plot...

LARRY

(given an idea)
Her aunt...Mrs. Martha Hines,
Fallvale, Long Island.

MAN

I'll just jot that down.

203 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Man. He writes down the address in
a notebook.

MAN

(talking as
he writes)
What would you say to a silver
container...with her name
engraved...

WIDER ANGLE - Larry has vanished. The man shakes his head at this incomprehensible behaviour, then shrugs and starts away.

DISSOLVE

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

205 LONG SHOT - road - SHOOTING DOWN a hill. A greyhound bus comes up the hill toward the camera, moving slowly enough to permit the destination sign on the front to be made out. It reads: LOS ANGELES.

INT. BUS - DAY - (PROCESS)

206 MED. SHOT. The bus is crowded with tired-looking men, women and children. Larry is in one of the rear seats. He is looking directly ahead, not watching the scenery. His right hand is held out in front of him, curiously, palm upward.

INSERT HAND. In it is Verna's battered gold ring.

LARRY'S VOICE

The odds got better with every mile...I'd cleared the first barrier easily...Greta was on the record as a brass wedding ring and a handful of charred bones...Now, I had to keep her there to get the money. There was only one possible slip-up; she could have left the ranch...

(pauses)

One person would know...
Thomason...

DISSOLVE

INT. THOMASON'S STORE - NIGHT

207 MED. SHOT. Thomason is tidying up a shelf back of the counter. Through the window we see the bus pulling away. Larry enters the store.

THOMASON

(surprised)

Gee whiz! I didn't expect to see you, Mr. Ballantine.

Larry walks unsteadily toward the counter. He is very shaky. Thomason comes around the counter, moving quickly for his bulk, and pulls out a chair.

(CONTINUED)

THOMASON (cont'd)

Here...you look kind of shaky.

Larry shakes his head.

LARRY

(slowly)

You been out to the ranch?

THOMASON

(soothingly)

No, but I reckon everything's all right...even with her gone.

Larry looks at him -- startled. He thinks he means Greta has left the ranch.

LARRY

(raising his voice)

Gone! What do you mean gone!

THOMASON

Now, now, take it easy...

LARRY

(wildly)

You saw her leave?

THOMASON

(pityingly)

I think you got hurt worse than you know, Mr. Ballantine....I'd just sit down for a minute.

LARRY

I don't want to. I...

THOMASON

I don't blame you for being upset... She was a fine woman. Seems untimely, her being killed like that.

(looks inquiringly at Larry)

Though I guess it happened real quick?

208 CLOSE SHOT - Larry. He realizes that Thomason believes Greta died in the crash.

LARRY

Yeah. It did...real quick.

(the plan has worked)

Your truck here?

209 WIDER ANGLE.

THOMASON

Why, surely, surely. All hitched
up and ready to go.

(takes Larry's
arm)

I'll drive you up.

Larry draws his arm away.

LARRY

I'd rather go alone.

THOMASON

(soothingly)

Now, now...you'll need somebody
to fix a bit of food...tidy
things up. If you'll just wait
'till I lock up the store...

LARRY

(doggedly)

I want to go now....

THOMASON

All right. Nobody'll bother
the store, anyway.

He takes Larry's arm again, starts to guide him toward
the door. Larry breaks away roughly.

LARRY

(savagely)

Leave me alone!

Thomason steps back, surprised and hurt. The CAMERA
HOLDS on him as Larry staggers out the door.

DISSOLVE

EXT. HIGHWAY BY RANCH ENTRANCE - NIGHT

210 MED. SHOT - mailbox. Thomason's truck chugs up to the
mailbox and halts a few feet away illuminating the box
with the headlights. Larry climbs out and goes up to
the box.

211 CLOSE SHOT - box. Larry reaches in and finds that his
letter to Greta is gone. He turns away.

212 WIDER ANGLE as Larry climbs into the truck and starts
up the ranch road. He turns off his lights and moves
along the road in the moonlight.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

213 MED. LONG SHOT. The ranch house, plainly discernible in the bright moonlight, is dark. The truck, lights still out, moves quietly into the parking area and comes to a halt. Larry gets out and starts for the ranch house.

INT. RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

214 MED. SHOT - living room. It is partially lit by moonlight from the open windows. Larry enters on tiptoe and crosses to the desk.

215 MED. CLOSE SHOT. Larry snaps on the small desk lamp and by its light finds a pistol in one of the drawers. He pumps a cartridge into the pistol's chamber and starts across the room to the bedroom door.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

216 MED. SHOT - SHOOTING TOWARD door. A shaft of light from the living room partially illuminates the bedroom and the big double bed, but it is impossible to tell if Greta is in the bed. Larry enters the room, pistol in hand, and moves toward the bed.

217 ANOTHER ANGLE - Larry reaches the bed and snaps on the reading light. The bed is empty! He crosses the room toward another door, CAMERA PANNING WITH him. He opens this door cautiously, reaches inside and snaps on a light.

INT. SECOND BEDROOM - NIGHT

218 MED. LONG SHOT - bedroom - SHOOTING PAST Larry. There are twin beds in this room, but they are both empty. Larry turns back, puzzled, and starts for the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

219 MED. SHOT - SHOOTING TOWARD bedroom entrance. Larry enters slowly, wondering what to do next. Suddenly something across the room catches his attention.

220 MED. LONG SHOT - kitchen door FROM Larry's ANGLE. Light can be seen under the door.

221 ANOTHER ANGLE - Larry crosses toward the door, certain that Greta is in the kitchen. Very slowly, he pushes open the door, the pistol ready to shoot.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

222 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Larry comes in. CAMERA PANS him TO the big walk-in refrigerator, the door of which is open. The light is coming from a bulb inside. He sees no one is inside the refrigerator and closes the door. He pauses for a moment, thinking, then crosses to a cabinet, finds a flashlight and then goes to the outside door.

DISSOLVE

EXT. TACK ROOM - NIGHT

223 MED. SHOT. This is a shed by the corral. Larry opens the door and turns on the flashlight.

INT. TACK ROOM - NIGHT

224 MED. LONG SHOT - FROM Larry's ANGLE. The flashlight beam discloses that both his and Greta's saddles are there.

EXT. TACK ROOM - NIGHT

225 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Larry switches off the light, exits closing the door behind him.

DISSOLVE

EXT. WINDING PATH - NIGHT

226 TRUCKING SHOT. Larry walks along the path, moving very silently. Suddenly a horse nickers. Larry turns the flashlight in the direction of the SOUND, disclosing the Palomino standing at the brink of the path leading down to the little valley. The horse looks at Larry, then down into the valley. He whinnies at something in the valley. The CAMERA CONTINUES TO TRUCK WITH Larry as he goes past the horse and starts down the steep path to the valley.

EXT. VALLEY - NIGHT

227 LONG SHOT. The SOUND of the waterfall can be heard as Larry, using the flashlight beam to guide him, descends. He reaches the level ground, halts and begins to sweep the valley with his flashlight. The beam picks up something to his right at the base of the cliff. He starts in that direction.

