

The Concluding Chapter of Crawford

"WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE"

From the Novel by: Henry Farrell

Screenplay by: Lukas Heller

NOTE NAME CHANGE

Character of EDNA has been
changed to ELVIRA.

The Concluding Chapter of Crawford

CAST AND CREDITS

Seven Arts
presents

An Associates and Aldrich Production

"WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE?"

Starring

Bette Davis
as
Jane Hudson

Joan Crawford
as
Blanche Hudson

Introducing

Victor Buono

as

Edwin Flagg

with

Marjorie Bennett

as

Della Flagg

Maidie Norman

as

Elvira Stitt

Anna Lee

as

Mrs. Bates

Barbara Merrill

as

Liza Bates

Julie Allred

as

Baby Jane (child)

Gina Gillespie

as

Blanche (child)

Dave Willock

as

Ray Hudson

Ann Barton

as

Cora Hudson

Produced and Directed by
Robert Aldrich
Screenplay by Lukas Heller
From the novel by Henry Farrell
Director of Photography
Ernest Haller, A.S.C.
Film Editor Michael Luciano
Art Director William Glasgow

Executive Producer Kenneth Eyman
Music by Frank DeVol
Sound by Jack Solomon
Costumes by Norma Koch
Set Decorator George Sawley
Production Supervisor
Jack R. Berne
Assistant Director Tom Connors

Presented by Warner Bros.

A1 SOUND BEFORE VISION

The screen is in darkness and somewhere a child is CRYING. It is a bitter, desolate sound like that of a frightened child locked up alone in a strange room. The echoes of this despairing plea for comfort seem to reverberate not only through space, but back down the years to some long distant past.

A2 INT. THEATRE FOYER - DAY - LOCATION

CLOSE SHOT - CAMERA LENS OPENS UP ON: A large male hand as it releases the lid of an old-fashioned Jack-In-The-Box type Doll. The lid is slowly pushed up by a chubby, hairless doll with wide, unblinking eyes that rise out of the darkness of the box with a sinister kind of lethargy, like a blind snake searching for the sun.

A3 TWO SHOT

Watching this performance and completely terrified by it, is a little GIRL of no more than four years, who is crying bitterly and trying to hide her face in her MOTHER's dress. As the doll rises from its box the Girl's horrified sobs mingle with the peculiarly metallic weeping SOUND of the mechanical doll.

A4 The young Mother, embarrassed by her daughter's behavior, starts to pull her away towards the theatre entrance. The big, insensitive looking theatre ATTENDANT, whose hand started this performance, squeezes the Doll back into its box and turns away laughing harshly to replace the toy on a display stand that contains several more of the mechanical Dolls.

CUT TO:

1 EXT. - THEATRE AND STREET - DAY - STUDIO LOT

LONG SHOT - The extravagant architecture of the small town theatre blends with the elaborate, late Nineteenth Century facade of the buildings that surround it. We are on Main Street in a sleepy little Californian town. It is late afternoon in summer and the date is 1913.

The Mother comes out of the theatre entrance and moves away up the street with the little Girl still hugging fretfully at her hand.

A horseless carriage passes through FRAME and goes popping and chattering away down the almost deserted street, leaving behind a thin cloud of dust that settles slowly on the hot, unmetalled road. Across the way at the theatre entrance, a COMMISSIONAIRE is propping open the doors in preparation for the matinee audience that will soon be coming out. As CAMERA BEGINS TO TRACK INTO MEDIUM SHOT, the SOUNDS of a small theatre pit orchestra drift out onto the street.

2 CLOSE SHOT

CAMERA comes to rest on a Poster. Couched in the peculiarly naive phrasing that dates from a time when advertisements were unsophisticated and people were inclined to believe them, the poster announces the star attraction -

THE ONE AND ONLY!

"BABY JANE HUDSON"

THE DIMINUTIVE DANCING DUSE FROM DULUTH!

3 CAMERA MOVES AWAY INTO MEDIUM SHOT - past a board that boasts: "HOUSE FULL", and around the corner of the building where at the bottom of a short alley a few of the less fortunate, who were unable to get tickets, or could not afford them, stand by the Stage Door waiting patiently for a brief view of their little idol.

OVERSCENE: A muffled burst of applause marks a high point in the show.

GROUP SHOT: The MOTHERS, with their long, linen skirts, summer blouses and wide-brimmed, straw hats, watch over their beribboned little girls like indulgent guards as a little ripple of eager anticipation goes through the entire group.

CUT TO:

4 INT. THE THEATRE - DAY - STUDIO

MED. SHOT: Holding the stage entirely on her own, BABY JANE HUDSON, a pudgy six-year-old with golden curls cascading down to

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

her shoulders, is performing a tap dancing routine. Her movements are highly competent, but mechanical and devoid of any real imagination or joy.

5 GROUP SHOT

Standing in the wings, engrossed in his daughter's performance is RAY HUDSON. Smooth featured and good looking in an unremarkable way, with slicked back hair, tailored blazer and a lacquered straw hat, he looks like an imitation of an imitation. At his side is his wife, CORA, a crushed, colorless, but not unsympathetic woman in her early forties. Standing in front of CORA is their first child, BLANCHE. At thirteen Blanche Hudson is just entering the awkward, gangling stage of early adolescence, but the face already bears signs of the looks and personality that years later are going to make her a great star. Cora rests her hand on Blanche's shoulder in a gesture that denotes ownership rather than affection.

As the tap dancing routine nears its climax Ray Hudson exhorts his child to greater efforts.

RAY HUDSON

(under his breath)

That's a girl, Janey - Show 'em how!

Blanche looks up at her father with an expression that combines jealousy with distaste. But he does not notice her.

6 HIGH ANGLE

From up in the flies Baby Jane looks like a tubby dwarf gyrating on the brightly lit stage.

7 REVERSE SHOT

A STAGE-HAND and an ELECTRICIAN lean on the railing of the flies and look down glumly.

STAGE-HAND

(disgusted)

They've missed a trick with that kid - they should have her play the violin - on roller skates.

ELECTRICIAN

Don't worry - they will.

He turns away to adjust a spotlight.

8 MED. SHOT

Baby Jane finishes her routine and curtsies demurely. Ray Hudson comes onto the stage echoing the rapturous applause with some

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

handclapping of his own. With a quick smile for Baby Jane he turns to the audience and raises his hands in a well practised gesture of helplessness to quell the applause.

RAY HUDSON

Thank you, folks... Thank you...
Thank you, very much... Now you're
maybe going to find this hard to believe,
but this little trouser here's just an
ordinary little girl like any one of your
own...

(archly)

... And maybe not such a lot different
from some of you bigger girls out there...

9 CLOSE SHOT

A matronly MOTHER in the stalls bristles ecstatically.

10 RESUME MED. SHOT

Ray Hudson smiles patronizingly.

RAY HUDSON

Yes, sir. I don't think Baby Jane's
one bit different from any one of you -
except maybe she's had a little more
practice. Well, anyway - golly, you
know a little girl like that gets tired...

11 CLOSE SHOT

Eyes down and scuffing her foot on the boards. Baby Jane shows little
sign of fatigue.

12 RESUME MEDIUM SHOT

RAY HUDSON

... So I'm going to have to ask you
folks for just one final request...

The rest of his speech is drowned in an uproar of female voices with a
few piping childish ones thrown in, all clamoring for their favorite
number. But this is clearly a well rehearsed routine, because although
no single title is heard more clearly than another, Ray Hudson has
already exchanged a glance with the LEADER of the five-piece
orchestra and the MUSICIANS have already turned over their scores
when Ray finally throws up his arms as if giving way to some inevitable
and overwhelming demand.

RAY HUDSON

Okay... okay... "I'm Writing To
Daddy". I guess that's everybody's
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

RAY HUDSON (CONT'D)

favorite -- leastways we never seem
to get through a show without it.

(turning to Baby Jane)

Janie, would you care to sing "I'm
Writing To Daddy" for the folks?

BABY JANE

(sweetly)

Certainly...

As she steps forward with complete assurance, Ray Hudson goes to
sit at the piano at the side of the stage, the lights go down, and the
orchestra breaks into a cloyingly sweet arrangement of the simple
tune.

BABY JANE

(singing)

"Oh, the postman, he won't mind,
'Cause Mama says that Heaven's near.
Tho' you've left us both behind,
I'm writing Daddy dear...
I - love - you..." etc., etc., etc....

As the song comes to an end the spotlight is extinguished and there is
a moment of silence and darkness; then the lights go up and the
audience breaks into a roar of applause. Ray Hudson comes forward
to the footlights and reaches down to help a little BOY up onto the stage.
The Boy, dressed in a black tuxedo and looking like a miniature adult,
presents Baby Jane with an almost life-size doll in a cellophane box.
Baby Jane makes an excellent job of appearing surprised and
gratified. She hugs the box to her little chest, grabs the Boy and
kisses him firmly on the cheek.

13 CLOSE SHOT

The Doll is an accurate replica of Baby Jane.

14 MED. SHOT - SHOOTING FROM THE STAGE

The audience wildly applauds and chuckles its approval of Baby Jane's
onstage antics.

15 REVERSE SHOT

The Boy in the tuxedo is released and scampers away into the wings.
Baby Jane curtsies and bows to both sides and the curtain begins to
fall. Ray Hudson steps forward quickly and holds up his hands
appealingly.

RAY HUDSON

Thank you...thank you. We're really
glad you liked the show...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

RAY HUDSON (CONT'D)
(applause begins to die
down)

And now don't forget there's a genuine
Baby Jane doll just waiting for you to
collect her out in the foyer. And
remember, kids, you can tell your Mom
that every one of those cute little dolls
is an exact likeness of your own Baby
Jane Hudson... Now, if you'll just -

CUT TO:

16 INT. - THEATRE FOYER - DAY - STUDIO

Flanked by the display stand with the Jack-In-The-Box Dolls is an even larger stand on which there is a regiment of identical, vacant looking Baby Jane dolls. The big Attendant from Scene 4 is standing guard and the \$1.50 sign prominently displayed above the stand provides a harsh contrast to Ray Hudson's honeyed words. Many Mothers with excited children clinging to either hand, hurry through the theatre foyer in an harassed attempt to reach the stage door before Baby Jane finishes her performance.

CUT TO:

17 INT. STAGE AND WINGS - THEATRE - DAY - STUDIO

Baby Jane stands bored and impatient in the middle of the stage. As Ray Hudson appears from behind the curtains she turns on her heel, thrusts the box with the doll in it into her Mother's hands, and strides purposefully off into the wings. The parents and Blanche follow.

CUT TO:

18 EXT. ALLEY AND STAGE DOOR - DAY - LOCATION

The GROUP waiting outside the stage door has grown considerably. At that moment there is a buzz of excitement near the front of the crowd and the stage door opens. A little GIRL hops up and down whining.

LITTLE GIRL

I can't see, Mommy... I can't see her.

The Mother picks up the Little Girl and raises her awkwardly to her shoulders.

19 HIGH ANGLE

Ray Hudson pauses in the doorway to wait for Baby Jane, who follows reluctantly and then stops altogether as a great sigh of delight rises

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

from the crowd. Still dressed as for the stage, Baby Jane blinks in the sunlight; her little fists bunched in anger.

JANE

(turning back)

I won't... I don't wanna go back to that ol' hotel. I don't have to take a nap - you can't make me!

Ray bends down quickly in a vain effort to hide Jane's burst of temper from the crowd. Cora Hudson remains in the doorway looking unhappy and ineffectual.

RAY

Now, Janie - don't act up, sweetheart. You've got to take your nap. You know that.

JANE

(shouting)

No, I don't "know that"... 'An' I'm not going to!

Ray looks up at the crowd, attempting to smile.

RAY

(truly embarrassed)

Come on now, Janie, you don't want your nice friends to think you're a bad little girl, now do you?

JANE

I don't care! I want a sweet ice!

RAY

But Jane, I told you -

JANE

I want it!!

As Cora hurries forward to try and relieve the situation, Blanche is revealed in the doorway. She stares in horror at the fascinated crowd and shrinks back in an agony of embarrassment as Jane begins to scream.

JANE

I make the money - so I can have what I want!

Jane is trying to drag away from her Father, who holds her by one arm.

RAY

Now, Jane! That's enough!

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

JANE

Leave me alone! I need an ice!

The Hudsons are defeated by her sheer determination and Ray weakly tries to make a joke of his defeat.

RAY

Well, I guess if you need an ice you'd better have one. I mean, it's a pretty hot day and all.

(trying to inject some authority into his voice again)

But that's the last time this week. You understand?

Baby Jane immediately relaxes and her expression becomes demure again.

JANE

All right, Daddy.

Ray's relief is pathetic. He takes out a handkerchief to mop his face. Then, suddenly, Jane has another demand. But this time there is no artifice - for a brief moment she is no perfectly natural, affectionate little girl. She turns her head to look for Blanche,

JANE

Blanche wants one too - We gotta have an ice for Blanche.

Irritated almost beyond endurance by the very thought of another delay, Ray turns to look at Blanche. There is a moment's silence as if all of them - both the crowd and her family were waiting for Blanche's reply. She hovers in the doorway, struggling for words.

BLANCHE

(vehemently)

No... No, I don't want anything!

RAY

(turning on Blanche)

What the hell do you think you're doing!

Blanche looks around wildly, then rushes back into the theatre to hide herself. Jane simply shrugs, turns and walks into the waiting and somewhat stunned crowd followed by her angry father. Cora pauses, turns back toward the theatre, then decides to seek out Blanche.

CUT TO:

20 INT. THEATRE - BACKSTAGE - MED. SHOT

Blanche stands in the wings pretending to watch the Jugglers who are now performing. Cora silently and solicitously approaches and is about to speak when Blanche turns and discovers her. Then Blanche turns quickly away and walks to a period water cooler. Her Mother patiently and slowly follows.

21 TWO SHOT - BLANCHE AND CORA

Cora hesitates, uncertain whether Blanche is listening.

CORA

(a whisper)

You mustn't mind, sweetheart. Your father didn't mean it, not the way it seemed, he didn't...

Blanche keeps her eye firmly on the water cooler and refuses to turn toward her Mother.

CORA

(continues)

It's just that he has to give Janie a lot of special attention that he can't give to you - or even me - because of her work. We owe such a lot to Janie - all of us.

Blanche clenches cup in her hand and scowls PAST CAMERA at the Jugglers.

CORA

(continues)

If it weren't for her we wouldn't have all the nice things we enjoy. You wouldn't have your pretty clothes; we couldn't go to the seashore in the summer, and you wouldn't be able to have your dramatic lessons either. We'd miss an awful lot. Janie works so hard for all of us.

Cora leans closer, but Blanche, refusing to meet her eye, remains staring at the act in progress.

