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FINAL SCRIPT

1319

THIS LAND IS MINE

(A Jean Renoir - Dudley Nichols Production)

OCTOBER 2, 1942

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NOTE

The locale is symbolic of all Occupied countries and hence resembles no one precisely. Neither sets nor manners should be too foreign. We make a complete translation of an alien people. They speak plain English and we avoid any accents except in the Germans. They speak as you do, they have about the same habits as you have, they could be yourselves. Everything is translated into English, even the signs in the street and the headlines in the newspapers.

CHARACTERS

- Albert Lory (CHARLES LAUGHTON).....a schoolmaster who is on the sunny side of fifty and secretly loves:
- Louise Martin (MAUREEN O'HARA).....also a teacher, about twenty-five years old. She is in love with:
- George Lambert (George Sanders).....who works at the railroad terminal in the town. A well-built, good-looking man in his thirties.
- Major Erich von Keller (Walter Slezak)the German commander in the occupied town. Very well educated, gallant, amusing and with an astute mind.
- Mrs. Emma Lory (Una O'Connor).....mother of Albert. Nearing seventy. Don't be fooled by her walking with a cane, she's a very strong woman. Loves Albert possessively and inordinately, but is a domestic tyrant.
- Paul Martin (Kent Smith).....Louise's brother and a couple of years older than she is. He works in the switch tower at the railroad terminal.
- Professor Sorel (Philip Merivale).....a grand old man of seventy, principal of the school. A scholar and an independent character.
- Mayor Henry Manville (Thurston Hall)..also seventy. The most important man in town and he knows it.
- Julie Grant (Nancy Gates).....the fiancée of Paul Martin. A sweet, charming girl in her early twenties. A good friend of Louise.
- Lieut. Schwartz.....adjutant to Major von Keller. As severe as the major is friendly. He is the ears and eyes of Von Keller and is a perfect soldier.

Edmond Lorraine (John Donat).....a delicate boy of ten,
Albert's favorite pupil.

Mr. Lorraine.....father of Edmond.

Mrs. Lorraine.....mother of Edmond

Presiding Judge.....

Second Judge.....

Prosecutor (Ian Wolfe).....

AND OTHERS.

NOTES ON SCORE

This script is designed for an arranged score rather than a new composition. We prefer to use certain themes and movements from great music of the past, for we are dealing with an old civilization and wish to illustrate it musically. We are not afraid of using known music; in fact if the audience recognizes the music it is all to the good. We desire the associations which the music will evoke.

For instance, over the titles and during the first part of the prologue, which symbolizes the death of a town through war and defeat, and the impending doom of the Nazis marching on the town, we would use probably the first movement from Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, which is a kind of "knocking at the door of fate." This movement would continue until we actually see the German troops entering the town - and then there would be no music but only the ominous sound of the troops, the clanking of tanks, grinding of military lorries, the tread of marching feet and so on. These grim sounds are heard over the series of scenes of people watching from behind closed shutters, people praying in the church, and all the glimpses of personal reactions to the occupation of the town by the enemy.

But the moment the mayor and the German commander shake hands - over the closeup of their hands which symbolizes collaboration - we begin to hear Wagner's "The Valkyrie," which is a triumphant over-riding of power and might, and this continues over all the swift images of bursting activity in the town, at the railroad, in the factories and everywhere else, activity which is to feed the German war machine.

But a new note is struck when we come to the secret and illegal printing press where resistance is being preached. Here we have a theme for "liberty" - an old 18th century French melody "Le Chant du Depart," by Mehul. This was the song of Valmy, of all the big victories over the Germans during the time of the French Revolution in 1792, and it is in its feeling almost a musical representation of our own American liberators - Jefferson, Washington et cetera. This theme will be heard softly over the secrecy of the printing press and we hear a few bars of it whenever we see the illegal paper "Liberty." And later on in the film when the theme of freedom emerges through the actions of Albert Lory we hear the refrain again. We will hear it faintly when he reads the Declaration of the Rights of Man and as he is taken out to be executed it becomes choral music, swelling up triumphantly at the very end.

We shall find an old love song for the accordion which Paul plays and which Albert hears in his prison cell - the theme which represents the love of Albert for Louise. Over the flower picking scene with Edmond, which should have a sort of tender fairyland quality, we shall use something delicate and charming, perhaps the minuet from Mozart's "Don Juan."

FOREWORD

Somewhere in Europe. This Town is half the World today: we fight to keep it from being all the World tomorrow.

THIS LAND IS MINE

FADE IN

EXT. SKY - DAY

- 1 CLOSE ANGLE UP on a limp flag being pulled down a flagpole against a somber sky. We cannot see the nationality of the flag.

EXT. FRENCH STREET - DAY

- 2 LONG SHOT - Town Hall and we see where the flag is as it is pulled down; atop the Town Hall at end of street. Street empty, no life visible.

EXT. FRENCH STREET - ANOTHER SECTION - DAY

- 3 SHOT DOWN - another section of French street, showing all shutters closed, no life visible. Near camera a stripped auto, its bones picked of everything removable, lies against the curb.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY

- 4 SHOT DOWN - empty street. All shutters closed. No life. A few pigeons feeding in middle of street near camera, nothing else beyond.

EXT. CIMARRON STREET - DAY

- 5 LONG SHOT - section of street, camera in front of railroad warehouse at end. An abandoned street car halfway down street, its trolley pole off the wire. Near camera a lost dog wanders around, or digs a bone from the dust. No other life.

EXT. RAILROAD YARD - DAY - (LOCATION)

- 6 FULL SHOT - many tracks and immobile trains and freight cars. Nothing moving, no sign of life.

INT. RAILROAD SWITCH TOWER - DAY - (Set on stage)

- 7 Empty and lifeless. Spider webs and dust on the levers that work the switches. An old coat, abandoned, hung on one lever. A couple of pigeons are sitting on the sill of the open window. Another pigeon flies out through window from behind camera.

EXT. FREIGHT OFFICE - DAY - (End of Cimarron Street)

- 8 CAMERA first on roof on which is lettered "Freight Office" and then PAN DOWN TO the little yard outside enclosed by a fence with a gateway to street in it. An abandoned dray or wagon, without horses, stands in this small yard, several packing cases which have been open and the contents taken out by marauders on the wagon. A flock of pigeons feeding in the yard around the wagon.

INT. FREIGHT OFFICE - DAY - (On stage)

- 9 No freight, no movement, no life. Floor littered with old newspapers. A gust of wind blows more newspaper in through the open door and also blows old bills of lading from the desk to the floor. (This desk is later on George Lambert's desk) Through window behind desk we see the switch tower against the sky. A cat prowls around in search of mice.

EXT. LOADING CORRAL - DAY - (LOCATION)

- 10 SHOOTING ACROSS the empty straw-littered pens we see an empty cattle car on the tracks at further edge. No cattle, no life. Door of cattle car yawns open.

INT. FACTORY - DAY - (STOCK)

- 11 A vista of idle machinery. Nothing turning or moving. No men. (Vern Walker effect)

INT. FACTORY OFFICE - DAY

- 12 SHOOTING ACROSS a dusty desk where a mouse nibbles a stale crust of bread we see the idle machinery through an open door that swings in the wind. Perhaps also see machinery through windows. On other desk are dusty typewriters, paper still in them.

EXT. CIMARRON STREET - DAY

- 13 CLOSE SHOT - poster on fence which encloses the small freight yard. It shows a tank, with Allied flags spread above it, and above this is lettered: "WE WILL WIN BECAUSE WE ARE THE STRONGEST." (Not a new poster) Over this we hear a clanking and growing noise and CAMERA PANS to take in a tank coming up street past the abandoned street car. As it comes near we see the German swastika painted on it. Swastika comes right into and past camera. Then we see German soldiers coming on motorcycles, machine guns ready. Then an armored car, then trucks full of German soldiers, machine guns ready. Swastikas on all the cars.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY

- 14 SHOT DOWN street as noise of Germans is heard. Street empty, shutters closed. A baby playing at curb. A door is flung open near camera, a woman dashes out, seizes baby, runs in and slams door behind her, just as the Germans appear around corner and come marching up street: (Same troops, motorcycles, trucks, etc.) As they pass camera -

EXT. FRENCH STREET - DAY

- 15 The German troops come around a bend or corner and come moving toward camera, filling the street, the noise of their motorcycles and trucks growing louder and more ominous. As they pass camera -

EXT. STREET - IN FRONT OF CHURCH - DAY

- 16 Germans passing in FULL SHOT, paying no attention to the church.

EXT. CASTLE IN NOTRE DAME STREET - DAY

- 17 German troops moving past. Noise. A sense of overwhelming power in these cuts and movements, of all sections of a large town filling up with the conquerors.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY

- 18 CLOSE MOVING SHOT on faces of half a dozen German soldiers in a truck watching windows of street. We see backs of half a dozen others watching opposite walls. Soldiers' faces are expressionless, machine-like, suggesting brute power, devoid of any individual thinking. They look up at -

19 REVERSE ANGLE - MOVING ALONG on shuttered windows.

20 CLOSED SHUTTERS in street. Above shutters we read:
Department Store
We hear trucks and troops. CAMERA MOVES UP CLOSE.

INT. STORE - DAY

21 CLOSE SHOT on faces of Mr. Lorraine, his wife, and their ten-year-old son, Edmond, a slight sensitive boy. They peek fearfully through chinks in shutters giving streaked light on their faces. Their expression full of silent despair. (We hear troops in street.)

INT. BEHIND ANOTHER PAIR OF SHUTTERS - DAY

22 We see a family peering through chinks which light their faces. Despairing, broken faces. A little girl tugs at her mother's dress, "Mama, let me see." The mother whispers "Sssssh."

INT. BEHIND SHUTTERS - DAY

23 CLOSE SHOT - George Lambert looking through chinks into street where we hear the passing Germans. His face is without expression; we don't know what he is thinking.

INT. PROFESSOR SOREL'S OFFICE IN SCHOOL - DAY

24 VERY CLOSE SHOT of the old man, Sorel, feeding his two canaries in a small cage that hangs beside a shuttered window. We hear the Germans passing but Sorel refuses to look out, for it is too painful to him.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

25 MED. SHOT - small group knelt down before a small shrine in an alcove. Two men and three women, with an old priest knelt down in their midst. (One of the men is one of the printers we shall see later.) Their prayer is silent but from the street outside we hear the passing Germans.

26 An old man and a very old woman, poor people, peering through chinks. She has a shawl about her. The old man, almost trembling, mutters "Swine." His wife puts her arm around his shoulders fearfully: "Shhhh." She crosses herself.

EXT. STREET - DAY

27 CAMERA MOVES FROM a shuttered ground-floor window to the only open window in the street. STOPS ON:

EXT. WINDOW IN STREET - DAY

28 CLOSE SHOT of three people watching the troops enter the town. This is the house of Louise and Paul Martin. Paul, smoking a cigarette, has his arm around a pretty young girl, Julie Grant. His expression contracts with his sister's. Louise watches with silent hatred, she doesn't accept this defeat. Julie is very angry and shows it. Paul is ironical and almost indifferent. A German voice calls out from behind camera.

GERMAN VOICE

You - you there in the window!

EXT. STREET - DAY

29 REVERSE ANGLE ON soldiers in truck. One of them raising a machine gun as a corporal calls in bad English:

CORPORAL

Shut that window!

EXT. WINDOW - DAY

30 CLOSE SHOT ON three. Paul smiles and waves. Julie makes a face at the Germans.

PAUL

Okay. Take it easy, pal.

Starts closing shutters.

EXT. STREET - DAY

31 REVERSE ON soldiers in trucks. The soldier lowers his gun as truck moves on slowly up street. He watches:

32 Shutters closing from soldier's ANGLE - CAMERA
MOVING SLOWLY to bring us to shuttered window of next
house.

INT. LORY HOME - DAY

33 Behind shuttered window (of house which adjoins Martin's)
CLOSE SHOT - Albert Lory and his mother, Mrs. Emma Lory.
He is crying, as his mother tries to comfort him. She
is indignant with the Germans for making her son cry.

MRS. LORY

Albert! Your handkerchief!

ALBERT

Yes, Mother.

He gets it out fumblingly and clumsily and wipes his
face, looking like a ridiculous little boy for all his
years and plumpness.

EXT. TOWN HALL > DAY

34 SHOOTING PAST statue we see the Germans now filling the
street, coming toward camera. The statue represents a
dying soldier and on it in f.g. is a plaque which reads
in part:

"1914-1918"

In memory of those who
died to bring Peace to
the World."

CAMERA PULLS BACK to LONGER ANGLE and we see more Germans
filling the street. Soldiers jump down from the trucks
and form a guard in front of the Town Hall as a Mercedes
car comes swiftly toward camera, passing trucks and
soldiers. The men salute as the car passes. Car stops
in front of Town Hall. Guard salutes. A German captain,
in charge of the guard, steps forward and salutes Major
von Keller who climbs from the car with his adjutant,
Lieut. Schwartz. Schwartz's eyes are taking in
everything very swiftly; he sees everything.

CAPTAIN

(in German to
Von Keller)

The mayor is waiting for you, sir.

VON KELLER

(in German)

Good. His name is Manville,
isn't it?

35 CLOSE SHOT - group as the sergeant replies in the affirmative. Von Keller extends his right arm and now we see that his left arm is rigid and useless at his side, it always hangs stiffly down, a white glove over a stiff, lifeless hand. Schwartz slips a white glove onto Von Keller's extended right hand and they turn to enter the Town Hall, an ironical look of amusement on the German major's face.

CAMERA PANS ON them as they enter the Town Hall and then CAMERA MOVES TOWARD a window to look in. As CAMERA PANS PAST a poster, we

WIPE

INT. CITY HALL - DAY

36 SHOT THROUGH window of city hall. Through window we see Mayor Manville drawn up with his council to receive Von Keller. Manville is a man of sixty, very important and authoritative, with a white moustache, dark suit and wing collar. With him are the chief of police (no uniform) and a couple of secretaries. We see but don't hear a short colloquy. Von Keller is punctilious and we see the mayor bowing and eager to please. Finally they shake hands.

INSERT THE HANDSHAKE. Von Keller's aristocratic white-gloved hand takes the strong bare hand of Manville.

37 ANGLE UP on flagpole as the Swastika is run up and flutters briskly in the wind in contrast with the limp flag we saw pulled down.

EXT. RAILROAD YARD - DAY

38 Everything moving, trains hooting, backing, switching, loaded cars.

INT. R.R. SWITCH TOWER - DAY

39 Very busy, switches being pulled as trains are shunted around. (Paul Martin operating switches.)

INT. FREIGHT OFFICE - DAY

40 SHOOTING PAST George Lambert, who is motioning some men with handtrucks, we see a very busy scene - everything moving.

INT. FULL WAREHOUSE - DAY

- 41 Through open doors we see busy trains. Men moving goods out of warehouse. As boxes and crates are wheeled swiftly past camera, we see their various destinations: Duesseldorf, Hamburg, Berlin, Nuremburg, Bremen, etc.

INT. FACTORY - DAY

- 42 Everything turning and now we add to the medley of sounds the whirring of wheels, grinding, clacking, hissing steam, flapping of belts, whistles, hammers, etc.

INT. FACTORY OFFICE - DAY

- 43 The dust and mice are gone. Clerks working, typewriters going, men entering and exiting with bills of lading. Through doors and windows we see the spinning, whirring machines. Production, production, production!

44- OMITTED.

45

EXT. STOCKYARD NEAR RAILROAD - DAY (LOCATION L.A.)

- 46 SHOOTING THROUGH gate we see lowing cattle being herded past on their way to loading corral.

(Try to pick up shots into stockyard pens showing milling sheep and cattle.)

EXT. LOADING CORRAL - DAY (LOCATION L.A.)

- 47 SHOOTING ACROSS pens filled with cattle, we see a cattle car on tracks at far gate. Men busily driving the cattle into the car. As the last cattle are herded in CAMERA ZOOMS TO open door just as it is being slid shut. The destination "Berlin" is lettered on the door and it slides into frame as door slides shut and is locked by the loaders.

EXT. FRENCH STREET - DAY

48 FULL SHOT - DOWN street. Few German soldiers patrolling the street, but the populace is gathered in queues before certain shops.

EXT. BUTCHER SHOP - DAY

49 FULL SHOT - queue, mostly tired women and old people in line waiting for the butcher. CAMERA MOVES IN along faces of women, women, women, resigned anxious faces with empty market bags. As we reach the butcher's counter we find people from our story in this order (though we don't yet know them as characters). First an unknown woman, giving the butcher her ration book coupon. Second Mrs. Lory, third Mrs. Lorraine, fourth the little girl Emilie from Louise's class. The others are nondescript. The butcher takes a tiny piece of meat, takes the first woman's coupon for it, then tells the others:

BUTCHER

Sorry. No more meat.

MRS. LORY

(looks at him
indignantly)

Why not tell us two hours ago?
I've been standing here since
seven o'clock!

DISSOLVE

INT. DARK CELLAR - NIGHT

50 We see figures of three men silhouetted against a dim light over a small printing press which is running.

CAMERA MOVES IN as one of the men picks a paper from the press and we see it as a small illegal newspaper with the caption LIBERTY across the top. (Show faces of men in light reflected from paper so we will remember them.)

DISSOLVE

INSERT In darkness as a HAND mysteriously slips one of the papers under a street door.

INSERT HAND pushing a paper through shutter s of a window.

(CONTINUED)

INSERT HAND dropping a paper through mail
 slot in a door.

INSERT HAND sliding a paper under a door.

DISSOLVE

INT. LORY HOUSE - DAY

51 CLOSE SHOT DOWN on the paper which has been slid under
 the rug, but we can still see part of the word liberty.

PAN UP and we are in the downstairs room of the Lory
home. It is early in the morning and we see Mrs. Lory
come in from the kitchen and set the breakfast table.
She has something which is obviously very important -
a wine bottle which contains about a half-pint of milk.
(The high chair Albert used as a child stands in a
corner of room. Pictures on wall of Albert as a child
and of her dead husband, a man of about thirty.)

52 CLOSE SHOT - Mrs. Lory as she proudly puts the bottle in
 the center of the table and fixes a newspaper around it
 to conceal it for a surprise. It is an official
 newspaper and we note the headline: HITLER SPEAKS FOR
 UNITED EUROPE. Then, having fixed it to her satisfaction,
 she goes to bottom of stairway and calls up.

MRS. LORY

Albert?

INT. ALBERT'S BEDROOM UPSTAIRS - DAY

53 CLOSE SHOT - Albert half-dressed, washing his face at
 the washstand. He raises a dripping face and calls back
 to stairway. (A collection of butterflies, behind glass,
 hangs on the wall.)

ALBERT

Yes, Mother.

MRS. LORY'S VOICE

Hurry up, darling. Don't
forget to brush your teeth.

ALBERT

No, Mother.

He dries his face as we hear a miaow and he brightens up
as he turns to look past camera at:

CLOSE SHOT - front dormer window. A friendly cat which is on the tiles or in the rain gutter outside is asking to be let in. (The cat has a bell attached to its collar.)

CAMERA PULLS BACK A LITTLE as Albert enters, opens window and lets it in with many endearments. He is stroking and fondling the cat, which seems to mean something to him which we don't yet understand, when he sees Edmond Lorraine, the small boy who lives above the department store across the street, opening the shutters of the upstairs window across the narrow street. The boy calls out.

EDMOND

Good morning, Mr. Lory.

ALBERT

(his face
lights up)

Oh, good morning, Edmond.

(shakes finger
at him)

Don't forget to brush your teeth.

EDMOND

No, sir, I won't.

As Edmond vanishes, his father, a middle-aged merchant, appears in the window. Leans out and speaks about his son, with a kind of wink, knowing his son is a good pupil.

MR. LORRAINE

How is -

(indicates
back of him)

- the boy getting along at school?

ALBERT

(a little shy and
self-conscious
as he was not
with the boy)

Oh - very well. Very well, Mr.
Lorraine. I --

Breaks off and looks down, as does Lorraine across the street.

EXT. STREET - DAY

SHOT DOWN PAST him through window. We see a German patrol walking past in street.

SHOT from BEHIND Albert as he quickly closes the window and we see Mr. Lorraine do the same thing simultaneously. His mother's voice calls sharply up the stairs again and makes him almost jump.

MRS. LORY'S VOICE

Albert!

ALBERT

Yes, Mother.

MRS. LORY'S VOICE

Hurry up, darling. You'll be late.

As he puts the cat on the bed and hurriedly finishes his dressing -

INT. LORY HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS ROOM - DAY

Mrs. Lory comes in and gets a steaming cup of coffee on the table, looks to see everything is there for her son, whose footsteps we hear overhead. Then she goes over to clock and sets it five minutes fast, from 7:25 to 7:30. As the hand reaches the half hour it bongs and immediately she closes the clock, picks up a cane and raps the ceiling.

MRS. LORY

Darling!

ALBERT'S VOICE

(very obedient)

Yes, Mother. Coming.

We hear him clump down the stair and immediately the mother leans a little on her stick, as if setting the stage for her own entrance rather than her son's. He enters happily with the cat under his arm and kisses his mother. Mrs. Lory observes the cat and we see she doesn't like it, but she says nothing.

ALBERT (cont'd)

Good morning, Mother. How is your rheumatism?

MRS. LORY

Oh, I hardly slept a wink. I'm sure it's going to rain. It never fails.

(CONTINUED)

Whereas she was quite active when alone, she now limps a little toward the table, using her stick and provoking sympathy. Albert, as soon as her back is turned, sets the clock back five minutes to the right time.

MRS. LORY (cont'd)

(at table,
with a little
concealed
excitement)

Now come sit down, darling.
Don't let your breakfast get
cold.

As he comes to the table -

MRS. LORY (cont'd)

Here's the newspaper.

ALBERT

(looks at
propped paper
with disgust)

Newspaper! Lies!

MRS. LORY

(with a quick
warning glance at
street windows)

Sssh!

(drops voice and
indicates paper
as he sits down)

You may find something
interesting in it today.

He picks up the paper and reveals the bottle of milk. She smiles delightedly as he reacts with astonishment, and we see milk is precious and scarce.

ALBERT

Milk!

MRS. LORY

(all smiles,
very proud)

A whole half pint!

ALBERT

(looks at her
with round eyes)

How did you get it?

(CONTINUED)

MRS. LORY

(proud of her
cleverness)

The doctor gave me a prescription.

ALBERT

(with quick
anxiety,
naively)

Are you sick, Mother?

MRS. LORY

(instantly playing
for sympathy)Have I ever been well? Never
since you were born. Not that
I blame you, my darling.Anxiously he pours it into a glass and offers it to her
but she rejects it with a grimace.

MRS. LORY (cont'd)

Not for me. You know I can't
stand milk. Never could.

He looks a little baffled.

MRS. LORY (cont'd)

There's no reason why you
shouldn't take advantage of my
condition. You were so weak as
a child. The only way I saved
your life was by giving you
plenty of milk. It's shocking
now - so many cows in the
country and no milk.(sees some
hairs on his
coat sleeve)Look at your coat. That filthy
cat! Here, take it off. Let
me brush it.(takes off his
coat as if he
were still a
little boy)I wish that girl would keep her
cat at home where it belongs.
That's why I couldn't sleep -
that yowling all night on the
roof.

(CONTINUED)

ALBERT
 (in a small voice)
 I thought it was your
 rheumatism, Mother.

MRS. LORY
 My rheumatism and the cat.
 You drink your milk.

She limps more noticeably as she exits with his coat to brush it. Albert looks after her uneasily and as she goes out we hear the cat make a plaintive miaow. Albert in the act of drinking the milk looks down at -

58 CLOSEUP - cat on floor looking up at him and making a silent begging miaow.

59 CLOSE SHOT - Albert taking in cat on floor. Very furtively he pours milk into a saucer and puts it under the table for the cat which begins lapping it greedily. Now we hear the mother's voice from the adjoining room as he drinks his coffee and eats his breakfast, keeping an anxious eye on the cat.

MRS. LORY'S VOICE
 Some people are getting milk --
 and they don't need a prescription
 for it either. I hear at the
 Mayor's house they have cream on
 the table, every morning, a whole
 pitcher of it. Oh, he's doing all
 right, our Mayor. And so are the
 merchants. Black markets --
 that's why they have no food to
 sell on the coupons - selling
 meat and butter out the back door
 for ten times its price. But
 nobody thinks of raising your
 salary, my dear. The
 schoolmaster must starve while
 men who can't even spell their
 own names get rich.

Her voice gets louder and she returns. Albert furtively conceals the cat, which is under table, with his legs. Guiltily he drops the newspaper and picks up the empty saucer under it and sets it on table.