- 228 ANOTHER ANGLE. The beam, as Larry walks, holds on something white. He bends and picks the object up, holding the flashlight on it.
- INSERT OBJECT. It is the letter Larry wrote to Greta in the typewriter.
- 229 MED. CLOSE SHOT. Larry sweeps the flashlight around again.
- 230 LONG SHOT - SHOOTING DOWN. The beam reveals Greta's body -- a crumpled heap at the foot of a cliff.
- 231 MED. SHOT. Larry starts to climb down.
- 232 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Greta's body. Larry comes into scene, directs the flashlight onto her face. Her neck is contorted, broken from the jump from the cliff. Larry snaps off the flashlight and bends over her.
- 233 ANOTHER ANGLE. Faintly, in the shadow cast by the cliff, Larry can be seen carrying Greta's body. He hears the swirling pool of water. There is a whinney from the Palomino above, and Larry looks up.
- 234 LONG SHOT - SHOOTING UP - horse FROM Larry's ANGLE. The Palomino is silhouetted against the sky. O.s. there is a heavy splash -- Larry has thrown Greta's body into the pool.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

- 235 MED. SHOT - Larry on witness stand. He is sweating now, and his voice is no longer assured. He has the manner of one who has started a story that he wishes he could stop, but can't. He speaks straight ahead, his eyes blank.

LARRY

When I woke the next day I didn't know where I was. It was like waking up after a fever...everything mixed up and unreal...I called to Greta and when she didn't answer, I got up to look for her...and then I remembered...

236 FULL SHOT - spectators. They listen in utter silence to Larry's words.

LARRY'S VOICE

....I suppose it was the after-effects of the concussion. My head still ached and it was hard to think...

237 MED. SHOT - Larry and jury. The jury, like the spectators, listen in silence.

LARRY

Yet, I wasn't sad...at least not then...

(turns to jury)

Fate had dealt me one from the bottom of the deck but I'd evened things up...I had the money...

238 MED. CLOSE SHOT - jury - featuring two of the other jurors. One is an untidy woman with an enormous bust and sagging cheeks. The other is a tiny old man with a wrinkled face and a patently false toupe.

LARRY'S VOICE

The funny thing was it turned out so well... Greta's ashes were sent East and buried there, the Coroner's Jury turned in a verdict of accidental death, and nobody at all bothered about Verna. I got a loan against the estate, and went to South America...

239 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Janice. She sits without expression.

LARRY'S VOICE

...But the gayor the city the worse I felt. Lima, Rio, Buenos Aires -- none of them were any good. Something was wrong...

240 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Larry.

LARRY

...Maybe homosickness, maybe a sense of guilt. I looked for a quieter place... Trinidad, Costa Rica, finally Jamaica.

EXT. JAMAICAN BEACH - DAY

241 MED. LONG SHOT - beach.
a lonely tropical beach,
crescent-shaped, with
firmly packed sand. It is
dusk and Larry walks slowly
along the beach -- deep in
thought.

LARRY'S VOICE
I stayed almost a month
in Kingston, eating alone,
swimming alone, walking
alone...feeling like one
of the sea birds I used to
see flying over the beach
at dusk, crying....There
was only one place I
liked....

DISSOLVE

242 MED. SHOT - Tidal basin.
A foam-flecked pool half-
surrounded by rocks, ominous
with swift-moving currents.
Larry stands looking somberly
down at the water.

LARRY'S VOICE
...by some rocks... a
sea pool of dark green
water...I'd watch it for
hours, remembering another
pool...and gradually I
began to feel that it
might be for me what the
other had been for Greta...

INT. BIRTHBANK HOTEL - DAY

243 MED. SHOT - dining veranda.
An old-fashioned wood-
floored porch with the
choice tables for two
ranging along a carved
balustrade. Deeper in the
veranda are larger tables,
and three or four of these
are filled with members of
a tourist party. Larry
comes from the veranda
entrance and starts toward
one of the tables for two.

LARRY'S VOICE
... Then one day... at
lunch in the hotel...
Fate opened a brand new
deck of cards...

244 GROUP SHOT - tourists' table. Larry passes close to
the table, at which are seated seven or eight
spinsteral ladies.

SPINSTER

(to others)
And there I was in the most
evil-looking alley, with nobody
but this man....

(CONTINUED)

She breaks off as she sees Larry and smiles at him coquettishly. Larry scowls at her, irritated, and then looks away. The CAMERA PANS as he goes to his table. A colored waiter comes up as Larry sits down.

WAITER

(with marked
English accent)

The usual, sir?

LARRY

(bored)

I guess so. How'd you make out with the Los Angeles papers, Cooper?

WAITER

The local tobacconist has promised to do his best, sir.

The waiter goes away and Larry looks off toward the sea. There is the SOUND of someone hitting a glass with a knife o.s. and Larry swings around, annoyed by the noise.

245 MED. LONG SHOT - tourists' tables - from Larry's ANGLE. A prissy-looking man in a white suit, obviously the tour conductor, is standing at one of the tables, hitting the glass to attract attention.

246 MED. CLOSE SHOT - tour conductor at his table.

TOUR CONDUCTOR

(loudly)

Attention, please! Our automobiles will leave the hotel in fifteen minutes. I must request you not to be late...As some of you, especially you younger folk...

(looks at

them coyly)

seem to have a habit of doing...

(giggles)

Not that I blame you.

He leaves the table, and the tourists start to rise.

247 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Larry. As he looks at the tourists, his face becomes puzzled -- then recognition dawns.

248 WIDER ANGLE. A young woman detaches herself from the group of tourists and comes over to him. It is Janice.

JANICE

Hello, Larry.

Larry rises slowly, his face defensive. He is thinking

LARRY

(not friendly)

What are you doing here?

JANICE

Seeing the Caribbean...sixteen
days for two hundred and seventy
dollars.

There is an awkward silence.

JANICE (cont'd)

I -- I just wanted to say I
was sorry to hear about Greta...

LARRY

Thanks.

JANICE

If there's anything I can do...

LARRY

(curtly)

There isn't....

JANICE

(snubbed)

Well...goodbye, Larry.

LARRY

Goodbye.

The CAMERA HOLDS on him as she goes off after the
tourists. He sits down at the table, then slowly looks
around after her.

DISSOLVE

INT. MIRTLEBANK HOTEL - NIGHT

249 MED. SHOT - bar. Larry is brooding over a half-finished
drink. Otherwise, the bar is deserted except for the
colored bartender.

LARRY

(to bartender)

Charlie.

BARTENDER

(coming over
to him)

Yes, sir?

LARRY

What does a guy do around here
when he's bored?

BARTENDER

Have you tried horseback riding,
sir?

(CONTINUED)

LARRY
I'm sick of horses.

BARTENDER
How about deep sea fishing?

LARRY
I've been.

BARTENDER
There's golf....or tennis....

He breaks off and looks o.s. at someone coming into the bar. Larry looks, too.

250 MED. SHOT - other end of bar. Janice is just reaching the bar. She glances at Larry, but doesn't speak. She sits on one of the stools. The bartender comes for her order.

JANICE
Pineapple juice, please.

251 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Larry. He watches her for a moment, then picks up his glass and starts toward her - the CAMERA PANNING WITH him.

LARRY
Alone?