CUT TO:

22 LONG SHOT - BLANCHE'S P.O.V.

The Jugglers are nearing the end of their act and now are receiving considerable applause from the crowd.

CORA (over)

You're the lucky one, though Blanche. Really you are.

23 CAMERA MOVES INTO VERY CLOSE TWO SHOT

Cora moves even closer to her daughter as she tries to persuade her that patience will prevail.

CORA

One day it'll be you that's getting all the attention. And when that happens you must try and be kinder to Jane and your father than they are to you now. D'you know what I mean?

Blanche looks up absently at her Mother's face.

BLANCHE

Uh - huh...

CORA

I hope you'll try and remember that...

In an irritated fashion Blanche violently turns the spigot of the water cooler to the open position and lets the water drain out into the overflow container.

BLANCHE

I won't forget...

Then she turns and walks quickly towards the stage door.

BLANCHE

(half over her shoulder)

You can bet I won't forget!

FADE OUT:

24 thru 32 omitted

FADE IN:

33 INT. VIEWING THEATRE - FILM STUDIOS - DAY - STUDIO

One of Hollywood's lesser epics is on the screen with Baby Jane playing the lead. Eighteen years on, and unrecognizable as the child we knew, Baby Jane is moving towards a crisis in the story. Her gestures are exaggerated, her silences too long, and her breathing heavy. The climax of the story has arrived and Baby Jane is about to make a fateful decision.

OVER SCENE:

AN ANGUISHED VOICE

Okay, okay... That's enough.

The picture fades and the sound track grinds to a stop with Jane's voice dropping to a gurgling bass before it finally dies. The lights go up in the theatre to reveal DAVID FELDMAN, an aggressively

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

active, executive producer and MARTY McDONALD, a smoother, less powerful personality who is an agent. Feldman has risen and is already heading for the door. McDonald follows him.

McDONALD

Well, what d'you think, Dave?

Feldman pauses by the door to give him a sour look.

FELDMAN

What's thinking got to do with it? She stinks, doesn't she?

McDONALD

(tentatively)

They say the ending's pretty good. Maybe we should've seen it through...

FELDMAN

(pained)

Please.

He is about to push through the door, when the PROJECTIONIST appears from the back of the theatre.

PROJECTIONIST

You gonna want that picture again today, Mr. Feldman?

FELDMAN

I don't think anybody's ever gonna want that picture again.

He goes through the door leaving McDonald to give the perplexed Projectionist a sympathetic shrug and then hurries out.

CUT TO:

33-A INT. PROJECTION ROOM - MED. SHOT

The Projectionist and his ASSISTANT are busy unloading the machine and rewinding the film.

PROJECTIONIST

When the old man hired them Hudson sisters how come he had to hire the back end of the act too... Boy, what a no-talent broad that Baby Jane is.

ASSISTANT

You'd think at least she could stay sober...

CUT TO:

34 EXT. STUDIO GROUNDS - DAY - LOCATION

Feldman walks moodily along a path flanked by shrubs. He pauses to let McDonald catch up with him.

FELDMAN

You're her agent, Marty, you're supposed to look after her interests as well as Blanche's. Why don't you do everybody a favor and let us buy up her contract? We'll pay her double and she can retire like she should've done ten years ago.

MCDONALD

I don't know how I could put a proposition like that to Baby Jane - even if Blanche agreed - I mean, Jane's got her pride you know and she's a pretty sensitive girl.

FELDMAN

Listen, your 'pretty sensitive girl' gurgled her way through six cases of Scotch and slugged two studio cops, not to mention one or two less savory items of publicity before we got that so-called epic in the can. Don't talk to me about "sensitive". Anyway, you don't have to talk to Jane. If Blanche'll give us an 'out' on that clause in her

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

FELDMAN (CONT'D)

contract that says Baby Jane has to make one picture for every picture we make with Blanche, then Baby Jane's contract isn't going to be any problem - that's what we keep lawyers for.

McDONALD

Yeah, but somehow I don't see Blanche doing that.

They have come out onto one of the studio roads opposite a sound stage in front of which, in a specially marked "BLANCHE HUDSON" parking bay there is an enormous, twelve-cylinder, 1931 HISPANO-SUIZA. Feldman wanders over to the car and begins to examine it with an abstracted, pensive air.

FELDMAN

I don't get it. Blanche Hudson's just about the biggest thing in movies today. She can write her own ticket, pick her own scripts and she's got more money than she knows what to do with.

McDONALD

(interrupting with
ingenuous enthusiasm)

You're telling me! D'you know she just bought that tremendous place Valentino used to have - and it's gonna take more'n a year to have it done over the way she wants it before they move in.

FELDMAN

(irritated by the
interruption)

Oh, yeah...

(half a laugh)

Well I guess they can manage to "struggle" by where they are now. Anyway, the point is she ought to have more sense than to think she's ever going to make a star out of Baby Jane again.

McDONALD

Blanche has no illusions about that. But she's a very fine person, Dave. She's never going to forget those early years and what her sister did for her. She told me that herself.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2)

FELDMAN

Well, I tell you, she's not doing Baby Jane any favor. Sooner or later that girl's going to wind up in a home. Look, you're going to their party at the Grove tonight, aren't you?

McDONALD

Did you ever try refusing one of Blanche's invitations?

FELDMAN

Okay, well do me a favor, will you? Talk to Blanche. Try to make her understand.

McDONALD

I'll do my best.

FELDMAN

(sour but not unfriendly)

Thanks... Remind me to send you one of those Baby Jane dolls for Christmas.

McDONALD

(ruefully)

Thanks, but I already got mine for this year.

Feldman has been running his hand thoughtfully over one of the car's great headlamps.

FELDMAN

(pensively)

I don't know... What do they make monsters like this for... ?

McDONALD

(laughing uneasily)

For Blanche Hudson.

Feldman looks wonderingly down the length of the enormous, menacing bonnet without apparently hearing McDonald's words or being aware of his presence.

DISSOLVE:

35

EXT. GATES AND DRIVE TO HUDSON HOUSE - NIGHT - LOCATION

STARTING ON four heavy iron bars which fill the screen like the window of a prison cell. PULL BACK to reveal the dim outline of the

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

huge, wrought-iron gates as seen from just inside the drive. A glow of lights approaches CAMERA.

OVERSCENE: The throbbing of a big car's engine increases in volume.

Two headlight beams swing towards CAMERA, approach rapidly, then stop and remain stationary. The idling cylinders can be heard thumping like the engines of a big ship. A door is slammed and the silhouette of a FEMALE FIGURE moves towards the gates, it's shadow growing larger as it moves away from the headlights. As the Figure reaches forward to open the gate, the engine of the car suddenly increases in volume, the lights appear to grow brighter and then surge towards CAMERA with the exhaust bellowing furiously. There is a wild scream, a sound like an explosion and the screen is thrown into momentary darkness.

36 FADE IN - MAIN TITLES
THRU
60

A single headlamp is still burning - staring blindly up towards the skyline. CAMERA moves forward, passes through the damaged gates and starts a detailed examination of the car.

OVERSCENE: A single set of footsteps are heard moving about uncertainly, then they increase their pace, move away and finally break into a run.

HOLDING its subject in a constant CLOSE SHOT, CAMERA travels over the wrecked car with loving care. Passing over the crumpled radiator and along the buckled bonnet, CAMERA peers through the shattered windshield to reveal that both the front seats are empty. The doors have burst open and lying on the concrete paving beneath the running board is a Baby Jane doll. The face has been split away in a jagged line from brow to chin, exposing the hollow head and the crude mechanism of wires that operated the movement of the glassy, sightless eyes. The remaining half of the face still shows the silly, perfect, dead smile.

By now the MAIN TITLES are completed.

FADE OUT:

61 EXT. GATES AND DRIVE TO HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - LOCATION

STARTING as in previous scenes on the bars of the gate, PULL BACK to reveal that the gates have long since been repaired. A 1962 BUICK passes smoothly through FRAME from right to left. Coming from the opposite direction, traveling more slowly and braking as it comes, a 1962 FORD passes in front of the gates. CAMERA PANS to follow the Ford as it turns into the drive adjacent to that of the Hudson house.

62 EXT. GARAGE AND REAR OF BATES' HOUSE - DAY - LOCATION

The Ford turns off the gravelled drive and comes to rest on the concrete parking area. MRS. BATES, a handsome, well-preserved woman in her late forties, steps out of the car and glances almost involuntarily in the direction of the Hudson house across the way.

63 MED. SHOT

The Spanish style house lies shuttered and silent in the late afternoon sun. At first sight the house gives the impression of a deserted fortress, but the half-open garage doors reveal part of a dated, expensive car. And as it travels slowly past the shuttered windows up to the second floor, CAMERA reveals an open window behind which a piece of light curtain material stirs very gently in the faint breeze.

64 REVERSE SHOT

Mrs. Bates turns away with something like regret, slams the car door and moves towards the back door of her house.

CUT TO:

65 INT. - BATES' SITTING ROOM - DAY - STUDIO

Curled up on the sofa in the kind of tangled position that comes naturally only to Yogis and teen-aged females, LIZA BATES is watching television with the cool, detached appraisal of a sophisticated sixteen year old.

OVERSCENE: The rich, yeasty music and occasional snatches of dialogue indicate without the necessity of vision that someone in an old movie is suffering a grave emotional crisis.

The door opens behind Liza and Mrs. Bates comes into the room. Liza does not look up, and seeing the television set, Mrs. Bates stops to watch, her eyes quickly taking on a far-away, wistful expression.

66 CLOSE SHOT - TELEVISION SCREEN

The tragic heroine, Blanche Hudson is playing out a scene with a minor character, a DESK CLERK or a BUTLER.

HE

Who shall I tell them called?

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

SHE
(tragically)
It doesn't matter now... Not any
more...

She moves out of FRAME, her footsteps receding.

HE
(calling after her)
Hey! Lady - you left your purse...
(after a pause)
Can you beat that... ?

He looks at CAMERA, puzzled by the vagaries of human nature.

67 MED. SHOT

As the massed violins swell up to assault the audience's emotions, Liza turns becoming aware of someone's presence, and is mildly surprised at the faraway look on her mother's face. She looks back at the screen.

68 CLOSE SHOT - TELEVISION SCREEN

An unspeakably cheerful ANNOUNCER comes on bearing aloft a tin of dog food between two fingers as if it were some rare jewel.

ANNOUNCER
Sorry to break in on this fine old
Blanche Hudson movie, folks, but
you'll be glad I did when you see what
I have here for that favorite pooch of
yours...

69 MED. SHOT

Liza scrambles to her feet.

LIZA
Aw, shut up!

She turns down the volume, leaving the Announcer to mouth his slogans in silence.

MRS. BATES
(nostalgically)
I remember when I first saw that
picture... I thought it was just
wonderful...

LIZA
Yeah? When was that?

(CONTINUED)

MRS. BATES

I seem to remember your father took me to see it at the Old Majestic. That was before we were married.

LIZA

(as if it followed)

Gee, she must be about hundred and fifty by now.

MRS. BATES

(ruefully ironic)

As a matter of fact, dear, I think Blanche Hudson's just a few years older than I am.

LIZA

(astounded)

Really?

MRS. BATES

(smiling)

Yes, dear... "really."

Mrs. Bates comes around to sit on the sofa and wait for the show to recommence.

LIZA

Well, how come we never see her around? We been living next door to them for six months now and the only one I ever see is that fat sister slouching around. Don't they ever have company - I mean, it must be awful being on their own like that. Julie says that sister's a lush. You ever seen her loaded?

MRS. BATES

(feeling she ought to disapprove)

No, I never have.

LIZA

(unconcerned)

Well, that's what Julie told me. She said she was supposed to be responsible for that accident where Blanche Hudson got crippled.

(CONTINUED)

69

CONTINUED: (2)

MRS. BATES

(a touch of asperity)

Well, that was a very long time ago.
And maybe you shouldn't pay too much
attention to everything that Julie
Fowler tells you. There's too many
people in this town with nothing to do
but talk.

LIZA

Maybe so, but Julie's folks've lived
here an awful long time, I guess she
should know.

MRS. BATES

(changing the subject)

Turn up the volume, we're missing
the picture.

As Liza gets up, Mrs. Bates settles herself more comfortably on the
sofa to enjoy a further bout of nostalgic sentiment.

70

CAMERA TRACKS INTO BIT CLOSE-UP OF TELEVISION SCREEN

Blanche Hudson is playing out another emotional crisis. Standing over
a grave as the only mourner at a funeral; or looking in through the
rainstreaked window at a wedding to which she has not been invited, or
merely standing alone and forlorn, Blanche Hudson is the perfect,
tragic heroine of the late thirties.

71

INT. BLANCHE HUDSON'S BEDROOM - HUDSON HOUSE - EVENING - STUDIO

Starting on a CLOSE SHOT of television screen as in previous scene,
PULL BACK to reveal BLANCHE HUDSON huddled in a wheel-chair.
She is watching the screen of a portable television set with a sad,
wistful fascination.

Thirty years on, Blanche has retained much of her former appearance.
The sharply defined features of the exquisite face have hardly changed,
only the eyes - the celebrated luminous, dark eyes - are hollower,
sadder, more tired. But the beauty is still there... if anything, more
assured, refined and impressive than the image on the screen.
Blanche still dresses with all the flair and taste she was famous for -
as if at any moment she were going to be called upon to face her public
again.

Although the room is sparsely furnished to allow freedom of movement
for the wheel-chair, the few articles of furniture it does contain make
up the entire world of the chronic invalid. There is a specially raised,
iron bedstead with a lifting bar above it to assist Blanche's restricted
movements; a bedside table with a pile of books on it, and a little desk
that has no chair serves both as a writing desk and dining table.

72

CLOSE SHOT

Blanche shifts in her chair - the characters on the screen arousing her to a more active interest. Her expression takes on the anguished concern of the expert who sees something being done inadequately.

BLANCHE

Oh, no... He should've held that shot until I was right offscreen. I told him that when I read the script - and I also told him again when we started shooting, but no...

She shakes her head with wry amusement. Then, watching the screen again, she smiles to herself as if to say, "Just the same, it's still a pretty good picture."

CUT TO:

73

INT. JANE'S BEDROOM - HUDSON HOUSE - EVENING - STUDIO

Jane Hudson is sitting on the edge of her bed, drinking from a glass tumbler. There is no bottle in sight, but her reaction to its taste suggests that the drink is alcoholic. Her bed is huge and covered with extremely feminine satin quilting. Sitting on the pillow is a big Baby Jane doll surrounded by a forest of soft animals and smaller dolls. An emasculated, Disney-like Fawn nuzzles the big doll's glazed cheek.