(CONTINUED)

But at least we have order.
Things are quiet now in the town,
thank the Lord, and I suppose
we shouldn't complain. We keep
our place and they keep theirs.

(holds his
jacket to put
it on and sees
milk left in
his glass)

Finish your milk, you bad boy.

60 SHOT from doorway as he drains the glass and she helps
him on with his coat. Something under camera catches
her eye.

MRS. LORY

What's that?

She comes to camera and picks up the illegal paper that
was half pushed under the rug. Albert comes to her and
both look at it in CLOSE SHOT. Startled reactions.

MRS. LORY (cont'd)

(whispers uneasily)

"Liberty."

Albert takes it from her and reads in a low halting
voice as her face tightens with anxiety.

ALBERT

"Citizens, do not believe in the
generosity of the conquerors.
If they are not driven out of
our land it means generations
of slavery for our people. We
must resist. Let each of us
say to himself, 'This land is
mine'..."

MRS. LORY

(interrupts in
a sharp whisper)

Trouble makers!

ALBERT

(in timid
agreement)

It's dangerous, Mother. I'd
better burn it.

She nods and he starts for the stove in the room but she stops him with a sharp whisper, keeping an eye on the street windows.

MRS. LORY

Not here. They might see you.
 (points upstairs
 to his room and
 then indicates
 windows)

I'll watch here. You can't even trust your neighbors nowadays.

He nods guiltily and starts swiftly up the stairs. Mrs. Lory moves close to the street window and watches out through the curtain.

61 SHOT PAST her at window. We see two civilians, workmen, pass along in the street.

INT. ALBERT'S BEDROOM - DAY

62 CLOSE SHOT - LOW CAMERA - on Albert stooped before a small fireplace in which there are scraps of paper which he is lighting with a match. As the papers flare up he takes the small illegal newspaper from his jacket and starts to hold it in the blaze. The flame curls brightly behind the word "Liberty". Something comes into his face and we see an inner struggle. He just can't bring himself to burn that word "Liberty" and he glances around furtively to make sure his mother has not come up, then with his hands extinguishes the burning corner of paper, folds it quickly, gets up, looks around for a hiding place.

63 ANOTHER ANGLE as Albert goes to the framed butterfly collection of his childhood, pulls it from the wall a little and secretes the newspaper behind it. He takes a look to see it is safely hidden, then hurries downstairs.

INT. LORY HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS ROOM - DAY

64 Albert's mother is watching at window. She sees out of the corner of her eye the cat jump up on the table and she runs at it and frightens it off as Albert comes down. The cat runs to Albert and he picks it up as he goes to the door.

(CONTINUED)

65-
67

EAT. STREET - FRONT OF THE HOUSE
Paul Martin is finishing pumping up a leaky tire of his bicycle at the curb as Albert comes along sidewalk and greets him. (Door of house in b.g.)

ALBERT

Good morning, Paul.

PAUL

(looks up,
working)
Hello, Mr. Lory -
(smiles as he
sees cat)
My sister's been hunting all
over for that cat.

LOUISE

(coming out,
sees)
Good morning. So there's the
runaway!
(takes cat and
scolds it
affectionately)
Won't you ever stay home?
(puts it inside,
locking door)
Has she been annoying your
mother again?

ALBERT

Oh not at all. We're very fond
of her.

LOUISE

(comes down
steps briskly)
My brother had a flat tire.
Did you get it fixed, Paul?

PAUL

(inspecting)
I guess it'll hold till I get
to the railroad.

ALBERT

(they are waiting
for him)
I'm waiting for one of my boys -
(calls back)
Edmond?

(CONTINUED)

MR. LORRAINE

(calls, fixing
shutter of shop)
He's coming, Mr. Lory.

ALBERT

(to Louise)
Do you mind waiting?

LOUISE

(smiles, knowing
his fondness
for the boy)
Not if you'll walk fast.

PAUL

(checking tire)
Why don't you ask him for dinner,
Louise?
(to Albert)
We're having a feast tonight.

LOUISE

Yes, why don't you come over?
George Lambert's coming.

(CONTINUED)

(PICK UP TOP OF PAGE 20)

MRS. LORY
 (impatiently)
 That cat!

He collects some pupil's copybooks and puts them in a brief case as she gets his hat for him.

MRS. LORY (cont'd)
 Hurry, you'll be late for school.

ALBERT
 (kisses her
 obediently)
 Good-bye, Mother.

She brushes a speck off his collar and fixes his tie, very possessively and fondly, and opens the door for him and he goes out with the cat in his arms. She closes the door but keeps a crack open through which she can watch him as he goes along the sidewalk to the next house.

EXT. STREET - FRONT OF THE MARTINS' HOUSE NEXT DOOR - DAY

65 Paul Martin is finishing pumping up a leaky tire of his bicycle at the curb as Albert comes along sidewalk and greets him. (Door of house in b.g.)

ALBERT
 Good morning, Paul.

PAUL
 (looks up)
 Oh, hello, Mr. Lory.

ALBERT
 Where is Louise?

Before Paul can answer the door opens and Louise Martin with her hat on, her purse and some schoolbooks under her arm, comes out, taking the key from her purse to lock the door. She smiles at Albert as he lifts his hat and takes the cat to her shyly.

LOUISE
 So there's the runaway. Has she been annoying your mother again?

ALBERT
(embarrassedly)
Oh, not at all. We're very
fond of her.

EXT. LORY HOUSE - DAY

66 CLOSE SHOT - Mrs. Lory's face as seen through a crack in the door of the next house. Her expression is eloquent and we see she doesn't like Louise any more than the cat.

EXT. STREET - DAY

67 MED. SHOT - Albert, Louise and Paul who has finished pumping the tire and is putting the small pump in the tool case strapped to the bicycle. Louise takes the cat from Albert, puts it inside, closes and locks the door and puts the key in her purse as they join the waiting brother. Albert, self-conscious in the presence of Louise, tries to make conversation but only succeeds in muttering inaudibly.

ALBERT
Lovely weather.

LOUISE
What?

ALBERT
(drops his
brief case and
then speaks
louder, with an
effort, as he
picks it up)
Lovely weather.

LOUISE
Oh, yes. Lovely.

CAMERA MOVES on them as they walk toward the school. Albert would like to talk to her but we see it is too difficult. Louise is very nice to him. Paul, with a friendly glance at Albert, addresses Louise -

PAUL
Why don't you ask him for
dinner?
(smiles at Albert)
We're going to have a real
feast tonight.

(CONTINUED)

LOUISE
(to Albert)
Yes, why don't you? George
Lambert's coming.

PAUL
(teasing)
Coming? He's bringing the
dinner!
(grins to Albert)
She's got George chasing
pigeons.

LOUISE
Paul, don't be silly!

PAUL
What's silly about anything to
eat?
(grins to Albert,
teasing Louise)
I couldn't figure out yesterday
what George was doing up on the
roof of the freight office. I
found out last night when he
brought my sister a mess of
pigeons... He's got traps up
there.
(laughs)

LOUISE
(trying to shut
up the tease)
Will you come, Mr. Lory?

ALBERT
(embarrassed)
Oh, thank you - but my mother -
doesn't like to be left alone.
You know she's - not very well.

LOUISE
Oh, I'm sorry --

Then she speaks swiftly, with alarm, seeing what we do:
Paul pull one of the illegal papers carelessly from his
inside pocket.

LOUISE (cont'd)
Paul!

Paul just grins at her and holds the paper toward Albert who flinches away from it as they all stop short.

PAUL

If you have to stay home and read you might as well have something interesting.

LOUISE

(with sharp warning, startled; Albert backs from the paper)
Paul! Don't be crazy! Watch out!

PAUL

(carelessly)
Why?

LOUISE

(under her breath, frightened as she sees someone coming out of scene)
Soldiers!

Albert pales as they look across street at:

68 Two German soldiers coming toward camera on patrol along the opposite sidewalk. As they come close we can see our three in MED. LONG SHOT and Paul calls to them.

PAUL

Hey, Kurt! Want to read something?

The soldiers start across toward the three.

69 MED. THREE SHOT at other side. Louise freezes and Albert grows pale, rooted to the spot, as Paul steps ahead in a friendly fashion and the two soldiers enter to him.

PAUL

Looks like someone's trying to compete with our official newspaper.

Kurt, the first soldier, takes the paper quickly and with a humorless face.

SOLDIER
Where you get this, Paul?

PAUL
(shrugs)
Under the door.

70 CLOSE SHOT - Louise and Albert. She is looking indignantly at her brother while Albert is just plain scared.

71 GROUP SHOT. The first soldier hands the paper to his companion and his expression is grim.

SOLDIER
We find many of these already.
All over town.

PAUL
(frowns)
Yeah?

SOLDIER
If you find any more, you tell us, Paul.

PAUL
Sure.

Before passing on the soldiers look at Albert searchingly.

SOLDIER
Any at your house?

Albert shakes his head, too frightened to speak and the soldiers pass on, talking in German between themselves. Louise comes over to her brother, followed by Albert. She is very angry but very quiet.

LOUISE
(in a low voice)
You're very smart, aren't you?

PAUL

(lightly)

Listen, I don't want to get in any trouble. They're all right, Louise. They're only doing their job.

LOUISE

(quietly
scathing)

And are you doing yours?

PAUL

(throws his leg
over bike, making
fun of her
seriousness)

Sure, just as fast as I can get there.

(grins)

Why jump on me? You don't say anything to George.

He pedals off out of scene, giving her no further chance to vent her indignation. Louise stands beside Albert, watching with a worried frown.

LOUISE

I don't understand my brother.

ALBERT

(nervously)

Do you think they'll search the other houses?

JULIE'S VOICE

(calls out of
scene)

Hi, Paul!

72

ANGLE PAST them. Down the street we see Paul pull into the curb and stop his bicycle as a girl, Julie, runs out of the door of a house. She turns and waves to Louise who waves back.

EXT. FRONT OF JULIE'S HOUSE - DAY

73

MED. SHOT - Paul and Julie as he gets her on the bar of his bike so he can carry her with him. She is laughing, as gay and pert as a monkey.

mh

(CONTINUED)

JULIE

Don't tear my stockings!

PAUL

(laughs teasingly
as he shoves off,
balancing her)

You're just like all women --
Thinking of your legs all the
time.

EXT. STREET - DAY

74

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Louise and Albert watching them. But Louise is hardly seeing them, worrying about her brother's behaviour, and Albert doesn't see them at all, worrying about that paper he hid in his bedroom.

CAMERA TRUCKS AHEAD of them as they walk on toward school.

LOUISE

(looking straight
ahead)

It worries me -- the way he's
making friends with these --

(her tone is full
of contempt)

-- these soldiers.

ALBERT

(looking straight
ahead, anxiously -
not making any
sense)

I'll just say I didn't know
anything about it.

LOUISE

(not hearing,
looking straight
ahead, very worried)

He never was afraid of anything
-- and I know he's honest.

75

FULL SHOT. Prof. Sorel, a fine-looking man of seventy, with a look of elegance about him in spite of his baggy, loose-fitting clothes, is feeding his canaries in a cage that hangs beside the window which overlooks the school yard, while Mayor Manville is very busy behind him, taking school books from shelves along the wall and piling them on a table, checking from a list which he has in his hand. (A large print, a primitive Pieta, on wall over fireplace.)

76

CLOSE SHOT - Sorel as he turns from the birds and looks out the window, his hands in his baggy pockets, staring out thoughtfully. His manner disapproves what the Mayor is doing but he is holding his tongue. Through the window past him we see children straggling across the courtyard toward the school, carrying satchels, some of them romping and playing, others walking more slowly. Sorel absently changes his glasses (it is a habit he has) removing his reading glasses, taking another pair from his handkerchief pocket and putting them on so he can watch the children. Albert and Louise enter the yard gate and come toward school.

77

CLOSE SHOT - Mayor at table with Sorel in b.g., his back to us. The mayor has finished his list and now he pushes the books into a stack as he turns to Sorel.

MAYOR

These must be burned, Professor Sorel.

78

CLOSE SHOT - Sorel as he turns around into camera, quietly.

SOREL

By your order, Mr. Mayor, or by order of the enemy?

79

TWO SHOT - as the mayor looks pained, raising a hand of protest.

MAYOR

Not by my order, my dear Sorel. Look, I'm here because I'm your friend. We've known each other all our lives. Perhaps we held different ideas, but I respect you. It's not my job, and not my wish, to do this -- (cont'd)

MAYOR (cont'd)

(indicates books)

- but it is my job as Mayor to remove friction.

(confidentially)

It's our duty to preserve the life of this town, and the only way is to collaborate with the occupying authorities.

SOREL

(indicates
condemned
books)

By burning truth?

MAYOR

(very friendly)

My dear old friend, what does it matter in a time of crisis - a little more or less truth? Perhaps the untruth was in our past. We've always taught in our schools that the important history of our country began with the revolution. We were obsessed with individual freedom and the Rights of Man. We forgot the necessity of Authority and obedience -- and so lost discipline. Without discipline we had strikes and political disorders. People did not agree. Look how our young people behaved - flouting their parents, thinking only of pleasure, parties, girls. Young men wanted cars. In our time we had no cars, my dear Sorel.

SOREL

(dryly)

Maybe the reason was that there were no cars.

MAYOR

(stiffening)

You must agree that we need discipline.

SOREL

(quietly)

You mean by discipline that we should become servants of the enemy and help them to conquer other free peoples?

MAYOR

(righteously)

You're not showing much understanding of the nature of this national ordeal. Perhaps God ordained it to teach us how to live. We suffer, yes -- but maybe it is for our own good. We must get back to family, duty, hard work, obedience --

(with a touch
of coldness)

And about "the enemy" as you said, don't forget we are Europeans, not Anglo-Saxons and God's will may be to unite all Europe.

SOREL

With bayonets?

The Mayor doesn't reply but looks at him as if he deplored such a stubborn attitude. He bends over and looks at half a dozen worn volumes between book ends on Sorel's desk.

SOREL (cont'd)

(before the Mayor
can question them)

Those are my personal books.

MAYOR

(inspecting
titles, murmurs)

Juvenal...Voltaire...Plato...

"The Republic"...

(looks at Sorel
curiously)

My dear friend, we have to be careful about that word "republic."

Sorel looks out the window for a moment, his hands calmly folded behind his back. Then he turns very quietly to the Mayor who feeling an unpleasant tension, picks up his hat to leave.

SOREL

Would you like to have my resignation?

(CONTINUED)

MAYOR

(at door, warmly)

By no means, by no means, my dear Sorel! We need you. You have the respect of the whole community. I only want you for your own good to understand our problems a little more clearly.

The hall door opens and we glimpse Albert and Louise. Albert is a little confused to find so important a person as the Mayor confronting him and he bows and stammers.

ALBERT

Oh, excuse me, Mr. Mayor - we were told that Prof. Sorel - well, sir, I'm awfully sorry to intrude --

MAYOR

(right over
his stammering)

Come in, come ahead, Lory. I'm just leaving. Good morning, Miss Martin.

He goes out past them and Albert follows Louise into the room, still a bit off balance at confronting important authority. He bows to Sorel. Louise, who is devoted to old Sorel, looks at his face and sees something unpleasant has occurred. Sorel goes to his desk rather wearily.

LOUISE

(with quick
sympathy)

Is anything wrong?

SOREL

(quietly)

Yes, Louise. Come here, please. Come here, Mr. Lory.

The three of them go to his desk and he opens a marked schoolbook on the desk top.

80

CLOSE THREE SHOT - their heads bent over the book, the young girl, the middle-aged timid man and the strong-hearted old man. There is a sad smile on Sorel's face as he leaf's open the book and puts his finger on a page which is marked for deletion.

SOREL

It's a very delicate surgical operation - to cut out the heart without killing the patient. The history of our country however is a very tough old patient, and we'll do the best we can.

(his finger
moves on
the book)

We start here, with Charlemagne...

INT. SCHOOL - ALBERT'S CLASSROOM - DAY

81 There are about thirty-five desks in the room, which fronts on the street, but only about twenty boys aged ten to fourteen. One of the boys is Edmond Lorraine, who lives across the street from Lory above the department store. Edmond alone is sitting at his desk, studying, while the others are playing games, talking, stirring about noisily and, above all, watching the two oldest and most obstreperous boys, Julian Lamont and Henry Noble. Julian is drawing a caricature of Albert hugging and kissing Louise while Henry sets the hall door ajar, climbs on a stool and sets a box of chalk atop it so that when the door is pushed open the box will fall. A small boy, something of a clown, is behind Albert's desk, imitating his shy awkward manner and wielding a long pointer in the direction of the pupils who are laughing. In the middle of their pranks the boy who is watching at the crack of the door makes a signal and they all fly to their desks.

INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAY BETWEEN CLASSROOMS - DAY

82 From the further door of Sorel's office we see Albert and Louise come out with marked books under their arms, and we see Sorel close the door behind them. They come toward camera to door of Louise's classroom. Louise is full of sympathy for Sorel and indignant at what has been done to him. Before opening her door, while Albert looks at her with bashful love in his timid eyes, she turns to Albert, her voice low and indignant.

LOUISE

Why do they make us do this -
this dirty work? Why don't
they put in German teachers and
be done with it?

ALBERT

(trying in a
blundering way
to comfort her)
Don't - don't be upset, Louise.
It's only a few pages.

(CONTINUED)

Louise looks at him, suddenly very feminine and impatient with his clumsy blindness and lack of backbone.

LOUISE

Oh - Albert!

And she opens the door and goes into her class. We glimpse some of the little girls before the door closes sharply behind her in Albert's stricken face. He makes a vague gesture as if to follow her and then takes his hand quickly from the doorknob, and somewhat confused and vague turns to his own door at the opposite side of the narrow hall. But before the door he realizes where he is, and we suddenly realize by the effort he makes to gather himself together that it is always an ordeal for him to enter and face his boys. With exaggerated firmness he grasps the doorknob and tries to stride in commandingly, like a man who tenses his muscles before diving into cold water. The box of chalk falls with a crash in front of him, he jumps and spills the books under his arm, then stops rigidly while there is a guffaw of laughter which dwindles out into giggling as the boys watch him in malicious silence.

INT. SCHOOL - ALBERT'S CLASSROOM - DAY

- 83 As Albert stoops to retrieve his spilled books, Edmond Lorraine springs forward to help him. Albert, with an effort at dignity, goes to his desk, and as Edmond goes back to his desk a larger boy sticks out a foot and trips him. Albert turns with a nervous jerk as the boy crashes, but Edmond quickly gets to his feet and slides into his desk without complaint. Albert is just about to put his books on his own desk when the blackboard catches his eye.
- 84 CLOSE SHOT - caricature on blackboard - Albert hugging and kissing Louise and written crudely under it: "Teacher loves Teacher."
- 85 CLOSE SHOT - Albert, as he looks at it with helpless horror, and we hear a repressed giggling from the boys.
- 86 FULL SHOT. Albert, with the last vestiges of his dignity, quietly erases the caricature, but his hand trembles so that he finally drops the eraser. Another giggle and he doesn't try to pick up the eraser, but sits down at his desk.

(CONTINUED)

Until our new schoolbooks are
supplied to us, we are going
to make a few -- corrections.

He looks at Edmond as being the only boy he can trust.

ALBERT (cont'd)

Edmond Lorraine will collect the
pages after you have torn them
out, and burn them in the stove.
(opens his book)

Page 7.

He tears it out, and we hear the ripping of twenty other
pages as the boys obey simultaneously.

87 CLOSE SHOT - Albert, as he turns to more pages. (The
blackboard with the half-erased caricature behind him,
we don't see the pupils.)

ALBERT

Pages 15, 16 and 17.

He tears them out together, and we hear the simultaneous
ripping of the twenty boys with their books.

INT. LOUISE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

88 CLOSE SHOT of Louise in similar angle, the blackboard
behind her. Her face is angry and rebellious, but she
is firm and commanding as she turns to further pages of
her own book.

LOUISE

Pages 21 and 22.

She tears them out and we hear the ripping of the other
pages from the books of her class of girls.

LOUISE (cont'd)

Tear them out carefully.

(leaves to a
further page
which is marked
for deletion)

Page 30.

(breaks off and
looks up as we
hear the whine
of an air raid
siren)

nervously, hearing the rising whine of warning, as everyone freezes, listening.

LITTLE GIRL

It's the British!

LOUISE

(her face
lighting up)

Don't be nervous, Emilie, we
have plenty of time.

(closes her book
and stands up)

We must take shelter, even from
our friends in the sky. As you
pass out please give me the pages
you have torn from your books -

(looks up as a
nearer siren
adds its scream
to the first)

The time will come when we can
paste them back where they belong.

At her signal the girls form an orderly line. Louise goes to the hall door and they start filing out, handing her the pages.

INT. SCHOOL - HALL BETWEEN CLASSROOMS - DAY

90

We see Louise at her door as the girls file out quietly and orderly. Albert Lory stands by the opposite door of his own classroom from which his boys are piling out pell-mell, noisily and disorderly. The children are going down the stair at end of hall which leads to the basement. We hear the warning sirens above the scuffling of feet and the chatter of the boys. Prof. Sorel comes along hall and stops beside Albert, looks sharply at the disorderly rout of boys.

SOREL

Order, young men! Don't let the
girls be better soldiers than
the men!

Immediately the boys are quiet and keep in line like the girls. As the last children pass the teachers, Albert, who is nervous, speaks to Sorel who stands beside him watching the children pass down the stair at end of hall a few yards away.

ALBERT
(over the sirens)
I - I'd like to get my mother.
She's so - so afraid of the
raids.

SOREL
Go ahead, Mr. Lory.

Albert hurriedly exits and Sorel goes the opposite direction, following Louise who is herding her children down the stairs.

INT. SCHOOL BASEMENT - DAY

91 WIDE ANGLE on children flocking down and finding places in the low-ceiled, vaulted room which is dimly lighted. The stair is in left f.g. so that the children come down past camera, a little to one side, and spread out as they look for places. There are benches around the stone walls. Sirens less loud down here. The children seem accustomed to this business and we hear their voices now as they call to one another. In middle of cellar, at right, is another door which leads up into an areaway near street. There are no windows. Here and there electric bulbs hang from cords.

EXT. COURTYARD OUTSIDE SCHOOL - DAY

92 Albert emerges from school door and starts hurriedly for the gateway across yard. CAMERA PANS on him as he increases his pace till he is almost running as he goes through the gate. (Sirens louder here.)

EXT. CORNER OF FRENCH STREET - DAY

93 SHOOTING DOWN sidewalk we see Albert hurrying toward camera. He keeps going faster until as he nears camera he is running.

CAMERA PANS as he rounds corner in front of camera and then stops abruptly, for he has almost collided with his mother who is coming the opposite direction in a brisk walk. He is so out of breath he cannot speak. His mother raises her voice above the growing din as she looks at him scoldingly. (This to be shot at ranch and if there are airplane noises it will not matter.)

MRS. LORY

Albert, what are you running for?
 Don't you know it's bad for your
 heart? Why aren't you in the
 shelter? Where's your hat?

ALBERT

(panting, seizes
 her arm)

Hurry up, Mother! Hurry!

CAMERA PANS BACK as they round the corner back toward the school which is down the street. Albert clutches her arm, trying to hurry her along. Sirens very loud now. They go faster, faster.

EXT. SCHOOL COURTYARD - DAY

94 SHOOTING THROUGH gate into yard toward school building we see Albert and his mother come hurrying in from left and start across the yard for the main door of school. But suddenly above the screaming sirens we hear the sharp explosions of anti-aircraft guns and Albert, hanging to his mother's arm, dashes left toward a small door, jerks it open and frantically disappears inside. (This leads to the second and smaller basement door seen at right in the basement scene.)

INT. SCHOOL BASEMENT - DAY

95 FULL SHOT taking in the crowded grouped children. Louise and Sorel have got them all seated and in their places and have found seats themselves on separate benches. The anti-aircraft fire is increasing but it is more muffled down here, as is the sound of the sirens. Suddenly above the growing muffled din there is a hard knocking at the small door at right. As it increases frantically, Sorel gets up and unbolts the door. As it swings open we see Albert and Mrs. Lory. (The door is very thick, like an icebox door, with a heavy bolt.) The noise is suddenly so loud that we cannot hear Sorel's greeting as he admits them. He closes and bolts the door behind them and returns to his bench, under an electric bulb, as Albert, still clinging to Mrs. Lory's arm, moves into the midst of the children, a bit wild-eyed. (Edmond Lorraine sits beside Sorel.)

96 CLOSE SHOT - Louise on bench at side. The little girl, Emilie, is on the end of the bench, beside her, helping hold the torn pages which Louise is sorting out and putting into a satchel. Louise looks past camera and calls out:

There's room over here, Mrs. Lory.