JANICE
(very cool)
Temporarily.

LARRY
I guess I was pretty rude this morning.

As Janice nods.

LARRY (cont'd)
I'm sorry.....

JANICE
I think I understand, Larry.

He sits on the stool beside her.

LARRY
Free for dinner?

JANICE
I'm eating with some friends.

LARRY
That's too bad.

(CONTINUED)

JANICE

But maybe we could have lunch tomorrow....if you're free.

LARRY

I think I can arrange it.

JANICE

Good.

She slides off the stool and starts away. Larry looks after her speculatively.

DISSOLVE

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

252 MED. LONG SHOT - sport fishing cruiser. A sleek boat with bamboo outriggers, crows nest, harpoon walk and two regulation fishing chairs on the stern. It is being used by Larry and Janice to troll for sailfish. A negro sailor, barefooted and wearing tattered trousers and straw hat, is at the wheel; cruiser is making about five knots.

EXT. CRUISER - DAY (PROCESS)

253 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Larry and Janice both are fishing contentedly. After a moment Janice turns to Larry.

JANICE

Larry, do you realize this is my last day?

Larry nods.

JANICE (cont'd)

Are you sorry you took up with me?

LARRY

I should say not.
(pauses)

Sometimes I wonder why you bother.

JANICE

Well, for one thing, you looked lonely.

LARRY

A lot of guys look lonely in this part of the world.

JANICE

Sure, but they aren't guys I'd... known before.

(CONTINUED)

Larry's reel suddenly hums. He jerks his rod, but the line goes dead.

LARRY
Felt like a strike.

NEGRO SAILOR
Bait gone, Captain.

Larry nods and begins to reel in.

254 ANOTHER ANGLE.

LARRY
How about you, skipper? Sorry
you left your tour?

JANICE
What do you think?

LARRY
I think you'd better not be...
I'd hate not being able to compete
with a shipload of school teachers.

JANICE
School teachers...and librarians.
They're in Havana tonight.

LARRY
We can fly to Havana....

JANICE
(shaking
her head)
No can do.

LARRY
You still suspicious of me?

JANICE
(fencing)
Maybe....

By now Larry has the hook in the boat. A little of the bait hangs from it. The sailor takes the rod from Larry, examines the hook.

NEGRO SAILOR
Shark, but we fix him.

He moves forward to bait the hook again. Larry sits on the stern by Janice.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

(seriously)

The trouble with you, skipper,
is you subscribe to that old
theory about a leopard and his
spots.

JANICE

Perhaps....

LARRY

Did it ever occur to you that I
might not be a leopard?

She shakes her head.

LARRY (cont'd)

I had the spots, all right --
yellow spots. I was in love
with you...but I sold out to
Greta. It haunted me all the
time I was in Los Angeles.

Janice looks at him, apparently half convinced.

LARRY (cont'd)

Do you believe me?

JANICE

I don't know....
(slowly)

Tell me one thing -- who was
Verna?

255 CLOSE SHOT - Larry. This is really an unexpected
question.

LARRY

Verna? Where did you hear about
her?

JANICE'S VOICE

From Greta.

256 MED. CLOSE SHOT - stern of boat.

LARRY

She was a girl in our office...
sort of engaged to my partner...
Trenton -- maybe you met him?

JANICE

No, I didn't. Were you in love
with her?

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

How could I be?

JANICE

You'll have to answer that yourself.

LARRY

I've been trying to, all the time
we've been together. Isn't that
enough?

JANICE

I can't forget things that
quickly, Larry.

LARRY

Then stay until you do.

JANICE

I've got a job to think of.
(smiles at
Larry)

It's too bad you're not flying
to Los Angeles with me tomorrow.

LARRY

(slowly)
I can't...

JANICE

Why not? You'll have to go back
sometime.

(Larry shakes
his head)

I can't help wishing we had a few
more days....

As Larry looks at her, almost weakening, sailor comes
back with the rod. He has baited the hook with a
flying fish.

SAILOR

(handing Larry
the rod)

We catch something this time,
Captain.

LARRY

We'd better, or I'm going to
write the Chamber of Commerce.

He turns, tosses the bait over the side, and lets the
line unreel.

DISSOLVE-OUT

DISSOLVE IN

5/2/46
120

EXT. BURBANK AIR TERMINAL - DAY

257 FULL SHOT - field. A Pan-American plane wheels into the unloading area and a ramp is pushed up to it.

LARRY'S VOICE

I was lucky, or at least I thought I was, in being able to get a seat on Janice's plane. We arrived at Burbank in the morning....

258 MED. SHOT - ramp as Janice, followed by Larry, emerges with the other passengers. They start toward the east gates, Larry holding her arm possessively. The CAMERA PANS WITH them. Janice is smiling; they are talking, but their words can't be heard.

LARRY'S VOICE

For a moment, walking across the field, I thought of the sea-pool in Jamaica.... I knew I'd never left it except for Janice.... I felt warm, grateful, almost happy...

DISSOLVE

EXT. DRIVEWAY IN FRONT OF TERMINAL - DAY

259 MED. SHOT - Larry helps Janice into one of the airline limousines, watches her drive off. Then he turns towards another limousine, starts to get in.

LARRY'S VOICE

...she had to report to her office in Hollywood... I had a room at my club downtown... but we'd arranged to meet that evening at her hotel... at seven...

DISSOLVE

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

260 MED. SHOT - newsstand. The entrance to the bar is back of the newsstand and the reception desk a little further along. Larry comes out of the bar and goes up to the newsstand, evidently intending to buy a paper. For a moment the girl, busy at the cash register, pays no attention to him. He turns to pick up a paper himself and notices something o.s.

261 MED. LONG SHOT - reception desk FROM Larry's ANGLE. Trenton is just going up to the desk. The clerk is busy attending to a customer and keeps him waiting a moment.

DISSOLVE IN

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261 MED. LONG SHOT - reception desk FROM Larry's ANGLE. Trenton is just going up to the desk. The clerk is busy attending to a customer and keeps him waiting a moment.

JL
262

121
CLOSER SHOT - Trenton and reception clerk. The clerk finishes with the first customer and turns inquiringly to Trenton.

TRENTON

Miss Janice Bell.

263 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Larry, by the newsstand. He has heard Janice's name and is immediately suspicious.

CLERK'S VOICE

One twenty-seven. Shall I announce you?

TRENTON'S VOICE

She's expecting me.

264 WIDER ANGLE. Larry in f.g. at newsstand. Trenton comes away from the desk toward Larry. Larry swings around, bends over the newspapers to hide his face. Trenton passes by, unaware of him. The girl turns from the cash register, addresses Larry.

GIRL

May I help you?

LARRY

Never mind.

He starts after Trenton.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

265 MED. SHOT - first floor corridor. Trenton is just reaching the door to room one twenty-seven. He knocks.

JANICE'S VOICE

Come in.

Trenton opens the door and goes inside, closing the door behind him. Larry appears in the corridor and comes cautiously up to the door. He listens for a second, but can't hear anything. He notices a corridor at right angles marked EXIT and starts toward it.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

266 MED. SHOT - door. It is marked EXIT. Ground floor windows can be seen on either side of the door, and a distance back from the windows are parked, in a line, a number of cars. Larry comes out the door, and the CAMERA PANS as he goes toward Janice's window. There are head-high bushes in front of the window, and Larry slips through these.