By wearing childishly fussy clothes, using heavy, unfashionable make-up and surrounding herself with the articles of her youth, Jane has tried hard to arrest the process of growing old, but has only succeeded in achieving the reverse. The frilly clothes accentuate her years, and the heavily caked make-up gives her the appearance of a sad, tired clown, whose bewildered, and occasionally angry, eyes are constantly at variance with the painted mask they peer out of.

OVERSCENE: The sound of the television program from Blanche's room along the gallery.

Jane frowns, finishes off her drink, and reaches down to the shelf in the bedside cupboard for the bottle. She pours the last drops into the tumbler, swallows them and gets up.

74

INT. BLANCHE'S BEDROOM - HUDSON HOUSE - EVENING - STUDIO

Blanche is still watching the screen. The movie is in its final scenes. As the music begins to swell up, Jane is HEARD approaching along the gallery. Blanche looks up, briefly distracted.

CUT TO:

74A

INT. GALLERY AND STAIRS - HUDSON HOUSE - EVENING - STUDIO

Still holding her empty glass, Jane is heading towards the stairs, evidently in search of more drink. As she reaches Blanche's door she HEARS the music that is swelling up OVERSCENE. Jane pauses to

(CONTINUED)

74A CONTINUED:

listen for a moment, and then with a look of angry determination goes to open the door of Blanche's bedroom.

CUT TO:74B INT. BLANCHE'S BEDROOM - HUDSON HOUSE - EVENING - STUDIO

BLANCHE'S P.O. V. - as the door bursts open and Jane stands there for a moment in silent anger.

74C MEDIUM SHOT

Blanche is startled and confused as Jane moves into the room and goes straight towards the television set.

BLANCHE

Jane, what are you --

Jane switches off the set and starts out of the room again.

BLANCHE

(incredulous anger)

Jane! I was watching!

JANE

Then you're an idiot!

BLANCHE

I won't have you speak to me like --

Jane has not even stopped to listen. She goes out and slams the door with a thunderous crash that cuts off Blanche's words and sends the Parakeet screeching into the air, to settle again in a flurry of feathers as the echoes reverberate through the house. **HOLD ON** Blanche's anguished reaction.

DISSOLVE:75 INT. KITCHEN - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

In contrast to the rest of the Hudson house, the kitchen is a relatively modern anonymous room with most of the equipment that any Californian housewife might think necessary, but it is in a state of slovenly disorder. Jane, looking bleary and unkempt and wearing a housecoat is preparing breakfast on a tray. In spite of her dowdy appearance, Jane's preparation of the breakfast tray is carried out with the clinical precision of someone suffering from a compulsion neurosis. The toast, the cutlery, the cup and plates are all lined up with military symmetry; and Jane pours orange juice into a glass with as much care as if it were medicine, until it reaches just the right level. As she places the glass on the tray the back door bell rings. She goes to open the door and finds herself facing a MAILMAN holding a special delivery letter-package.

(CONTINUED)

75

CONTINUED:

MAILMAN

Miss Hudson?

JANE

(pleasantly)

That's right. Miss Jane Hudson.

MAILMAN

Oh, this'll be for your sister then.

JANE

(flatly)

I'll take it.

MAILMAN

(uninterested)

Sure.

He hands her the receipt pad and a pencil. She signs and takes the package.

MAILMAN

Thank you.

Jane just nods, unwilling to speak. The Mailman has already turned away, when Jane catches sight of something OFF-SCREEN.

76

EXT. PARKING AREA AND GARDENS - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY -
LOCATION

Mrs. Bates is crossing the open ground between her house and the Hudson's. She is carrying a large bunch of flowers.

77

INT. HUDSON'S KITCHEN - DAY - STUDIO

Jane steps back from the door and makes a touching, but ineffectual effort to straighten out her appearance. When the bell rings she acts out the business of just having heard it as if she had not known it was going to ring. Jane opens the door with a genuine gesture of welcome, believing for a moment, that the flowers are really for her.

MRS. BATES

Good morning, Miss Hudson. I hope I'm not intruding, but I just couldn't resist cutting these flowers for your sister after seeing her show last night.

JANE

(dully)

Thank you.

Jane makes no effort to take them.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

MRS. BATES

You must both be very proud of her
new success - I mean, on television.

Jane's reply is no more than a mumble and she still makes no attempt
to take the flowers.

MRS. BATES

(a little awkwardly)

Well, I can't tell you how nice it is
to be seeing all of her old pictures
like this...

JANE

(flatly)

I'll tell her you said so.

MRS. BATES

I'm sure my daughter and I would just
love to meet her one day. Maybe she --

JANE

(interrupting)

My sister never leaves the house,
Mrs. Bates.

(a faintly dark hint)

You'll have to excuse her, she's not
...not really fit to receive visitors.

MRS. BATES

(surprised)

I'm sorry to hear that - I didn't know...

(embarrassed - after
a pause)

Well, anyway... I hope she likes the
flowers.

She holds out the flowers and Jane takes them with an abrupt, graceless
gesture.

JANE

Yes, I'll tell her. Thanks.

Jane shuts the door quickly and stands there for a moment, tense and
trembling. As she moves towards the kitchen table, a buzzer set in
the wall above her, shrills out loudly. Jane's head jerks up and she
glares at the ceiling. On the verge of tears, she spits out two words
- the first of which is drowned by a further ring on the buzzer.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: (2)

JANE

... you!!

CAMERA CUTS AWAY from her face as if averting its gaze from something sad and oddly indecent.

CUT TO:78 CLOSE SHOT - INSERT

Blanche's hand with the forefinger pressed hard down on the bell-push.

CUT TO:79 INT. BLANCHE'S BEDROOM - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

Blanche is just taking her hand from the bell-push by her bed. She turns and wheels herself to the half-open door, where she listens for a moment as if expecting some violent reaction. Getting nothing but silence, she wheels herself away to the bird cage in the middle of the room, where with a gently teasing finger, she starts a quiet, companionable conversation with the bird.

CUT TO:80 INT. KITCHEN - HALL AND STAIRS - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

Carrying the breakfast tray, Jane uses her back to push open the swing door from the kitchen and then slops across the hall in her slippers. The hall is large and gloomy. The main telephone is on a table near the front door, which can be seen from the stairs that lead up to the gallery on the second floor where the master bedrooms are located. Jane climbs the long stairs with a laborious waddle, reminiscent of the child she used to be. Reaching the top, she heads for Blanche's room which is in the center of the gallery overlooking the hall.

CUT TO:81 INT. BLANCHE'S BEDROOM - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

Hearing Jane's slippers flopping along the gallery, Blanche turns to face her as she enters.

BLANCHE

(apologizing)

I'm sorry, Jane. I didn't mean to ring you for my breakfast. I was just wondering who those people were at the door.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

JANE

Wasn't anything...
(avoiding Blanche's gaze)
Just that Mrs. Bates going on about
the show last night.

Blanche smiles patronizingly and raises her eyebrows with that show of detached interest that she must have put on for a thousand critics and reviewers during the course of her career.

BLANCHE

Oh, really? What did she say?

JANE

(flatly)
She said she liked it.

Blanche hides her disappointment masterfully, but is nevertheless too self-concerned to realize that Jane is angry about something.

BLANCHE

(innocently immodest)
Well, of course, it had a tremendous reception
when it came out. I remember most critics
described it as... as exquisite.

Jane puts the breakfast tray down on the desk near the window and turns on Blanche.

JANE

(harshly)
D'you remember what year you made
that picture?

Jane's anger is now getting across, but Blanche still cannot keep the faint hint of patronage out of her tone.

BLANCHE

Oh, surely you remember that, it
was thirty-four - right after I did
'Moonglow'.

JANE

That's right. I made a picture that
year too. Remember?

BLANCHE

(vaguely)
Yes... Wasn't that the comedy -
the one that Lloyd directed?

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (2)

JANE

(cutting across her)

No, it wasn't. It was a love story with Grayson - 'The Longest Night'. Marty McDonald said it was the best thing I ever did.

(fiercely, after a pause)

The studio never even released it in America.

Blanche speaks rapidly, desperate to placate her sister and avoid a storm.

BLANCHE

Yes, I remember Feldman telling me how upset he was. The studio had a bad year and they couldn't --

JANE

(interrupting)

No they didn't. They had a great year. They just didn't want to show my film. They were too busy giving a big build-up to that "stuff" you were turning out.

Jane stares at her sister as if daring her to argue. But Blanche drops her eyes and after a moment Jane's manner reverts to its normal, slightly abstracted level. She walks over to the bird cage and lifts it up with brutal carelessness, as if there were nothing inside it.

JANE

(dully)

I'll clean out the cage.

O.S. Somewhere downstairs a door is unlocked, opened and closed again firmly.

BLANCHE

(a shade too brightly)

Oh, that'll be Edna.

JANE

(suspiciously)

Edna... ?

Blanche smothers an anxious frown.

BLANCHE

Well, of course, dear - it's Friday, isn't it?

JANE

(grudgingly)

Yeah...

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (3)

She leaves the room carrying the bird cage. Blanche waits for a moment or two then after the door is closed, wheels herself over to her dressing table and starts to comb and brush her hair with peculiarly tender care and attention.

CUT TO:82 INT. - HALL AND STAIRS - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

As Jane moves across the hall with the bird cage, the kitchen door opens and EDNA STITT comes out. Edna, the Negro cleaning woman, is in her early thirties. She has a calm, handsome, dignified face, with widely spaced, tranquil eyes that have the peculiar quality of appearing to absorb and understand everything they see and at the same time remaining completely noncommittal. Thus what other people think they see in her face is often nothing more than a reflection of their own fears and bad conscience.

At this moment there is a contained anger in her movements, which is emphasized by the start of surprise she shows on seeing Jane, who brushes past her into the kitchen without speaking. Edna gazes after her for a moment and then heads purposefully for the stairs.

CUT TO:83 INT. BLANCHE'S BEDROOM - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

Blanche is going through some papers at her desk when there is a knock on the door.

BLANCHE

Come in...

(she turns her chair to
face Edna)

Hello, Edna... How are you today?

EDNA

(guardedly)

Fine.

BLANCHE

Did you see Jane?

EDNA

Uhuh...

BLANCHE

(tentatively)

I don't think she's feeling too well
this morning.

Edna draws herself up as if she were going to endorse Blanche's comment with some force, but then she changes her mind and asks a question.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDNA

Did you speak to that Dr. Shelby
about Miss Jane like you said?

BLANCHE

(reluctantly)

Well, no, I haven't yet. It's a little
difficult - I mean, I don't want to
upset her again if I can help it.

EDNA

I know that, Miss Blanche. But she's
going to be upset anyway, and the
longer you leave it the worse it's going
to be.

BLANCHE

I know, but I've been hoping maybe it
wouldn't be necessary.

(quickly)

I mean, she seems to have been so
much better lately...

Edna's skeptical gaze contains a hint of reproof.

EDNA

It isn't any of my business, but she's
drinking again. I guess you know that.
don't you?

BLANCHE

No... Well, that is, I hadn't noticed.
Anyway, I don't think it does her any
real harm. You see, Edna, I think
I understand her.

EDNA

(a touch of irony)

You do, huh? Well, I think maybe
you ought to see this.

She takes a big bundle of letters from her apron pocket and hands them
to Blanche.

BLANCHE

What are these... ?

She turns them over in her hand.

EDNA

(unsmiling)

I guess they're what you'd call
"fan mail."

(CONTINUED)

Blanche smiles, and for a moment reverts to that slightly coy pose which belongs to the great movie star who feigns to be overwhelmed by the interest shown in her.

BLANCHE

Oh, how kind people are.
(holds out letters
impulsively to Edna)
You read them!

EDNA

(firmly sober)
I guess you'd better see them for
yourself, then you can tell me if
you ever saw them before.

Slightly puzzled by Edna's manner, Blanche selects a letter and is surprised to find that the envelope is already open.

BLANCHE

But it's been opened.

EDNA

(dourly)
That's right - they all have. You'll
also find one marked 'personal' as
well.

Blanche unfolds the letter and begins to read - still mystified, but quickly becoming engrossed in the letter itself.

BLANCHE

(reading)
Dear Blanche Hudson, the other night my
husband and I watched that lovely old
movie of yours, "Last Honeymoon".
I remember saying to my husband at
the time that seeing you again was just
like meeting an old friend...

She breaks off and looks up at Edna.

BLANCHE

But it's charming... really charming.

EDNA

(drily)
Yeah. But the point is you never saw
it before, did you?

BLANCHE

No.

(CONTINUED)

EDNA

I didn't think so somehow. I'm sorry,
but I thought you ought to know.

BLANCHE

(anxiously)

But I don't understand. Where did
they come from - I mean, where'd
you find them?

EDNA

In the trash barrel - that's where.
I took some old papers out just now
and just happened to look. They come
from the television station that's
showing your old pictures, don't they?

BLANCHE

(suddenly realizing)

You mean Jane... ?

Edna nods sombrely as Blanche quickly searches for an excuse.

BLANCHE

She may have thought they were just
advertising.

EDNA

(relentless)

Oh? .. then why'd she open the one
marked 'personal' - and what about
this? You might as well see that too.
It's the envelope they all came in.

She hands Blanche the big envelope of the special delivery package.

EDNA

Other side...

Blanche turns the envelope and the words that jump up at her shock
her with the abrupt force of a slap in the face.

EDNA

Writing dirty words like that...
I don't even want to remember when
I last saw words like that written
down.

BLANCHE

But I don't understand, Edna.
What'd make her do a thing like
this?

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED: (4)

EDNA

(firmly)

You know what makes her do things like that. She's sick, and she's not getting any better. 'Fact is, just this last month she's been getting a lot worse...

Blanche looks away quickly as if overwhelmed by some sudden intuitive fear. Mistaking Blanche's sudden withdrawal for disbelief, Edna tries to press her point.

EDNA

If you don't believe me, how come you're selling this house and planning to move out?

Blanche turns to face Edna distractedly.

BLANCHE

(fearfully)

You said a month - she's been getting worse "this last month." D'you think she knows...?

EDNA

About selling the house? Why should she? You don't have anything in writing.

BLANCHE

But, she's my sister, Edna. We know each other...

Troubled by Blanche's vague, intuitive mood, Edna is anxious to keep their conversation on a practical level.

EDNA

I think she's just jealous 'cos of those movies of yours they've been showing all week. Anyway, six weeks from now you're going to have to hand over the house. Then she'll have to know.

BLANCHE

(agitated)

But how am I going to tell her, Edna? How?

EDNA

Well, if you'd just speak to that Dr. Shelby, maybe he could tell her.

(CONTINUED)

83

CONTINUED: (5)

BLANCHE

But it should be me. I shouldn't let
some stranger tell her a thing like
that...

EDNA

(quietly)

He's a doctor - and she's a sick woman.

Blanche looks at her helplessly, still reluctant to face reality.