- 97 WIDE ANGLE as Mrs. Lory and Albert move through the crowded space to the bench where Louise sits, little girls on the floor around her feet.
- 98 MED. SHOT - Louise on bench as Mrs. Lory and Albert reach the bench. The thudding of anti-aircraft is increasing its muffled roar all the time. There are several old women and a couple of old men, one of them the school janitor, against the wall in b.g. Mrs. Lory sits down on the bench without paying any attention to Louise who moves over to make room, and Albert sits between them, next to Louise. Mrs. Lory notices this and after a moment's thought motions to her son.

MRS. LORY

Sit on this side, darling.
There's a draft in this cellar.
(to Louise as
he gets up
obediently,
still out of
breath)

He catches cold easily. His
lungs are weak.

Louise says nothing; she is busy sorting the pages which she has collected from her girls and putting them into the satchel. Albert sits down on the other side of his mother and Mrs. Lory gives Louise a triumphant look, which Louise takes no notice of. Now the anti-aircraft grows vicious and the air seems to thud in the cellar. Mingling with the gunfire we can hear the growling of the bombers.

- 98a FULL SHOT - crowded cellar as everyone stops moving, listening and waiting. Sorel alone seems to take no notice, absorbed in his book which he is reading calmly under the one light. The oldest and most unruly of Albert's boys, Julian Lamont, sings out:

JULIAN

Now they're over us!

- 99 CLOSE SHOT - Julian and his companion in mischief, Henry Noble. Both listening with the eagerness boys show for airplanes. Julian begins to make the rhythmic growling in imitation of the airplanes we hear, the boys trying to identify the kind of planes.

HENRY
Four engines!

JULIAN
Wellingtons!

HENRY
No - Americans! Listen!

Now he imitates the pulsing growling of the four-engine planes.

100 MED. SHOT - Louise, Mrs. Lory and Albert with others in b.g. The uproar of AA and planes very heavy now and Albert seems to draw into himself, waiting tensely for an explosion, sweat shining on his face, trying to control himself. Suddenly we hear what he is waiting for - that creepy whistling of a falling bomb, growing louder, then ending with a crump-thud in the distance. Albert flinches. His mother puts an arm around him comfortingly as she bursts out indignantly:

MRS. LORY
It's outrageous - bombing innocent civilians! Why don't they stay at home? Things are bad enough as they are!

LOUISE
(looks up quietly
from sorting
her pages)
I wish I could see the sky full
of them, Mrs. Lory.

MRS. LORY
(vehemently, accepting
the open challenge)
Why don't they bomb Germany, young
woman?

LOUISE
Excuse me, Mrs. Lory, but have
you noticed whose flag is flying
over our Town Hall?

101 CLOSE SHOT - Sorel. The little boy, Edmond, sits beside him with a worried face. Sorel lifts his face from his book and looks at Louise with a little smile. Then he returns to contemplation of:

(CONTINUED)

- INSERT BOOK IN HIS HANDS. It is his beloved Juvenal and we MAT DOWN to the line: "In order to preserve life, they lose the reason for living."
- 102 CLOSE SHOT - Sorel as he reads, ignoring the uproar of the air raid outside.
- 103 FULL SHOT as we hear the whistle of another bomb falling. Everyone waits, motionless, and we hear the crump-thud nearer.
- 104 CLOSE SHOT - three boys of Albert's class, among them Julian and Henry. Julian nudges the others with a malicious grin and indicates off and they all look at:
- 105 CLOSE SHOT - Albert and his mother. His mother tries to soothe him, as if he were still a small boy. Guns are pounding and planes growling overhead. There is another hair-raising whistle and a nearer explosion and Albert breaks, burying his face against his mother as she holds him in her arms.
- 106 CLOSE SHOT on larger group of boys around the ringleaders, Julian and Henry. They are all looking at Albert and snickering and the little clown (who imitated Albert at his desk in the classroom) is giving an exaggerated imitation of Albert, throwing his arms around one of the other boys and shaking convulsively.
- 107 CLOSE SHOT - Albert and Mother taking in Louise who now observes Albert's breakdown. Louise is comforting a little girl who is whimpering nervously as Louise draws her close.
- 108 CLOSE SHOT - Sorel as he looks up from his Juvenal again and observes Albert.
- 109 CLOSEUP - Louise as, distressed, she looks from Albert past camera at:
- 110 CLOSE SHOT - Sorel, who shakes his head as if to say, "What a pity." Then he turns and looks past camera at:

and laughing. group of boys who are mocking Albert 38

112 CLOSE SHOT - Sorel as he looks severe and calls out sharply:

SOREL

Young men!

113 CLOSE SHOT - group of boys as they instantly stop their skylarking.

114 FULL SHOT in cellar. The boys are quieted but now all the children are stealing glances toward the bench where Louise, Emilie, Albert and his mother are seated. Sorel has returned to reading his book.

115 CLOSE SHOT - bench, taking in Albert and his mother, Louise and little Emilie. Louise realizes the children are watching Albert who flinches against his mother, unable to hide his fear as the AA gunfire increases and more bombs fall. As a near bomb whistles and crashes near-by Albert makes a choking sound and his mother tries to comfort him. Louise, glancing around unhappily and realizing the children are watching Albert, puts her arms around Emilie who is beginning to whimper and cower close to her.

LOUISE

Now, now, Emilie, don't worry.
There's nothing to be frightened of.
(raises her
voice cheerfully)
We're quite safe here. It will
soon be over now.

She gets up, taking the child by the hand as she moves among:

116 FULL SHOT as Louise moves into the midst of the children and calls out cheerfully:

(CONTINUED)

LOUISE

Let's all sing.

(smiling as
she gets
their attention)

I believe if we all sing loud
enough we won't even hear the
guns. I know Julian Lamont has
a strong voice. Come on, girls,
don't let the boys sing louder
than we do.

She starts a school song, motioning them all to join in,
and soon the vaulted cellar is ringing with their voices,
almost drowning out the pounding of guns and sounds of
falling bombs, which are receding now.

117 CLOSE SHOT - Albert and his mother. Over this the
cheerful singing of the children. Albert slowly sits up
and leans back, as the little boy, Edmond Lorraine, who
alone is not singing, comes in hesitantly from one side
and slides onto the bench beside his teacher.

DISSOLVE

INT. SOREL'S OFFICE - DAY

118 Prof. Sorel stands with his back to us, looking out the
window but hardly seeing the few children who are
running and shouting as they cross the courtyard
homewards with their satchels. It is four in the
afternoon. There is a timid knock at the door and,
without turning, he calls "come in."

119 ANOTHER ANGLE taking in Sorel at window and the hall
door as it opens hesitantly and Albert Lory looks in
hesitantly, his hat in hand and some books under his
arm, just as he was when he came to the school in the
morning.

ALBERT

You - wished to see me, Prof.
Sorel?

SOREL

Yes, Mr. Lory.

Albert enters and shuts door behind him and we can see he
is agitated. Sorel turns around to look at him, pitying
him and wondering how he can begin, when Albert blurts
out:

(CONTINUED)

ALBERT
I know what you're going to say --
I know I'm ridiculous. I'm stupid.
I'm weak. I - I can't help it, sir.
(his voice trembles)
I'm a coward -

Sorel raises a hand as if to stop him but he is almost
vehement in his agonized confession.

ALBERT (cont'd)
Yes, I'm a coward. I can't stand
violence - it terrifies me.
Noise - explosions - something
happens to me. I'm a coward and
I can't conceal it any longer from
the boys - they see it - they saw
it today - you saw it, sir. Even
Miss Martin --
(his voice breaks
and Sorel cuts
in firmly)

SOREL
Sit down, Mr. Lory. Sit down.

ALBERT
(choking)
Now she knows I'm a coward.

He sits down heavily in the chair Sorel has indicated
and stares miserably at the floor. Sorel studies him
for a moment and speaks with quiet sympathy:

SOREL
Would you like to be transferred
to a district where there are no
air raids?

ALBERT
(looks up in
a panic)
No, no, no.

SOREL
Because of Miss Martin?

ALBERT
(looks down at
floor and just
whispers)
Yes.

SOREL
Does she know how you feel?

ALBERT
(shakes head and
whispers - eyes
on floor)

No.

SOREL
(studying him)
I thought you were a confirmed
bachelor like me.

Albert looks up at him.

SOREL (cont'd)
Oh, like all young men I fell in
love, but - she died - and I found
a great comfort in my work. Our
work. My family became this school -
my books, my teachers - you, Miss
Martin - my pupils -

(smiles)

- many of them grown up now.

(very gravely)

You know it's a great thing to be
a schoolmaster. It's a life work,
Lory. You sacrifice a lot of
things, but you get a lot in return.
And now I believe we're the most
important people in our country.
It's a time for sacrifice now, more
than ever - and our real happiness
lies in our doing our job well.

(indicates the

stack of

verboden books

on his desk

ironically)

Our Mayor was in here this morning
talking about duty - but I prefer
to use the word job. Those books
must be burned. Very well, we must
burn them. - We can't resist
physically. But morally, within us,
we can resist. We contain those
books, we contain truth, and they
can't destroy truth without
destroying each and every one of
us. We can keep truth alive if the
children believe in us and follow
our example. (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

SOREL (cont'd)

Children like to follow a leader - and they have two kinds of leaders today: We seem weak, we have no weapons, we don't march - except to air raid shelters - and our heroes are called criminals and shot against walls. The other leaders have guns, tanks, parades, uniforms, they teach violence, self-love, vanity, everything that appeals to the unformed minds of children - and their criminals are called heroes. That's a lot of competition for us, Lory. Love of liberty isn't glamorous to children. Respect for the human being isn't exciting. But there's one weapon they can't take away from us - and that's our dignity. It's going to be a fight - it is a fight, but if the children admire us they will follow us.

Through the open window we hear a muffled collision and then the sharp tooting of a locomotive whistle from the railroad terminal in the distance. Albert takes no notice, but Sorel looks up, then disregards it as he speaks to Albert with deep conviction.

SOREL (cont'd)

We will win, Lory -
(adds whimsically)
- or maybe we will get shot. But every one of us they execute wins a battle for our cause, because he dies a hero -
(smiles)
- and heroism is glamorous for the children.

Then he chuckles, seeing Albert's face illuminated by his words.

SOREL (cont'd)

I don't ask you to die, my friend. Not immediately. But if you think these things over I'm sure it will help you when -
(hesitates to mention air raids)
- when we are visited by our friends in the sky.
(very man-to-man)
Do you think you can handle your class and be less nervous next time?

ALBERT
Yes, sir. I'll try.

SOREL
(pats his shoulder
encouragingly)
Good.

(goes to his desk
as the sounds
in the street
increase)
You should read the classics
again, Lory. You'll find that
at a time like this, they quiet
the mind.

(selects one of
his personal
books from his
desk, the book we
saw him reading
during the raid)
Here, take my Juvenal. Take it
home with you.

ALBERT
(rising to take
it but glancing
nervously at the
window whence the
sounds are rising)
Thank you, professor.

Now we hear the whine of a motor siren approaching
swiftly along the street outside and Sorel, unable
longer to ignore the rising uproar, steps to the open
window and looks out into street.

EXT. STREET - DAY

120 CLOSE SHOT through window past Sorel. Two German soldiers
on motorcycles go roaring past. Then a truck full of
German soldiers bounces past. Albert has got to his feet
and now he enters (from behind camera) beside Sorel.
Through window past them we see two more motorcycles
and then Von Keller's Mercedes tears past, Von Keller
and Schwartz in the seat behind the soldier driver.

INT. SOREL'S OFFICE - DAY

121 FULL SHOT - room. Sorel and Albert looking out window
and more noises of passing traffic as the oldest of the
three printers whom we saw in the cellar (Durand, by name)
enters from a side door carrying a small tool box in
one hand. Stops short and calls to Sorel whose back is
to him.

DURAND
Professor Sorel?

SOREL
(turns as Albert
keeps peering
out window
where we hear
cars going past)
Oh, Durand. What's the trouble?

DURAND
(looks at Sorel
peculiarly)
There's been a wreck at the railroad
yard. Supply train.

SOREL
Now it begins.

DURAND
(deposits his
tool box on
desk as he
replies)
I'm afraid so, sir. They'll take
hostages even if it's an accident.

Durand takes a screw driver from his opened tool box and begins working on the desk lamp which is apparently burned out. Sorel turns to Albert still peering out window.

SOREL
Now we need to be strong, Lory.

He steps to the desk, casually opens the drawer, takes out several written sheets of paper, puts them in the tool box and closes it behind Albert's back. Durand continues working on the desk lamp, paying no attention to Sorel's action.

EXT. RAILROAD TERMINAL - DAY - (STOCK)

122 Wrecked train. A locomotive on its side, steam hissing from it. A mess of piled-up freight cars (whatever we can find).

123 WIDE ANGLE on an overturned freight car. A pile of spilled packing cases are splintered and mashed alongside the tracks. German soldiers all around.

CAMERA PANS DOWN to CLOSE SHOT of broken packing cases and we see the destination stamped on it in big letters: BERLIN. It was full of eggs and half of them are spilled out and broken. A workman is helping clean up the mess. He looks up stealthily at a pair of German legs behind them and then slips a couple of eggs into his pocket.

INT. SWITCH TOWER - DAY

124 Von Keller and his adjutant, Schwartz, are interrogating Paul Martin who stands by the row of big levers that control all the switches at the terminal. Through the big windows we see a maze of tracks and a few locomotives shunting around the yard. Two German soldiers stand just inside the door at the top of the iron stairway outside. The adjutant is taking notes as Von Keller questions Paul, who is very calm and casual.

PAUL
I closed the switch at 4:17,
according to the train
dispatcher's orders.

VON KELLER
Show me the control.

Paul turns to the bank of levers and indicates one that is locked forward. (Schwartz, throughout all scenes where he is present, watches everything as if he were continually making mental notes.)

PAUL
This one, No. 14. I haven't
touched it since.

VON KELLER
(watching him
keenly)
It seemed to operate all right?

PAUL
Yes, sir. As soon as I closed
it I watched the freight
backing into the terminal - that
is, I expected it to go back.
But instead it moved out on the
main track just as the other
train was coming in. It was too
late to do anything.

VON KELLER
(as adjutant
makes notes)
See if it works now.

Paul unlocks the lever and it flops back and forth,
freed of any pull. He looks astonished as Von Keller
watches his face closely.

PAUL
The control cable's broken.

VON KELLER
(dryly)
Cut.

Paul stares at him.

VON KELLER (cont'd)
You knew nothing about it?

PAUL
No, sir. It was all right when
I pulled it. I'm sure of that.

Von Keller turns away and stares out across the tracks,
his hands behind his back.

VON KELLER
You turned in an illegal
newspaper this morning.

PAUL
That's right, sir.

VON KELLER
Have you any idea where it
comes from?

PAUL
No, sir.

VON KELLER
(turns)
If you do get any idea, will
you report it?

PAUL
I think so.

VON KELLER

(makes a
decision as
he looks at
him keenly)
Martin. This was an accident.
You understand?

PAUL

Yes, sir.

Without a further word Von Keller nods to his adjutant and they exit. One of the sentries follows and one remains. As the door closes behind them and they vanish, descending the iron stairway, Paul looks with a puzzled grin at the remaining soldier.

PAUL (cont'd)

What do you think, Otto? Am I
in a jam?

SOLDIER

(a friendly growl)

Nah -

(takes a pack of
cigarettes from
his pocket)

You smoke and forget it, Paul.

PAUL

Thanks.

(taking cigarette,
still puzzled)

What's the old man up to? Why
does he call it an accident?

OTTO

(strikes match,
gruffly)

We never ask questions.

EXT. ROOM OUTSIDE GEORGE LAMBERT'S OFFICE - DAY

125

(The door to the inner room is lettered: "Superintendent, Freight Terminal") WIDE ANGLE as Julie Grant comes out of the door briskly with some typed papers in her hand. She meets Louise who comes hurrying in from opposite direction - toward George's door. Louise calls out anxiously as they stop for an instant.

(CONTINUED)

LOUISE
Oh, Julie. Where's Geroge?

JULIE
(indicates door)
In his office. He's in an
awful temper.
(catches Louise's
arm and drops her
voice anxiously)
I'm worried about Paul. I just
saw that fat pig leave the switch
tower. If the boss calls me,
tell him I've gone to the warehouse.

LOUISE
(with a trace
of bitterness)
Oh, you don't need to worry
about Paul.

She goes to the office door as Julie hurries on out.

126 CLOSE SHOT of door with its lettering as Louise enters,
very much perturbed.

INT. GEORGE LAMBERT'S OFFICE - DAY

127 George, the superintendent, is behind his desk talking
sharply into a desk phone as Louise hurriedly enters to
him. Through window behind desk we can see the switch
tower against the sky and the smoke of passing trains.
Hear train noises. On wall beside window is a small
cage, just a box with a wire screen cover at the front,
through which we can see two pigeons in the box.

LOUISE
George --

(CONTINUED)

Just a moment, dear --
(goes on into
telephone)

No, no. Don't stop work. Go ahead and load No. 4. We'll have the tracks cleared within an hour. Speed it up, now. The men will have to work overtime...If there're any complaints refer them to me. That's right. Call me back as soon as you've finished.

He hangs up and rises to face Louise who has come anxiously to his desk.

GEORGE (cont'd)

I'm afraid I'm in for some trouble. Did you see the wreck? Everything's in a mess.

LOUISE

George, I'm worried.

GEORGE

So am I, dear. I don't understand how it happened. I've checked with Paul. Everything was all right at the switch tower. You know how hard I've worked to keep everything moving - but now the chances are they'll hold me accountable --

LOUISE

I'm sorry - perhaps I'm selfish - but I'm thinking about myself. Something's happened I don't understand.

GEORGE

(comes out of
thinking about
himself and
looks at her)

What, Louise?

LOUISE

I went out to get some things for our dinner tonight. I had to stand in line a long time, and when I got back the house had been searched. I'd put --

She breaks off as the door opens and Major von Keller enters with his adjutant, Schwartz. Louise gives Von Keller a swift glance and her face goes cold as she looks away, pretending not to see him. George bows a little as Von Keller comes over to the desk. (Schwartz just watches, and during scene eases over to George's desk and covertly scans the papers lying on it.)

VON KELLER

Excuse me, Lambert, if I'm intruding. I thought you were alone. You know my adjutant.

GEORGE

(bows)

Yes, sir. I was expecting you.

(turns to the girl, inwardly proud to introduce her to a personage)

Louise, this is Major von Keller. Lieut. Schwartz...Miss Martin.

Von Keller bows gallantly and slips off his white glove to offer his hand but Louise looks at him coldly and ignores the hand, and he disguises his polite gesture by continuing the movement of his ungloved hand to his breast pocket, taking out his cigarette case as he smiles at her ironically. He directs his speech to George though he continues looking at the cold-faced girl.

VON KELLER

I know Miss Martin very well, even if she doesn't seem to know me. As protector of the town, it's my duty, Miss Martin, to know what our teachers are teaching -

(adds softly)

- and thinking.

(his smile deepens)

How are your "friends in the sky?"

Louise ignores him and turns to George quietly.

LOUISE

I wanted to see you alone. I can come back when you've finished.

VON KELLER

(before she
can move)

Go ahead, Miss Martin, don't
mind me.

(to George,
smiling)

She wants to ask you about some
papers she's lost.

LOUISE

(turns on
him sharply
accusing)

Not lost. They were stolen.

Schwartz smiles.

VON KELLER

(his eyes twinkle)

My report to my superiors says
neither. The forbidden pages
were burned.

(very pleasantly)

You see we protect the people
we like from their own mistakes.

GEORGE

(anxiously)

What did you do, Louise?

VON KELLER

Nothing, Lambert. Nothing at
all...expect prove our efficiency.

LOUISE

(coldly to
George as
she ignores
the Germans)

I've found out what I wanted to
ask you. I'll see you this
evening.

And abruptly she exits past the Germans as if they were
transparent. George is disturbed but as the door closes
sharply behind Louise, Von Keller turns to him blandly
as if it were a closed incident.

VON KELLER

Don't be disturbed, Lambert. We have more important matters to discuss. I've just been making an investigation of the wreck.

(stares at George
testingly)

A very unfortunate accident,
Lambert.

GEORGE

(grimly)

I wouldn't call it an accident,
Major von Keller.

VON KELLER

(dryly)

Neither would I. It was
sabotage.

GEORGE

(indignant about
the matter)

I knew when they began
circulating that illegal
newspaper we'd have trouble.
And this won't be the end of it.

VON KELLER

(eyes him
probingly)

Is there anyone you suspect?

GEORGE

(bitterly)

I don't know. Who prints the
newspaper? You can be sure
every workman in the railroad
yard gets hold of it. Find the
men who print the newspapers
and you'll find your saboteurs!

VON KELLER

(dryly)

Very logical - but not very
helpful. And not very
intelligent for either of us to
use the word sabotage.

GEORGE

(protests
bitterly)

But it is sabotage.

VON KELLER

You don't understand, my friend. If we call it sabotage I shall have to take hostages from the town - and shoot them finally if the guilty are not found. I don't like to shoot innocent people and I don't like to make martyrs - once you begin that it never stops until finally we'll find ourselves sitting on a powder keg. I've noticed what happens in our districts which we are protecting.

As George looks puzzled,

VON KELLER (cont'd)

Also the taking of hostages will only make the guilty men more cautious - and the shooting will make them more rebellious! Next time it will be a troop train that is wrecked. Fortunately, no German soldiers have been killed. Eggs, potatoes, meat - whatever's been destroyed by this - ah - accident can be replaced. The citizens in the town will eat a little less and talk a little more. You can't be blamed for an accident - and meantime we keep our ears open. I have many ears, as you know, and you are in touch with all the men who work here.

GEORGE

(bitterly)

You think they'll tell me anything? No. I'm the man who gives orders around here - and they regard anyone who gives orders as an enemy.

VON KELLER

(nods thoughtfully)

I can remember the time when we had the same problem in Germany - during the Republic, under Capitalism. I fought in the streets for our Fuhrer, Lambert - I killed workers with my own hands. For my class it was either kill or be killed. But we won, and now we are brothers. Absolute obedience!

GEORGE

(with bitterness)

I, too, fought the unions -
right in this yard.

(shows a scar
on his temple)

I was nearly killed. But you
had a leader, and you were
many. We had no leader and we
were few. That's why you're
here.

VON KELLER

But not as your enemy, Lambert.

GEORGE

If I thought you were I
wouldn't be doing what I am.

VON KELLER

I know that. We're here to help
men like you rebuild your own
country. Remember what my
country was before our Fuhrer.
A country without food, without
arms, without honor. But the
people were not bad, they were
only waiting to be told the
truth. It's the glory of the
Third Reich that we have shed
German blood to give that truth
not only to your people but to
the Aryans of the whole world.

GEORGE

Your ideas are exactly my ideas.
I saw how our country was
destroyed. False democratic
ideas - women refusing to have
children - strikes in all our
factories for a 40 hour week
while your people were working
70 and 80 hours a week. I want
the new order for my country.
I work for it. But I know we
can't have it till this war is
over. I must tell you the
truth - I don't like the
Occupation.

VON KELLER

Neither do I.

George stares at him curiously.

I'm glad we understand each other. We are both working for this war to be over. Only then can we have a peaceful and united Europe. And only then can your country - and men like you - regain their dignity and honor.

(extends
his hand)

Let us both work for that day.

George grips his hand with emotion.

DISSOLVE

INT. LORY HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS ROOM - NIGHT

128 We see a very peaceful and very dull family scene. Albert and his mother sit reading near the table lamp which sheds a soft glow around them. Both are reading and both have shawls around their shoulders, like two old women. From the house next door we hear an accordion playing a charming love song. The music disturbs Albert who raises his eyes from his book stealthily and glances at his mother who is absorbed in the official newspaper, but a little drowsy. His mother rustles the paper, perhaps turning a page or straightening it so she can see better, and he quickly looks down at his book again.

INSERT BOOK IN HIS HANDS. We see it is the Juvenal which Sorel lent to him that afternoon. MAT DOWN to the same lines Sorel was reading during the raid: "In order to preserve life, they lose the reason for living."

129 TWO SHOT as Albert ponders the page and then glances stealthily at his mother again. She takes no notice, absorbed in her paper, and cautiously he looks around, as if the music from next door were drawing him. As he does so the newspaper slips from her hands and rustles to the floor. Albert looks at her quickly, as if listening off to the music were a guilty act, but sees she has fallen asleep. He watches her a moment and then whispers to see if she is asleep.

ALBERT

Mother.

She doesn't stir and he looks around again in the direction of the sentimental music next door, soft and charming music. After a moment he watches his mother, then gets up very quietly and cautiously.

(murmurs
testingly again)

Mother?