267 MED. SHOT - The bushes form a sort of small patio in front of the windows, which are door-type, so that a person can walk from the room to the patio. One of these is open and Larry moves close to it and peers inside, his face partially lit by the light from the room.

INT. JANICE'S SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

268 MED. LONG SHOT - FROM Larry's ANGLE. Only part of the room, furnished in a pleasant, rather old-fashioned style, can be seen through the partially-opened door. A huge bunch of flowers is in a vase on a table. Trenton is seated in an armchair.

EXT. WINDOWS - NIGHT

269 CLOSE SHOT - Larry looking through window.

INT. JANICE'S SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

270 MED. SHOT - FROM Larry's ANGLE. There is the SOUND of a door opening and Trenton gets to his feet.

TRENTON

I'm sorry to barge in this way...
but I couldn't wait...

Janice enters the SHOT. She looks charming in a white dinner dress.

JANICE

It's all right. I'm not
meeting him until seven...

TRENTON

Did you find him in Kingsten?

JANICE

(nodding)
Wandering about the big hotel
like a lost soul...

She crosses out of SHOT.

TRENTON

(turning after
her)

He suspect anything?

JANICE'S VOICE

I pretended I was on one of those
Caribbean tours that stop overnight...

EXT. WINDOWS - NIGHT

271 CLOSE SHOT - Larry. He is amazed at this treachery.

JANICE'S VOICE

The most trouble I had was
persuading him to come back...
it was touch-and-go until the
last minute.

TRENTON'S VOICE

I don't wonder...In fact I'm
surprised you got him away from
Verna at all.

INT. JANICE'S SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

272 MED. SHOT - room - FROM Larry's ANGLE. Only Trenton is
visible.

JANICE'S VOICE

Verna wasn't with him.

TRENTON

(amazed)
Not with him! Where was she?

Janice enters the SHOT. She has a cigarette now.

JANICE

I don't know...and I don't
think he does.

TRENTON

Well, that's incredible!

He shakes his head.

EXT. WINDOWS - NIGHT

273 CLOSE SHOT - Larry.

TRENTON'S VOICE

I would have bet a hundred
thousand dollars she went...

The SOUND of a car starter and the roar of a motor, from
one of the parked cars, drowns out his words. Larry
looks around disgustedly and then, as the car pulls
away, turns back. Only the finish of Janice's words
can be heard.

JANICE'S VOICE

...look into Greta's death?

(CONTINUED)

JL
273 (CONTINUED)

Changes
THEY WON'T BELIEVE ME

8/28/45
1134

TRENTON'S VOICE

A detective went up from Los Angeles...examined the station wagon, talked to the truck driver, double-checked the police records...and reported it was definitely an accident.

INT. JANICE'S SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

274 MED. SHOT - FROM Larry's ANGLE. Janice goes to an ashtray, puts out the cigarette.

JANICE

In an odd way, I'm almost glad...

TRENTON

(a note of warning)

You're not falling in love with him again?

JANICE

Would that be wrong, if he hasn't done anything?

TRENTON

My dear, I can assure you he's done something...two women don't vanish on the same day...just accidentally. We've eliminated Mrs. Ballentine...but there's still Verna.

JANICE

(shrugging)

She probably just left town...

TRENTON

(slowly)

I don't think so...

(turns to her)

She had seventy-two dollars coming...almost two weeks' pay...and I know Verna...

EXT. WINDOWS - NIGHT

275 CLOSE SHOT - Larry.

TRENTON'S VOICE

She'd never let it go...

Larry turns away quietly and goes through the bushes.

TRENTON'S VOICE

A detective went up from Los Angeles...examined the station wagon, talked to the truck driver, double-checked the police records...and reported it was definitely an accident.

INT. JANICE'S SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

274 MED. SHOT - FROM Larry's ANGLE. Janice goes to an ashtray, puts out the cigarette.

JANICE

In an odd way, I'm almost glad...

TRENTON

(a note of warning)

You're not falling in love with him again?

JANICE

Would that be wrong, if he hasn't done anything?

TRENTON

My dear, I can assure you he's done something...two women don't vanish on the same day...just accidentally. We've eliminated Mrs. Ballantine...but there's still Verna.

JANICE

(shrugging)

She probably just left town...

TRENTON

(slowly)

I don't think so...

(turns to her)

She had seventy-two dollars coming; almost two weeks' pay... and I know Verna...she'd never let it go...

JANICE

(half-convinced)

What do you want me to do?

EXT. WINDOWS - NIGHT

275 CLOSE SHOT - Larry.

TRENTON'S VOICE

Just keep him here in Los Angeles...

Larry turns away quietly and goes through the bushes.

DESSOLVE TO
 INNY HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

276

MED. LONG SHOT - Larry enters, looking very pale, crosses to the bar and sits on a stool. The bar is a small one, with only a few stools and a single bartender. There is a large mirror back of the bar. The bartender comes over to Larry, who gives his order. No words are heard. The bartender pours a brandy and gives the glass to Larry, who drinks half of it quickly.

LARRY'S VOICE
 That was one below the belt...and for a minute it had me on the ropes... hanging in a kind of groggy panic...I wanted to run but I was afraid to...

277

CLOSE SHOT - Larry. He begins to get control of his nerves. He stares into the mirror, thinking, then takes another drink as ideas begin to come to him.

LARRY'S VOICE
 Then I began to think. No danger from that accidental death, the police had said, and Trenton was a dead end on Venne. I was safe enough...

278

WIDER ANGLE - Larry shoves the glass back to the bartender. The bartender glances at him, surprised, then reaches for the brandy bottle. Larry lights a cigarette, then looks in the mirror.

279

MIRROR SHOT - FROM Larry's ANGLE. Janice has come into the bar. She looks around, sees Larry and comes over to him. He watches her in the mirror.

JANICE

Hello.

Larry turns to her.

280

TWO SHOT - Janice and Larry.

LARRY

(seriously)
 I've got something to take up with you.

(CONTINUED)

DISSOLVE IN

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

276 MED. LONG SHOT - Larry enters, looking very pale, crosses to the bar and sits on a stool. The bar is a small one, with only a few stools and a single bartender. There is a large mirror back of the bar. The bartender comes over to Larry, who gives his order. No words are heard. The bartender pours a brandy and gives the glass to Larry, who drinks half of it quickly.

LARRY'S VOICE

That was one below the belt... and for a minute it had me on the ropes.... hanging in a kind of groggy panic...I wanted to run, but I was afraid to...

277 CLOSE SHOT - Larry. He begins to get control of his nerves. He stares into the mirror, thinking; then takes another drink as ideas begin to come to him.

LARRY'S VOICE

Then I began to think.... No danger from Greta -- accidental death, the police had said...and Trenton was at a dead end on Verna. I was safe enough....

278 WIDER ANGLE. Larry shoves the glass back to the bartender.

LARRY

Once more.