BLANCHE

But you don't know, Edna. When she
was a child - You didn't know her then,
when she was young.

There is pain in Edna's expression as she forces her tone to remain
practical and unimpressed.

EDNA

I seen those pictures she keeps.

BLANCHE

No. It wasn't just that she was pretty -
she was different... She was... alive.

Edna drops her eyes, unable to find an answer. Blanche looks around
distractedly to see Jane standing silently in the doorway.

84

CLOSE SHOT

Jane's blank, expressionless face provides a terrible contrast to what
Blanche has said. There is no telling how long Jane has been standing
there or how much she has heard. She just stands there looking at
them and finally utters a flat, toneless statement.

JANE

I was cleaning the cage. The bird
got out.

85

PULL BACK INTO GROUP SHOT

As Jane moves into the room, carrying the empty bird cage.

BLANCHE

(frightened and confused)

But where is it... ?

JANE

I just told you, it flew away.

The tone of her voice is so uncompromising that Edna turns towards
Blanche, expecting her to challenge Jane, but Blanche cannot do it.

(CONTINUED)

EDNA

(sternly)

Did you let that bird out on purpose,
Miss Jane?

Jane flashes her a look of intense hatred, but addresses her reply to
Blanche.

JANE

I told you once, I was cleaning the
cage and it flew straight out the window.
(flatly)

I'm sorry.

She slams the empty cage down onto the stand and walks out of the
room. As the door closes Edna turns on Blanche.

EDNA

(furiously)

She done that on purpose. Believe
me, she did it on purpose!

But Blanche is still anxious to mitigate the situation.

BLANCHE

(knowing it isn't so)

Never mind, perhaps he'll come back.

EDNA

(sadly, as if she had
reason to know)

He won't be back... A bird like that's
different - he can't live out in the open
with the others...

Blanche does not reply. She sits stiffly in her chair, staring into her
lap. The events of the morning have frightened her more than she
cares to admit.

BLANCHE

(suddenly)

Edna... Edna, you won't change your
mind or anything, will you? I mean
about coming to live with me.

EDNA

You know I don't go back on my word,
Miss Blanche. But you're going to have
to make up your mind about finding
somewhere for Miss Jane where they
can look after her properly.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED: (2)

BLANCHE

(determinedly)

I have! I've made up my mind. I'm
going to call Dr. Shelby today.

(she turns away and her
next words are already
noticeably less determined)

It's just that I have to be sure I'm
doing the right thing for... for her.

Edna looks at her bowed head with a kind of sad, resigned patience.

CUT TO:86 INT. KITCHEN - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

Jane is rummaging through one of the built-in cupboards that seems to contain nothing but empty liquor bottles. Eventually she finds a bottle with a few drops left in it, pours it out and swallows it. With a final glance to check that all the bottles really are completely empty, she turns away and heads for the hall.

87 INT. HALL - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

Jane crosses the hall, picks up the telephone, looks searchingly at the closed door of Blanche's bedroom up on the gallery, and begins to dial.

JANE

(into phone)

Hello, is this Johnson's Liquor
department? ... Yes, this is Miss
Hudson... Yes, that's right, Jane
Hudson. I'd like to have you send
me some supplies up to the house...
What's that? What d'you mean, you
can't take any more orders from me?
... My sister?

She is on the verge of flying into a rage, but then she controls herself and speaks normally again.

JANE

Well, now, see here - I think there
must be some mistake... Yes, well
you just hold the line. I think you'd
better speak to my sister.

She turns her head away as if there were really someone in the hall with her.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

Blanche, would you mind having a word with these people...

Jane pauses, puts down the receiver, picks it up then speaks back into the phone again. But this time her voice is an uncannily accurate imitation of Blanche's. Only her face, which pulls into a deliberately gross caricature of her sister, betrays the fact that she is impersonating someone.

JANE

(Blanche's voice)

Hello, who is this, please?... Oh, yes, Mr. Carson. Yes, this is Blanche Hudson, what seems to be the trouble?... Oh, I see. Well, no - I'm afraid there must've been some misunderstanding. I certainly didn't mean to suggest that you shouldn't fill orders for her...

(laughing)

After all, we do pay our bills, don't we...? Yes, fine - would you please. I'll put her on.

Jane resumes in her normal voice.

JANE

All right, now?... Good. Well, anyway I'd like you to make that half a dozen bottles of Scotch and you'd better make it three bottles of Gin as well. Yes, thank you. Fine, goodbye.

She hangs up and turns to see Edna looking down at her from the gallery. There is no telling how long Edna has been standing there - her expression betrays nothing. She moves along the gallery and starts down the stairs without speaking.

JANE

(guiltily anxious)

Where are you going?

EDNA

(calmly)

I just told Miss Blanche. I have to go downtown and see the man 'bout jury service, or something.

JANE

(blankly surprised)

"Jury service...?"

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED: (2)

EDNA
(with firm dignity)
That's right - jury duty.

Jane stands quite still watching Edna cross towards the kitchen. Then, as the door closes, she glances up towards Blanche's room and reaches out for the telephone again.

CUT TO:

88 INT. BLANCHE'S BEDROOM - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

Blanche has her chair by the bed and is using the lifting bar to raise herself to her feet. Holding tightly to the bar, she struggles into an upright position and looks down at her feet -- willing them to move. Painfully and slowly one slippered foot moves forward a matter of inches. Taking a new grip on the bar, she starts to try and drag the other foot. Somewhere downstairs a DOOR is CLOSED. Blanche struggles back to her chair and then wheels herself quickly towards the door. She opens the door onto the gallery and listens. The house is completely silent. Closing the door again very quietly, Blanche moves back across the room and takes up the telephone, and starts to dial. Realizing almost immediately that there is something wrong Blanche taps the receiver rest up and down.

CUT TO:

89 INT. HALL - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - CLOSE SHOT - STUDIO

The receiver has been removed from the cradle of the main telephone on the hall table. O.S. the SOUND of Blanche rattling the receiver rest up and down.

CUT BACK TO:

90 INT. BLANCHE'S BEDROOM - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

Fearful and anxious, Blanche lowers the phone and wheels herself to the door. As she opens the door, she hears something that stops her dead. O.S. the first bars of "I'M WRITING TO DADDY" echo through the house with a terrible, sweet nostalgic clarity. It is as if Jane's voice were that of almost fifty years ago. Blanche freezes in an attitude of despair.

CUT TO:

INT. - REHEARSAL ROOM - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

It is a long, rectangular, barely furnished room that seems hardly to have changed since the days, long ago, when Blanche must have used it to rehearse her parts for the screen. The curtains are drawn, shutting out almost all the sunlight. Running along the entire length of one wall is a bar of the kind that ballet dancers use for their exercises. In the centre of the opposite wall is a large, full length mirror with a single light above it. We see Jane in the shadows of the far corner where she stands over the keyboard of a grand piano. Picking out the melody with the fingers of one hand, she sings the simple, childish song with an intensity that makes it strangely touching. Partially hidden, as she is, by the shadows of the long room we can almost believe that there is a child standing there singing in the dark. But then the song comes to an end and Jane wanders aimlessly towards the light, revealing her shoddy, soiled housedress and tired body. She moves up to the mirror as if unconsciously looking for herself. Seeing her reflection, she looks at it searchingly, then slowly raises her hands and fixes a broad satin ribbon of brilliant blue in her hair. She ties a bow, strikes a pose and begins to recite.

JANE

Now when I'm very good and
do just as I'm told,
I'm Mama's little angel,
Pa says I'm good as gold.
But when I'm very bad an'
answer back and sass,
Then Ma says I'm a devil an'
Pa says I've got my brass...

The coy expression is replaced by one of genuine confusion and distress.

JANE

Now I wish you would tell me,
'Cos I'm much too young to know...

She falters and stops, and then quite quietly begins to cry like a child. OS, the type of BUZZER that is set into the wall in every room in the house lets out TWO shrill, insistent calls. Still crying silently, Jane looks up at the ceiling, her face very slowly composing itself into rigid lines of anger. She stalks over to the piano, raises the lid to its full extent and then deliberately sends it crashing down onto the keyboard. The resonant, discordant crash ECHOES and RE-ECHOES through the house. Jane turns back towards the mirror and slowly removes the ribbon from her hair. She talks first to herself, and then to the mirror as if it were her sister.

JANE

All right, Blanche Hudson. Miss Movie
Star, Miss big, fat, rotten actress.
Just press a button, ring a bell and the
whole world comes running - is that
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

JANE (CONT'D)

what you still think?

(she sneers at the mirror
and makes a gesture of
extreme servility)

Lunch, Miss Hudson? Why certainly.
Miss Hudson, I'm sure we can find
something appropriate for you...
Miss Hudson.

Jane's laugh is an angry, choking bark. She turns and walks out of the room.

CUT TO:

92 INT. - HALL - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

Jane comes out of the Rehearsal Room, crosses the hall and barges through the swinging door into the kitchen.

93 INT. - BLANCHE'S BEDROOM - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

Blanche again reaches out to the bell-push in the wall by her bed, but then thinks better of it. She sits for a moment, nervous and indecisive. Then, she snatches up a book from the table and makes a determined effort to concentrate on reading from it.

CUT TO:

94 INT. - KITCHEN - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

With her back to CAMERA, Jane is preparing a lunch tray on the kitchen table. Her mood appears to have changed again, and now as she works she is contentedly humming the tune of "I'M WRITING TO DADDY".

CUT TO:

95 INT. - BLANCHE'S BEDROOM - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

Still trying to concentrate on her book, Blanche looks up distractedly, glances at the bell-push by the bed and forces herself to go on reading. O.S. the SOUND of someone crossing the hall towards the stairs and a slight clatter of dishes. Blanche closes her book and starts to compose herself for Jane's entry. At the last moment she decides that it will look better if she is reading and at ease. She turns her chair away from the door and opens the book again. Jane enters carrying a tray with a large, metal dish-cover on it.

BLANCHE

(a bit too brightly)

Oh, you've brought my lunch -
it's a bit early isn't it?

(CONTINUED)

95

CONTINUED:

Jane goes to put the tray on the desk.

JANE

Then what were you ringing for?

Blanche hesitates, watching Jane place the lunch tray very precisely on the middle of the desk.

BLANCHE

(forcing herself)

I wanted to tell you there's something wrong with the phone.

(lamely)

I think maybe it's been left off the hook downstairs.

Jane faces her tauntingly.

JANE

Is that so?

(pause)

Who did you want to call, Blanche?

Blanche laughs nervously, then starts to speak a shade too fast.

BLANCHE

Well, actually I wanted to call Bert Hanley, but --

JANE

(elaborately puzzled)

Bert Hanley?

BLANCHE

Yes, Bert Hanley, our business manager. It's something I've been meaning to discuss with you...

(she falters)

JANE

Well?

BLANCHE

(quickly)

The thing is - I'm afraid I've had some bad news - You know, about money...

She pauses, looking for some response from Jane, who just gazes at her blankly.

(CONTINUED)

BLANCHE

Well, anyway, the point is Bert Hanley tells me we're probably going to have to sell the house.

JANE

Why should we have to sell the house, Blanche?

BLANCHE

(agitated)

That's just what I'm trying to tell you. Our financial position has gotten to the point where we just can't afford --

JANE

(interrupting flatly)

You've got plenty of money invested - I know.

BLANCHE

Yes, but the trouble is that none of those investments have been paying lately, and --

JANE

(interrupting)

When did Bert Hanley tell you all this?

BLANCHE

(taken aback)

Why... early last week, I think.

JANE

(hard, cold)

Bert Hanley didn't call here last week. I know that too.

BLANCHE

Well, no we didn't actually talk on the phone. He wrote me a letter --

JANE

He didn't write you any letter either. There hasn't been a letter from his office since --

Blanche is almost beside herself with her inability to get through to Jane.

BLANCHE

Yes, Jane. Yes, there has!

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (3)

JANE

You're lying, Blanche. You're just a liar.

BLANCHE

Jane!

JANE

You always were a liar - all the time. Bert Hanley never wrote you any letter and he never called you about selling the house. You called him four weeks ago and told him to sell it!

BLANCHE

(lying furiously)

I did nothing of the sort!

JANE

Don't you think I know? Don't you think I know everything that goes on in this house?

BLANCHE

You've been spying on me - is that what you're trying to say?

JANE

(contemptuously)

What do you think.

BLANCHE

You're disgusting. All the things I've done for you - and you pay me back by spying on me, when I'm only trying to help --

JANE

(interrupting menacingly)

Who are you trying to help, Blanche? What were you planning to do with me when you'd sold the house - you want to tell me that?

Blanche is silent, guilty.

JANE

What did you have in mind - some nice little place where they could 'look after me'?

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (4)

Jane dismisses Blanche with a contemptuous sneer and goes to unplug the telephone extension.

JANE

I don't think you'd better tire yourself out with the phone anymore. If there are any calls I'll take 'em downstairs.

She moves to the door carrying the phone. Blanche moves as if to speak, but Jane cuts her off in a way which indicates that the subject is closed.

JANE

(matter-of-factly)

Eat your lunch, it'll get cold.

She goes out and turns towards her bedroom at the end of the gallery. Blanche starts to follow, arriving in the doorway just as the door of Jane's bedroom is SLAMMED. Blanche sighs, unable to face the task of forcing herself into Jane's presence. She turns back into the room and closes the door. Coming up to the little desk, she pauses to admire the lunch tray. As she reaches out for the metal dish cover she is like a person whose last solace in life is the enjoyment of food. It is as if all that has gone before were momentarily forgotten. She lifts the metal cover.

96 CLOSE SHOT - TRAY

Lying, carefully arranged in the middle of a lovingly prepared ring of lettuce, is the dead PARAKEET - it's neck broken, the head at a grotesque angle and a rich dab of mayonnaise spattered across the tail.

97 REVERSE CLOSE SHOT - BLANCHE

Her stricken reaction as she lets the metal dish cover fall from her hand and it CLATTERS on the floor. Her mouth opens, but for several moments no sound will come - then she begins to SCREAM -

LONG DISSOLVE:98 INT. JANE'S BEDROOM - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

The flowers that Mrs. Bates brought for Blanche stand in a vase near the bed. Jane is selecting a coat from the built-in cupboard near her dressing table. Her movements are calm, unhurried and methodical. She settles on a sadly unsuitable coat with a little fur collar, slips it on and heads for the door.

99 INT. GALLERY AND STAIRS - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

Jane comes out of her room, closes the door firmly and makes for the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

BLANCHE'S VOICE OVER

Jane... ? Jane, wait.

Jane walks on past Blanche's door without pausing. OVERSCENE:
Blanche is scrabbling at her door, trying to get it open.

BLANCHE'S VOICE OVER

Jane, please listen to me...