She is sound asleep and he softly puts down his book and takes the shawl from his shoulders. He tiptoes, with many a backward glance, to make sure his mother sleeps, to a side door which opens on a garden between the two houses - the Lory home and the Martins'.

130 SHOT past him at the door. As he opens the door cautiously glancing back across his shoulder to make sure his mother doesn't see him, the music is louder and across the garden we see a lighted window. The glass is closed but the shutters are open. (No other lighted windows are visible because blackout regulations are enforced.) The music draws Albert, stronger than his fear of his mother, and after some hesitation he steps stealthily outside and closes the door very carefully, peering back at his mother through the closing crack.

EXT. GARDEN - BETWEEN LORY AND MARTIN HOUSES - NIGHT

131 CLOSE SHOT - Albert at side door. Still feeling guilty for what he is doing, he stands and looks around at the sky, like a man observing the night before he turns in. He knows he would still have an excuse if his mother should wake and call. He listens to the music. It is like a magnet and, taking his courage in his hands, he steps from the doorstep and goes across the garden furtively.

CAMERA FOLLOWS Albert as he crosses the garden feeling like a burglar. The music grows louder as we approach the Martin house. A low fence between the two small gardens is an unexpected problem which makes him hesitate. Then like a man diving into cold water, he steps across it awkwardly. Music grows stronger. CAMERA FOLLOWS him till he reaches the side of the Martin house and moves along it stealthily to the unshuttered window.

EXT. MARTIN HOUSE - NIGHT

132 CLOSE SHOT - Albert, CAMERA A LITTLE BEHIND him and on one side - as he furtively moves so that he can peer through the window. Music strong and sweet now, full of a feeling of love.

133 SHOT through window - what he sees: A charming scene of two pairs of lovers. Paul is stretched out in an easy chair playing the love song on his accordion, while Julie Grant sits on the arm of his chair with her arm carelessly around his shoulder as she listens, watching his face adoringly. Near them George Lambert and Louise Martin are sitting on a small sofa and he is talking to her as if nobody else were in the room, persuading her into something obviously, though we cannot hear the sounds of their voices. We see him take her hand and talk very urgently and masterfully and she finally agrees, and he kisses her hand and gets up exultantly and holds up his arms, waving his hands for Paul to stop playing. As the music breaks off -

EXT. MARTIN HOUSE - NIGHT

134 CLOSEUP - Albert watching through window, the light from the window across his face.

INT. MARTIN HOUSE - NIGHT

135 SHOT through window. We see George making an announcement with elaborate pantomime and jokes we don't hear and then he draws the flushed, laughing Louise up beside him, takes a ring from his pocket and puts it on her engagement finger with a mock-operatic manner and folds her in his arms as he kisses her. Julie claps her hands excitedly and Paul, grinning, plays a wedding march loudly and gaily on his accordion.

EXT. MARTIN HOUSE - NIGHT

136 CLOSEUP - Albert as he watches, a look of loneliness and torment on his face. He is shut out from it all, it's like looking out from the bars of a cage, the cage of his own stupid loneliness, at a happiness which he knows he can never attain.

137 CLOSE SHOT from behind Albert, past whose head we can see part of the happy scene within. A hand comes in and grips his arm and he starts fearfully.

CAMERA PULLS BACK QUICKLY to take in a policeman, who peers at him and recognizes him. (The music and singing prevent their voices being heard within.)

POLICEMAN

(growls)

Oh - Mr. Lory! What are you doing here?

ALBERT

(stammering)

I - I -

(then he grabs
at a straw as
he indicates
open shutters)

The shutters -- open -- I wanted
to tell them... The blackout!

POLICEMAN

(gruffly)

Oh, of course. I saw the light.
That's what I came for.

He takes the shutters and closes them, blotting the
happy scene from view. We hear a friendly miaow and
Albert nervously stoops down and picks up Louise's cat.
They are in **dim light** now.

POLICEMAN

Good night, Mr. Lory.

ALBERT

Good night.

Policeman watches him as he exits across the garden into
darkness. Then as the music and singing continue within,
the policeman stealthily pulls from his jacket a paper
and starts slipping it under the shutters.

138 CLOSEUP - policeman's hand pushing paper under shutters.
As his hand moves away we see the word LIBERTY at the
projecting top of the paper. The hand vanishes.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY

139 CLOSE SHOT - DOWN on curb in street - a stack of
newspapers is flung on sidewalk just out of frame and
some of them skid under lens and we see the word LIBERTY-
it is a stack of the illegal newspapers.

fs

(CONTINUED)

CAMERA PANS UP QUICKLY to WIDE ANGLE on a cellar door between two shops on the street - the butcher shop at right with a queue of people lined up along sidewalk away from camera. We see that a German soldier has flung the papers out on the sidewalk and now a second soldier emerges from cellar and flings another stack of confiscated newspapers out on sidewalk. Half a dozen German soldiers with bayoneted guns form a cordon around the front of the place. There is a German truck guarded by soldiers drawn up at the curb. Now two German soldiers come up from the cellar lugging the small printing press which we saw in an earlier scene and following them are two of the three printers whom we saw in the cellar printing the illegal newspaper. The two are Durand and a young man. The third man, middle-aged and with a face not easily forgotten, has evidently escaped or been out of the cellar when it was raided. (We shall presently see him in the watching crowd.) The two arrested printers have their hands up and are being herded by two German patrols with drawn pistols. The soldiers throw the small printing press into the truck as the two prisoners emerge from cellar, hands over their heads.

- 140 MED. SHOT - Von Keller's Mercedes car parked across street. Mayor Manville and Von Keller are in the back seat. The adjutant, Lieut. Schwartz, is in the front seat beside the soldier driver. They are all watching silently past camera at:
- 141 MED. LONG SHOT of the scene described above. This shot takes in more of the queue before the butcher shop (from point of view of the car across the street) and we see the grim silent faces of the people watching the arrest. Near the head of the queue are Julie Grant and a little pot-bellied man whom we shall see during the story. Also the third printer, the middle-aged man with a face to remember. The two printers are herded toward the truck as soldiers pick up the illegal newspapers which had been flung out on sidewalk and throw them into the truck (where the printing press has already been heaved).
- 142 NEAR SHOT - taking in the two arrested printers and part of the queue in b.g. Now we can note Julie, the third printer, and the little pot-bellied man in the queue, watching. The printers have hands up, moving toward the truck, threatened by the guns of the patrols. Other soldiers move in, eyeing the crowd of onlookers. The policeman whom we saw with Albert in the previous fade-out pedals in on his bicycle, props it against curb and takes his place by the queue to keep order, apparently very much on the side of the Germans. Durand is a little slow in getting to the truck and one of the patrols gives him a shove, so that his hat falls off. Julie, before the soldiers can stop her, dashes out from the queue, retrieves the hat and puts it on Durand's head as he moves on to the truck at curb. One of the German soldiers politely but firmly takes Julie's arm and leads her back toward the queue.

VON KELLER

(softly)

The sound of the mob, Mr. Mayor.
I don't like the way they look.

MAYOR

(confidently)

You don't have to worry now,
Major von Keller. Break up the
printing presses and you break
up rebellion.

(tears up the
illegal paper
scornfully)

This is the end of "Liberty."

VON KELLER

I hope so.

(to driver in
German)

(Karl, go ahead.)

Manville throws the torn scraps of newspaper out of the car and it pulls out.

CAMERA HOLDS as two German soldiers who have been waiting behind the commander's car follow the car, as a bodyguard. CAMERA HOLDS now on the vacated space and we see a citizen who has been lounging in a doorway at other side of sidewalk. He steps forward casually, drops his glasses by seeming accident and stoops to retrieve them.

CAMERA PANS DOWN to sidewalk and we see him pick up not only the glasses but the torn pieces of the illegal newspaper.

INT. DARK ATTIC ROOM - DAY

147 CLOSE SHOT of the back of a man. Stealthily he opens inward a small wooden door that covers an open window. Then he lifts in his hand a grenade, very close to camera.

CAMERA RISES SLOWLY and LOOKS DOWN PAST the head of the unknown man into the street below. We hear the whine of horn of the Mercedes car and see Von Keller approaching to pass below with the two soldiers on motorcycles close behind. As the car is directly below, the hand holding grenade in front of camera flings the missile. Instantly the man turns to flee past camera and we recognize Paul Martin.

explode with a shattering roar directly between the two motorcycle soldiers who are following. They are flung off their motorcycles.

149 FLASH CLOSE SHOT - Mayor and Von Keller - as they crouch in the rear seat of car to miss the blast, the mayor's hat blown off by the force of it.

150 SHOT up street - SHOOTING ACROSS the two German soldiers who are sprawled beside the motorbikes, dead, as the Mercedes car tears up street away from camera with its siren going and we see half a dozen German soldiers come running around the corner into street.

EXT. ROOF OF OLD BUILDING ON STREET - DAY

151 SHOOTING DOWN a stairway into an unused hall we see a man come pounding up toward camera. As he reaches top, right into camera, we see it is Paul. While he moves with all speed we see by his face he is not in a panic, he has thought out his whole plan beforehand.

CAMERA PANS as he dashes to right across the roof. There is a parapet and he is over it in a flash, disappearing from view. Below in the street we hear whistles blowing, shouts and noises of pursuit.

EXT. STREET - DAY

152 SHOOTING DOWN one side we see a dozen German soldiers running across and into various doorways to cut off escape of the fugitive. As far as we can see the soldiers are dashing into doorways. Whistles blowing and so forth.

EXT. ROOFTOPS - DAY

153 Paul comes running toward camera, jumping from roof to roof as he approaches. As he reaches the roof of a fairly large building he runs into camera and stops short in CLOSE SHOT, looking past camera.

154 REVERSE ANGLE - what he sees - LONG SHOT across roofs and we see two German soldiers come up through a stairway and start toward camera.

155 CLOSE SHOT - Paul - as he looks at the oncoming Germans, for once at his wits' ends. The Germans have moved faster than he anticipated.

156 The one next to where Paul first ran to the roof. A German soldier appears over the parapet in CLOSE SHOT and then sees:

EXT. ROOFTOPS - DAY

157 LONG SHOT across roofs and we see Paul silhouetted against the sky on the further roof.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

158 CLOSE SHOT - German - as he brings up his pistol and aims at the figure in the distance.

EXT. LARGE ROOFTOP - DAY

159 CLOSE SHOT - Paul, as he turns to look back whence he has come. We hear the shot of the German's pistol and Paul grabs his left arm. Paul looks around swiftly as he ducks low to get out of sight and CAMERA PANS as he runs in a stooped position to a large chimney at rear of the roof.

160 Large chimney on roof as Paul ducks behind it and crouches down looking for a way of escape. Finally his gaze fixes on a large window about twenty feet away, in the middle of the roof. He picks up a brick which has fallen from the crumbled chimney and waits, not visible to the oncoming soldiers so long as he stays behind the chimney.

161 WIDE ANGLE taking in both sides of the rooftop as the German soldiers come running from opposite directions. Paul lets fly with his brick and it crashes through the large dusty pane of the window, an instant before the soldiers jump over the parapets. The Germans look at each other for a split second, then all of them dive for the window and begin climbing through. As they vanish within, Paul straightens up and runs to the right.

INT. LARGE EMPTY ROOM AT TOP OF BUILDING - DAY

162 The three German soldiers who jumped through the broken window are jerking open doors with drawn guns. Nobody there and they run down a stairway.

163 The Germans come running down the stairway and jerk open the first door. We hear a woman's scream.

INT. ROOM - DAY

164 A buxom woman stands in a small tin tub indignantly with a towel wrapped around her while the Germans, paying not the slightest attention, are jerking open doors and overturning everything in the room. The next moment the soldiers are gone and the room is in shambles.

EXT. REAR OF BUILDING - DAY

165 A window opens, Paul comes out on a little balcony. A tree grows beside the balcony. Paul springs with agility, catches a branch and quickly lets himself down to the ground.

EXT. SMALL BACKYARD - DAY

166 We are in a narrow space between two board fences. A sort of small dingy garden. In a ~~MED.~~ LONG SHOT we see three men lurking silently behind a bush, as a gate opens in one fence and Paul enters hurriedly, closing board gate behind him. Immediately the three men emerge from behind bush, and two of them run to Paul as the third goes quickly to a closed gate in the opposite fence. Paul is already jerking off his coat and we can see his left shirt sleeve is reddened with blood. The two men have a coat and a hat, the coat of a different color from the one Paul rips off. One of the men slips on the other coat, the other gives Paul the hat which he claps on as he starts for opposite gate, which the third man has opened a crack so he can peer out. The first two men are already exiting from whence they came as the third man nods to Paul, lets him quickly out of the gate and closes gate and latches it behind him. Evidently all this has been prearranged and it is worked swiftly and silently, without a word.

EXT. GARDEN AT REAR OF LORY HOUSE - DAY

167 Some wash hanging on the line. Paul enters quickly through the rear gardens, gripping his left arm, glances around and sees no one, starts for the rear of his own house next door. As he is passing a sheet hung on the line, Mrs. Lory, who has just finished hanging it there and still has a couple of clothespins in her mouth, comes around and almost runs into him. He is startled but with presence of mind he drops his wounded arm and smiles pleasantly at her as he passes, as if it were an ordinary thing to walk through her garden.

PAUL
Oh, hello, Mrs. Lory.
(goes on past
nonchalantly)

- 168 CLOSE SHOT - Mrs. Lory - watching, a little curious and annoyed by his coming through her lettuce beds. She sees:
- 169 MED. LONG SHOT FROM her ANGLE as Paul steps over the low fence (which Albert crossed the night before) and goes around to the back of his house and enters, vanishing.

EXT. GATE OF GERMAN HEADQUARTERS - DAY

- 170 (This is in Notre Dame street, Ext. Fleur de Lis, which will now have German flags and sentries in front of it.) A motorcycle shoots in and stops with a skid. (Sergeant Schneider on motorbike.)
- 171 CLOSER SHOT - in front of entrance. The German sergeant jumps off his motorbike and a soldier takes the machine as the sergeant starts to enter. He almost bumps into the little pot-bellied man who is passing on the sidewalk and the little man belches loudly. The little man puts his hand to his stomach and starts to murmur "Indigestion!" apologetically but the sergeant is in too much of a hurry even to notice it. Without expression the little man passes on innocently.

DISSOLVE

INT. VON KELLER'S HEADQUARTERS - DAY

- 172 Mayor Manville stands uneasily watching von Keller, who seems not to have a care in the world as he is bent over an amusing little music box which is on his desk, tinkling out a dainty minuet while little mechanical figures dance atop of it. Lieut. Schwartz sits behind his desk, back of which are filing cabinets, busily writing a report. (Through windows we can see into the great hallway of the castle where there is a bustling activity of officers and non-coms going up and down the stair.)
- 173 CLOSE SHOT - Mayor watching uneasily at:

box, apparently charmed by the gay music and the little dancing figures, as if he were oblivious of the mayor's agitation. Over the music we hear a knock at the door. Von Keller calls pleasantly without looking around.

VON KELLER

Herein!

175 CLOSE SHOT - heavy doors as they are opened from outside by an orderly and the sergeant, Schneider, steps in briskly and salutes.

176 FULL SHOT. Von Keller is still fooling with the music box, apparently absorbed in it, as he speaks in German to the sergeant.

VON KELLER

(What did you find, Schneider?)

SCHNEIDER

(in German)

(The assassin got away, sir. They saw him but they didn't get near enough to recognize him. They fired several shots. Corporal Heinz is certain one of the shots took effect.)

Von Keller straightens up, looks at Schneider for an instant and then nods pleasantly.

VON KELLER

(in German)

(Very stupid. You may go.)

The sergeant salutes and exits and von Keller shuts off the music box and sits on the edge of his desk, swinging a leg and staring at the uneasy Mayor a little grimly now.

VON KELLER (cont'd)

Well, that settles it. The man got away. Not even recognized.

(looks at the
frightened
Mayor with
inward scorn)

This concerns you too, Mr. Mayor.
An attempt was made upon your
life as well as on mine.

The Mayor is silent before those steely eyes.

VON KELLER (cont'd)

Have you any suggestions?

MAYOR

What about the two men you arrested? They must know who it was.

Von Keller doesn't answer immediately. He picks up an issue of the illegal newspaper from a pile of them on his desk.

177 CLOSE SHOT - Von Keller, as he stares at the paper and we recognize it with the word LIBERTY across the top.

VON KELLER

I'm afraid you don't understand your own people. I know these men --

(taps the paper almost as if it were defying him)

We had them in Germany.

178 FULL SHOT taking in Von Keller as he looks up from the paper at the Mayor and adds grimly.

VON KELLER

Fanatics! They'll die -- but they'll tell nothing.

(almost regretfully)

I'm afraid we'll have to take hostages. I don't like to begin it, but --

(with a helpless gesture)

- two German soldiers have been killed.

MAYOR

(unhappily)

I'm so sorry, Major von Keller.

(CONTINUED)

VON KELLER

(dryly)

I appreciate your sentiments,
but this time my superiors
won't accept any apologies.

Studies the paper in his hands, something revolving in
the back of his keen mind.

VON KELLER (cont'd)

Have you ever studied this paper?

The Mayor is uncertain how to reply and he goes on
musingly, as he reads an excerpt.

VON KELLER (cont'd)

"They make a desert, and they
call it peace." Mmmm. Classical
flavor.

(looks at Mayor)

Who wrote that?

MAYOR

Why, the men you arrested.

VON KELLER

Oh no, no, my dear Mayor, they
were only printers. Workmen.
They were the hands, I'm
looking for the brain. This
shows scholarship.

(turns to
his writing
adjutant)

Schwartz!

Schwartz looks up from his scratching.

VON KELLER (cont'd)

Give me that list of books you
found on the desk of Prof. Sorel.

Schwartz gets it out of a file and brings it over to him
and he runs his eye down the list.

VON KELLER (cont'd)

Voltaire...Plato...Juvenal...
Tacitus -

That rings a bell in his memory and his face lights up.

VON KELLER (cont'd)

Tacitus!

(quotes the
Latin)

"Ubi solitudinem faciunt, pacem
appellant."

(points an
excited finger
at the blank-
faced Mayor)

You recognize it, Manville?

MAYOR

(hesitantly)

Is it Greek?

VON KELLER

(his mind
excited)

Latin! Tacitus is speaking of
the Roman occupation: "They
make a desert, and they call it
peace."

(jubilantly gets
up as he throws
down the paper)

We've got it!

MAYOR

(gets up
agitated)

Surely you don't suspect my old
friend Sorel. I've known Sorel
all my life. He was always a
little radical - he had crazy
ideas - I never agreed with him -
but he's one of the most
respected men in the town. He'd
never make an attempt on my life.

VON KELLER

(in very good
spirits now)

Of course not, of course not,
my dear Manville. What about
a glass of wine? We'll drink
a toast to Tacitus.

The Mayor looks very relieved.

CLOSE SHOT - Paul Martin bent over the sink washing his arm. He has pulled off his shirt and is in his undershirt. We can see in this close shot that the wound is slight, just a flesh wound in his left forearm.

CAMERA PULLS BACK SLOWLY to take in a window that looks out on the street and we see Louise and Albert returning from the school. Albert is carrying her books like a schoolboy lover. They stop outside window (in front of door which we cannot see) and she takes the books from Albert and sees him looking at the ring on her finger. She laughs and we see her telling about the engagement as she shows him the ring. Then she turns into the house, vanishing from view. Albert remains standing, watching her with desperate expression even after the door closes behind her. He is awakened from his trance by Mr. Lorraine who comes along sidewalk holding the hand of his small son, Edmond. Albert starts as Lorraine speaks and then hurries on to his home next door. Lorraine looks after him curiously and then crosses street toward his place across the way.

CAMERA PULLS BACK FURTHER to keep Paul in frame at the sink and also take in a door that leads into another room. Louise appears in the doorway taking off her hat. She sees Paul whose back is half to her as he is bent over the sink.

LOUISE

Paul - what's the matter?

CLOSE SHOT - Paul, as he starts at sound of her voice and quickly grips his arm to cover the slight wound.

PAUL

(casually)

Oh, nothing.

But she enters to him, sees he is hiding something, takes his hand and pulls it away from his left forearm.

PAUL (cont'd)

It's just a scratch.

LOUISE

(looks at him,
thunderstruck)

It was a bullet.

PAUL

(still trying
to pretend)

Don't be silly, Louise.

She stares at him incredulously, frightened, and a full realization floods into her face.

LOUISE

It was you.

PAUL

(quietly)

I'm sorry you came in. I don't want you to get mixed up in anything. What you don't know can't hurt you.

Suddenly, unable to take her eyes from his worried face, she begins to cry.

PAUL (cont'd)

Don't do that. It's nothing, just a scratch.

For answer, still crying, she just puts her arms around him, choking for joy.

LOUISE

Oh Paul - I'm so happy.
(crying brokenly)
I thought - I thought -

PAUL

(with great
tenderness)

I know what you thought. Never mind.

She is unable to speak for her crying but she kisses him, clinging to him in pride and joy as we

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. ALBERT'S CLASSROOM - DAY

181

It is early morning, just before Albert's arrival and the room is in an uproar. The two oldest boys, Julian Lamont and Henry Noble, are having a wild fox chase, dashing around after the slight boy, Edmond Lorraine, who is trying to evade them like a frantic rabbit. The rest of the boys are whooping it up and urging it on. Edmond is very agile but in trying to spring over a desk he trips and the two big boys pounce on him.

fiercely but they overpower him, pin his arms and legs to the floor. Then someone hands Julian an inkwell and he dips his finger in the ink and smears a "J" on Edmond's face.

183 MED. SHOT at hall door as it opens and Albert Lory steps in, his copybooks under his arm. Startled reaction as he sees:

184 FULL SHOT. The boys have sighted the teacher and they scramble to their desks as fast as they can. Julian and Henry are the first to get behind their desks and Edmond is the last to get up and slide into his desk, blinking back his tears, the "J" still on his face. Albert musters a stern face and claps his hands at them sharply - and ineffectually.

ALBERT

Quiet, please! I'm very disappointed in you.

A loud miaow comes from somewhere though the boys sit very quiet. Albert's voice is kind, trying still to appeal to their hearts, which makes his failure the more absurd and touching.

ALBERT (cont'd)

This is a place of learning and culture, and the first requisite of culture is good manners -

Miaow, miaow, miaow - but he ignores them.

ALBERT (cont'd)

I've done my best to preserve dignity in this classroom, but if you continue to misbehave I shall have to report you to the Principal -

A chorus of derisive sounds from the boys. He looks at them helplessly and then his gaze fixes on Edmond who is trying to rub the "J" from his face with his sleeve but only succeeds in smearing it.

ALBERT (cont'd)

Edmond! What's on your face?

EDMOND

They say I'm a Jew.

ALBERT

Who did it?

As Edmond hesitates, scared -

185 CLOSE SHOT - Julian Lamont. He slyly pulls back a rubber band and aims a paper wad.

186 CLOSE SHOT - Edmond as the wet paper wad smacks against his cheek. He doesn't move.

EDMOND

I don't know, sir.

187 CLOSE SHOT - Albert. His expression is somewhat like Edmond's. He has seen the paper wad but he knows he is up against something he cannot cope with.

188 FULL SHOT as the rest of the boys wait to see what Albert is going to do. He motions to Edmond.

ALBERT

You may leave the room,
Edmond. Go to the washroom
and clean your face.

There is a snicker from the class as the little boy goes out of the room past Albert, but before the door can close, Louise appears in the doorway with a pale, excited face.

LOUISE

Mr. Lory! Come quickly! They're
arresting Mr. Sorel!

For an instant Albert is thunderstruck. But as she vanishes he rushes out into the hall to follow her, his face shocked.

189 SHOOTING DOWN hall we glimpse two German soldiers with Sorel between them turn the corner at end of hall to exit into street. Louise is running to overtake them and Albert runs ridiculously and madly after them to catch up, passing the little boy who is on the way to the washroom.

EXT. IN COURTYARD ATTACHED TO SCHOOL - DAY

190 FULL SHOT FROM gate which leads to street. In f.g. is a military closed car, a German soldier behind the wheel. Across the court we see Lieut. Schwartz waiting outside the school entrance, as two German soldiers emerge from the door with the calm-faced Sorel between them.

191 NEAR SHOT - doorway, as the soldiers come out with Sorel between them and start toward the car with Schwartz. The next instant Louise and Albert come running out behind them and Albert in his blind confusion and love for Sorel does the first brave act of his life. Frantically he grabs the arm of Sorel and hangs on to him, stopping him as he cries out:

ALBERT

Professor! Professor Sorel!

GERMAN SOLDIER

(turns on him
sharply, in
German)

(Get away, you. Let go. Don't
make any trouble.)