The bartender glances at him, surprised, then reaches for the brandy bottle. Larry lights a cigarette, then looks in the mirror.

279 MIRROR SHOT - FROM Larry's ANGLE. Janice has come into the bar. She looks around, sees Larry and comes over to him. He watches her in the mirror.

JANICE

Hello.

Larry turns to her.

280 TWO SHOT - Janice and Larry.

LARRY

(seriously)

I've got something to take up with you.

JANICE

(a flicker
of fright)

You have?

LARRY

And it's pretty serious...

(pauses for
dramatic
effect)

You're five minutes late!

JANICE

(laughs)

That is serious... What's the
fine, Your Honor?

LARRY

One martini, to be consumed
at once.

Janice slides onto the stool beside him.

JANICE

I'm glad I wasn't a half-hour
late...

As she smiles at him

DISSOLVE

INT. CLUB - MASSAGE ROOM - DAY

231 MED. SHOT - rub-down table. Larry is lying face down,
being massaged by a burly attendant. On a shelf beside
the table are bottles of the various liniments, alcohols
and other liquids used by the attendant, and to one
side of this is a door marked STEAM ROOM. Larry turns
toward the camera and yawns sleepily.

ATTENDANT

Out late again, Mr. Blake?

LARRY

(yawning
again)

I ran a dead heat with the
milkman.

ATTENDANT

Only what he was carrying was
certified.

LARRY

You got a point there, Gus.
A definite point.

There is the SOUND of a telephone. The attendant turns
away from Larry.

JANICE

(a flicker
of fright)

You have?

LARRY

And it's pretty serious...

(pauses for
dramatic
effect)

You're five minutes late!

JANICE

(laughs)

That is serious...What's the
fine, Your Honor?

LARRY

One double martini, to be
consumed at once.

Janice slides onto the stool beside him.

JANICE

I'm glad I wasn't a half-hour
late...

As she smiles at him

DISSOLVE

INT. ATHLETIC CLUB - MASSAGE ROOM - DAY

281 MED. SHOT - rub-down table. Larry is lying face down,
being massaged by a burly attendant. On a shelf beside
the table are bottles of the various liniments, alcohols
and other liquids used by the attendant, and to one
side of this is a door marked STEAM ROOM. Larry turns
toward the camera and yawns sleepily

ATTENDANT

Out late again, Mr. Ballantine?

LARRY

(yawning
again)

I ran a dead heat with the
milkman.

ATTENDANT

Only what he was carrying was
certified.

LARRY

You got a point there, Gus.
A definite point.

There is the SOUND of a telephone. The attendant turns
away from Larry.

ANOTHER ANGLE. The attendant crosses to a French phone on the table.

ATTENDANT

(into phone)

Hello...yeah, he is...

(to Larry)

A lady to see you, Mr. Ballantine.

LARRY

(surprised)

A lady? She have a name?

ATTENDANT

Verna Carlson.

283 CLOSE SHOT - Larry. He sits up on the table, stupefied.

ATTENDANT'S VOICE

Should I tell her you're busy?

LARRY

Yes. No. Wait a minute. Have her come down to the swimming pool entrance.

He slides off the table.

DISSOLVE

INT. SWIMMING POOL ANTEROOM - DAY

284 MED. CLOSE SHOT - door marked POOL. Larry comes through the door, clad in a bathrobe and wood-soled sandals. He looks around, sees nothing.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Mr. Ballantine?

CAMERA PULLS BACK as Larry turns. From an alcove where she cannot be seen from the door comes Susan Haines, Verna's roommate. Larry has never seen her before.

SUSAN

I'm Susan Haines.

Larry scowls at her.

SUSAN (cont'd)

Verna's roommate. Remember?

LARRY

What's the idea of saying you were Verna?

SUSAN

Why, I didn't. I said it was about Verna.

284 (CONTINUED)

LARRY

About her? What about her?

SUSAN

The little rat owes me a month and a half rent...eighty-four dollars.

LARRY

That's too bad. But why come to me?

SUSAN

I thought you could tell me where she was.

LARRY

Where'd you get that idea?

SUSAN

From Verna...she sort of hinted, just before she left, she was going to get some money from you..

285 CLOSE SHOT - Larry. He's a little disturbed.

LARRY

(slowly)

This is the first I've heard about it...

286 TWO SHOT

SUSAN

(her suspicions confirmed)

I thought it might be a gag!

LARRY

Actually, I haven't seen her since I left the office

SUSAN

(mad)

Well, it was worth a try.

(starts away)

Now I call in the police..

Larry dare not have her go to the police.

LARRY

Wait a second! How much did you say it was?

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN

(halting)

Eighty-four dollars.

LARRY

I'll give you a check for it.

SUSAN

(protesting)

Look. I want to collect from her...

LARRY

(interrupting)

I'll be bumping into her..it'll give me something to kid her about. You don't mind?

SUSAN

'Course I don't mind, but...

LARRY

Be right back...

He starts through the pool door.

DISSOLVE

INT. TRENTON'S OFFICE - DAY

287 CLOSE SHOT - a man's hand holding a check. The check is made out to Susan Haines in the amount of eighty-four dollars and is signed by Larry.

TRENTON'S VOICE

Your explanation, it seems to me, hardly fits the facts.

CAMERA DRAWS BACK, disclosing that the check is being held by Trenton. He is seated behind his office desk. Larry is seated on the arm of a chair facing the desk.

LARRY

(angrily)

Why doesn't it? I simply wrote the check to keep Verna out of trouble.

TRENTON

(smoothly)

You're sure it wasn't to prevent Miss Haines from going to the police?

LARRY

That would be trouble for Verna, wouldn't it?

(CONTINUED)

TRENTON

Or for you...if you'd been paying
her blackmail.

LARRY

Look. Accusing me of paying
Verna blackmail isn't going
to find her for you.

(rises)

Neither is a trick like the
one you just cooked up with
the Haines woman.

TRENTON

No need to lose your temper.

LARRY

I'm not losing my temper...
I'm simply telling you I
don't know where Verna is...
I don't expect to know...
and if I ever do...I won't
tell you. Is that clear?

TRENTON

You've never seen her since
your wife died?

LARRY

Never.

TRENTON

Nor even just before?

LARRY

(mockingly)

Nor even just before....

He finds his hat, prepared to leave. Trenton pushes
a button on his desk.

TRENTON

I want you to meet a friend
of yours.

He looks at the door expectantly, as does Larry.

288

MED. SHOT - door. Thomason enters, followed by a man
neatly dressed in a well-cut business suit.

THOMASON

(cordially)

Well, howdy, Mr. Ballantine.
Long time no see.

289 GROUP SHOT

LARRY

(to Thomason)

You mixed up in this, too?

TRENTON

He isn't mixed up in anything...
I simply want him to tell you
what he told me.

LARRY

(to Thomason)

And what's that?

THOMASON

Well, it's this girl...the one
they showed me the picture of,
Mr. Ballantine. I seen her meet
you at the store that day, and
her and you drive off toward
the ranch.

TRENTON

(to Larry)

You remember that?

LARRY

Of course, I don't. And, besides,
what difference does it make if
I had met her?