Jane moves on to the stairs and down without looking back. Blanche's door opens and she wheels herself rapidly along the gallery to the head of the stairs just in time to see the front door slam.

100 CLOSE SHOT

The telephone sits invitingly on the hall table.

CUT TO:

101 EXT. - GARAGE - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - LOCATION

Jane slides back the garage door, climbs into the bulky, dated Cadillac and drives off.

CUT TO:

102 INT. HALL AND STAIRS - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

Blanche is still at the head of the stairs looking down at the telephone and uncertain what to do. Finally, she turns her chair and hurries back towards her room.

CUT TO:

103 EXT. MRS. BATES' HOUSE AND GARDEN - DAY - LOCATION

Mrs. Bates is kneeling by a flower bed against the wall of the house, cutting flowers to make up a bunch. She straightens up and carries her flowers towards the house, glancing up at the window of Blanche's room across the way as she goes.

CUT TO:

104 INT. BLANCHE'S BEDROOM - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

Blanche has maneuvered her chair into position directly beneath the high window with its heavy, ornamental bars. Just avoiding toppling forward out of her chair, she reaches up, grabs the sill and begins to pull herself up.

CUT TO:

105 EXT. - NEWSPAPER OFFICE BUILDING - LOS ANGELES - DAY -
LOCATION

Jane moves along the sidewalk with a kind of childish confidence, quite unaware of any curious glances from passersby. She looks up at the name over the main entrance of the building and goes in.

CUT TO:

106 EXT. - MRS. BATES' HOUSE AND GARDEN - DAY - LOCATION

Mrs. Bates cuts the last flower, straightens up and starts towards her house, glancing up at the window of Blanche's room across the way as she goes.

CUT TO:

107 INT. - BLANCHE'S BEDROOM - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

By changing hands quickly, shifting her grip from the sill to the window frame, Blanche is able to drag herself up the last few inches to the window.

108 BLANCHE'S P.O.V.

She is able to see most of Mrs. Bates' house and a narrow angle of the garden and lawn that runs right up against the wall of the Hudson house with clear dividing line between the two properties. Blanche looks through the window just in time to see Mrs. Bates opening the French windows of her drawing room and disappearing inside. Realizing that she is too late to be heard, Blanche chokes back a cry for help. Then, suddenly struck by another idea, she starts to lower herself quickly back into her chair.

CUT TO:

109 INT. - ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT - DAILY NEWSPAPER - DAY -
STUDIO

Jane stands at the counter, behind which a balding, elderly CLERK in shirtsleeves is sorting papers. He is slow to look up.

JANE

I'd like to place an advertisement.

The advertising Clerk rises reluctantly to take the slip of paper that Jane has pulled out of her bag. He reads it through with rapid, professional disinterest.

CLERK

Personal column?

JANE

I beg your pardon?

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

CLERK

You want it to go in the Personal Column or in the Want Ads?

JANE

(bridling)

Oh, I think Personal's nicer, don't you?

The Clerk shrugs and counts the words quickly with his pencil.

CLERK

That'll be six dollars and thirty cents.

Jane starts to count out the money.

CLERK

(with pencil poised)

Who's placing this ad? We have to know.

JANE

(brightly)

Why, I am.

CLERK

(slightly impatient)

Yeah, I know. I mean who for? If you're advertising for someone to do a job for you - we have to have your name for the records.

JANE

Well, that's right. It's for me. I'm placing it. Jane Hudson. Maybe you remember me - "Baby Jane Hudson?"

Jane smiles engagingly. The Clerk is too bored even to deny remembering her. He writes down the name.

CLERK

Oh sure...

(taking her money)

Thanks. It'll be in the paper tomorrow.

JANE

Thank you...

Jane turns away a little crestfallen, as if she had expected something more. As she moves out of FRAME, the Clerk turns to a COLLEAGUE sitting at a desk behind him.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: (2)

CLERK

Who in the hell was "Baby Jane Hudson?"

HOLD ON Clerk as he turns back again to watch Jane leaving the office.

CUT TO:

110 INT. BLANCHE'S BEDROOM - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

Blanche sits at her desk typing a letter. She has been typing rapidly and now she stops to read the note over to herself, uncertain whether she has struck the right note.

BLANCHE

Mrs. Bates - this is from your neighbor, Blanche Hudson. I need your help. I am unable to use my telephone and urgently need to consult my doctor. Please ring Dr. Shelby at OL 6-1656 and ask him to come here to the house immediately.

Blanche pauses and then quickly types a last line, reading it out to herself as she does so.

BLANCHE (CONT'D)

Please - on no account let my sister know anything about this.

She rips the paper out from between the rollers and moves quickly towards the window.

CUT TO:

111 EXT. TRAFFIC LIGHTS - SUNSET & LA BREA - EVENING - LOCATION

Jane's car slows down and stops as the lights turn red.

112 CLOSE SHOT

Jane glances up at the driving mirror and treats herself to a self-satisfied little smile.

113 MEDIUM SHOT

The lights change again and the car moves on.

CUT TO:

114 EXT. - MRS. BATES' HOUSE AND GARDEN - EVENING - LOCATION

Mrs. Bates is just coming out into the garden again, where she starts to gather another bunch of flowers.

CUT TO:

115 INT/EXT - BLANCHE'S BEDROOM/WINDOW & GARDEN - EVENING - LOCATION

Blanche struggles to pull herself up the last few inches to the window and looks out.

116 BLANCHE'S P. O. V.

Mrs. Bates, with her back to CAMERA is engrossed with her gardening.

117 CLOSE SHOT

Blanche hesitates - summoning up the courage to call out and, perhaps wondering what, in fact, one does shout in such a vaguely ridiculous situation. The SOUND of an approaching car is heard. Blanche waits a moment longer, then - crumpling the note into a tight ball, she throws it out of the window as hard as she can and shouts -

BLANCHE

Please...!

118 BLANCHE'S P. O. V.

Mrs. Bates straightens up with a puzzled frown and turns around to orientate herself. In another moment she would be looking straight up into CAMERA, but the SOUND of the approaching car has been increasing in volume and, she turns in that direction, realizing - as she thinks - that what first attracted her attention must have been Jane's car that is just coming up the drive to the garage, which is beneath Blanche's window. Mrs. Bates smiles and moves forward.

119 CLOSE SHOT

Blanche's tragic reaction as she realizes that Mrs. Bates is not going to see her and that she is walking straight towards the white ball of note paper that lies on the lawn. The SOUND of the engine is cut and the car door slams.

120 BLANCHE'S P. O. V.

Mrs. Bates moves across the lawn towards the garage and stops right in front of Blanche's ball of paper without seeing it.

MRS. BATES

(calling out)

Oh, Miss Hudson, how nice to see you. I was just going to call on you.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

Jane comes into view, moving rather belligerently towards Mrs. Bates. They meet on the lawn with the crumpled note lying, still unnoticed, between them.

JANE

(sharp, suspicious)

Why - what's the matter?

She starts to turn as if to look up at the CAMERA.

CUT TO:

121 INT. BLANCHE'S BEDROOM - HUDSON HOUSE - EVENING - STUDIO

Blanche ducks back so quickly that she almost falls. Pressing her face against the wall, she listens anxiously.

MRS. BATES (VOICE OVER)

Oh, nothing at all. I just thought I'd ask you about the flowers I brought over for your sister...

CUT TO:

122 EXT. GARDEN AND HUDSON HOUSE - EVENING - LOCATION

Mrs. Bates goes on talking, uneasily aware that Jane is looking, not at her, but up at Blanche's window.

123 INSERT - JANE'S P.O.V.

Blanche's window is empty. The curtain is moving with a faint motion that could be caused by the breeze.

124 TWO SHOT

Jane turns back to look at Mrs. Bates.

MRS. BATES

...I'm afraid they don't last very long at this time of year. I thought perhaps, you might like some more.

Jane impatiently scuffs the lawn with her foot - kicking out at the ball of paper without really being aware of it.

JANE

I don't think you should trouble yourself.

MRS. BATES

Oh, really - it's no trouble. I've just been cutting some now, that's why I came over.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED:

Jane bends down, picks up the scrap of paper and starts slowly straightening it out in her hands.

125 CLOSE SHOT

Jane reads the typewritten note without showing any reaction. Mrs. Bates prattles on.

MRS. BATES (VOICE OVER)

I always think it's nice to have flowers in the house. It makes a room so much more cheerful - specially a sick-room... I mean, when there's an invalid in the house...

126 TWO SHOT

Mrs. Bates' voice trails away as she watches Jane read the note. Jane's head comes up with an angry jerk.

JANE

(suddenly harsh)

Mrs. Bates, if my sister really needed flowers, I guess we could afford to buy them.

She turns on her heel and stalks away, leaving Mrs. Bates speechless.

CUT TO:

127 INT. BLANCHE'S BEDROOM - HUDSON HOUSE - EVENING - STUDIO

Blanche still has her face pressed up against the wall and is listening with increasing fear. The SOUND of the back door to the kitchen is slammed hard. Blanche jerks involuntarily and lowers herself slowly into her chair and then with great difficulty once again she pulls herself up to the window and looks out.

CUT TO:

128 BLANCHE'S P.O.V. - DRIVEWAY & BATES BACKYARD - DAY - LOCATION

The driveway is deserted.

128-A BALL OF CRUMPLED PAPER is no longer in evidence.

128-B CUT BACK TO BLANCHE

129 CLOSE UP - BLANCHE

Blanche is confused and bewildered and completely unaware of what has happened and who may now have her note. Very slowly her face disappears below the ledge of the window.

CUT TO:

130 INT. KITCHEN - HUDSON HOUSE - EVENING - STUDIO

Jane strips off her coat, hangs it on the back of the door, takes a tray and slams it down angrily on the table. Then she turns away to start sorting out crockery for a meal.

CUT TO:

131 INT. - BATES' LIVING ROOM - BATES' HOUSE - EVENING - STUDIO

Still upset by her meeting with Jane, Mrs. Bates enters the living room through the French windows from the garden. Liza Bates looks up brightly from the sofa.

LIZA

What's the matter, Mother? You look as though you'd been in a fight.

MRS. BATES

(distractedly)

I'm not sure that I haven't been.

She starts stripping off her overall.

MRS. BATES

That Jane Hudson gets me so mad - I could kill her.

LIZA

(facetiously)

Gee, that's a good idea! What shall we use?

Mrs. Bates looks at her sharply, only half-aware that a joke was intended.

CUT TO:

132 INT. - STAIRS AND GALLERY - HUDSON HOUSE - EVENING - STUDIO

CLOSE SHOT - Jane's face is devoid of all expression as she moves forward like some painted robot.

133 LOW ANGLE

Jane advances towards CAMERA carrying a tray that is covered by a very white, linen cloth. She stops in front of Blanche's room and opens the door.

134 INT. - BLANCHE'S BEDROOM - HUDSON HOUSE - EVENING - STUDIO

Jane's P.O.V. - CLOSE SHOT - The lunch tray with the metal dish cover is still in its place on the desk. CAMERA SWINGS away into CLOSE SHOT of Blanche, who cowers back in her chair against the far wall.

135 REVERSE SHOT

Jane moves into the room, places the fresh tray on the desk, and picks up the metal dish cover on the old tray to look at what may still be on the plate. Jane's back is shielding the plate from the CAMERA, but the dead bird is presumably still there, and Jane shrugs her shoulders in a matter of fact manner as if to say "What a shameful waste". She replaces the dish cover, picks up the tray and starts to leave.

136 CLOSE SHOT

Blanche, who has been waiting fearfully for an explosion of some kind, now realizes that Jane intends to leave the room without uttering a word. Rather than suffer further uncertainty, Blanche forces herself to speak.

BLANCHE

(tentatively)

Did you have a nice drive... ?

Jane stops and treats her to a blank, angry stare.

JANE

What are you talking about?

BLANCHE

Nothing, dear. It's just that it's been such a long time since you were out of the house. I thought perhaps you'd been for a drive, or something...

Jane does not bother to reply, but stands there waiting, as if she knew there were more to come. Blanche manages to force a smile.

BLANCHE

You know, I've just been thinking. It's an awful long time since we had a real talk together - I mean, about the future and everything...

Jane puts the tray back on the table and waits with the kind of martyred patience of someone expecting to be told a lie.

BLANCHE

I mean, I didn't want you to be worried about the house. Because even if I have to sell it, we'd still be together, and -

JANE

(flat, hard)

You're not going to sell the house, Blanche.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED:

JANE (CONT'D)

(pause, her expression
becoming almost wistful)

My father bought this house - and he
bought it for me. You don't like to
remember that, do you?

BLANCHE

(urgently)

No, you're wrong, Jane. You've
forgotten. Father died before we
ever saw this house. I bought it for
the two of us when I signed my first
contract.

JANE

You think I can't remember anything.
But there's a whole lot of things I
remember - and you never paid for
this house. Baby Jane Hudson made
the money that paid for this house,
that's who.

BLANCHE

You don't know what you're saying --

JANE

(interrupting flatly)

We aren't ever going to sell this
place, Blanche. And we aren't
ever going to leave it either.

Blanche hesitates, but when Jane moves to pick up the tray again,
she forces herself to say something that will stop Jane from going.

BLANCHE

Jane... Jane, do you remember when
I first came home after the accident?

The effect is immediate. Jane leans weakly against the table and
seems about to break into tears.

JANE

You said we wouldn't ever talk about
that again. You promised.

BLANCHE

(seizing her advantage)

I know I did. But you see I'm in this
chair, Jane. After all those years -
I'm still in this chair. And that gives
you some kind of responsibility,
doesn't it?

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED: (2)

JANE

(an anguished plea)

No, Blanche... You promised...

BLANCHE

(smoothly)

But, Jane, I'm only trying to explain
the way things are.

(relentlessly)

And if I weren't in this chair you
wouldn't be able to do these awful
things to me.

Blanche waits for her words to take effect, but she has been defeated by her own logic. Jane's pathetic expression is suddenly transformed into a quick, bright smile as she seizes on to a childish simple thought.

JANE

(pleased)

But you are, Blanche.

Blanche frowns distractedly, not following her immediately.

JANE

You are in that chair.

BLANCHE

(appalled)

Jane, you don't know what you're
saying.

JANE

But you just said it yourself.

(pause)

So tell me, what are these "awful
things" I'm supposed to be doing to you?

Blanche makes a feeble gesture with her hand as if to brush aside the words she spoke before.

BLANCHE

I didn't mean... I meant, you - you
wouldn't have to work so hard...

(quickly)

And I was just thinking maybe we
ought to have Edna come in more
often - maybe live with us.

JANE

(flatly)

We don't need Edna.

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED: (3)

Blanche stumbles on desperately and Jane begins to smile.