ALBERT

(frantically and
blindly, not
even hearing him
as he hangs on
to Sorel)

They mustn't take you! Don't
leave us! We can't run the
school without you! The boys
are getting out of hand! Don't
leave us!

SOREL

(reassuringly as
the soldiers take
hold of his arms to
pull him away from
Albert)

Dignity, Lory, dignity! You
can run the school.

Albert grabs hold of the soldier who starts to pull Sorel along impatiently.

ALBERT

Stop it! Let go! You can't
take him! I won't let you!

SOLDIER

(angrily,
in German)
(Shut up, you fool.)

And he gives him an angry shove. Albert goes back, his heels hit the step and he sits down with a hard thump, looking ridiculous.

- 192 CLOSEUP - Lieutenant Schwartz as he looks significantly at:
- 193 Albert sprawled on step from his ANGLE. Louise runs in to help Albert to his feet as the little boy, Edmond, runs out of the door to help his teacher.
- 194 FULL SHOT as Schwartz nods to the soldiers and they quickly lead Sorel toward the car. Albert gets up, helped by Louise and Edmond.
- 195 CLOSE SHOT - Edmond, Albert and Louise as they look past camera at:
- 196 Military car near gate. The soldiers are putting Sorel into a rear seat beside Mr. Lorraine. A guard stands on the running board.
- 197 CLOSEUP - Edmond, a wild look on his young face as he cries out:

EDMOND

Father!

- 198 WIDE ANGLE taking in car, soldiers, Schwartz and the group in courtyard as Edmond runs to the car, calling to his father beside whom Sorel now seats himself calmly.

MED. SHOT - car, taking in soldiers and prisoners as the little boy tries to get on the running board and reach his father.

EDMOND

(crying)

Father! Father!

Lorraine leans out, clasps him for an instant and kisses his son.

MR. LORRAINE

It's all right, son. Don't worry, I'll come back. You go home and comfort your mother. You're the man now.

The car pulls out, leaving the little boy standing there in the gateway. Louise comes to him, holding Albert's hand and leading him as if he were also a stunned child. With her free hand she takes hold of Edmond's hand, standing between the man and the boy as they look after the car which we hear going down street out of scene. Both Albert and Edmond are crying silently but Louise is strong, ready for the fight.

LOUISE

You're a brave boy, Edmond --

Then she looks at Albert and on an impulse kisses his cheek as she would kiss a child.

LOUISE (cont'd)

And so are you, Albert.

DISSOLVE

INT. VON KELLER'S HEADQUARTERS - DAY

200

Von Keller sits behind his desk, a glass of wine in hand, looking quizzically at Louise, who sits stiff and angry in an ornate chair, an untouched glass of wine on a small table beside her. Von Keller sips his wine and sets down the glass with polite finality.

VON KELLER

I'm afraid you're wasting your time, Miss Martin. And mine too.

(CONTINUED)

He reaches out and turns on the little music box and the minuet tinkles softly as the little mechanical figures dance or revolve. Louise doesn't know what to say but she finds this attitude hard to stand. Her eyes flash angrily as she finally bursts out:

LOUISE

Surely you can't have anything against Professor Sorel. Everyone in town knows him and respects him. A lot of us love him. He's a fine man - a good man.

VON KELLER

(dryly)

And he writes very well. I admire his style.

LOUISE

(not understanding his subtlety; pleading)

He's a kind man. You ought to know he wouldn't do anything violent. And Mr. Lorraine --

VON KELLER

(cuts in sharply)

- Is a Jew.

He reaches out abruptly and cuts off the music box. Louise watches him, a little frightened.

LOUISE

What will happen to them?

Von Keller gets up and goes to her, framing his reply.

201 CLOSER TWO SHOT as he stops in front of her chair, studying her, his voice quiet.

VON KELLER

Miss Martin, two German soldiers were murdered today - out there in the street. If the criminal does not give himself up within a week, ten hostages will be shot --

She flinches and he adds quickly:

VON KELLER (cont'd)

- But not by me. Their deaths will be caused by the cowardice of the criminal who refuses to confess his guilt.

LOUISE

(looks at him
with horror)

You'd shoot innocent men?

VON KELLER

I told you I have nothing to do with it. But I confess I don't find myself grieving for the innocence of Sorel. Your own hostility to me reflects his teaching. And you pass it on to your children. These ideas are a contagion and the place to stamp them out is in the schools. You can make a child believe whatever you want, and the children of today are the soldiers and mothers of tomorrow. Ten years ago our German children were like yours. But we National Socialists threw out the Sorels and took charge of the schools - and look at them now: heroes who have conquered the world.

LOUISE

(gets up in
horror)

No, no. You never can.

VON KELLER

(looks at her
amusedly for
a moment)

My dear child, if I didn't know you were going to be married to a very reliable man I'd be worried about you.

She looks at him with silent loathing and he smiles.

(CONTINUED)

VON KELLER (cont'd)

You prove by this childish
outburst how infallible our
Führer is in confining women
to motherhood and home.

LOUISE

(coldly, now
in possession
of herself)

Thank you, Major von Keller, for
helping me to understand what
this Occupation really means.

VON KELLER

(as she turns
to the door)

Thank you for your company, Miss
Martin. And don't worry too much
about Sorel - we have ways of
finding out things - the chances
are we'll find the guilty man.

(chuckles as
she exits)

My regards to Lambert - and save
me a piece of the wedding cake.

DISSOLVE

INT. GEORGE LAMBERT'S OFFICE - AT FREIGHT TERMINAL - DAY

202

George is busy at his desk, and through the big window
behind him we see freights shunting on the maze of tracks
and the switch tower beyond, as the door opens and Louise
enters, disturbed by her encounter with Von Keller.

LOUISE

George!

GEORGE

(gets up eagerly)

Darling, this is a surprise.

He looks to see that no one is passing window and then
puts his arms around her and kisses her.

GEORGE (cont'd)

No school today?

(CONTINUED)

LOUISE

(suddenly very
feminine, she
wants to cry
on his shoulder)

They arrested Professor Sorel.

She begins crying and he holds her close to him and comforts her tenderly and sympathetically.

GEORGE

Poor darling. Don't cry.
(kisses her)

Come, sit down, dear. I know
how you feel. Crying won't do
any good.

He leads her over to his chair and she sinks into it, glad to be weak for a change and have someone to comfort her. He takes his handkerchief and dries her eyes.

GEORGE (cont'd)

(as to a child,
tenderly)

There now, is that better?

LOUISE

George, I'm frightened. I'm
scared to death. Life is getting
horrible. I don't know what to
do. I need you.

GEORGE

Of course you need me, darling.
That's what I'm here for. I
love you.

As she relaxes, comforted:

GEORGE (cont'd)

I know all about Sorel. They
also took that fellow that runs
the store across the street
from you - Lorraine, and eight
other men. One of them worked
here in the yard.

(petting her
comfortingly)

But nothing can happen for a
week. If they find the man who
threw the bomb they'll all be
released.

LOUISE

(half out of
her mind)

But that's just it. You don't understand. The man who threw the bomb -- Oh, George, I'm in an awful situation.

GEORGE

(comfortingly)

I know, dear, I know. The man who threw the bomb is a criminal.

Louise draws back and looks up at him as if she couldn't have heard aright but in his indignation he doesn't notice it.

GEORGE (cont'd)

If he has a spark of courage he'll come forward and admit his guilt - save innocent men.

LOUISE

(staring at him)

You really think he's a criminal?

GEORGE

(righteously)

Look, Louise, all of us hate this Occupation. I stood up to Major von Keller and told him to his face I didn't like it. But we have to face facts: They have the power. If one of us wants to resist, and get killed, that's foolish but courageous. He takes the risk and punishment himself. But the man who secretly resists, with acts of sabotage, is a coward; he escapes and innocent people die.

LOUISE

(staring at him)

You believe that?

GEORGE

It's obvious, darling.

(CONTINUED)

LOUISE

(looking at him
strangely)

You mean everyone who resists
the enemy should give himself
up, George?

GEORGE

I think so.

LOUISE

Then there is no more
resistance.

GEORGE

Then we'd have peace. Wouldn't
we be better off? Our duty now
is to keep alive. To exist.
What becomes of a nation if its
citizens all die? Do you want
to die? Do I want to die?

LOUISE

(quietly; looks
at him as if
she had never
seen him before)

I saw them take Professor Sorel.
He's not afraid to die.

She gets up and looks out the window, suddenly a million
miles from him.

GEORGE

But he's old. We're young.
Life means everything to us.

LOUISE

(looking out
at the switch
tower)

I know young men who aren't
afraid to die.

GEORGE

(goes to her)

Nothing is worth the sacrifice
of your life, Louise. We have
everything ahead of us - love,
marriage, children --

LOUISE

(turns on him)

No, George.

He looks at her blankly as she takes off the ring and drops it on his desk.

LOUISE (cont'd)

I was in love with you. Maybe I'm still in love with you. But I begin to feel as if I'd never looked at you before. This is the first time you've been frank with me. My mind's confused - I haven't the right answer yet for the things you've said, but I feel - I know you're wrong.

Her eyes widen as the door swings open and Paul walks in, his usual gay self.

PAUL

Hello, folks.

(grins)

I don't know how you do it, George. I can't get my girl to come down here and visit me.

Louise walks straight past him and exits. He looks after her curiously, then at the discomfited George.

PAUL (cont'd)

Hey, what's the matter?

GEORGE

(trying to cover up, hiding the ring in his hand)

Oh, she's just upset. She'll get over it. You know women.

PAUL

(laughs)

I sure don't.

FADE OUT

FADE IN.

EXT. MEADOWLAND OUTSIDE THE TOWN - DAY - (LOCATION)

203

LONG SHOT. Two tiny figures, a man and a boy, appear against the bright sky over a rise of ground in the distance, coming toward camera. (Doubles)

DISSOLVE

EXT. MEADOW - DAY-(STEREO & PROCESS)

204

NEAR SHOT and we recognize the two figures as Albert Lory and Edmond Lorraine. The time is several days later. They are picking flowers in the meadow as they come toward camera, stooping here and there. Suddenly Edmond sees some flowers very near camera and he runs to them.

EDMOND

Mr. Lory! Look!

Albert follows him and CAMERA PANS DOWN to CLOSE TWO SHOT as they pick the flowers, Albert arranging the growing bouquet in his hands rather fussily. The little boy arranges his own bouquet and suddenly his face goes grave as he looks at them.

EDMOND (cont'd)

I wish I could take these to my father.

Looks up at Albert who is silent, arranging his own flowers.

EDMOND (cont'd)

Mama says they'll let him go.
Maybe the end of the week.

(then worried)

But last night she was crying.

ALBERT

(man to man)

You tell her not to worry, Edmond.
They'll find the guilty man.

EDMOND

(picking another
flower gravely)

I hate to leave you, Mr. Lory.

(CONTINUED)

ALBERT

(looks up)

What do you mean?

CAMERA FOLLOWS them as they move along, picking more flowers.

EDMOND

Mama says they're going to send us away to Poland. But I don't care - if we're with my father.

(then as an
afterthought)

Some day we'll come back and see you again - you and Miss Martin.

(looks up
artlessly)

Are you going to marry her, Mr. Lory?

ALBERT

(almost drops his
flowers, very
embarrassed before
the candid gaze)

What an idea! Don't you think I'm too old for her?

EDMOND

Are you old, Mr. Lory?

ALBERT

(fussed)

Well - uh - I'm not - uh - I'm not as young as Miss Martin.

EDMOND

(innocently)

Are you older than Mr. Lambert?

ALBERT

Yes.

EDMOND

(trying to
fix things)

But now she doesn't want him. Maybe it's because he's too young. She liked Prof. Sorel and he's old.

(CONTINUED)

ALBERT

Edmond, I'll tell you something.
Women are hard to understand.

205 ANOTHER ANGLE on them - SHOOTING ACROSS the water CLOSE on Albert as he leans out to pick an overhanging flower, the boy just behind him. There is a dreamy look in Albert's eye as he sees something in the water just under low camera.

206 What he sees. CLOSEUP his own face reflected in the water. Into it comes his dream and we see Louise's face reflected as she kisses him on the cheek, just as she did after the soldiers took Mr. Sorel.

207 CLOSE SHOT - Albert looking dreamily at the reflection and smiling a little as Edmond leans over to look curiously.

EDMOND

You see a fish, Mr. Lory?

ALBERT

(studying his
reflection,
very seriously)

Do you know what it is to be in
love, Edmond?

EDMOND

Yes, sir. I love my mother.
And Miss Martin, too.

Albert looks at him as if he were a man and both sit down on the grassy bank.

ALBERT

You're very young, but maybe
what I'm going to tell you now
will help you some day when
you're old. First, remember this -
the most wonderful thing in the
world is to love somebody.

The boy listens attentively.

(CONTINUED)

ALBERT (cont'd)
Second, women are a mystery. You never know how they feel toward you. You think there's no hope - that they're going to marry someone else - and suddenly you get a kiss and they break with the other man. You must never despair, no matter how old you are.

(confidentially)

And now she's invited me to dinner. That brings up another problem - your mother. Your mother loves you, but for some reason she doesn't like other women. You've got to be firm -

(sighs)

It's not easy, Edmond.

EDMOND

(very interested)

My mama likes Miss Martin.

ALBERT

Wait till you grow up.

(very puzzled

himself)

The last problem is how to declare your love. A little gift - flowers - they help. Remember that.

EDMOND

Yes, sir.

ALBERT

(glances around
to make sure
they are alone)

You stand up and I'll show you how it's done.

Both get up, the boy profoundly interested in the role he is enacting.

208 MED. TWO SHOT as Albert bows to the boy and presents his bouquet.

ALBERT

(with confidence)

Please accept these poor flowers as a token of my admiration and love --

209

Albert and Louise sit facing each other across the little table. A lamp sheds a soft glow on their faces. Three places are laid, but Paul has not yet come home, even though the dinner is finished. (The cat is in this scene.) Albert is very shy and self-conscious, ill at ease in contrast from his confidence with the little boy. There is silence as Louise pours coffee into his cup and then into her own, glancing anxiously at Paul's unused plate and empty chair as she sets down the coffee pot. There are beads of sweat on Albert's forehead as he summons all his courage and begins:

ALBERT

Louise, I - there's something
I wish to say to you.
(adds a little
desperately)
Something important.

LOUISE

What?

ALBERT

(looks at her
desperately,
then blurts)
This coffee is excellent.

LOUISE

(looks at him as
if she thinks he
has suddenly
lost his mind)
It's not real coffee, Albert.

ALBERT

(with a mighty
effort)
It's -- it's better.

LOUISE

(still thinking
his conduct
strange)
I've almost forgotten what coffee
tastes like. This is made with
roasted corn.

ALBERT

I - I wouldn't have known it.

LOUISE
(looks at
him closely)
You feel all right, Albert?

ALBERT
(puts his fingers
to his collar
rather feverishly)
It's a little warm.

LOUISE
I'll open the window.

Albert watches her helplessly as she goes to the window, opening the glass but leaving the shutters closed, so the air can circulate through it without showing light outside. As she comes back to table she looks anxiously at Paul's unused plate.

LOUISE (cont'd)
I don't understand why Paul
isn't here. He knew you were
coming for dinner.

ALBERT
(gets to his feet,
looking at her
glassy-eyed)
Louise, I have something to say
to you.

LOUISE
(looks at him
closely,
realizing he's
not normal)
Albert, are you worried about
something? Is it your mother?
I know she doesn't like me.
I know she didn't want you to
come here.

ALBERT
(in helpless protest)
I --

LOUISE
(sweetly)
Don't apologize, you don't have
to explain a thing. She's old
and lonely. I understand how
you feel. You go now - you don't
have to stay any longer.

(CONTINUED)

ALBERT
(like a drowning
man)
Thank you, Louise.

He goes toward the door, too incoherent to explain, and she calls out.

LOUISE
You forgot something.

She gets a package wrapped in tissue paper and takes it to him.

210 Albert at door as she comes to him with the package. He looks at her desperately.

ALBERT
It's for you.

LOUISE
(surprised)
For me?

She opens the paper and we see the bunch of wild flowers he picked with Edmond during the afternoon.

LOUISE (cont'd)
Why, they're lovely. Where'd you get them?

ALBERT
Edmond - uh - picked them for you. You know he's - uh - very fond of you.
(then blurts out)
Louise - Louise - I must speak to you - Louise, I know I'm not young - and you're so young in mind - I remember the day you graduated - I was already teaching then --

She is looking at him wonderingly as he struggles on desperately.

ALBERT (cont'd)

- and the day you came back to
teach your first class - I was
worried about you, and so
happy when I saw how the
children loved you -

(takes her hand)

And now we're both here together -
we're the only ones left in the
school - I feel so close to you -

There is a shattering explosion in the distance that
shakes the windows, and he breaks off, both startled.

LOUISE

What's that?

There is a second explosion, and then a third,
reverberating.

INT. LORY HOUSE - NEXT DOOR - NIGHT

211 Mrs. Lory, who has been reading the newspaper beside the
lamp on the table, has got to her feet with a startled
expression. As she listens we hear another reverberation
in the distance. She quickly puts out the light and
hurries to the front door, opens it a crack and peers
out into the dark street. We hear the rising whine of
a siren in the distance. Mrs. Lory shuts the door and
hurries to the side door that opens on the gardens
between the two houses, thinking of her son Albert.

EXT. LORY HOUSE - SIDE DOOR - NIGHT

212 CLOSE SHOT on Mrs. Lory as she opens the door and peers
out into darkness. She hears what we do, running feet
approaching. As she watches:

EXT. GARDEN BETWEEN HOUSES - NIGHT

213 What she sees: A dark figure comes running across the
gardens behind the row of houses, jumps the fence and
the next instant we see an oblong of light as the
shutters of the Martin house are pulled open.

EXT. MARTIN HOUSE - NIGHT

214 CLOSE SHOT - window of Martin house. We see it is Paul
Martin who is climbing into window.

EXT. LORY HOUSE - NIGHT

215 CLOSEUP - Mrs. Lory, watching from her doorway.

INT. MARTIN HOUSE - NIGHT

216 Louise and Albert look dumbfounded as Paul scrambles in through the window, closes shutters behind him. Louise runs to him in a fright, understanding everything now in a flash.

LOUISE

Paul!

PAUL

(closes window
swiftly)

Lock the door, Louise!

Paul turns, seeing the frightened Albert but making no explanations.

PAUL (cont'd)

Lory! Sit down at the table!

EXT. LORY HOUSE - NIGHT

217 CLOSE SHOT - Mrs. Lory peering out half-opened door. We hear police whistles coming nearer and more sirens of the German soldiers. A motorcycle races through the street on the other side of the house. Now we hear voices and men and she sees:

INT. LORY HOUSE - NIGHT

218 SHOT THROUGH half-open door. Half a dozen German soldiers are coming through the garden with flashlights, going toward the Martin house next door. The door is closed softly by Mrs. Lory, blotting them from view, though we still hear their German voices and whistles.

INT. MARTIN HOUSE - NIGHT

219 THREE SHOT at table - Paul, Louise and a frightened Albert. Louise is smearing Paul's plate to make it appear used, as Paul lights a cigarette and offers one to Albert, speaking in a sharp, low voice. (Whistles and voices approaching.)

rh

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

Understand. I was here for
dinner. I've been here for an
hour.

(impatiently)

Smoke it, man. Smoke it.

ALBERT

(fumbling with
the cigarette)

I don't smoke.

PAUL

(thrusts lighted
match at its tip)

Breathe in.

There is a hard knocking at the door as Albert does so, chokes on the smoke and begins to cough helplessly. Paul pays no attention but motions to Louise and she gets up and unlocks the door. As she opens it a German sergeant steps in followed by two soldiers. We see more soldiers outside the door. The sergeant looks at Albert coughing and Paul gets up nonchalantly from the table, cigarette in hand.

PAUL (cont'd)

Hello, sergeant. What's the
trouble? What were those
explosions?

SERGEANT

Ammunition train!

He looks around room suspiciously as the two soldiers open other doors, looking around.

SERGEANT (cont'd)

Anyone come in here?

PAUL

No.

SERGEANT

(points at the
coughing Albert
who holds his
cigarette like
an amateur)

You live here?

Albert shakes his head, coughing, his face pale and sweating.

SERGEANT (cont'd)
What are you doing here, then?

LOUISE
(as Albert coughs)
He's Mr. Lory from next door.
He was having dinner with us.

SERGEANT
(now confronting
Albert who is
still coughing,
tears running
from his eyes)
Why don't you answer when you're
spoken to?

ALBERT
(holding up
cigarette -
incoherently)
I don't -
(coughs)
- smoke.

Louise looks frightened but Paul covers it with a laugh to the sergeant.

PAUL
He's the schoolmaster. I gave
him his first cigarette.

The sergeant, contemptuous of the jellyfish Albert, takes the cigarette from his shaking fingers and throws it on the floor.

SERGEANT
How long you been here?

ALBERT
Oh - I came home with my mother -
and then I read the -

SERGEANT
(impatiently)
What time?

ALBERT
(swallows)
Six o'clock.

SERGEANT
Who was here?

ALBERT
Why, Louise - I mean Miss
Martin - and - and -

LOUISE
(quickly)
And my brother Paul.

SERGEANT
(sternly to her)
I'm not asking you.
(to Albert)
Who was here?

ALBERT
(pointing at Paul
and finding it
hard to lie)
He was here.

SERGEANT
(suspiciously)
You're sure about that?

ALBERT
(shakily)
Yes, sir.

SERGEANT
(turns on Paul,
indicating Albert)
And you're sure this old fellow
was here all the time?

PAUL
(grins)
Sure, sergeant. He's sweet
on my sister.

(CONTINUED)

The sergeant looks at Louise, then at Albert, then says in German to the two soldiers who have returned from searching the other rooms: "(In the old pans, they make the best soup)" The soldiers laugh, looking at Albert. But even as they laugh, Mrs. Lory, very angry and indignant, comes running to the open door, pushes the soldiers aside and confronts the sergeant, her voice high and furious:

MRS. LORY

You get those men out of my house! Where do you think you are - in Germany?

SERGEANT

Please, please, lady --

MRS. LORY

(right over his protest, seizing his coat sleeve and pulling him toward door)

Don't give me any please - please - You get them out of my house! I'm a decent, law-abiding woman and I don't hide anybody!

(shoots an angry look at Louise)

I don't hide anybody!

(then to sergeant)

You've got no right to come banging into my house.

(over her shoulder, sharply)

Albert! You come home!

ALBERT

(suddenly remembering the illegal newspaper hidden in his room and terrified at the idea of the Germans finding it in their search)

Yes, mother.

(follows her hurriedly)

FULL SHOT. Everything is topsy-turvy in the room, and we hear a heavy-footed German soldier clumping down the wooden steps from upstairs. Then he appears, a beefy, hulking fellow, looks around like a man doing his duty thoroughly, sees one cupboard unopened, goes over and jerks open the door as if he expected to find somebody hiding there. Mrs. Lory's pride, a set of old china, tumbles from the shelf atop the cupboard and crashes on the floor, just as Mrs. Lory comes running in, followed by the sergeant and the alarmed Albert. Mrs. Lory explodes with fury.

MRS. LORY

Oh, my stars - my best china!

(yells at the
sergeant as she
points at the
littered fragments)

My wedding gift from the mayor!

(yells at the
beefy soldier who
blinks, taken aback)

Get out of here, you lummox!

SERGEANT

(stares at the
beefy soldier,
in sharp German)

(Come here, Timmermeister.)

The beefy soldier steps over in front of him smartly, and the sergeant gives him a terrific smack across the face. The man blinks and doesn't move though tears come to his eyes. Albert flinches at the brutality of the act and even Mrs. Lory is startled. The sergeant turns very politely to Mrs. Lory, as if he had proved the correctness of Nazi behaviour.

SERGEANT (cont'd)

Are you satisfied, lady?

MRS. LORY

(indignantly)

No! You're a brute! You're
all brutes!

The sergeant stares at her uncomprehendingly, thinking he must be dealing with an insane woman, and utterly at a loss to know what to do, as we

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. LORY HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

- 221 The breakfast table is set, the official newspaper propped up in front of Albert's chair. We hear his clump down the stairs and he appears with Louise's cat in his arms, stops mechanically at the tall clock at the foot of stairway and sets it back five minutes, from 7:35 to 7:30. Through the door we can glimpse Mrs. Lory in the kitchen preparing his coffee. Albert goes to front door to put the cat out but something catches his eye.
- 222 What he sees: A small newspaper half under the rug where it has been surreptitiously slid under door during the night. Albert stoops into frame, puts cat on floor and picks up the newspaper with a startled face.
- 223 CLOSE SHOT - Albert as he straightens up to examine the paper. It is smaller and more badly printed than the first illegal paper, not much larger than a letterhead, but across the top we see the word LIBERTY. Albert peers at it incredulously.
- INSERT NEWSPAPER - set in bad type: Under the caption "LIBERTY" we see the headline "WE HAVE HEROES IN THE TOWN."
- 224 MED. SHOT - Albert, as his face lights up, scanning the paper. From the kitchen we hear his mother call:

MRS. LORY'S VOICE

Albert?