TRENTON

Quite a difference...You see,
we think Verna was there to
blackmail you.

LARRY

The same old tune again.

TRENTON

Not exactly. We think you killed
her and hid her body on the ranch.

290 CLOSE SHOT - Larry. He is frozen.

TRENTON'S VOICE

Then you drove off with your
wife and, unfortunately, had
the accident which would have
made it unnecessary to murder
Verna.

291 WIDER ANGLE - everyone stares at Larry.

LARRY

(slowly)

If I believe a thing like that,
Trenton, I'd take it to the
police.

TRENTON

I have.

(indicates
other man)

Lieutenant Carr, of the Los
Angeles Homicide Bureau.

Carr nods to Larry as if this were merely a polite
introduction.

CARR

(to Larry)

At Mr. Trenton's suggestion,
we've had a warrant to search
your ranch, issued by the
Tulare County authorities. I
was wondering if you would
like to drive up there with me?

As Larry debates what to say:

DISSOLVE

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - DAY

292 LONG SHOT - road leading to ranch. A sedan, with
Larry, Carr and a police chauffeur, drives up toward
the house.

293 MED. SHOT - A sign in front of the house reads "FOR
SALE." By the sign stands a sloppily-dressed old
man with a drooping white moustache and a star. The
sedan halts and Larry and Carr get out. The man with
the star -- the sheriff -- comes over to them.

SHERIFF

You the folks from L.A.?

CARR

(nodding)

I'm Lieutenant Carr. This is
Mr. Rogers.

SHERIFF

Howdy.

CARR

How are you making out?

293 (CONTINUED)

SHERIFF

Poorly...

They start towards the house, the CAMERA TRUCKING.

SHERIFF (cont'd)

We've been searching since daybreak, poundin' and diggin' and siftin' ashes -- we got the house plum torn up.

He grins at Larry.

SHERIFF (cont'd)

But I reckon you won't mind, Mr. Ballantine, long as we didn't find nothin'.

CARR

How about the rest of the ranch?

SHERIFF

We been over that, too. 'Course, maybe you city fellows are smarter than us.

Carr turns to Larry.

CARR

Looks like we've had a long drive for nothing. Though maybe we ought to walk around a little...just to please Mr. Trenton. What do you say?

LARRY

You're the boss.

Carr nods.

SHERIFF

(to Carr)

Are you going to want me and the boys?

CARR

Not unless you figure you need some more exercise.

As the Sheriff shakes his head:

DISSOLVE

EXT. PATH NEAR HIDDEN VALLEY - DAY

294 MED. LONG SHOT as the search party, consisting of Larry, Garr, the chauffeur and the other detective, comes along a winding path.

295 GROUP SHOT. The men walking along slowly, the CAMERA TRUCKING WITH them. They are all weary from the long search, their clothes and faces dusty. Lieutenant Carr and Larry are in front. Carr stumbles over a loose rock.

CARR

(wearily)

I'm getting too old for this kind of thing.

(to Larry)

You mind hiding your next victim in Griffith Park?

LARRY

I'd just as soon skip all talk about victims...here or anywhere.

CARR

Yeah, I know. It's hard on the nerves.....

He sees a big rock by the side of the trail and heads for it.

CARR (cont'd)

Let's take a breather. My knees feel like a couple of rusty hinges.

He sits on the rock and begins to fan himself with his hat. Larry stands beside him.

296 ANOTHER ANGLE. The detective sits down, but the chauffeur wanders off toward the cliff above the valley.

297 TWO SHOT - Larry and Carr. Carr continues to fan himself with his hat. Larry takes out a cigarette package.

CARR

Every time somebody disappears, somebody else hollers foul play... and mostly the missing person's just left town.

LARRY

Cigarette?

CARR

No thanks. Seems like wives give the most trouble -- never can believe their man would leave on his own -- I remember one case --

CHAUFFEUR'S VOICE

Hey, Lieutenant!

Carr turns.

298 WIDER ANGLE. The chauffeur is peering over the edge of the cliff.

CHAUFFEUR

There's a horse down here.

CARR

(wearily)

What's so important about that?

CHAUFFEUR

He's sick or something...He's laying down.

Carr reluctantly leaves the rock and starts for the edge of the valley, followed by Larry and the detective.

299 ANOTHER ANGLE - at edge of valley, featuring Larry. He is slightly apprehensive.

CHAUFFEUR

(pointing)

Over by the waterfall.

The other three peer down into the valley.

300 LONG SHOT - SHOOTING DOWN valley FROM their ANGLE. The Palomino is lying in the pasture by the pool. He is not dead; his head is up.

301 GROUP SHOT.

CARR

(to Larry)

What's he doing down there?

LARRY

Probably thinks the pasture's better.

DETECTIVE

He's right, too...burr clover.

CARR

(to others)

I suggest we leave off the botany and get moving...it's a long ride back to town.

CHAUFFEUR

Horses don't eat lying down. For my money he's sick. Or maybe he fell down there.

CARR

(to Larry)

What do you think?

(CONTINUED)

Larry tries to hide his nervousness.

LARRY

I'll phone a vet from the
ranch house.

CHAUFFEUR

And in the meantime he suffers...
We ought to go down and take a
look.

CARR

It happens to be Mr. Ballantine's
horse.

CHAUFFEUR

(to Larry)

What do you say, Mr. Ballantine?

Larry tries to think of an out.

CARR

Maybe he's right.

LARRY

(the odds are
against him)

I suppose he is...

CHAUFFEUR

That's the ticket!
(starts down
trail)

Anybody coming with me?

Carr and the detective start after him.

CARR

(grumbling)

We ought to get expenses from
the S.P.C.A.

He moves out of scene. The CAMERA HOLDS on Larry.

CARR'S VOICE

Coming, Mr. Ballantine?

Larry knows it won't do any good to run away.

LARRY

I'm right behind you.

He starts down the trail.

302 MED. LONG SHOT - SHOOTING UP path as the group descends
to the valley. There has evidently been a small
landslide, probably caused by the falling horse, and a
few boulders block the end of the path. The group
comes to a halt at the edge of the valley.

CHAUFFEUR

(to others)

You'd better stay back...might scare him.

He starts off toward the horse. The others watch him, except the Lieutenant, who looks around the valley.

303 ANOTHER ANGLE - horse in f.g. The chauffeur comes up to the horse and pats his neck.

CHAUFFEUR

Hello, fella.

He bends over, examines the Palomino's front legs, then straightens.

CHAUFFEUR (cont'd)

The guy's broke both front legs --

CARR

(to Larry)

That's tough. What do you want to do?

DETECTIVE

There's only one thing you can do.

CARR

(nodding)

Yeah.

(calling)

Think somebody should shoot him, sergeant?

304 MED. CLOSE SHOT - The chauffeur standing by the Palomino's head.

CHAUFFEUR

You can't let him go on suffering...Want to do it, Mr. Ballantine?

305 GROUP SHOT - featuring Larry. He is strangely terrified at this prospect.

LARRY

(confusedly)

No! Not me! He was Greta's... my wife's horse. I couldn't.

Carr glances at him curiously and then saunters off in the direction of the pool.