BLANCHE

But you get so tired, there's so much for you to do. And you... I mean, you're not well.

JANE

(seriously)

Maybe you're right. Perhaps I should have a check up or something.

Terrified of overplaying her hand, Blanche drops her gaze and speaks as casually as she can manage.

BLANCHE

I'm sure it'd be good for you. We could get some really good doctor, someone who...

Blanche looks up at Jane and her words trail away. Her sister is smiling - grinning at her.

JANE

We could even get that nice Dr. Shelby, couldn't we?

Jane takes the crumpled note from her apron pocket and smooths it out.

JANE

Let's see now, what's his number again... ?

The realization that Jane has deliberately been playing with her is too much for Blanche and she raises her hands as if to hide her face. Jane's smile vanishes. She picks up the old lunch tray and goes to the door, pausing briefly for her parting shot.

JANE

It's not me that needs a doctor, Blanche.

She leaves the room and closes the door. Blanche's gaze flies straight to the fresh tray on the table.

137 CLOSE SHOT

The beautifully laundered cloth is draped over the tray, making a white, clinical outline that is both bulky and sinister.

138 MEDIUM SHOT

Blanche skims across the room in her chair, determined to stifle her fear. Reaching the table, she raises her hand to lift the cloth and stops dead without touching it. Her hand remains poised for a moment and then falls uselessly into her lap. Fighting back her desire to cry, she sets herself for another effort, but this one fails more quickly than her first. Letting out a quick, harsh sob, she whirls her chair around and moves rapidly to the far corner of the room, before turning to look at the tray again.

139 CLOSE SHOT

The light is fading quickly and the white cloth begins to take on a luminous quality as night falls and the room dissolves into darkness.

LONG DISSOLVE:140 INT. LIVING ROOM - THE FLAGG'S APARTMENT - DAY - STUDIO

SHOOTING over the top of an upright piano CAMERA STARTS ON CLOSE SHOT OF: EDWIN FLAGG peering shortsightedly through his thick lenses at the music rack in front of him, whilst his left hand picks out a series of tentative, absent-minded notes on the keyboard. Although he is only thirty, the soft, fleshy folds of Edwin's weak, unlovely face make him look older. Still staring at the music rack with his pale, watery eyes, Edwin reaches out with his right hand, picks up a ball point pen and raises it as if to mark his score.

141 EXT. THE FLAGG'S APARTMENT AND SIDEWALK - DAY - LOCATION

The apartment, an exact replica of a dozen others that form a side street court, has the forlorn appearance of the kind of prefabricated housing estates that were once put up with great speed in Culver City and then promptly forgotten. The central, concrete sidewalk is cracked and uneven, with weeds creeping onto it from the dry, neglected flower beds that surround it. The occasional pedestrians flit about like silent, gray shadows in a deserted town. The faint tinkling of Edwin's piano is HEARD.

Edwin's mother, DELIA FLAGG, a dowdy, elderly woman with stringy, gray hair and a rabbitty old over coat is moving towards the front door of her apartment. She has the tired, long suffering appearance of someone who has martyred themselves for a lost cause and enjoyed every miserable minute of it. Delia Flagg takes the key from her purse, pauses with a proud little smile to listen to the piano, and lets herself into the apartment.

142 INT. LIVING ROOM - THE FLAGG'S APARTMENT - DAY - STUDIO

RESUME CLOSE SHOT OVER THE PIANO TOP: Still stroking the notes with his left hand, Edwin puts down his pen, reaches out to a small table at his side and comes back with a thick, juicy sandwich.

REVERSE SHOT

What Edwin has been looking at and marking is not a music score, but the Personal Column of a newspaper on which he has drawn two thick circles around one of the ads. He chews thoughtfully on his sandwich like someone who eats for the sake of comfort rather than sustenance.

DELIA (VOICE OVER)

Hello, dear...

In spite of her years in the States, Delia Flagg's voice retains the characteristic, whining twang of the Cockney Londoner. Edwin's hand drops from the keyboard and he spins around on his music stool with an expression of anxiety and irritation to see his mother standing in the doorway.

DELIA

Don't stop for me, dear.

Edwin speaks with a synthetic, genteel British accent, which in moments of stress is liable to slur back into his native American. He ignores his mother's remark and fires a question.

EDWIN

(anxious, but not for her)

Well, what did the doctor say?

DELIA

He says it's no use my tryin' to go back to work for another six months.

EDWIN

(disappointed, unsympathetic)

Didn't he even give you anything to take?

DELIA

No. He says it's arthritis an' the only thing to do is not to try an' work until it clears up.

She moves further into the room, anxious to see the paper on the piano, but afraid of irritating her son.

EDWIN

(bitterly)

Did he suggest what we should use for money in the meantime?

DELIA

No, dear. But he's ever such a nice man. Anyway, never mind, we've still got a bit of savings.

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED:

Edwin's expression is one of pained disgust. As he turns away on his stool his mother takes the opportunity of peeping over his shoulder.

DELIA

Oh, that's nice. You've found something then, have you?

EDWIN

You don't have to get so excited. You haven't even seen what it is yet.

Delia reaches over her son's shoulder to get the paper. He squirms away from the momentary, physical contact.

DELIA

No, but it's a possibility, isn't it? I mean there aren't all that many jobs that'd be suitable - I mean to say for someone with your qualifications.

EDWIN

(angrily)

What qualifications?

DELIA

(vaguely)

Well, you know... Serious music an' that...

(becoming enthusiastic
as she reads)

But this sounds like just the ticket, doesn't it?

He hurls himself away from the piano and paces up and down, looking at the ceiling as if he were seeking salvation from this pathetic, doting old woman. Still holding the paper, Delia watches him for a moment and then speaks very meekly.

DELIA

You going to call?

EDWIN

(deliberately obtuse)

Call who?

DELIA

Well, these people...

She points at the newspaper.

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED: (2)

EDWIN
(grudgingly)
Might as well...

DELIA
(eagerly)
What, now?

He turns on her with another flash of anger.

EDWIN
Well, it wouldn't be a lot of bloody
use calling next week, would it?

As he goes on pacing the floor and glancing nervously at the telephone, which stands on a cheap little ornamental table, he suddenly becomes the helpless, dependent child again. He turns and leans across the table towards his mother with an outrageously coaxing smile.

EDWIN
I tell you what... You ring for me.
(quickly)
Tell them you're my secretary, or
something.

Delia smiles ecstatically at her son and chuckles like some coy conspirator.

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED: (3)

DELIA

All right, dear. I'll do that. I won't let on who I am, I'll just tell them I'm Mr. Flagg's secretary.

She folds the newspaper and peers avidly for the number.

DELIA

(happily)

You know. I believe your old Mum would make a jolly good secretary.

Edwin stands by the telephone, biting his lip as Delia reaches out for the receiver.

CUT TO:

144 INT. - HALL AND GALLERY - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

The telephone on the hall table is RINGING. Jane moves into FRAME to answer it.

JANE

(into telephone)

Hello... ? Yes, that's correct, this is Miss Hudson... Oh yes, about the advertisement.

(the voice at the other end causes her a moment of doubt)

Who is this speaking? ... I see, his secretary... Yes, well certainly - I'll be glad to give Mr. Flagg an appointment. Let me see now - What about this evening - say about five, how's that? ... Fine. I'll be expecting him then. Thank you. Goodbye.

She hangs up smiling, only to look up furiously a moment later as the buzzer from Blanche's room begins to ECHO around the house.

CUT TO:

145 INT. BLANCHE'S BEDROOM - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

Blanche takes her finger from the bell-push by her bed and pauses to listen. Hearing no kind of response, she presses the bell again, long and hard.

JANE (OVER)

(loud and harsh)

Stop that!

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED:

Blanche turns quickly to see Jane standing in the doorway.

JANE

What d'you want?

BLANCHE

(confused and timid)

Who was that on the phone... ?

JANE

(flatly)

None of your business. What were you ringing for?

BLANCHE

(pleading)

I'm hungry, Jane...

JANE

(logically)

Of course you're hungry. You didn't eat your dinner last night, that's why you're hungry.

BLANCHE

But you forgot my breakfast.

JANE

(evenly)

I didn't forget your breakfast.

(as to a child)

I didn't bring you any breakfast because you didn't eat your dinner.

(she pauses thoughtfully)

You know, I was just thinking, we're right back where we started.

Blanche looks at her anxiously, wondering what piece of twisted logic may be coming next.

JANE

When I was on the stage you had to depend on me for everything. Even the food you ate came from me - remember? You never thanked me for that either, did you? And now you even have to depend on me for your food again.

(she smiles)

You see... we're right back where we started.

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED: (2)

BLANCHE

(almost hysterical)

Why are you doing this to me? Why?

JANE

(innocently)

Doing what, Blanche?

BLANCHE

Making me afraid to eat, trying to make me starve myself.

JANE

Don't be silly. If you starved you'd die. I don't know what you're talking about. You really must be sick.

Jane shrugs as if to dismiss the whole thing and moves into the room.

BLANCHE

(carefully)

Jane, have you ever stopped to think that if something happened to me, I mean, you know - something... bad. There wouldn't be any money, because I wouldn't be there to sign the checks. And you wouldn't even get your pocket money.

Jane looks at her very steadily and smiles enigmatically.

JANE

Yes, I've thought of that.

(pauses and then becomes abrupt again)

Why didn't you eat your dinner?

BLANCHE

I was afraid, Jane. You made me afraid.

JANE

Huh, I thought you were supposed to be the 'big girl' in this family.

Jane goes across to the tray, lifts up the cloth contemptuously and takes a plump, clean looking chop in her hand.

JANE

There's nothing wrong with this, Blanche.

She takes a healthy bite and chews on it with childlike pleasure.

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED: (3)

JANE

(chewing)

You're just a neurotic, Blanche.
D'you know that, you're just a neurotic.

She turns to gaze idly out of the window and reacts almost immediately to something she sees there.

BLANCHE

(eagerly)

Well, maybe I could have some of it
now.

Jane glances distractedly at Blanche, shakes her head "no" then turns back to the window.

CUT TO:

146 JANE'S P.O.V. - GARDEN & DRIVE - BATES HOUSE

Liza Bates sits on the back steps of her house. She is going through the business of combing out family cocker spaniel. Looking PAST CAMERA, she waves and (silently to us) mouths unheard morning greeting.

CUT TO:

147 INT. BLANCHE'S BEDROOM - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

Blanche slowly moves her chair in Jane's direction.

BLANCHE

Please, Jane... I'm hungry.

Jane turns back from the window and steals a stealthy look at her watch. Then she turns and hurries across the room toward dining/desk surface.

JANE

(hurriedly)

No, I have to go now.

Jane picks up the tray.

BLANCHE

Just a little...

JANE

(primly)

No, you didn't want it last night, so now
you'll just have to wait until it's lunchtime.

She goes out quickly and closes the door behind her. Blanche turns her chair in a complete circle, her eyes searching the room as if to find some way of escape, some means of calming her desperation.

CUT TO:

INT. - KITCHEN - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - LOCATION

Jane bursts into the kitchen to find Edna already taking off her coat.

JANE

(smiling pleasantly)

Hello, Edna...

EDNA

(a touch of caution)

Well, good morning.

Jane puts down the tray.

JANE

(very friendly)

I saw you coming up the drive, and
I wanted to talk to you.

EDNA

I see...

Jane is quickly feeling her way into the part she has decided to play.
She picks up her purse and turns to Edna with real humility.

JANE

Yes, I wanted to apologize, I mean
about yesterday.

EDNA

(bemused)

Apologize... ?

JANE

(rather fast)

Yes, I wasn't feeling too good yesterday
and I was a bit unkind, wasn't I? Well,
anyway, I wanted to make up for it today,
so I got up early and fixed the house and
everything so's you could have the day off.

EDNA

Well, I don't know...

Jane digs into her purse and comes out with a five dollar bill, which
she offers to Edna. There is nothing patronizing in her gesture,
because she has genuinely made herself believe in the part she is
playing, and it is this that eventually convinces Edna as well.

JANE

Look, here's five dollars...

EDNA

(reluctantly)

Does Miss Blanche know... ?

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED:

JANE

It's not from Blanche. I saved that out of my own allowance. So why'n't you go out to the beach for the day or something.

EDNA

(embarrassed, touched)

Well, thank you... What I meant was, does Miss Blanche know about taking the day off.

JANE

Yes, I told her. She said it was a nice idea.

Even now Edna is a bit doubtful and reluctant, but she cannot refuse the money without hurting Jane's feelings.

EDNA

Well, if you say so...

JANE

I do.

Edna takes the money and stuffs it awkwardly into the pocket of her coat which she now has over her arm. Jane is edging her towards the door.

EDNA

I'll see you next week then, is that right?

JANE

(abstracted)

That's right, you come in next week sometime.

EDNA

I'll do that.

Jane holds the door open for her.

JANE

Bye now, and have a good time.

EDNA

Bye, and... and thank you.

Jane smiles, ushers her out and closes the door.

CUT TO:

149 INT. BLANCHE'S BEDROOM - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

Blanche looks up sharply as she hears the door slam in the kitchen below. She wheels herself across the room, opens the door and listens anxiously. The clatter of dishes from the kitchen is HEARD. Blanche closes the door, moves over to the bed and starts the slow, painful business of lifting herself with the aid of the bar and trying to move forward on her feet. The fear and hunger of the past few days is already beginning to show in her face and in her movements.

CUT TO:

150 INT. KITCHEN - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO - CLOSE SHOT

Jane is shaking out a freshly laundered, linen cloth. As she floats the cloth over the lunch tray that has been prepared on the kitchen table, CAMERA follows the cloth without ever quite seeing what it finally comes down to cover. Jane lifts the tray and goes to the door.

CUT TO:

151 INT. BLANCHE'S BEDROOM - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

Blanche has succeeded in moving along the edge of her bed until she is a foot or two away from her chair. The SOUND of Jane's footsteps on the stairs is heard. Blanche panics and tries feverishly to regain the safety of her chair.

CUT TO:

152 INT. - GALLERY AND STAIRS - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

Jane comes along the gallery, reaches the door and enters without knocking.

CUT TO:

153 INT. - BLANCHE'S BEDROOM - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

Blanche collapses into her chair just as Jane appears in the doorway. Jane moves into the room without appearing to have noticed Blanche's frantic movements. Still frightened but drawn almost against her will by the loaded tray, Blanche follows Jane across the room.

BLANCHE

Who was that at the door?

JANE

Edna.

BLANCHE

Edna? But what's she doing then?
Is she down in the kitchen?

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED:

JANE
(pleasantly)

No. I gave her the day off.

Blanche seems about to remonstrate, but then thinks better of it. Jane puts the tray down on the table and goes on chatting pleasantly as she moves around the room putting things in order and never really looking directly at Blanche.