Albert swiftly folds the paper and puts it furtively in his inside coat pocket.

ALBERT

Yes, Mother.

Now she appears from the kitchen with the coffee pot in hand.

MRS. LORY

Sit down, darling, you'll be late.

He sits down and picks up the official newspaper as she grumbles, pouring his coffee.

MRS. LORY (cont'd)

They ought to be ashamed to call this coffee. Nothing but burned corn, and you have to stand in line all day to get four ounces of it. I'd like to see what the Mayor has on his table. I'm sure it's not this.

There is a yowl from under the table as she treads on the cat and jumps.

MRS. LORY (cont'd)

Oh, that filthy cat! I wish you wouldn't let it in the window every morning.

ALBERT

(timidly)

It's a very nice cat, Mother.

MRS. LORY

(impatiently)

Albert, you'll never grow up.

Albert is answering mechanically and looking at the newspaper to which we CUT as their voices continue:

INSERT OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER: Its caption is:

"VOICE OF THE PEOPLE"
(Passed by Official Censor)
SABOTAGE!

"Four German soldiers, all heads of families, were killed last night in the explosions which destroyed a trainload of munitions. Mayor Manville was summoned to the headquarters of Major Erich von Keller, Protector of the Town, and notified that such criminal acts will have grave consequences for the civilian population."

ALBERT'S VOICE

(over insert)

How's your rheumatism this morning, Mother?

MRS. LORY'S VOICE

I had to get up in the middle of the night and rub my legs with liniment. I think I must have caught cold while I was sitting up waiting for you to come home. You know I don't like to be left alone, my darling.

225 TWO SHOT - from ANGLE which takes in the front door as she fusses around him, moving dishes, brushing his coat and babying him as she always does.

ALBERT

(meekly)
I'm sorry, Mother.

MRS. LORY

(looks at him
accusingly)
And you had tobacco on your breath when you came home from that girl's house.

ALBERT

I only took a puff, Mother. I didn't like it.

MRS. LORY

I hope not! With your weak lungs tobacco could be the death of you. I'll always believe your dear father would have lived much longer if he hadn't smoked. It's poisonous to people who have sensitive nerves. Now me --

There is a knock at the door and she starts for it as she finishes her sentence.

MRS. LORY (cont'd)

-- I can't stand the smell of tobacco in the house.

She opens the door and a German sergeant is seen in the doorway, two soldiers behind him. He is very polite. Speaks with a heavy accent.

MRS. LORY (cont'd)

(bristles at them)
Now what do you want?

(CONTINUED)

SERGEANT
 (looks straight
 past her at
 Albert who rises
 nervously)
 Albert Lory?

226 CLOSEUP - Albert. His face is absolutely paralyzed with fear and we see his face twitch. Then in a whisper, as if Sorel were invisibly at his ear, we hear Sorel's voice: "Dignity, Albert. Dignity." With an effort he controls himself and dignity seems to come into his expression.

227 FULL SHOT in room, as the sergeant steps in followed by the two soldiers. Mrs. Lory herself is paralyzed for an instant. Then she springs in between them and her son.

MRS. LORY
 What is it you want?

SERGEANT
 Albert Lory. Hostage.

MRS. LORY
 (fiercely,
 blocking
 their way)
 No! I won't let you do it! I
 won't let you take my boy! He's
 done nothing! He's innocent!
 Get out of my house!

SERGEANT
 (over above)
 Bitte, bitte, gnadige frau!
 You don't make trouble now. We
 have orders. We do our duty.

While he is speaking the two soldiers step around them and take Albert's arms, swiftly searching him for weapons.

228 CLOSE SHOT - soldiers searching Albert as we hear Mrs. Lory's frantic defiance. Albert stands frozenly, as if he didn't hear anything, hardly aware he is being searched.

MRS. LORY'S VOICE
Don't you touch him! Get out,
get out! If you lay a hand on
my son I'll go to our mayor. He
knows my boy is innocent! Get
out, I tell you!

The soldier who is searching Albert finds the illegal newspaper and calls to the sergoant as he pulls it out.

SOLDIER

Sergeant!

The sergoant enters frame with Mrs. Lory hanging on to his arm fiercely, but she is suddenly paralyzed as she sees the illegal newspaper which the soldier hands to the sergoant. Now the sergoant's manner changes toward Albert and he growls roughly.

SERGEANT

Where you get this?

ALBERT

(blankly)
Under the door.

MRS. LORY

(with a heart-
rending cry)
Oh, Albert!

SERGEANT

(brutal now,
to soldiers,
in German)
(Take him, take him!)

The soldiers now push Albert roughly between them toward the door as Mrs. Lory begins crying hysterically and follows, trying to pull her son away from them.

MRS. LORY

He's innocent, he's innocent!
Let me tell you! He's innocent!
Listen to me! Wait! I want to
tell you!

But the ears of the soldiers are deaf as they take Albert out the door. The sergoant pushes the screaming woman back into the room and shuts the door in her face. She is crying hysterically and beating at the door as we

229

Two German sentries stand at the heavy closed door that leads into Von Keller's headquarters. Half a dozen citizens are sitting waiting in a row of chairs along wall outside door, their faces all anxious, obviously relatives of hostages who have been taken: Two middle-aged women, a young girl, a very old man with his grandson beside him, and an old woman who is crying unashamedly. Mrs. Lory enters anteroom, walking with her cane but not limping, her face grim and determined, just as Lieut. Schwartz comes out of the door between the sentries and motions to the young girl. As the young girl enters nervously, Mrs. Lory marches to the door and tries to enter but Schwartz closes the door behind him and blocks her way.

MRS. LORY

(grimly)

Get out of my way, young man.
I want to see Major von Keller.

SCHWARTZ

I'm sorry, madam. He's very busy.

MRS. LORY

(glares at him)

I'll wait till he's not busy.

SCHWARTZ

Have you an appointment?

MRS. LORY

You tell him it's Mrs. Emma Lory. I'm a very good friend of the mayor's.

SCHWARTZ

I'm sorry, it's no use, madam.

(picks up from
a small desk an
application form)

Write your name on this application
and the reason you want an
interview. I'll let you know
in a few days.

With finality he goes into Von Keller's office and leaves her glaring at the closed door. She measures the sentries and they move over in front of the door from either side. She flings down the application form, turns and marches out aggressively, her cane rapping on the polished floor.

DISSOLVE OUT

230

CLOSE SHOT. Mrs. Lory, very baffled now, confronts a self-important secretary who confronts her outside the mayor's door. Two policemen, even bigger and tougher looking than the German sentries we have just seen, stand guarding the mayor's door.

SECRETARY

(impatiently)

I'm sorry, Mrs. Lory, he's having a meeting with the council. Impossible to see anybody.

MRS. LORY

(indignantly)

If he won't see Emma Lory perhaps he'll see Emma Ballard. Forty years ago he got his face slapped for trying to kiss her.

SECRETARY

I'm sorry, I can't interrupt him. Come back tomorrow.

He goes into office as one of the policemen shuts the door behind him. Mrs. Lory looks angrily at the two policemen and finding no sympathy turns abruptly and marches out with her stick.

DISSOLVE

EXT. DOOR OF GEORGE LAMBERT'S OFFICE - DAY

231

CLOSE SHOT - so we see the lettering "Superintendent, Freight Terminal."

CAMERA PULLS BACK to take in Mrs. Lory who stands waiting and tapping her cane impatiently. The door opens and a little clerk wearing glasses and with a pencil behind his ear, black sleevelets on his arms to protect his shirt cuffs, steps out very importantly.

CLERK

Sorry, Mrs. Lory, the superintendent's very busy. He can't see you now.

This is the last straw for Emma and she raises her cane and flails at him. The little man ducks aside and the cane smacks the glass of the door and it shatters with a crash. She grasps the doorknob and marches straight in without a glance at the horrified little clerk.

232

George has risen from his desk at the crash and looks at her with astonishment as she marches to his desk to confront him.

GEORGE

(protesting)

Really, Mrs. Lory --

MRS. LORY

You listen to me, George Lambert! I'm not going to stand for any more nonsense! Do you know what they've done to my boy?

GEORGE

(nods

uncomfortably)

I'm awfully sorry.

MRS. LORY

Sorry, my eye! You're going to do something about it! Now you sit down and listen to me.

DISSOLVE

INT. DINING ROOM OF MAYOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

233

MED. SHOT - George Lambert facing the mayor across the dinner table. The table has not yet been cleared, the remains of the meal are there. The mayor has sent his wife and the servants out of the room. George has on a top coat and holds his hat, sitting facing the mayor, who is smoking a cigar. (Probably the mayor was in the living room, having coffee and his evening cigar, when George arrived unexpectedly.) Past them we can see into the entrance hall of the mayor's rather ostentatious home. In another wall is a door leading into living room. The door is closed but from the living room we hear the mayor's little girl practising her scales on the piano with painful persistence - da da da da ta ti ta da da et cetera, over and over as the two men talk in f.g. On the dining room walls are a couple of large stuffed fish, proud catches of the mayor, and an oil painting of himself in the full regalia of his office. Furnishings in the usual bad taste. Now the mayor leans across the table, staring at George incredulously.

(CONTINUED)

MAYOR

Paul Martin?... It's shocking!
Incredible!

(gets up and
stares up at his
own portrait)

I've known Emma Lory for half
a century. Her husband was my
best friend - we both started
in this town as young men,
without a penny. She was a
beautiful girl. She'd have
done better if she'd married
me. Lory had no spirit, no
ambition - and he died before
his son was born.

(turns to George,
thinking of the
past)

I even wanted to marry her
then - but she was wrapped up
in the boy. It's a fanatical
devotion. We must remember,
Lambert, she's the kind of
woman who'd invent a story like
this - accuse anybody - to save
her son.

GEORGE

I wish I could believe that.
But after she told me I did a
little investigating. I found
this concealed in the switch
tower.

He brings out of his pocket a revolver and shows it.
The mayor looks shocked.

MAYOR

That hangs him. The Germans
don't joke about keeping firearms.

GEORGE

There's no proof yet that Paul
hid it there... It could have
been the relief man.

(righteously)

But if he's not guilty he can
clear himself. I felt it was
my duty to come here and put it
up to you, sir.

MAYOR

Of course, Lambert.

The monotonous piano scales irritate him and he steps to the door, opens it and calls affectionately to the child we glimpse seated before the upright piano.

MAYOR (cont'd)

You'd better go to bed, Suzi.
You've practised enough.

As she slides off the chair eagerly -

MAYOR (cont'd)

Kiss papa first.

The little girl comes to the door and he kisses her and then shuts the door and comes back toward George who is watching him broodingly.

MAYOR (cont'd)

You've not only done your duty,
Lambert - you can expect to be
rewarded if Martin's the guilty
man.

GEORGE

(with revulsion,
earnestly)

I want no reward, sir. It's
very hard for me to do this.

MAYOR

(sits down,
facing him)

Between you and me, I hope he's
the man. You know my problems -
I have to handle von Keller with
kid gloves. He told me today he
has orders to increase shipments
of meat and vegetables from this
district. Our people are hungry
enough as it is. It will
certainly put von Keller in a
good humor if I can deliver this
saboteur.

(righteously,
seeing the bitter
expression in
George's face)

Also, I save many lives. Not
only Emma Lory's son, but my
old friend Sorel.

GEORGE

Sorel's a radical. They won't let him go unless Paul tells who threw the bomb.

(suddenly angry
at the injustice
of it all)

The thing that makes me mad is the way he's fooled everybody. Me, his friend! Making friends with the Germans! I can't stand hypocrisy!

MAYOR

Neither can I. Everybody knows where I stand. They call me a collaborationist. Very well, I am. You know why.

GEORGE

(nods broodingly)

It's easy for people in free countries to call us names. Wait and see what they do when the Germans march in. They'll shake hands and make the best of it.

MAYOR

(dryly)

If they don't they'll get the worst of it. Between you and me,
(with virtuous
finality)

I do my duty, Lambert. I'm mayor of the town and my duty is to defend it. Where can they find this fellow Martin? At home?

GEORGE

(shakes head
sombrely)

He's on the night shift tonight.
(looks at
his watch)

He should be at the switch tower in half an hour.

With the air of a man doing his highest duty the mayor gets up and goes to the telephone, George watching him broodingly.

MAYOR

(into phone)

I want to speak to Major von Keller.

234

GROUP SHOT. A gay group around a table, Paul Martin and three German soldiers, among them Karl and Otto. They are drinking beer and singing a sentimental German song which Paul is playing on the accordion. Or rather one soldier sings, knowing the words, and the other two try to follow. Paul makes a mistake and the singer laughingly corrects him, singing it correctly and beating time with his arms. Paul grins, nods and picks up the air correctly. In b.g. the proprietor leans on the zinc bar, watching them and listening. The windows and the glass of the front door are covered with blackout paper. We see the door opened a little and a girl peers in:

235

CLOSE SHOT - Julie Grant as she opens the door a little wider, looking in past camera whence we hear the jolly singing and laughter. The eager expression fades from her eyes, and a look of disgust comes over her face, as she calls out over music:

JULIE

Paul!

236

GROUP SHOT. Paul looks around, sees her in the half-opened door and jumps up with a finishing flourish of the music. The Germans protest and half in German and half in English want him to continue.

OTTO

You don't stop, Paul.

PAUL

(grins)

Don't be so friendly, Otto.
You'll get me in bad with my
girl.

OTTO AND KARL

(calling to
Julie in door)

Fraulein!
Mademoiselle, you join us!

The girl ignores them and exits and Paul, thrusting the accordion into Karl's hands, waves good night to them laughingly as he runs to the door.

PAUL

Auf wiedersehen!

EXT. DOOR OF CAFE - NIGHT

237 We see the bright light and Paul's figure against it as he exits. He stands blinking for an instant in the semi-darkness and then runs to catch up with Julie who has started walking fast.

EXT. CAFE - SIDEWALK - NIGHT

238 Julie comes into camera as he catches up with her and stops her.

PAUL

Julie!

She is silent, frozen, and he peers at her anxiously.

PAUL (cont'd)

Why don't you answer me?

He takes her shoulders and pulls her around into CLOSE TWO SHOT so he can see her face, and we see tears glisten in her eyes.

PAUL (cont'd)

What is it?

JULIE

Nothing.

We hear a girl's laugh and both look past camera at:

239 SHOOTING PAST them along sidewalk we see a girl with a German soldier emerge from the gloom of the blackout the girl laughing. But as they come a couple of paces nearer the girl sees Julie and Paul and she averts her face from them, silenced, as she passes with the soldier. But after they have passed on out of scene we hear the girl laugh again, a different note, a forced bravado laugh, as if to tell Julie she's not ashamed. Julie and Paul have turned into camera, watching after the pair. Then Julie looks at Paul, tears flashing in her eyes as she breaks out in a low bitter voice:

JULIE

Why don't you go with a girl like that? Isn't she your type?

PAUL

Julie!

(draws her to
him, his voice
low and pleading)

I know what people say - but
you've got to stick by me.
Believe in me, Julie!

JULIE

(pushes herself
away from him)

I've tried to. But this is too
much. I hate these soldiers.
They killed my brother!

PAUL

Not these fellows, darling.
He was killed at the front -
before the armistice.

JULIE

(looks at him
and her eyes
blaze)

I hate you too!

PAUL

(trying to
hold her as
she backs off)

Julie!

JULIE

Don't touch me! Don't speak to
me! I never want to see you
again!

Her voice breaks and she runs off into the darkness.

CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE on his face as he stands looking
after her, helpless to do anything, his eyes full of
pain.

EXT. RAILROAD YARD - NIGHT

240

CLOSE SHOT of a man standing nervously at the edge of a
box car on a siding. We hear trains moving out on the
tracks out of scene. The man strikes a match and lights
a cigarette and we recognize George Lambert. As he puts
out match and we see only the glow of his cigarette, we
hear the heavy tread of marching feet approaching.
George looks past camera.

241 What he sees: SHOOTING PAST him we see a squad of a dozen German soldiers marching past silently in the semi-darkness.

242 CLOSEUP - George as he looks in another direction at:

243 MED. LONG SHOT - another squad of soldiers marching silently toward the switch tower which looms in the distance across the maze of tracks.

EXT. SWITCH TOWER - NIGHT

244 FULL SHOT at base. We see German soldiers being deployed at various strategic points by an officer who only speaks in whispers. They move like shadows, all around.

EXT. RAILROAD YARD - NIGHT

245 MED. SHOT - George Lambert waiting nervously behind end of box car. He hears what he has been waiting for, the footsteps of one man walking on cement and coming nearer. As they come very close George steps out, and CAMERA PANS to bring in Paul Martin who stops, surprised to find Lambert confronting him. (There are enough train noises from out in the yard to cover their voices.)

PAUL

Hello, George.

George is silent, fumbling nervously for a cigarette. In b.g. we see a train passing (PROCESS).

246 VERY CLOSE TWO SHOT as Paul looks at him wonderingly and George brings out a cigarette.

GEORGE

You're early. Have a smoke.

PAUL

(feeling
something
is wrong)

Thanks.

Takes it and is about to strike a match, but George stops him.

GEORGE

Here's a light.

Paul is aware that George is watching him intently as he lights his cigarette from George's and hands it back.

PAUL

Thanks. Is anything wrong?

GEORGE

(with repressed
intensity)

You know I love Louise, don't
you?

PAUL

Sure.

GEORGE

(strangely)

You know what it means for me
to lose her?

PAUL

(relieved,
thinking he
understands
George now)

Oh, she'll make up again.

GEORGE

(bitterly)

I don't think so.

Paul peers at him wonderingly again, his manner is so strange.

GEORGE (cont'd)

Are you my friend?

PAUL

(puzzled)

Why, sure.

GEORGE

Am I yours?

PAUL

Say, what is this?

GEORGE

(very bitter)

You do something you know is
right - and then you have doubts.

PAUL

What's the matter with you,
George? What's worrying you?

GEORGE

(sweat on
his face)

Look. If you were in my place
and you knew who did the
sabotage, would you tell?

PAUL

(suddenly
realizes
George is
an informer)

Do you know who did it, George?

GEORGE

Yes.

PAUL

And you told?

GEORGE

Yes -

(bursts out in
a low bitter
voice as Paul
looks at him
strangely)

Why did you do it, Paul?

PAUL

Why did you do it, George?

GEORGE

(bitterly)

Don't look at me like that!

PAUL

(almost
pitying him)

You're looking at yourself,
George - that's what you can't
stand.

A train whistles out on the tracks, approaching.

PAUL (cont'd)
You can't stand it and that's
why you're warning me. Thanks,
George.

He is about to run out past camera toward the oncoming train when we hear Julie's voice calling:

JULIE
Paul! Paul!

Paul turns as Julie comes running in from same way he himself arrived. But he realizes every second counts.

JULIE (cont'd)
(breathlessly,
almost crying)
Paul, I've got to talk to you!

PAUL
(swiftly)
Don't move, Julie - stay here!

He pushes her into George's arms as he cries out above the growing roar of the incoming train.

PAUL (cont'd)
Hold her, George!

And he springs out of scene past camera. Julie, not understanding what it is all about, struggles to follow him, but George grips her arms, watching after Paul with a stricken face.

247 What he sees - LONG SHOT across the tracks. A freight train is coming through the railroad yard on the main track, rumbling and rolling not very fast. We can see the dim figure of Paul running for it, but it looks dubious if he can make it. As he sprints diagonally, leaping across the glimmering streaks of the tracks, to try to catch the caboose at the end, we hear shouts and shots as German soldiers come running in from different directions.

248 End of train - MOVING SHOT - as Paul sprints in and just catches it and climbs up. We hear shouts and shots from the darkness of the yard as he climbs up swiftly.

Top of moving train. Shooting of toward the locomotive we see Paul climb up on top in f.g. and start running forward, jumping from car to car. There is a volley of shots as he reaches the third car and he collapses like a shot rabbit.

250 Top of Box Car - MOVING. CLOSE DOWNWARD SHOT on Paul Martin sprawled out on his face, dead.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. FRENCH STREET - OUTSIDE PRISON DOOR - DAY

251 WIDE ANGLE on prison door, early next morning. An unknown old woman, shawled and carrying a few pieces of firewood she has collected, is passing along the sidewalk. Two German soldiers, patrols, come striding past from opposite direction, but she doesn't look at them.

CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE on door as we hear bolts clanking and the small door (which opens from the big double doors of the prison gate) is opened from within and Albert Lory steps out. The soldier guard stands in the doorway behind him. Albert looks a little dazed, like a man in a happy dream. He is unshaven, looks a trifle dishevelled, his hair mussed, but otherwise perfectly normal. He looks around a little confused and then turns politely to the soldier guard who is in the act of closing the door.

ALBERT

Good-bye. Thank you.

He walks happily past camera.

DISSOLVE

INT. LORY HOME - DAY

252 First a CLOSE SHOT at window and we see Louise's cat mewing outside and rubbing against the glass. The window is opened by a woman's hands and the cat comes in.

CAMERA PULLS BACK SWIFTLY to show that none other than Mrs. Lory (a very different Mrs. Lory from the angry woman we last saw) has let the cat in. Mrs. Lory bustles about, fixing the breakfast table as usual. Then she hears a step and runs to the front window and as she pulls back the curtain to look, the door opens and Albert comes in, dishevelled as we saw him a few minutes ago. Mrs. Lory puts her arms around him joycously and kisses him.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. LORY
Oh my boy! My boy!

ALBERT
(all smiles)
Hello, Mother.

MRS. LORY
(fussing over
him joyously)
Oh, my poor boy! Just look at
you! I didn't sleep a wink
all night, thinking of you in
that horrible filthy prison!

ALBERT
(beams innocently)
But it was very nice, Mother.
I saw Professor Sorel -- he
was in the cell right across
from me. We talked all night --
(laughs)
and when the soldiers tried to
listen, we talked in Latin.

MRS. LORY
(smiling)
So you were having a good time
while I was lying awake all
night. That's just like a
man -- talk, talk, talk, and
let the women worry.

ALBERT
(puts his arm
around her)
Oh, I worried about you, Mother.
(with a serious
expression)
But Professor Sorel explained a
lot of things to me I didn't
understand. Now I know why our
country fell -- some people
were more afraid of our own
workers than they were of the
enemy.

MRS. LORY
Nonsense!

(CONTINUED)

ALBERT
No, look at our mayor. Maybe
now he's very unhappy -- it
hasn't worked out the way he
expected -- but he was glad to
shake hands with the German
commander when they took over
the town.

MRS. LORY
(trying to
silence him,
spoofing at
the very idea)
Sssh! You'll get into trouble
talking like that. We must
mind our own business.

ALBERT
(a little puzzled)
But it is our own business,
Mother. It's our land.

MRS. LORY
I don't need to be told that.
I'm just living for the day
when these Germans finish
picking our bones and go.

ALBERT
But what's going to make them
go, Mother?

MRS. LORY
I don't see why they don't
have more privacy in that
prison! Crowding people
together! If you'd slept last
night instead of talking to
that old windbag you wouldn't
look so tired.

ALBERT
(not liking
her talk)
I'm worried about Professor
Sorel -- they didn't release
him. I'm the only one they
let out.
(looks at her as
if he'd just
realized how
peculiar this is)
Why did they let me out, Mother?

MRS. LORY

(goes to table
abruptly,
very busy
fixing his plate)

They aren't fools - they know
you're needed at the school.
Eat your breakfast, darling!

ALBERT

But Professor Sorel is needed
more than I am.

MRS. LORY

Let's not ask questions.
They'll let him out. Sit down.
Eat your breakfast.

ALBERT

(picks up the cat)
Before I eat I'm going to see
Paul - and Louise.

MRS. LORY

(whirls with
frightened
vehemence)

No, no, no!

ALBERT

But I must tell them I'm free.
She'll be happy.

MRS. LORY

(pale, as she
looks at him)

No, Albert! No! Don't leave
me!

ALBERT

(peers at her
anxiously)

What's the matter, Mother?

MRS. LORY

I don't feel well --
(very pale)
and - and you must shave and
change your clothes. You
can't go out in the street the
way you look.

ALBERT

But I just came through the street. It's only next door, Mother.

She is speechless, watching him with a tense pale face as he goes out with the cat in his arms. As the door closes behind him she sinks down into a chair.