MED. SHOT - The chauffeur picks a big bunch of grass and tries to feed it to the Palomino, at the same time patting his neck.

CHAUFFEUR

This ain't going to be much fun for either of us, sport.

307 TWO SHOT - Larry and detective. They both silently watch the scene. Carr has disappeared.

DETECTIVE

I know how you feel, Mr. Ballantine.

Larry doesn't answer. He is watching the horse with a kind of horror, evidently associating him with Greta and the tragedy.

CARR'S VOICE

(calling)

Oh, Mr. Ballantine!

308 ANOTHER ANGLE. Carr is at the brink of the pool, looking down at something. Larry and the detective turn toward him.

CARR

(to Larry)

Would you come over here a minute?

Larry goes over to him, followed by the detective.

309 GROUP SHOT - The three look down into the pool. After a moment, the detective glances at Larry. Larry's eyes are glued on the pool.

CARR

(casually -
to Larry)

You care to try to identify her?

As Larry shakes his head, there is the sharp CRACK of a shot o.s.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

310 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Larry. He is completely exhausted. The heat, and the strain of reliving his story, has drained all hope and vitality. He turns to the jury.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

That's it...beginning, middle
and end... the truth...

311 MED. SHOT - jury. The members stare at Larry stonily.
There is no sympathy in their faces.

LARRY'S VOICE

The whole truth... so help me.

His voice dies away. The jury remains motionless.

312 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Larry. He turns hopelessly from the
jury to Attorney Cahill.

313 MED. LONG SHOT - lawyers' tables. Cahill looks
discouraged, too. He rises slowly and speaks to
Assistant District Attorney Gold.

CAHILL

You may have the witness.

Gold rises, smiling sardonically. As far as he's
concerned, Larry has signed his own death warrant.
He crosses to the jury, CAMERA PANNING WITH him, then
turns toward Larry.

GOLD

(tellingly)

Mr. Ballantine, do you consider
the fact that the woman's corpse
found in the whirlpool was
battered beyond identification,
fortunate... or unfortunate?

CAHILL'S VOICE

Your Honor, I object.

314 WIDER ANGLE

CAHILL

The question calls for an
expression of opinion...

JUDGE FLETCHER

Objection sustained.

GOLD

Very well, Your Honor.

(turns to
jury)

I hardly think there's any
necessity for cross-examination.

He goes back to his seat. The judge looks toward
Cahill.

JUDGE

Does that conclude your case,
Mr. Cahill?

CAHILL

I reckon it does, Your Honor.

JUDGE

(to Larry)
You may stand down.

Larry rises and starts towards his seat. The judge speaks to the whole courtroom.

JUDGE (cont'd)

We will recess until two o'clock...
at which time I will hear the
closing arguments.

(turns to
jury)

Bear in mind the admonition of
the Court heretofore given you.
Do not talk among yourselves or
with anyone else on any subject
connected with this case, or
form or express any opinion
thereon until the cause is finally
submitted. You are now excused,
ladies and gentlemen...

The judge leaves the bench, but everyone else remains seated.

- 315 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Larry. A policeman moves across to him, takes his arm, guides him toward the rear of the court, past Janice.
- 316 CLOSE SHOT - Janice. She still doesn't look at Larry.
- 317 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Larry. He looks straight ahead. The CAMERA MOVES WITH him as he goes on, passing the open window. Almost unconsciously, his head turns toward the window -- and the world outside. Then, in response to a slight pressure on his arm from the policeman, he turns away from the window. The policeman guides him onward, out a door at the back of the courtroom, and at the same time there is the SOUND of people rising.

DISSOLVE OUT

THEY WON'T BELIEVE ME!

DISSOLVE IN

INT. JAIL VISITING ROOM - NIGHT

318 MED. SHOT. A heavy net of steel wire divides the long room in half. It is brightly lit by overhead lamps. A deputy sheriff unlocks the steel door leading to the prison side, and allows Larry, dressed in prison clothes, to enter the visiting room.

DEPUTY SHERIFF

You got five minutes.

He moves away, locks the door again, and stands waiting outside.

319 MED. LONG SHOT - SHOOTING DOWN the long room. Larry is in the foreground. Beyond him, some distance down the room, another prisoner is talking through the steel grill to an elderly man. The door at the far end, on the visitors' side, opens, and a young woman enters. As she gets nearer camera, we see that it is Janice. She comes up to Larry.

JANICE

(softly)

Hello, Larry.

LARRY

(flatly)

Hello.

320 ANOTHER ANGLE - SHOOTING THROUGH wire netting. There is a pause, then:

JANICE

Do you mind my coming here?

LARRY

No.

JANICE

I have to say something...but I don't quite know how.

Larry's face is apathetic, neither interested nor disinterested.

JANICE (cont'd)

(after a moment)

It's...well...I'm sorry,

LARRY

Why?

JANICE

(simply)

I believe you.

DISSOLVE IN

INT. CELL BLOCK - NIGHT

318 MED. SHOT - turnkey's desk. The turnkey, an elderly policeman, is seated at the desk, his back to the steel door leading to the corridor between cells. He is reading a newspaper. He looks up as Lieutenant Carr comes toward him.

CARR

All quiet, Morrow?

MORROW

Like a nursery, Lieutenant.

CARR

Let's take a look.

MORROW

Sure.

He rises and starts to unlock the door.

INT. JAIL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

319 MED. SHOT - door, as the two men come through it. The CAMERA PULLS BACK as they advance along the corridor.

MORROW

How's the jury coming along?

CARR

Still out.

MORROW

Seems funny they'd take so long.

They pause by a cell and Morrow fits a key in the door.

CARR

Wouldn't you...if you were getting free room and board?

Morrow swings open the cell door.

INT. LARRY'S CELL - NIGHT

320 MED. LONG SHOT - cell, SHOOTING PAST Carr. Larry is lying on his bunk, eyes wide open, but he doesn't move.

CARR

(jovially)
How're you makin' out, fellow?

LARRY

All right.

Carr moves further on into the cell. Morrow hangs back by the door.

LARRY

Thanks.

JANICE

I think deep in my heart I knew
you hadn't killed Greta all the
time...

Janice has a hard time going on.

JANICE (cont'd)

I went after you because I was
jealous...because I still
wanted you.

She expects a response to this, but Larry remains silent.

JANICE (cont'd)

When it's over...if you need me
for anything, if I can do
anything...I'll be waiting.

LARRY

There won't be any waiting.

JANICE

(desperately)

But they believe you, Larry...
some of them...they wouldn't be
out so long.

LARRY

(a flash of
the old humor)

They like the free meals.

JANICE

Larry -- don't...

LARRY

Or they're waiting for morning so
everybody'll be on hand for the
show.

JANICE

But, Larry, if you convinced me...

LARRY

The jury doesn't matter, neither
does the judge, or the crowd in
the orchestra seats...

(his voice
softens a
little for
the first time)

Or even you, skipper. I listened
to my story...and brought in my
own verdict.

321 MED. CLOSE SHOT - bunk. Carr looks down at Larry, then, as if absent-mindedly, begins a search of the cell. He feels around the edges of the bunk.

CARR

Quite a story you told yesterday.