JANE

Yes, I think we give Edna a pretty hard time, considering. I told her she could come back next week.

She finishes her work and pauses in the doorway whilst Blanche waits impatiently for her to go so that she can examine her lunch tray. Jane turns to go, then almost as an afterthought looks straight at Blanche and asks her a question.

JANE

Blanche, did you know we have rats in the cellar?

She goes out and closes the door without waiting for an answer or appearing to register Blanche's incredulous reaction. Blanche starts to follow Jane to ask for an explanation, but quickly changes her mind and moves back towards the tray on the desk. She is scurrying back and forth like a trapped animal that knows it is doomed but, stricken with terror, does not know where the final blow is coming from. Blanche stops in front of the tray and finally forces herself to take hold of the cloth that covers it. Then, very carefully and ready to let it fall again at any moment, she pulls the cloth away from the tray.

154 CLOSE SHOT - THE TRAY

A large plate with a circle of sliced tomato surrounding a freshly tossed green salad.

155 CLOSE SHOT

Blanche relaxes and smiles. It is only as she reaches out to take a leaf of lettuce that she begins to sense that there is something odd or unusual about the way in which the salad has been heaped up to form a mound in the middle of the plate. Suddenly anxious, she snatches away a handful of lettuce leaves from the top.

156 CLOSE SHOT

Resting there, as if in its nest, is a DEAD MOUSE in a trap. The steel spring has broken the animal's neck, partially flattening it so that the flesh has been squeezed back to form an obscenely plump bulge within the loose, furry skin of the body.

157 CLOSE SHOT

Blanche screams and sweeps the tray off the table.

158 CLOSE SHOT

The plate smashes on the floor.

DISSOLVE:159 EXT. - GATES - DRIVE AND HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - LOCATION

Edwin Flagg enters the gates at the bottom of the drive and looks up at the house.

160 LONG SHOT

The house lies silent, and apparently deserted in the late, afternoon sun.

161 MED. SHOT

Edwin closes the gates with timid care and starts up the drive.

CUT TO:162 INT. - KITCHEN - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

Jane is seated at the kitchen table with a glass and a bottle in front of her. She is elaborately overdressed in a bright, velvety creation that is all bits and pieces of lace and fussy bows. Her hair is done up with a ribbon and her face is plastered with make-up. Jane takes a swallow from her glass and looks up at the clock, which shows precisely five. She takes another, quick, nervous swig. Then, just as she is putting down her glass, the doorbell RINGS. Jane lurches to her feet and hurries out of the room.

163 EXT. FRONT DOOR - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - LOCATION

Edwin is waiting uneasily on the doorstep. He mops his glistening face with a rather soiled handkerchief with which he then starts to wipe his hands. He is just looking yearningly back down the drive when the door opens and he turns to be confronted by Jane.

164 CLOSE SHOT

Jane's face is contorted in a manner that is intended to convey a gracious welcome. It begins to collapse, or rather unfold into something very like disappointment.

165 TWO SHOT

Neither Edwinnor Jane can quite believe that they are facing the person they were supposed to meet.

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED:

JANE

Good afternoon...

EDWIN

L... hello, um, I'm Edwin Flagg.
I have an appointment with a Miss
Hudson for five o'clock.

JANE

Well, you're right on time, aren't you?

EDWIN

Yes, yes. I believe I am.

He goes on hovering on the doorstep.

JANE

Well, come on in. I'm Miss Hudson.
Jane Hudson.

Edwin is unable to control his surprise - his voice turns into a bark.

EDWIN

Oh, really!

Flustered by his obviously unsuitable reaction, Edwin lurches forward and holds out his hand. Realizing too late that he is still holding his grubby handkerchief, he stuffs it into his pocket and tries again. They shake hands.

JANE

Come in.

165-A EXT. LOCATION

Edwin follows her into the house.

166 INT. HALL AND LIVING ROOM - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

Jane closes the front door and hesitates in an agony of indecision like a young girl on her first date.

JANE

Perhaps we should - I mean, perhaps
you'd like to go into the living room...
We could er... talk there.

EDWIN

Certainly.

She leads the way unsteadily across the hall and they enter the living room, where Edwin stands by the sofa, and looks around the room with self-conscious interest.

EDWIN

(mock English accent)

I say, what a perfectly charming room.

166 CONTINUED:

EDWIN

Thank you.

He lowers himself cautiously onto the sofa and Jane sits down on the edge of a chair facing him. There is a long pause.

JANE

So you're Mr. Flagg.

EDWIN

That's right.

JANE

Edwin Flagg.

Edwin nods his head vigorously and gives her what is intended to be an encouraging smile. There is another awkward pause.

JANE

Well now, I guess I should offer you something.

(Jane suddenly stands up)

Yes, I know, why don't I go and fix us some tea. D'you like tea, Mr. Flagg?

EDWIN

Oh yes. I'm very fond of tea.

She starts off across the room so that Edwin has to call after her.

EDWIN

You must have guessed that I'm English...

Jane pauses by the door and looks at him vaguely.

JANE

Oh really? Well, how nice.

She goes out leaving him to look uneasily around the room.

CUT TO:

167 INT. BLANCHE'S ROOM - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

Blanche has the door of her room open and is listening, but all she can hear are some vague sounds from the kitchen. She wheels herself quietly out of the room and along the gallery to the stairs.

CUT TO:

168 INT. LIVING ROOM - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

Edwin has gotten up and is inspecting the room more minutely. Pausing in front of the enormous, empty fire-place, he looks up at the expensive, silver picture frame that hangs above it. Only the glass and the cardboard backing remain, the picture has gone. Edwin puzzles over this for a moment, then shrugging his shoulders moves towards the door.

CUT TO:

169 INT. GALLERY AND STAIRS - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

Blanche sits at the head of the stairs listening. She can see a large part of the hall and the front door, but the doors to the kitchen and the living room lie hidden away to her right. The SOUND of Edwin opening the living room door and coming out into the hall is heard. Blanche strains forward.

CUT TO:

170 INT. - HALL - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

Edwin shuffles along the hall with timid curiosity, not at all sure of his bearings. The RATTLE of silverware is heard from the kitchen. Edwin turns to look in the direction of the kitchen, but then hearing nothing further, starts off slowly along the hall again, looking minutely at the rich furnishings and pictures as if to estimate their cash value.

CUT TO:

171 INT. GALLERY AND STAIRS - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

Blanche can now quite definitely HEAR that someone is moving slowly towards the foot of the stairs and that they will therefore, come into view at any moment. She is ready to call out but dares not to do so until she can be sure of knowing who it is.

CUT TO:

172 INT. HALL - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

Edwin stops in front of a picture and is just starting to move on again, when the kitchen door swings open and Jane comes out carrying a heavily laden tray. Edwin turns to face her and they look at each other for a moment.

CUT TO:

173 INT. GALLERY AND STAIRS - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

Blanche is holding the newel post at the head of the stairs, leaning forward as far as she dares.

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED:

EDWIN (VOICE OVER)

Here, let me help you. That's a terribly
big burden for... for such a little girl.

JANE (VOICE OVER)

(giggling)

Why thank you. You're very kind.

As she hears Edwin's FOOTSTEPS moving away down the hall again,
Blanche reacts with bitter disappointment.

CUT TO:

174 INT. LIVING ROOM - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

Edwin comes into the room followed by Jane, puts the tray with the
silver tea service on the table in front of the sofa and sits down. Jane
bends down clumsily and starts to pour.

JANE

It's hot today. You must be tired -
driving out here.

Edwin, who does not own a car and came by bus, tells a lie and
elaborates on it.

EDWIN

Well, actually I took a cab... It's a bit
of a nuisance, but I had to put my car in
for servicing.

JANE

I always think it's nice to break bread
with strangers, don't you?

EDWIN

Oh yes... Yes, indeed.

As she hands out a cup for him it begins to rattle dangerously in her
hand and the tea slops all over the saucer.

EDWIN

(half-rising)

Here, let me help you.

Jane smiles graciously and they both sit down. Edwin glances around
the room, searching for a subject of conversation as he balances the tea
cup precariously on his knee.

EDWIN

(finally)

I don't think you, er, actually mentioned
the exact nature of your um...

JANE

My act? Well, to tell you the truth I've
been retired for quite a while now. There
was some family trouble. I had to look
after someone who was sick, you know.
But now...

EDWIN

(pompously)

Now you're free to return to your

174 CONTINUED:

JANE

Yes. Well, that is I expect to be free in a few days - maybe a week.

EDWIN

I see. And what exactly - I mean, I take it you're a soloist, some instrument?

JANE

I wonder if you can guess?

EDWIN

I don't know... I mean, can you give me a hint?

JANE

(unable to hold back)

It's not fair to make you guess like this, is it? I'll tell you. I'm "Baby Jane Hudson!"

There is a terrible pause whilst Jane looks at Edwin encouragingly and he fumbles for words.

EDWIN

(vaguely)

Baby... ?

(catching himself just in time and injecting a note of genuine astonishment into his voice)

Well, I never! -- You mean, you're really the "Baby Jane Hudson?"

JANE

(delighted)

Yes, I am too. I'm going to revive my act. Just the way I used to do it - exactly. Of course some of the arrangements'll need to be brought up to date. Music changes so much, doesn't it?

EDWIN

(bemused)

Yes.

JANE

But they're all just desperate for new acts, you know. Television, Las Vegas, all the clubs, and there's still an awful lot of people who remember me, lots of

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JANE (CONT'D)

them. And after all, there's a whole bunch of other old timers that have come back, aren't there?

There is a hint of pleading in her question.

EDWIN

(hiding a smile)

I don't see how you could fail.

Jane's smile becomes intimate.

JANE

You know, I had a feeling about you... A kind of feeling, the minute I opened the door and saw you standing there. I just knew we were going to turn out to be friends.

Edwin smiles ingratiatingly and there is silence until Jane's thoughts make another sudden change of direction.

JANE

I was thinking about costumes.

EDWIN

(taken aback)

Costumes?

JANE

Yes. I've taken all my old ones down to be copied. Don't you think that's a good idea?

EDWIN

Well, of course, I don't quite remember --

JANE

(sympathetically)

No, of course, how could you. But I do want your opinion, Edwin, I really do. Before you came I put all my pictures and stuff out in the rehearsal room so you can look at them and tell me what you think.

She gets up and holds out her hand to him. Edwin has no alternative but to take her hand and let her lead him from the room. As she crosses the floor Jane is doing something very like skipping with pleasure.

(CONTINUED)

174 CONTINUED: (3)

JANE

You would like to see the pictures,
wouldn't you?

EDWIN

Of course.

JANE

Oh, I wish Daddy could be here right
now! "You can't ever lose your talent"
... he used to tell me. "You can lose
everything else, but you can't ever lose
your talent."

Jane passes through the door into the hall pulling Edwin behind her like
a fat, hairless teddy bear.

175 INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

Jane leads Edwin into the rehearsal room, moving straight across to
the piano.

JANE

My scrap book's on the piano here.
You'll see all the pictures.

She picks the big, leather bound volume off the piano top and opens it
for Edwin, who looks cautiously at the first picture, and reacts with
pained incredulity.

176 CLOSE SHOT

The first picture is a full page photograph of Baby Jane at the age of
seven. She is looking up at the camera, one finger pointed daintily
at her chin and her eyes smiling with a coy guile that would do credit
to a twenty year old.

JANE (VOICE OVER)

I always like that first one, it's so...
I don't know, sad?

Before Edwin is forced to comment they are interrupted by the loud,
insistent shrilling of the BUZZER from Blanche's room.

177 TWO SHOT

Jane turns angrily, is about to say something fierce, but then controls
herself enough to give Edwin an apologetic smile.

JANE

I'm sorry, you'll have to excuse me.

(CONTINUED)

177 CONTINUED:

EDWIN

Yes, of course...

As Jane exits, Edwin turns and goes on examining the scrap book, leafing through it with increasing astonishment and dismay. Edwin looks up nervously at the buzzer on the wall which keeps on RINGING. He puts down the scrap book and turns his attention to the piano bench, which he opens to find it stacked with sheet music. He bends down to pick up a manuscript, when something else catches his eye and he straightens up holding a photograph.

178 CLOSE SHOT

Clearly visible beneath the vicious slashes of red crayon with which the picture has been attacked is a photograph of Blanche Hudson as she appeared in one of her films. Edwin stares at the picture with something like fear, then slowly turns in bewildered confusion at the empty picture frame atop the mantel. The constant RINGING of the buzzer stops abruptly.

SHOCK CUT TO:179 INT. BLANCHE'S BEDROOM - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

Jane is wrenching Blanche's arm away from the bell-push, causing the wheel chair to spin around, roll back and hit the wall. Jane raises her hand as if to strike.

JANE

(venomously)

You always have to try and spoil everything, don't you!

Blanche cowers back, searching for words - anything that will avert the hand that is raised threateningly above her head.

BLANCHE

No. Please, Jane - I only wanted to know...

JANE

You want to know who's down there, that's what you want to know... Well, I'll tell you. I've got a friend down there, someone who's come to see ME. He doesn't even know you exist. You don't like that, do you?

BLANCHE

(quickly)

You're wrong, Jane. I want you to have friends. That's what I always wanted for you... Really.

(CONTINUED)

179

CONTINUED:

Jane pauses, her expression becoming nostalgic as if she were looking back over the years to examine the truth of Blanche's words.

JANE

(pathetically)

Well, how come I never had any then?

Blanche flinches momentarily in the face of this unanswerable plea.

BLANCHE

(fumbling)

I guess maybe you weren't, I mean, maybe you were just too independent...

Jane's tone is still regretful rather than angry.

JANE

No, that wasn't it. You always stopped me, that's why. You always tried to stop me having friends - anything I ever wanted.

BLANCHE

Not anymore, Jane. Really, not anymore. I'm pleased you've got a friend, that's what you need. I was just hoping maybe I could meet him. That'd be nice. We could have a nice talk, just the three of us.

She looks at Jane and sees that she has pushed her idea too quickly.

JANE

(angry again)

Oh you'd like that, wouldn't you? Then maybe you could tell him a whole lot of lies about me like you did with the others. Scare him off, or maybe have him for yourself!

She cuts off Blanche's protest with a stinging blow across the face.

CUT TO:

180

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

Edwin, the object of the sisters' quarrel, is looking anything but desirable. He has sat himself down at the piano and is snuffling asthmatically amongst the sheet music on the rack. The covers of all the scores feature Baby Jane in various coy attitudes and situations. Edwin finds a particularly odious one where Baby Jane sits at a little desk. A thick pencil is poised in her chubby fist and she is looking skywards as if in search of inspiration for the note she is composing.

(CONTINUED)

Edwin opens the score and begins to play, tentatively at first, but quickly gaining confidence as he masters the simple tune.