EXT. MARTIN HOUSE NEXT DOOR - DAY

253 Albert comes along sidewalk eagerly, carrying the cat, but suddenly stops short and stares at the door. Black crepe hangs on the front door. He looks shocked. Then he slowly goes to it and knocks fearfully and hesitantly.

254 CLOSE SHOT - Albert at door, holding the cat. Again he knocks, panic coming into his face. He tries the doorknob and the door opens.

INT. MARTIN HOUSE - DAY

255 Albert enters uneasily. He hears what we do - a sobbing anguished sound from the next room. He comes in close to camera and looks fearfully through:

256 SHOT past his head into adjoining room. Julie Grant sits at a table, her head buried in her arms as she cries heart-brokenly. Louise is bent over her with one arm around Julie's shoulders, trying to comfort her.

257 CLOSE SHOT - Albert as he stares past camera at the two girls.

ALBERT

Louise!

258 CLOSE SHOT - Louise and the sobbing Julie. Louise straightens up and Julie lifts her tear-stained face, still crying brokenly. A look of fury and contempt comes into Louise's face.

REVERSE ANGLE - Albert, completely dazed, comes into the room towards them.

ALBERT

(blankly)

Who - who -

(dazedly)

Where is Paul?

LOUISE

(eyes blazing)

You coward! You know what happened to Paul! That's why you're free!

Albert, as if he had been struck in the face, makes a feeble gesture of denial with his arms and the cat falls to the floor. His lips move but he is too stunned to speak. Julie keeps crying.

LOUISE (cont'd)

(blazing)

To think we trusted a thing like you! We knew you were weak but I told Paul you'd be strong enough to keep your mouth shut!

(contemptuously)

How much did they pay you? Or did they only give you your life? That's not worth much!

ALBERT

(blubbering
incoherently, his
mind reeling)

Lo-Louise -- Louise ---

LOUISE

Don't try to lie! You're the only one who knew! Get out!

ALBERT

(blubbering)

B-but, Louise --

LOUISE

(fiercely)

Get out!

(CONTINUED)

She strides over, pushes him out of the doorway and shuts the door in his face. Louise goes back and puts her arms around Julie and holds her close to her, as tender and full of compassion now as she was fierce a moment before.

LOUISE (cont'd)

Be proud, Julie! Let's be proud!

JULIE

(brokenly)

Oh, I can't forgive myself for what I said to him.

LOUISE

(drawing her
close to her)

But he loved you for it! Don't you see? - he loved you for it!

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF MARTIN HOUSE - DAY

260

Mrs. Lory is standing as grim as death, leaning on her stick, watching the crepe-hung door as it slowly opens and Albert emerges, sees nothing, his face blank, mouth slack, looking twenty years older. His legs seem to be caving under him as he starts to return home along the sidewalk and suddenly finds himself confronting his mother. He blinks, looking at her as if he couldn't remember who she is. She takes hold of his arm, her voice hard.

MRS. LORY

Don't let that girl hurt you. She's mixed up in it too - just like that brother of hers. He was to blame for putting you in prison.

ALBERT

(stammers blankly)

But he's - he's dead.

MRS. LORY

(grimly)

And you're free, thank God!

He looks at her uncomprehendingly.

You might as well know now -
I'm the one who told.

ALBERT

(dazedly)

Told what, Mother?

MRS. LORY

(her face hard
with love for
him)

I saw who climbed in the window
the night you left me alone for
this girl.

ALBERT

(looks at her
with a kind
of horror
growing in
his eyes)

You - you told the Germans?

MRS. LORY

(grimly)

I told George Lambert. He's
your friend!

He stares at her wildly and then pushes her hand from
his arm as he starts down the street and she cries out:

MRS. LORY (cont'd)

Albert!

EXT. STREET - DAY

261 SHOT ON SIDEWALK as Albert comes walking like a man in
a trance into camera, Mrs. Lory running after him. She
catches his arm and stops him in CLOSE SHOT.

MRS. LORY

Albert! Albert!

ALBERT

(jerks his arm
free, rough with
her for the first
time in his life,
and his voice is
angry)

Go back! Let me alone!

She stands paralyzed, looking at him as he exits swiftly past camera, as if she can hardly believe it is her own son.

INT. GEORGE LAMBERT'S OFFICE - DAY

262 CAMERA BEHIND George who stands at the window near his desk staring out somberly at the maze of tracks where trains are switching and shunting and beyond them the switch tower rising stark against the gray ominous sky. A locomotive hoots in the distance and then we hear the chuff-chuff-chuff as it backs in on a siding. George seems to see nothing but the switch tower in the distance. From the next office we hear the swift clicking of typewriters, mingling in the symphony of sounds of the busy railroad terminal.

263 CLOSEUP - George as he stares out window at the gray sky, absorbed in gloomy thought. He is looking at:

EXT. SWITCH TOWER - DAY

264 NEARER SHOT, silhouetted against the cold sky.

INT. GEORGE'S OFFICE - DAY

265 CLOSE SHOT - George. A tormented look comes into his eyes. He starts out of his meditation, hearing the door open. As he turns, CAMERA PANS to take in doorway and Von Keller comes in, very cheerful and pleasant.

VON KELLER

Good morning, Lambert.

(laughs
exuberantly)

I feel poetic this morning.

(strikes a pose
and declaims)

"Oh Romeo, Romeo - wherefore
art thou, Romeo?

Deny they father and refuse thy
name.

Or, if thou wilt not, be but
sworn my love,

And I'll no longer be a Capulet."

(grins)

Shakespeare! Great man! We
love him in Germany. The
English don't understand him.

George looks at him somberly, tormented by his thoughts, and Von Keller pulls up a chair expansively and sits down comfortably, indicating for George to sit down behind his desk.

VON KELLER (cont'd)

Sit down. You look as if you had indigestion. Or didn't you sleep well last night? Me, I slept better than I have for a week.

George has sat down gloomily and Von Keller looks at him closely, a mocking glimmer in his keen eyes.

VON KELLER (cont'd)

Don't worry, my friend - she'll never know. We keep our secrets. Don't worry about that broken engagement - Now she'll be lonely and make up with you.
(watching
George
narrowly)

Too bad he wasn't taken alive. I think somebody warned him.

GEORGE

(in a low voice,
not looking at
him)

Have you released all the hostages?

VON KELLER

By no means. Only that fool schoolmaster -
(grins)

After that scare I don't think we'll have any trouble keeping him in line. One for one - a fair trade and good business.
(softly)

I'm a good horse trader, Lambert: I don't open the net until I've caught all the fish. Unfortunately your friend Martin is dead, and dead men can't talk.

(leans forward,
watching him closely)

But I've thought of a way to find his accomplices. Many people will be afraid to go to the funeral tomorrow. But you will go. You will comfort her. (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

VON KELLER (cont'd)

She will admire you for risking
my displeasure - and when you
take her home she'll want to
cry on your shoulder.

(smiles)

You see, I make up your quarrel
for you.

George just stares at him as if it were the devil
speaking.

VON KELLER (cont'd)

She knows who the accomplices
were - and you know the way to
my office.

GEORGE

(staring at him)

You think I'd do that?

VON KELLER

(dryly)

I'm sure you will.

He gets to his feet cheerfully, George still staring at
him, as the door opens and the little clerk (whom we saw
Mrs. Lory strike at with her cane) comes hurrying in
eagerly with something in his hands, then stops short at
sight of Von Keller.

CLERK

Oh, excuse me -- I've got
something for the superintendent.

VON KELLER

Come in, come in.

CLERK

(to George,
clutching a
pigeon in his
two hands)

We caught it in the trap, in
the loft, sir. I thought
maybe you'd like it for your
dinner.

He brings it to George in his outstretched hands and
Von Keller smilingly strokes its neck as the little
clerk, trying to curry favor with his boss, holds it
out to George across the desk.

VON KELLER
Fine fat bird. I wouldn't mind
having it on my own table.

George takes the bird into his own hands as Von Keller
exits.

VON KELLER (cont'd)
(pointedly)
I'll expect to hear from you
tomorrow night, Lambert.
(goes out)

The little Clerk stands waiting for some expression of
thanks from George, but George is staring at the bird in
his hands so strangely that finally the little Clerk
speaks nervously.

CLERK
I hope you like it, sir.

He goes out. George sits stroking the bird and looking
at it strangely.

EXT. RAILROAD YARD - DAY

266 Alongside tracks of terminal, Albert Lory is coming
toward camera which PANS on him as he nearly bumps into
Von Keller who is going opposite direction. Albert pays
no attention and hurries on as Von Keller turns and looks
after him, then goes on.

INT. GEORGE LAMBERT'S OFFICE - DAY

267 CLOSE SHOT - George at the dusty window. He opens the
window a little and lets the pigeon out. It flies away
toward the switch tower rising against the sky in the
distance.

EXT. RAILROAD YARD - DAY

268 SHOOTING UP PAST the switch tower, black and gaunt
against the cold sky, we see the pigeon fly across it.

INT. GEORGE'S OFFICE - DAY

269 George watches it until it is out of sight and then turns
and goes to his desk and opens a drawer, a strange look
on his face.

270

SHOOTING PAST the door we see Albert hurrying toward us with the same distraught manner as when he left his mother. Just as he reaches the door we hear a shot within the office. Albert flings open the door and rushes in.

INT. GEORGE'S OFFICE - DAY

271

LOW CAMERA BESIDE desk SHOOTING UP at Albert as he rushes in and stops short, staring down at a point just below camera. The rage in Albert's face suddenly turns to shocked incredulity. For a moment he stares rigidly, then comes forward and drops on his knees. He touches something hesitantly which we cannot see under camera.

ALBERT

(in a hoarse
whisper)

George!

He lifts his hand and stares with a kind of horror at blood on his fingers. Mechanically fastidious, he takes his handkerchief and wipes the blood from his fingers. Then he reaches down, acting still with a kind of unthinking mechanical fascination, and picks up something-- and we see a revolver. As he is holding it we see the door open in b.g. and the little Clerk peers in.

272

CLOSE SHOT - little Clerk peering in through door. His eyes widen and then leap with panic. Then he vanishes and we hear him running outside screaming:

CLERK'S VOICE

Murder! Murder! Murder!

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

273

We see the little shrine of the prologue, but differently lighted now, for it is night. Votary candles burn before the small image of the Virgin. An old woman in a black shawl is knelt down before the shrine, but we cannot recognize her, seeing only her back, though her very posture shows intense suffering. A girl in black enters softly from behind camera, and we recognize it is Louise. She lights a candle, sets it before the image and starts to kneel down beside the praying old woman.

274

REVERSE ANGLE - LOW CAMERA CLOSE on the old woman as Louise kneels down into frame. The old woman lifts her head and we see it is Mrs. Lory. Louise looks at her, a little startled, and for a moment the two women look at each other. But grief has changed Mrs. Lory, the old antagonism with which she always looked at Louise is gone, and suddenly Louise, with tears in her eyes, puts her arm around Mrs. Lory's shoulder, and Mrs. Lory breaks, making a choking sound as we --

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY (RKO PATHE LOT)

275

FULL SHOT of the old building with the statue in front of it (as is, except turn statue a little). In f.g. on the side of a truck is a poster showing a German soldier holding a couple of poor children in his arms and the legend: "CITIZENS! TRUST THE GERMAN SOLDIER!" (See Life magazine for poster.) Beyond we see the empty plaza in front of the courthouse and about a dozen people straggling up the steps and into the door. A couple of German soldiers are watching, smoking cigarettes idly.

DISSOLVE

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

276

A large simple room with white walls and plain benches. Three judges sit behind the bench at the far end. Below them is a table at which two clerks are taking down what the Prosecutor is saying to the jury at the left. At the right, Albert Lory sits mildly in the prisoner's dock between two policemen. It must be clear that this is a civil and not a military trial. The time is some days later and as we DISSOLVE we are in the middle of the trial. The Prosecutor is confidently and unexcitedly summing up his case to the twelve townsmen in the jury box. He is a very dignified man, aware of his own importance, proud of his powers of speech and eager to please those in authority.

PROSECUTOR

Gentlemen of the jury, I wish to congratulate you on the fair way in which you have listened to the evidence in this case. We have always been proud of the way justice has been rendered in this court, and I am glad to say that the occupation hasn't affected it.

277

REVERSE on spectators on the benches. Among them we see Mrs. Lory, strangely seated beside Louise, Julie next to Louise, Edmond Lorraine and his mother, a couple of citizens and then Lieutenant Schwartz at one side. The little pot-bellied man who "has indigestion" also sits in the front row.

PROSECUTOR'S VOICE

(continues
without break)

This is a civil trial and there has been no military interference.

278

CLOSE SHOT - Albert between the two policemen in the dock. He listens quietly, but he looks stronger, there has been a growing of character in his face and even in the way he sits listening.

PROSECUTOR'S VOICE

(continuing)

I'm only sorry that the accused has refused to have a lawyer. I don't believe that the best lawyer in the country could contradict the evidence or shake our witnesses -

279

CLOSE SHOT - lawyer and jurors listening. He smiles a little vainly as he adds:

PROSECUTOR

- but I have heard of cases where legal eloquence could soften the hearts of you gentlemen and save a guilty man's life if not his liberty.

280

CLOSE SHOT - Mrs. Lory and Louise. Mrs. Lory stuffs a handkerchief against her mouth in her anguish and Louise tries to comfort her. (The tragedy has finally brought the two women together.)

PROSECUTOR'S VOICE

I must confess that I find it hard to demand the extreme punishment, as it's my duty to do, but I console myself with the fact that Albert Lory's own stubbornness is to blame.

281

CLOSE SHOT - the three judges listening gravely.

PROSECUTOR'S VOICE

I can only sum up by saying
that the murder has been
proved - by the witnesses, by
the gun which he was caught
holding and which he admitted he
held, by the blood on his
handkerchief and by a very clear
motive --

282

CLOSE SHOT - Prosecutor taking in part of listening jury.

PROSECUTOR

-- one of the oldest motives in
criminal history -- jealousy!

There is a very audible belch and the Prosecutor looks
sharply around past camera at:

283

CLOSE SHOT - several spectators in front bench, centering
on the little pot-bellied man, who looks very innocent
and dead pan.

284

PROSECUTOR AND JURY. The Prosecutor turns back to the
jurors:

PROSECUTOR

You may find it preposterous
to believe that a man of his
years --

285

CLOSE SHOT - Albert listening quietly in the dock.

PROSECUTOR'S VOICE

(continuing
without break)

-- and timid character could
become so enamoured of a young
woman as to commit an act of
violence to dispose of a
vigorous and handsome rival.

the Prosecutor smiles dryly for effect.

PROSECUTOR

Yet I've never seen any man too old to look at a charming young lady - and I wouldn't give my oath that such glances are always innocent.

Several jurors smile but there is an audible belch and the Prosecutor again looks sharply around past camera at:

287 CLOSE SHOT - several spectators - centering on the little pot-bellied man, whose face is innocent of expression.

288 Prosecutor and jury. The Prosecutor turns back to the jurors righteously.

PROSECUTOR

Gentlemen, all I ask for is a just verdict.

289 CLOSE SHOT - Mrs. Lory and Louise. Louise's eyes are indignant.

PROSECUTOR'S VOICE

The Prosecution rests.

290 CLOSE SHOT - Albert in dock. His face is flushed, ashamed of the taunts of the Prosecutor. There is a buzz of spectators whispering in the room.

291 CLOSE SHOT - judges. The presiding Judge in the middle looks at Albert past camera pityingly, his voice kind.

JUDGE

I must agree with the Prosecutor that this court regrets you have refused to be defended by counsel. You will have to address the jury from where you sit. You will be given all the time you wish, and I advise you to speak clearly and to the point.

292
CLOSE SHOT as Albert gets to his feet and there is a hush in the room. The Prosecutor sits down very confidently and watches the accused ironically, as if to say "Watch this fellow make a fool of himself."

ALBERT

(very politely
and mildly)

Thank you, Your Honor. I will be very brief because I have written down all I have to say --

He reaches into his pocket for his paper but it isn't there. He begins to search his other pockets anxiously. Peers around behind him as if it might have dropped in the chair. Then searches his inner pockets again nervously as there are titters in the room.

ALBERT (cont'd)

I - I don't understand - I'm sure I had my papers - that's all I've been doing in my cell - writing it all down -

293
CLOSE SHOT - Albert as, still searching feebly, he pulls his coat out and sees what we do - the torn lining of his inside breast pocket.

ALBERT

Oh - now I see -
(shows it
innocently
toward the
judges)

It was just a little hole - but I've been away from home so long and - and nobody sewed it up.

294
CLOSE SHOT - jurors, amused.

295
CLOSE SHOT - Lieutenant Schwartz. No expression.

296
CLOSE SHOT - Mrs. Lory and Louise. Mrs. Lory chokes a little watching her son.

ALBERT

I - I hope you'll excuse me if I speak badly. I've never been able to speak in public. I know the Prosecutor has been making fun of me. I realize now that it's very easy to make fun of me - because I am ridiculous. I've always known I was ridiculous. And it's true I was jealous. That's ridiculous. I realize now I deserve to be laughed at - oh, not for loving a young girl, no one could help loving her, and it's a beautiful thing to love someone -- but it was silly of me to have hopes, to dream that she would ever accept me.

298 FULL SHOT as Albert touches his breast and he is so earnest that no one is smiling now.

ALBERT

(with a little shame)

Being alone in my cell these days and nights, thinking, I've learned a lot of things. We forget what we look like. We imagine we're still young, even when we grow old. But this morning when I shaved I looked at myself, and I saw a very silly old man. But even that doesn't help things - you go on loving.

(There will be CUTS to various people in the room during Albert's speech which are not indicated here.)

ALBERT (cont'd)

(leans on the rail for a moment, thinking for a while)

But that's not what I'm on trial for.

(lifts his head and looks at jury earnestly) (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

ALBERT (cont'd)

I'm guilty of folly but not of murder. I hope the Prosecutor won't think I'm disrespectful to this court and the legal profession in not having a lawyer. My only defense is the truth. And no lawyer could know the truth as well as I do because I was there. I was the only one who was there.

(looks around
appealingly)

I've always believed in the truth. Only sometimes you're blind and you can't see it. But then when somebody tells you, it's all clear, and you realize how stupid you were in believing lies.

(searching his
own heart as
they listen now
in hushed silence)

The truth is I wanted to kill George Lambert. But I don't think I could have.

(looks at jury)

I'm too weak. I'm a coward. Everyone knows it, even the Prosecutor -- that's why he makes fun of me.

(touches his
heart earnestly)

Oh, I'm not a coward in here. I have brave dreams, I'm not afraid to commit murder here --

(touches his
head)

-- but when I face reality outside I'm lost, I'm a coward.

(leans on rail
thinking)

It's so strange. We're two people, all of us. One inside and one outside.

(then looks at
jury again,
struggling to
speak his
difficult
thoughts)

George Lambert was two men. It wasn't till I saw him dead that I realized it -- and I knew why he'd killed himself. He couldn't face reality. He was different from me: he was strong outside and weak inside. (cont'd)

ALBERT (cont'd)

Inside he was a coward. And when this honest coward had to face what the other George, the brave George, had done, he couldn't stand it. So he killed himself.

(very puzzled)

It's strange, but I felt strong for the first time in my life when I saw him dead. And I was sorry for him. I suddenly understood everything. In a way I was responsible for his death - through my mother's love for me -

Albert turns and looks at his mother among the spectators; she is crying.

ALBERT (cont'd)

Even love can be a terrible thing -- it can commit crimes.

299 CLOSE SHOT - Albert as he looks at:

300 CLOSE SHOT - Louise and Mrs. Lory. Mrs. Lory is crying while Louise listens as if she were seeing an Albert she has never known.

301 CLOSE SHOT - Albert.

ALBERT

Louise, you thought I informed on Paul. It was my mother. To save me she told George. George told the Mayor who told Major von Keller, and Paul was killed.

302 FULL SHOT as Albert turns to the jury quietly.

ALBERT

Even Mayor Manville is two men -- but they're both strong. The outside man is saving the town while the inside man is saving himself.

305-
306

quick shots to startled reactions of jurors, judges, Schwartz and spectators. This sort of thing isn't in the book, it isn't expected. All lean forward uneasily as the Prosecutor jumps up and addresses the judges.

PROSECUTOR

I object, Your Honor. The accused has no right to seize this occasion to slander our Mayor who is an honorable man.

There is a very loud belch and the Prosecutor whirls around and points his finger at:

307 CLOSE SHOT - little pot-bellied man, looking most innocent as the Prosecutor's voice rings out angrily:

PROSECUTOR'S VOICE

Your Honor, I demand that that man be ejected. He is deliberately mocking the dignity of this court of justice!

The little man rises politely and bows to the judges apologetically as he puts his hand on his fat stomach.

LITTLE MAN

(meekly)
Excuse me, Your Honor --
Indigestion!

308 CLOSE SHOT - Prosecutor glaring past camera at the little man.

309 CLOSE SHOT - judges as the presiding judge nods gravely.

PRESIDING JUDGE

Proceed.

innocently.

ALBERT

Excuse me, sir, if this is a court of justice I have a right to be heard. If I'm stopped now, how can anyone believe that our civil courts are dealing out justice under the Occupation, as the official newspapers insist?

PRESIDING JUDGE

(red-faced)

Proceed.

311 CLOSE SHOT - Schwartz. He looks very angry.

312 FULL SHOT. Albert continues in a mild voice.

ALBERT

Thank you, sir.
(turns to jury,
searching for
words)

Even before the war our Mayor was convinced that our enemy was not the Germans but a part of our own people.

He stops as a guard comes hurrying in to the dock with some papers in his hand.

313 CLOSE SHOT - Albert and the guard who extends the papers to him sotto voce.

GUARD

Here's your speech, Lory. We found it in the hall.

ALBERT

(takes it)
Thank you --
(puts it in his
pocket as if
it were no
longer useful
or important)

314 CLOSE SHOT - Prosecutor. He looks very unhappy seeing Albert is going to continue extempore.

315 FULL SHOT as Albert continues mildly.

ALBERT

Our Mayor was born poor, and then he became powerful -- and he began to fear the very people he'd come from. Our country is full of men like that -- every country is.

316 CLOSE SHOT - Louise as, spellbound, with wonder in her eyes, she watches:

317 CLOSE SHOT - Albert as he continues quietly.

ALBERT

George Lambert wasn't powerful -- but he chose the side of the powerful men, he honestly admired them. And he found he got along better that way --

PROSECUTOR'S VOICE

(sharply)

I object, Your Honor!

318 FULL SHOT as Albert pauses. The Prosecutor has jumped up and continues:

PROSECUTOR

It's intolerable that the accused should exploit the freedom of this courtroom to indulge in dangerous political talk.

ALBERT

(to the
red-faced
judges)

Maybe these things are political, sir -- but they're the basis of my defense.

(CONTINUED)

(angrily)
This is a court of justice,
Your Honor!

A loud belch.

319 CLOSE SHOT - Prosecutor as he turns and looks angrily past camera at:

320 CLOSE SHOT - little pot-bellied man in the front bench as he puts his hand to his stomach and makes an apologetic gesture of innocent helplessness toward the Prosecutor.

321 CLOSE SHOT - Prosecutor as he glowers and then turns back to the judges.

PROSECUTOR

Can the accused be permitted to slander the name of his unfortunate victim?

322 FULL SHOT - courtroom. Albert turns to the judges patiently.

ALBERT

Is this a free court or not, sir?

PROSECUTOR

(sharply)

If the accused insists on this kind of defense I request the court's permission to bring in a new witness.

PRESIDING JUDGE

Who?

PROSECUTOR

Mr. Henry Manville, Mayor of this town.

Albert peers at him.

PROSECUTOR (cont'd)

He's not present but I'll have him here in the morning. I request an adjournment.

hs

(CONTINUED)

PRESIDING JUDGE
(to Albert)
Has the accused any objection?

ALBERT
(politely)
Not at all, sir.

PRESIDING JUDGE
Very well. This session stands
adjourned.

DISSOLVE

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

323

Small stone-walled room, a cot, a chair, a table, a pail under the bed. A heavy solid door opens on the corridor. In the opposite wall a small barred window. Wooden shutters are closed outside the bars. Albert sits on a stool in his shirt sleeves, his old coat on his knees, deeply absorbed in trying to sew the torn pocket lining of his coat. He does it very awkwardly. There is utter silence. After a moment we hear an accordion outside, far away. Albert lifts his head listening and we recognize the love song which Paul Martin was playing the night Albert spied through the window of the Martin house and saw Louise and the others. It brings Louise before his mind's eye and he begins humming it softly and a little off-key. He begins sewing again but stops abruptly as we hear the bolt clank outside the heavy door. The door swings open and Albert rises surprised as Von Keller enters and nods to the jailer who shuts and bolts the door behind him. Von Keller is very amiable and polite.