LARRY

It happens to be true.

CARR

Could be...

Larry looks at him with a flicker of hope.

CARR (cont'd)

But I wouldn't count too much on that jury -- worst collection of granite faces I've ever seen -

He moves over to the cell window and feels around the bars on the ledge.

CARR (cont'd)

And, besides, recalling the various and sundry lives you messed up, I'd say you deserved whatever they decide to give you.

322 ANOTHER ANGLE - Carr comes back to the bunk and starts feeling the corners of the mattress.

CARR

How's the food been?

LARRY

I can't complain.

CARR

We try to do the best we can.

He feels something that arouses his suspicion and cuts the mattress with a knife. He pulls a bit of matted stuffing out of the mattress, finds it is harmless, and puts the knife away.

LARRY

(amused)

If you're looking for a saw, I left it home.

CARR

We aren't worried about saws...
..not with the street seven stories down.

LARRY

Then why the activity?

He motions to the deputy sheriff, who unlocks the door. Larry turns and goes through. The deputy sheriff locks the door behind him again. We hear their steps echoing down the stone corridor.

321- CLOSE SHOT - Janice. She watches Larry go, utter
322 hopelessness in her face.

SLOW DISSOLVE

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

323 MED. CLOSE SHOT - door. Of ornately-carved oak, it is marked in gilt letters: PRIVATE. There is the SOUND of conversation o.s. from courtroom. The door opens, and Judge Fletcher, in his robes, emerges from his chambers.

CAMERA PULLS BACK as he walks to his bench, finally including the bailiff, who rises:

BAILIFF
(to courtroom)
You will please rise.

324 FULL SHOT - courtroom. The conversation ceases, and the spectators begin to rise unevenly.

325 MED. CLOSE SHOT - prosecution table. Assistant State's Attorney Gold and his assistants come to their feet. Gold looks o.s. and smiles triumphantly.

BAILIFF'S VOICE
Department fourteen,
Superior Court for the
County...

322 (CONTINUED)

CARR

Just making sure you'll be around
to hear the verdict.

LARRY

Do I look like a guy who'd commit
suicide?

CARR

No. But neither did the last one
we had in here.

He starts out of the cell. The CAMERA HOLDS on Larry.
His eyes narrow as he thinks over what Carr has said.
There is a CLANG of the cell door and the SOUND of the
key turning in the lock.

CARR'S VOICE

Better have someone keep an eye
on him...

Larry lies motionless, thinking.

SLOW DISSOLVE

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

323

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BAILIFF

(to courtroom)

You will please rise.

324

FULL SHOT - courtroom. The conversation ceases, and the
spectators begin to rise unevenly.

325

MED. CLOSE SHOT - BAILIFF'S VOICE
prosecution table. Department fourteen,
Assistant State's Superior Court for the
Attorney Gold and County...
his assistants come
to their feet. Gold
looks o.s. and smiles
triumphantly.

326 TWO SHOT - Cahill BAILIFF'S VOICE
and Larry. As they ...of Los Angeles, State
rise, Cahill meets of California.
Gold's look with a
defiant stare. Larry
flashes a brief
glance at the judge,
then stares straight
ahead. CAMERA PANS,
REVEALING Lieutenant
Carr back of Larry.
He watches Larry, his
face sympathetic.

327 MED. CLOSE SHOT - BAILIFF'S VOICE
Janice. She rises ...now in session...
slowly. She is
hollow-eyed, haggard;
almost ill from the
emotional strain.

328 MED. CLOSE SHOT - BAILIFF'S VOICE
front row of Judge Charles Fletcher
spectators. One presiding.
of the two women
established in the
first court scene is
already standing, but
the other has been
hampered by a box of
candy, a newspaper,
two bundles, a
pocketbook and her
knitting. She is
trying to arrange
these articles so
she can stand up.

1ST WOMAN

(whispering
indignantly)

For heaven's sakes, Emma.

EMMA

(a loud whisper)

I'm coming.

She manages to get to her feet just as everyone else
sits down. She giggles self-consciously and sits
hurriedly -- on top of all her bundles.

329 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Judge. He turns to the clerk of the
court.

JUDGE

Have the jury brought in.

(CONTINUED)

329 (CONTINUED)

The clerk turns and nods o.s.

330 MED. SHOT - door at rear of court. A uniformed attendant opens the door and the jury, which has been waiting outside, enters single file. The first one through the door is the gaunt foreman, Patrick Collins.

331 TWO SHOT - Larry and Cahill. Both look anxiously at the jury.

332 WIDER ANGLE as the jury comes around the end of the box, passing fairly close to Larry. Each member is serious, almost gloomy, and not one looks at Larry.

333 TWO SHOT - Larry and Cahill. Shaken by this, Larry turns away, looks out of the window. At the same time, Cahill, without looking at Larry, puts a comforting hand on his arm. Larry turns toward him.

CAHILL

(over his
shoulder)

We can always appeal....

LARRY

(with the
sarcasm of
desperation)

Sure...sure....

He looks again at the jury.

334 MED. SHOT - jury box. The members of the jury are taking their seats. They move with maddening deliberation.

335 FULL SHOT - courtroom. The spectators wait in tense silence.

336 MED. CLOSE SHOT - judge. He looks over at the jury.

JUDGE

Ladies and gentlemen, have
you reached a verdict?

337 MED. CLOSE SHOT - the foreman stands up.

FOREMAN

Yes, Your Honor.

338 WIDER ANGLE - including Judge, Jury and clerk.

JUDGE

Please hand the verdict to the clerk.

The clerk leaves his desk and starts toward the foreman, who holds out a piece of paper.

339 GROUP SHOT - Cahill, Larry and the police officer guarding Larry. Larry glances furtively at the police officer beside him. The officer's attention is firmly fixed on the jury.

340 TWO SHOT - clerk and foreman. The clerk takes the sheet of paper from the foreman, studies it for a long second and then begins to read:

CLERK

We, the jury, find the defendant...

A woman's piercing scream interrupts him and he looks up, startled.

341 MED. CLOSE SHOT - The woman with the bundles is on her feet, pointing at something. Others also begin to point.

342 MED. LONG SHOT FROM her ANGLE. Larry is just reaching the window, and is about to swing through it. As his hands touch the sill there are three distinct EXPLOSIONS -- shots fired from close by. He falls against the sill, then slides to the courtroom floor, face down.

343 ANOTHER ANGLE. Both Larry's guard and Lieutenant Carr are watching him, revolvers in hand. After a minute Carr lowers his revolver and crosses to the window, CAMERA PANNING WITH him. He bends over Larry, then turns toward the judge and shakes his head.

344 CLOSE SHOT - Janice. She suddenly cracks. O.s. is a mounting buzz of conversation. Suddenly there is the SOUND of a gavel being pounded.

345 CLOSE SHOT - judge. He is pounding his desk with the gavel.

JUDGE

The court will come to order!

346 FULL SHOT - courtroom. The spectators slowly turn from Larry to the judge.

JUDGE

To complete the record, the clerk will return the verdict.

He turns to the clerk.

347 CLOSE SHOT - clerk.

CLERK

Not guilty.

FADE OUT

THE END