VON KELLER
Good evening, Lory --
(chuckles as
he indicates
the coat in
Albert's hands)
Ah, I heard about that torn
pocket. You lost your speech.
But you did all right from all
accounts --
(looks at
the bed)
May I sit down?

ALBERT
(equally polite,
peering at
him innocently
and curiously)
Please. Of course.

(CONTINUED)

VON KELLER
(sits down and
looks at him,
very friendly)
Sit down, Lory.

Albert sits down and Von Keller studies him pleasantly.

VON KELLER (cont'd)
I was mistaken about you.
You're a man of real courage.

ALBERT
(hardly believing
his ears)
Oh, no -- no --

VON KELLER
(stops him with an
upraised hand)
I know what you said in court --
but you're wrong. I know more
about you than you do yourself.
(smiles faintly)
I was a fool not to realize it
sooner.
(takes out his
cigarette case,
opens and
extends it)
Cigarette?

Albert is just about to say no when to his own surprise
he changes his mind. He takes one.

ALBERT
Thank you.

Von Keller lights it for him, watching his face, and he
puffs awkwardly, holding it like a woman; then coughs
and smiles apologetically through the smoke.

ALBERT (cont'd)
It's my second one.

VON KELLER
(suddenly grins,
and speaks
sincerely)
Lory, I like you! (cont'd)

Von Keller lights his own cigarette and studies Albert, who shows no dislike of him)

VON KELLER (cont'd)

It's too bad, you made a great mistake in court today. You called yourself a coward, but you disproved it by what you said. Now they know you killed Lambert.

ALBERT

(very earnestly)
But I didn't.

VON KELLER

Now come, come, I'm not here to convict you, I want to save you. I'm your friend.

ALBERT

But I told the truth. I didn't.

Von Keller stares at him incredulously and it dawns on him that unquestionably the man is telling the truth.

VON KELLER

(astounded)

Lory! I believe you!
(half to himself,
with surprise)

And now I remember the way Lambert looked when I left him.

(staring at
Albert)

It's incredible!
(very pleased
with the
situation
suddenly)

That makes it very easy. Lambert was despondent because of losing Miss Martin -- the police will find a suicide note. We can handle the jury and you'll be acquitted.

(beams at him)

You won't have to say another word in court.

ALBERT

(watching him a
little puzzled)

Did they find a suicide note?

(CONTINUED)

VON KELLER

(laughs)
You're a poet, Lory! A poet!

ALBERT

(slowly)
I don't understand why you're
trying to save me.

VON KELLER

I told you. I like you.

ALBERT

I see. You don't want me to say
anything more in the courtroom.

VON KELLER

(very friendly
and confidential)

My dear Lory, it's a peculiar
situation. A courtroom is a
public forum. Of course we
Germans could take over courts,
schools, town halls, the
administration of the whole
country -- but we're not tyrants
-- we prefer not to do that. We
prefer to collaborate, to give
freedom to the nations we defeat
on the battlefield. But freedom
must be limited by the necessities
of war. We're still fighting on
other fronts. It's a very small
sacrifice we ask of you, when we
are still sacrificing our lives
for the future happiness of the
world.

Albert listens intently, his understanding expanding;
Von Keller smiles.

VON KELLER (cont'd)

You see I'm frank, I have nothing
to conceal. I tell you these
things because you're a man of
intelligence. Lambert was just
a tool, very honest but not very
bright. The Mayor -- you were
right in the courtroom -- he's
working for his own interests.
But --

(shrugs)

-- we need them and we find them
in every country we invade. (cont'd)

VON KELLER (cont'd)

(smiles)

Even in Germany we used them.
That was the way our Party got
into power. They're everywhere.

(with a touch
of fanatical
faith)

That's why nothing can stop us
from winning the world. America
feels secure because of her oceans
-- they think of invasion in terms
of armies and airplanes -- but
they're already invaded. The
honest Lamberts and the dishonest
Manvilles are waiting to welcome
us -- just as they did here in
Europe.

(smiles
ironically)

And if at any time we need peace--
if peace becomes a further weapon
of conquest -- their sincere
patriotism will find plenty of
arguments for the peace.

(laughs)

After all, what is the United
States? A charming cocktail of
Irish and Jews. Very spectacular
but childish. And England? A
few old ladies wearing their
grandfathers' leather britches.

(gets up, very
pleased with
himself)

Well, what do you say, Lory?

ALBERT

(rises politely)

Thank you -- could I have another
cigarette?

VON KELLER

(laughs as he
takes out
his case)

All you want, all you want!

ALBERT

(taking one)

Thank you. Just one.

Von Keller raps on the door for the jailer, then looks
at Albert who watches him curiously.

VON KELLER

Lory, I'm glad you've decided to live -- and be a free man. You're a schoolmaster and you have a great duty -- the regeneration of the youth. You have to make them ready for the world of tomorrow -- and believe me, it will be a fine world.

The jailer opens the heavy door from the outside and he goes out. Albert slowly sits down, thinking, thinking, and the accordion music continues sweetly in the distance, though now he is oblivious of it.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. ALBERT'S PRISON CELL - DAY

324 It is early morning and the shutters have been opened so we see the bars against the bright sky. Albert has his shirt off and looks a little absurd, plumply absurd, as he shaves himself, peering at a little metal mirror which is propped on a ledge of the stone wall. His face is lathered. As we have FADED IN we have heard the feet of tramping soldiers somewhere outside and now they grow louder, ringing on stone flagging as they pass. Albert stops shaving to listen. He tries to see out through the small barred window but it is too high. He gets the stool and climbs up on it shakily.

EXT. SMALL BARRED WINDOW- DAY

325 Albert's lathered face appears behind bars. He sees:

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

326 REVERSE ANGLE - LONG SHOT - ten civilians lined up against a wall and a firing squad deployed in front of them.

EXT. WINDOW OF PRISON CELL - DAY

327 CLOSEUP - Albert as seen through bars. A wild look comes into his eyes.

328 NEAR SHOT on the ten civilians. Closest to camera is Sorel, next Mr. Lorraine, next the three printers we saw arrested, and five other citizens. Suddenly we hear Albert's voice screaming from a distance:

ALBERT'S VOICE
Professor Sorel! Professor
Sorel!

Sorel looks off, but sees foggily, having on the wrong glasses. Automatically he reaches into his handkerchief pocket, gets out his far-seeing glasses, puts them on, recognizes Albert -- smiles and waves.

EXT. BARRED WINDOW OF ALBERT'S CELL - DAY

329 CLOSE into Albert's face as seen through bars as he screams:

ALBERT
PROFESSOR SOREL!

There is an explosion -- a volley of rifles -- and he flinches and closes his eyes as he whispers:

ALBERT (cont'd)
Professor Sorel!

Then he opens his eyes and looks, the frenzy going from his face which seems to fill with strength and resolution. It is as if the explosions of their rifles had smashed through a window in his mind and now he sees a new and unknown world.

DISSOLVE

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY - (RKO PATHE)

330 FULL SHOT - courthouse. A dozen German soldiers are here in the plaza today, keeping an eye on a crowd of townspeople flocking up the steps and into the courthouse. The little pot-bellied man comes hurriedly in from behind camera, briskly heading for the steps.

331 MED. SHOT taking in the doorway through which people are flocking. In f.g. a German soldier is keeping a cold eye on those entering. The little pot-bellied man comes hurrying up steps and starts to go in but the soldier reaches out and blocks his way with a stern arm. The little man looks at the soldier with innocent pleading but the soldier shakes his head and gestures with his thumb for him to get the hell out of there. The little man belches loudly in the face of the soldier, indicates his stomach apologetically and turns away, exiting from scene.

DISSOLVE

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

232 FULL SHOT. Albert is already in the prisoner's dock between the two guards. Jurors and judges seated, as are all the spectators. The room is crowded now. On the front bench is a new figure, Mayor Manville, waiting to be called. Louise sits with Mrs. Lory and Julie. Schwartz sits off inconspicuously at one side with his notebook.

PRESIDING JUDGE

You may call your witness, Mr. Prosecutor.

PROSECUTOR

(rises with the important pleased manner of a man who is going to right a great wrong)

If the court pleases, it will not be necessary to call Mayor Manville. Happily for the cause of justice new evidence has been found which will make unnecessary the continuation of this trial.

333 CLOSE SHOT three judges as they lean forward and we see they are not a party to this business. All very curious.

PRESIDING JUDGE

What evidence? Why hasn't the court been informed of this?

334 FULL SHOT as prosecutor goes to bench with a
piece of paper in hand.

PROSECUTOR

I only found it this morning,
Your Honor, among some mail
which I'd forgotten to open.
It's in the handwriting of the
deceased George Lambert and was
mailed at the railroad station
shortly before his death.

He hands it up to the judge and the two other judges
lean close to look at it.

PROSECUTOR (cont'd)

I offered it in evidence.

335 CLOSE SHOT Albert who leans forward, confounded.

PROSECUTOR'S VOICE

It saves us from a serious
miscarriage of justice because
it clearly shows that the
deceased George Lambert intended
suicide.

336 CLOSE SHOT - Mrs. Lory and Louise. Louise listens with
an intent face but Mrs. Lory's face floods with joy.
Albert's voice rings out:

ALBERT

Excuse me, Your Honor - it's a
forgery!

337 FULL SHOT. Everyone is rigid as the prosecutor whirls
on Albert who stands in the dock, leaning on the rail.
The words are a bombshell.

ALBERT

I know all about that letter -
but I didn't know it was going
to be mailed to the prosecutor -
I mean I didn't know he was
going to write it - I mean -

PROSECUTOR

Quiet, you fool!

PRESIDING JUDGE

(raps)

Just a moment, Mr. Prosecutor.

(looks at
Albert)

What do you mean, Lory?

ALBERT

The letter's forged. Major
von Keller told me last night.

PROSECUTOR

(savagely)

He's out of his mind! The
man's insane!

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

338 CLOSE SHOT - Mrs. Lory and Louise in front seat. Mrs. Lory, frantic, starts to get up but Louise pulls her down beside her firmly, leaning forward and watching Albert intently.

339 FULL SHOT - courtroom as Albert calls out vigorously to the judges.

ALBERT

No, Your Honor - I'm not insane!
The prosecutor wrote that letter
to himself... He's trying to
save my life!

There is a sharp laugh and then the whole room goes into a roar of laughter at the apparent hilarity of the situation, and the comedy is heightened by Albert's earnestness. The judge pounds in vain for order to be restored and finally the laughter dies away as the prosecutor strides over before the judges indignantly.

PROSECUTOR

(angrily)

This is certainly no laughing
matter, Your Honor. For the
sake of the dignity of this
court I respectfully ask that
the man who started that
unseemly outburst be forcibly
removed from this room!

PRESIDING JUDGE

The court agrees with you,
Mr. Prosecutor.

(looks past
camera sternly
at spectators)

Which of you started that
laughter? Please stand up.

341 REVERSE on spectators. Nobody moves. They are almost
grim and defiant now.

JUDGE'S VOICE

I ask you again. Who started
that laughter?

Nobody moves.

342 CLOSE SHOT - Albert as he turns to the judges in the
utter silence.

ALBERT

(quietly)

I can guess who it was, Your
Honor: The Unknown Soldier.

343 FULL SHOT on faces of spectators. The defiance goes
from their faces, they are deeply moved.

344 CLOSE SHOT - prosecutor standing in front of judges and
taking in the presiding judge. The prosecutor bites his
lip, completely floored. The judge is looking past
camera at Albert with some amazement and his voice is
more full of respect than it has ever been before.

PRESIDING JUDGE

Proceed, Mr. Lory.

ALBERT

(very earnest)

Thank you, sir. I found out last night that I'm a very lucky man - that this is the only place left in my country where a man can still speak out - standing where I stand now.

346 FULL SHOT. The prosecutor interrupts.

PROSECUTOR

Excuse me, Your Honor, I ask that the courtroom be cleared.

ALBERT

He's afraid, Your Honor. He's trying to deprive me of my last chance to speak. I know I'm a condemned man. I know I will die. Are you going to let me speak, Your Honor, or are you afraid, too?

PROSECUTOR

I demand that the courtroom be cleared.

PRESIDING JUDGE

Proceed, Mr. Lory.

347 CLOSE SHOT - Albert as tears come into his eyes. He knows the danger the judge is risking.

ALBERT

Thank you. Thank you, sir.

348 CLOSE SHOT - Louise and Mrs. Lory. Joy in Louise's face and absolute despair in Mrs. Lory's.

349 CLOSE SHOT - Mayor Manville. He looks very angry and uneasy, as if he'd like to be out of the room.

ALBERT

I'm a very lucky man. I had a moment of weakness last night - I wanted to live. And I had good reasons to live. Major von Keller told me beautiful things about the future of this world they're building. I almost believed him. It's very hard for people like you and me to understand what is evil and what is good. It's easy for working people to know who the enemy is because the aim of this War and this Occupation is to make them slaves. But middle-class people like us can easily believe as George Lambert did - that a German victory isn't such a bad thing. You hear people say that too much liberty brings chaos and disorder. That's why I was tempted last night by Major von Keller when he came to my cell.

(now in wonderful control not only of himself but of the whole crowded room)

But this morning I looked out through bars and saw this beautiful new world working. I saw ten men die because they still believed in freedom -

(with emotion)

- and among them was a man I loved, Prof. Sorol. He smiled and waved to me, as if he were telling me what to do. I knew then I had to die - and the strange thing is I was happy.

PROSECUTOR

(white-faced and grim)

Your Honor, I demand an adjournment. I object to this insane talk!

PRESIDING JUDGE

Quiet, please.

ALBERT

(looks at the
judges, very
proud and
happy)

Those ten men died because of Paul Martin. But they didn't blame Paul Martin -- they were proud of him. Paul was a soldier. Without glory but in a wonderful cause. I see now that sabotage is the only weapon left to a defeated people - and so long as we have saboteurs the other free nations who are still fighting on the battlefields will know that we're not defeated. I know that for every German killed, many of our innocent citizens are executed. But the example of their heroism is contagious, and our resistance grows. It's very easy to talk about heroism in the free countries - but it's hard to talk about it here where our people are starving. The hard truth is that the hungrier we get the more we need our heroes. We must stop saying that sabotage is wrong, that it doesn't pay.... It does pay. It makes us suffer, starve and die -- but though it increases our misery it will shorten our slavery. That's a hard choice, I know.

(eyes glow with
his belief)

But even now they are bringing more troops into this town because of the trouble that has started - and the more German soldiers here the less they have on the fighting fronts. Even an occupied town like this can be a fighting front too - and the fighting is harder.

(looks around
the room with
compassion)

We not only have to fight hunger and a tyrant. First we have to fight ourselves. This Occupation - any Occupation in any land - is only possible because we are corrupt. (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

(touches
his heart)

I accuse myself first. The
flesh is weak. For my own
comfort and security I made no
protest against the mutilation
of truth in our schoolbooks.
My mother got me extra food -
and milk - by a subterfuge, and
I accepted it without facing
the fact that I was depriving
children and people poorer than
we were of their portion.

(points at
a juror)

351 CLOSE SHOT - Mr. Noble in the jury box.

ALBERT'S VOICE

You are the butcher, Mr. Noble.
Naturally you wanted to survive
- and the black market was the
answer. You keep your business
going by selling meat out the
back door at ten times its
price. Some to my mother, who
was equally guilty, as I was in
eating it.

352 CLOSE SHOT - Mr. Milette next to Noble. He begins to
wither at the sound of Albert's voice.

ALBERT'S VOICE

You, Mr. Milette, are doing
very well in your hotel, even
though it's filled with Germans.
You've never sold so much
champagne and at such a good
price. Of course, they print
the money for nothing but with
this money you're buying
properties, just as the mayor is.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

353 CLOSE SHOT - all jurors.

ALBERT'S VOICE

I could say the same about many
of you. If the Occupation lasts
long enough the men who are
taking advantage of it will own
the town. (cont'd)

I don't blame you for making money - you should blame yourselves for making the Occupation possible - because you can't do these things without playing into the hands of the real rulers of the town, the Germans.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

354 FULL SHOT. Everyone is spellbound as Albert looks at the juror.

ALBERT

That's why I know you must condemn me to die. Not because I killed George Lambert, which I didn't, but because I've tried to tell the Truth. And the Truth can't be allowed to live under the Occupation. It's too dangerous. This Occupation lives upon lies, just as the whole evil world they call the New Order does. Officially you will find me guilty of murder --

355 CLOSE SHOT - Albert as he leans toward them, helpful and compassionate.

ALBERT

But don't worry, my friends. Even if you acquitted me and I walked out of this courtroom a free man, the enemy would take me and put me against a wall.

356 CLOSE SHOT - jurors spellbound.

ALBERT

And you, too. They can find any reason to take hostages.

(then he turns
and looks at
Louise, smiling
a little)

There's one final charge I must answer to, and I'm very guilty. Yesterday I was ashamed when the Prosecutor accused me of loving you, Louise.

growing with pride and love for him.

ALBERT'S VOICE

(triumphantly)

It's true. I've always loved you, secretly. But now I'm not ashamed. I'm proud, and I don't want to keep it a secret. I want to tell the whole world.

Tears in Louise's eyes.

358 CLOSE SHOT - Albert, as he smiles at her tenderly and proudly.

ALBERT

I don't feel silly at all. Maybe it's because I'm going to die - but I feel very young.

(leans on the rail and looks around the room, shyly proud, as if confiding another secret)

Last night Major von Keller told me something very funny. He told me I wasn't a coward -

(laughs)

I think he was right.

He turns and looks at:

359 CLOSE SHOT of the three judges listening with smiling dignity.

ALBERT'S VOICE

And I think I'm not the only one who's not a coward --

360 FULL SHOT - as he looks all around the room proudly.

ALBERT

This town is full of courage. I'm proud of it. I'm proud to be born and die here.

(turns to judges again)

Thank you, Your Honors.

(CONTINUED)

The whole crowded room sits spellbound, in hushed silence, as he sits down. Here and there we hear and see people crying.

361 CLOSE SHOT - Louise and Mrs. Lory. Mrs. Lory is weeping hopelessly and silently while Louise watches Albert with a transfigured face, tears of joy in here eyes, loving him as she has never loved any human being. We hear the judge's gavel.

362 FULL SHOT. The presiding judge addresses the jurors.

PRESIDING JUDGE

Gentlemen of the jury, you will now retire from this courtroom to exercise your free conscience and arrive at a just verdict.

To everyone's astonishment, including Albert's, the president of the jury, Mr. Noble, the butcher, stands up in the box.

MR. NOBLE

We've already agreed on the verdict, Your Honor.

PRESIDING JUDGE

Albert Lory. Please stand.

Albert rises, a little bewildered, peering at the jurors, whom the judge addresses.

PRESIDING JUDGE (cont'd)

What is the verdict?

MR. NOBLE

(facing Albert)

We, the jury, by unanimous agreement and fully conscious of our responsibility in weighing the guilt or innocence of the accused, who has here been tried for the murder of George Lambert, find him not guilty.

363 CLOSE FLASH - Albert absolutely stunned.

FULL SHOT as Albert stand speechlessly, the spectators throw all caution to the winds, getting to their feet, some of them cheering, some breaking past the attendants to run to the jury box and grasp the hands of the jurors, some crying with joy and excitement. The judge is pounding his gavel for order as Louise struggles through the crowd to get to Albert and we -

DISSOLVE

EXT. STREET - DAY

365

CAMERA MOVES ALONG ON the two happiest people in the world - Albert and Louise. They come walking along the sidewalk like two children, unashamedly holding hands, and Louise's face is transfigured, bursting with pride of Albert, who is equally proud of her - his face glowing with joy and pride and dignity. We hear the accordion gaily playing the love song which is like a theme of their love. But the most stupendous thing of this walk which is a triumphal march through the town, is the reaction of the citizens they pass and who come flocking out of the doorways and leaning out windows to get a glimpse of their great man. They stand aside with respect, lifting their hats almost solemnly and Albert gaily nods and smiles this way and that to them as he passes. Suddenly the little pot-bellied man, who is afflicted with "indigestion" comes hurrying out of a doorway, steps in close as he takes off his hat respectfully, seizes Albert's hand and shakes it, tears in his eyes. Then he steps back, holding his hat, as Albert passes on with Louise. As more and more citizens come flocking out to pay their proud tribute to him, we begin to hear schoolbells ringing over the music, the bells growing louder as they near the school - and even the bells are gay and happy.

DISSOLVE

INT. ALBERT'S CLASSROOM - DAY

366

All the rowdy boys are in their seats, the full class including little Edmond Lorraine, a black band on his sleeve, and the bells are still ringing though more softly now. For a moment perhaps we think the boys are going to be up to their old pranks and be the only ones in town to show disrespect, but as the bell dies away, the door opens heartily, not hesitantly and fearfully as Albert used to open it, and Albert comes striding in, really looking young - and incredibly happy. Louise stops in the doorway, for a moment fearing the boys are going to misbehave, but as Albert smiles at his class the two rowdies, Julian and Henry, stand up abruptly and the other boys look at them and all spring to their feet, standing straight and stiff, showing even more respect for their schoolmaster than the townspeople did.

for a moment, beaming at the hushed attentive boys.
His manner now is almost as Sorel's was.

ALBERT

(cheerfully)

Thank you, young men. Sit down.

He takes a book from his pocket as Louise comes over behind him watching proudly.

ALBERT (cont'd)

I'm afraid this is my last class.
I don't know how much time I
have - but if it must be a short
lesson, I think I've found the
best book.

(looks at the
worn book in
his hand)

Professor Sorel gave it to me --

(drops his voice
and confides to
them smilingly)

-- and the only reason it wasn't
burned with the others is because
I hid it away in my bedroom.

(opens the book;
cheerful, but
very serious now)

I'm going to read you something
that was written by great men,
written in a night of enthusiasm
a long time ago. A hundred and
fifty years ago. These men came
from all classes - aristocrats,
working people, business men, men
of religion - and they didn't
fight with each other, they all
agreed on that wonderful night.

(looks at book)

Now other men are trying to
destroy this book. Maybe this
copy will be burned. But they
can't burn it out of your
memories. You'll have to
rewrite it some day.

(looks at them
proudly)

That's why you young people are
so important. You're going to
be the new nation.

(looks at book and
reads and you
could hear a pin drop)

"A Declaration of the Rights
of Man: (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

ALBERT (cont'd)

(reads and his voice
grows clear and
strong)

"Article One: Men are born and
remain free and equal in rights.

"Article Two: The purpose of
all political parties is the
safeguarding of the natural and
inalienable rights of man. These
rights are liberty, property
security, and resistance to
tyranny.

368 Boys' faces listening raptly as he continues.

ALBERT'S VOICE

"Article Three: The principle
of all government resides in the
nation itself. No group, no
individual, can exercise any
authority which does not expressly
emanate from the people.

369 FULL SHOT - as Albert continues, Louise near him
watching. A wonderful silence and attention.

ALBERT

"Article Four: Liberty
consists in freedom to do all
that does not harm others.

"Article Five: The law has
the right to forbid --"

He breaks off reading as the door is flung open and two
German soldiers enter followed by the tough sergeant
we have seen before. Louise flinches and pale s but
Albert is unfrightened, addressing the soldiers who
motion for him to come with them.

ALBERT (cont'd)

Just one moment, gentlemen.
(turns to class
and finishes
reading)

"Article Five: The law has the
right to forbid only those
actions which are harmful to
society." (cont'd)

quietly and looks
fondly at the
wide-eyed children)
I'm sorry, I must go. I must
go not because I'm harmful to
society, which is you, but
harmful to tyranny -

And he indicates the soldiers without malice.

SERGEANT

(curtly)
That's enough. Come on!

Albert closes his book and puts it on the desk before him. He looks at Louise and suddenly she puts her arms around him and kisses him with her whole heart and soul, crying as she clings to him. Gently he releases himself.

ALBERT

Don't move. Don't move, Louise.
Don't cry. I'm happy.
(turns to
children)
Good-bye, citizens.

With a firm step he walks out between the two soldiers without a backward glance. The sergeant shuts the door and Louise is left alone with the children. She is still crying. Then she hears a boy crying and sees it is the toughest boy in the class, Julian Lamont. Louise shakes her tears away, steps to the desk, opens the book and begins reading in a firm voice:

LOUISE

"Article Six: The law is the expression of the will of the people. All citizens have the right to assist personally, or through their elected representatives, in its formation. It ought to be the same for all, whether it protects or whether it punishes. All citizens, being equal in the eyes of the law, have equal rights to all dignities, places and public positions according to their capacity, and without other distinctions than those of their virtues and talents."

As she is reading, we quietly -

FADE OUT

THE END