Becoming engrossed in this exercise he fails to notice Jane as she moves quietly back into the room and comes to stand behind him at the piano. Jane starts to sing and Edwin looks around startled, but seeing that she is hardly aware of him, he turns back and goes on playing.

JANE

(singing)

Oh, the Postman, he won't mind
'Cause Mama says that Heaven's near,
Tho' you've left us both behind,
I'm writing Daddy dear...
I - love - you...

The song comes to an end. Jane is twittering with delighted embarrassment.

JANE

Well, you certainly can play, can't you, Edwin?

EDWIN

(daringly)

And you certainly can sing!

JANE

I can see you've done this kind of work before.

EDWIN

Oh no, not really...

(failing to sound casual)

Actually I've spent most of my time on serious music. You know, composing - and that sort of thing.

JANE

You mean this would really be your first contact with show business?

EDWIN

Well, not exactly. You see my father was quite well known as an actor.

JANE

How nice. Was he in movies?
Perhaps I even worked with him.

Edwin contrives to combine gallantry with a plea for sympathy.

(CONTINUED)

180 CONTINUED: (2)

EDWIN

Oh, I shouldn't think so. I mean, he's
been dead quite a long time now...

JANE

I know how you feel. I lost my father
when I was quite young...

They begin to talk across each other in the manner of lonely people who are eager to pour out their hearts and are quite content to bask in the glow of mutual sympathy without really troubling to listen to what the other person is saying.

EDWIN

Of course he was more in the classical
tradition, I mean as an actor. Shakespeare
and that sort of thing, you know.

JANE

They used to say my father could've
had a real success in his own right.

Edwin is busy building his own images. Jane has to press her point.

JANE

He was a musician too, you know.

EDWIN

(vaguely)

Oh really, what instrument?

JANE

The banjo.

EDWIN

(blankly)

Oh, that's interesting...

(he feels obliged to give
his comment weight)

Very native American...

(he quickly reverts to his
favorite subject)

Of course my father was British.
But he never really got a chance out
here in Hollywood...

He pauses to get Jane's attention, then lets out a rueful chuckle as if the well-practised line he is going to bring out had just occurred to him.

(CONTINUED)

180 CONTINUED: (3)

EDWIN

It's funny really, because actually he came from a rather distinguished family - socially. I mean, and nearly all the parts he had were playing menials - butlers and that kind of thing, you know.

Jane is not at all sure that she has understood him correctly, but senses that sympathy would be in order.

JANE

Gee, that's too bad.

EDWIN

Yes... My mother never really appreciated him - I mean, what he was trying to do.

JANE

I know what you mean. It's very hard for an artist when people don't understand. I remember --

EDWIN

(interrupting)

I sometimes try to explain to her that if you're going to produce anything decent in the way of serious music, you have to have the right atmosphere. But of course Delia can't understand that.

JANE

(a touch of anxiety)

Delia? Who's Delia?

EDWIN

Well, you might not think it to look at her, but she's my mother.

JANE

(giggling)

Oh dear, for a moment there I thought you had a little wife or a lady-friend tucked away somewhere.

Edwin finds the thought genuinely abhorrent.

EDWIN

(hastily)

Oh no, nothing like that...

(CONTINUED)

A lifetime of wheedling has given Edwin a perfect sense of timing in playing up his weakness. Now he deliberately pauses to finger a couple of sad notes on the piano, and then, as if arriving at the breaking point, unburdens himself with a rush.

EDWIN

In fact, I don't know why I'm telling you all this, but you see I don't think my mother ever really wanted me. My father used to tell me that she forced him to marry her. . . And she's the reason I applied for this job. You see, I need the money so that I can "get out" and find a place of my own, somewhere I could really work - write music.

He looks up to see what effect he is having and is gratified by Jane's reaction.

EDWIN

If you want to know the truth, I can't stand my mother - she disgusts me. She's one of those people who can never leave you alone, always running after me - and forever asking stupid questions. I don't know. . .

JANE

You poor boy.

EDWIN

If only I had the money for somewhere to live I'd leave her tomorrow.

JANE

But wouldn't she miss you?

EDWIN

Oh, she'd manage. God knows, she's always saying, "I'll manage dear. I'll manage." The trouble is with just the few pupils I have for music lessons I can't afford to go.

JANE

(indulgently)

Well, you won't need any more pupils now, will you?

(CONTINUED)

180 CONTINUED: (5)

EDWIN

(smiling gratefully)

That's what I wanted to ask you about.
I mean, how much were you actually
thinking of paying...?

JANE

(embarrassed)

I don't really know... What do you
think? Something like Seventy five...?
(quickly)

A week, of course.

EDWIN

(hiding his amazement)

Why yes, I think that'd be very fair.

JANE

That's settled then, isn't it? I never
like talking about money, do you?

EDWIN

(glibly)

No. I mean to say, it's not that
important is it? Not like relationships
between people and that kind of thing.
(he hesitates)

The thing is though, if I'm going to
move out, give up my pupils, I'll have
to know for sure. I mean when were
you thinking of starting?

Jane is a little astonished at his speed.

EDWIN

(desperately)

I mean, when could you let me have
some money?

JANE

Well, I've still got some family
matters to tie up, but that shouldn't
take more than about a week or so,
and then I don't see why we couldn't
start rehearsing right away.

Jane glances at Edwin and sees that the vagueness of her timetable
has somehow disappointed him.

JANE

But I tell you what. I'll get you
some money first thing tomorrow
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

180

CONTINUED: (6)

JANE (CONT'D)

and then I can pay you a... a month
in advance.

(catching Edwin's
enthusiasm)

Maybe we could meet and have dinner
together somewhere downtown. Would
you like that? Somewhere nice.

EDWIN

(blanching)

That sounds fine.

JANE

Good. Well, how about coming downtown
with me now. I have to collect my
costumes.

EDWIN

I promised my m- Delta I'd be home
for supper.

JANE

(hiding her disappointment)

All right then, I'll drive you home.
I'm sure it's on my way. How's that?

EDWIN

(meekly)

Fine.

He gets up to follow her out.

CUT TO:

181

INT. GALLERY - STAIRS AND HALL - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY -
STUDIO

HIGH ANGLE - STARTING on the empty hall, we HEAR Edwin and
Jane approaching. Jane leads the way across the hall, prancing like
a ten-year-old.

JANE

D'you know, I'm so excited. I'm
just sure everything's going to go
marvelously - for both of us.

As Jane holds the front door open for him it seems that she is going to
lean over and kiss him on the cheek, but Edwin scoots through the door
rather too quickly. Jane smiles indulgently and follows him out. The
door closes and there is a moment of silence followed by SOUNDS of
activity from Blanche's bedroom. CAMERA SWINGS AROUND to face
the door just as it opens and Blanche wheels herself out. She stops to

(CONTINUED)

181 CONTINUED:

listen. The SOUND of Jane's car is heard starting up. Blanche moves towards Jane's bedroom at the far end of the gallery.

CUT TO:

182 EXT. - PARKING AREA & GARAGE - HUDSON HOUSE - EVENING - LOCATION

The big car stands outside the garage with the engine running. Jane closes the garage door, gets into the driving seat and turns an all consuming, indulgent smile on Edwin, who is bouncing gently in the comfort of the passenger seat like some clumsy, short-sighted penguin. Jane lets out the clutch and the car slowly moves away.

CUT TO:

183 INT. JANE'S BEDROOM - HUDSON HOUSE - EVENING - STUDIO

Blanche crosses the bedroom, glancing around quickly like someone who knows what they are looking for. Moments later she has found Jane's box of chocolates on the dressing table. She starts to eat fast and wildly like a person on the verge of starvation. In her haste she accidentally shifts the box to reveal an autographed photograph of herself underneath. A fan mail picture of Blanche Hudson as she appeared in one of her films, the face has been ravaged by the heavy strokes of a pencil, but the signature is still clear and unmarked. Blanche picks up the picture to examine it in silent horror. As she goes to replace it she finds that it has been hiding a check book and a sheet of notepaper that is covered from top to bottom with painstakingly accurate copies of her signature. She holds the notepaper up to compare it with the signature on the picture, but it is only a gesture, the truth has already hit her. She flips open the check book.

184 CLOSE SHOT - CHECK BOOK

One of the checks has been torn out and written across the stub in neat capitals are the words WESTERN COSTUME. Below this is the figure \$93.

185 CLOSE SHOT

Blanche's frightened, bewildered reaction.

CUT TO:

186 EXT. - THE FLAGG'S APARTMENT & SIDEWALK - EVENING - LOCATION

MEDIUM SHOT - Jane's car stops in the roadway by the front of the court in which the Flagg's apartment is situated. Edwin gets out, leans in at the window of the car to say something, and then, as the car moves away, he turns and walks toward the apartment.

187 CLOSE SHOT - EDWIN

As he reaches the door he takes a last, bemused look over his shoulder to see Jane's car receding down the street. Then he grits his teeth and prepares to face mother and home.

CUT TO:

188 INT. GALLERY - STAIRS AND HALL - HUDSON HOUSE - EVENING - STUDIO

Blanche's wheelchair skims along the gallery and comes to an abrupt stop at the head of the stairs, where Blanche grabs the newel post and stares down into the hall.

189 BLANCHE'S P.O.V.

The telephone rests with sedate mockery on the table in the hall. The stairs leading down to it look impossibly steep and the expanse of polished floor at the bottom seems limitless.

190 CLOSE SHOT

Blanche closes her eyes for a moment, then setting the brakes on her chair, she adjusts her grip on the bannisters and very slowly begins to lift herself out of the chair.

191 LOW ANGLE

Blanche gets one foot onto the stairs, drags her other foot forward and lets her weight fall against the bannister. For a moment it seems that her hands are not going to be strong enough, and she begins to slip, but she manages to hold on.

CUT TO:

192 INT. - LIVING ROOM - FLAGG'S APARTMENT - EVENING - STUDIO

Edwin sits hunched over a book at the table. Delia Flagg comes in from the kitchen carrying a tray. There is something infinitely sad about the glow of pride with which she beams at her son. She puts the tray down on the table and Edwin irritably shifts his book aside.

EDWIN
(looking up)

What is it?

DELIA
(skittishly)

Our little breadwinner's supper.

Edwin makes a tired gesture of despair.

EDWIN
I know it's supper. But what is it?

(CONTINUED)

192 CONTINUED:

DELIA

Macaroni cheese.

EDWIN

(completely disgusted)

Oh, no.

He turns back to his book as if the subject of supper were closed. Delia bites her lip, silently puts the plates and cutlery on the table, then looks at her son again.

DELIA

Did she say how much she's going to pay?

Edwin looks up sharply.

EDWIN

I haven't even taken the job yet.

DELIA

I know dear, but didn't she say anything about money at all?

EDWIN

(flatly)

No.

He looks down at his book again.

DELIA

(as if to herself)

Still, it'd have to be a good lot - someone like that... Be nice to have a bit of money again. We could even go on a holiday, perhaps.

This last idea makes Edwin look up sharply, but she does not notice it.

DELIA

D'you remember that place up the coast we used to go to, Eddie?

The memory is clearly loathsome to him.

EDWIN

Yes.

DELIA

(wistfully)

It'd be nice if we could go there again, wouldn't it, dear... ?

(CONTINUED)

192 CONTINUED: (2)

Edwin grunts and lowers his head over the book again to hide a childish cumbering, little smile.

CUT TO:

193 INT. HALL AND STAIRS - HUDSON HOUSE - NIGHT - STUDIO

Blanche has gotten a considerable way down the stairs, but the effort has taken a terrible toll on her reserves. As she stops to rest and gasp for air, her eyes wander over the rest of the first floor which is now within her view and which she is seeing again as a stranger after all these years. The house is completely silent with only Blanche's harsh, uneven breathing to accentuate the stillness. Somewhere down on the highway a passing motorist SOUNDS his horn. Blanche takes a deep, gulping breath and resumes her descent.

194 CLOSE SHOT - BLANCHE

Her drawn, weary face is contorted with the agonizing effort to support her weight on the bannisters.

CUT TO:

195 EXT. WESTERN COSTUME COMPANY - DUSK - MED. SHOT - LOCATION

Jane pulls her long Lincoln Continental out of the inside lane of the west moving traffic on Melrose and turns right onto parking lot. As Jane emerges from the now motionless car, CAMERA PANS UP TO REVEAL the side of a huge building upon which is painted "WESTERN COSTUME COMPANY."

196-197 omitted

198 INT. - HALL AND STAIRS - HUDSON HOUSE - NIGHT - STUDIO

Blanche negotiates the last two steps, and reaching the bottom of the stairs has no alternative but to let herself slip to the floor.

199 LOW ANGLE - BLANCHE'S P.O.V.

The telephone with its little table and chair still seems a terrible long way away.

200 REVERSE SHOT

Blanche starts to drag herself across the floor on her hands and hips.

CUT TO:

201 EXT. PARKING LOT - NEAR COSTUMERS - HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT - LOCATION

Jane's car moves forward, pauses at the entrance to the parking lot, and then moves out and away into the busy Melrose traffic.

CUT TO:

202 INT. HALL AND STAIRS - HUDSON HOUSE - NIGHT - STUDIO

Blanche crawls the last few feet to the telephone. Reaching the chair, she pauses breathing hard, then drags herself up into a semi-sitting position. She grabs clumsily at the phone, knocks the receiver from its cradle, scrambles it back onto the table and starts to dial.

CUT TO:

203 INT. RECEPTIONIST'S OFFICE - DR. SHELBY'S OFFICE - NIGHT - STUDIO

CLOSE SHOT - Telephone on receptionist's desk. The telephone starts to RING and goes on RINGING for a few moments until a figure moves into FRAME and lifts the receiver.

204 MEDIUM SHOT

MISS HILT, a starched, antiseptic looking receptionist speaks into the phone with a voice that contains neither urgency nor curiosity. It sounds quite lifeless, like a recorded message.

MISS HILT

Dr. Shelby's office. Good evening.
This is Miss Hilt speaking. May I be
of assistance?

She waits with her pencil poised.

CUT TO:

205 INT. HALL AND STAIRS - HUDSON HOUSE - NIGHT - STUDIO

Blanche strains forward, her anxiety and exhaustion making her incoherent.

BLANCHE

This is Blanche, Blanche Hudson.
You've got to help me! Is the Doctor
there? I must speak to him.

She waits breathlessly.

CUT TO:

206 INT. RECEPTIONIST'S OFFICE - NIGHT - STUDIO

Miss Hilt would appear to know all about, what she evidently thinks of as, the long-suffering, hysterical rich and Blanche's outburst causes no more than a slightly raised eyebrow and a faint hesitation in the Receptionist's voice.

MISS HILT

Well, he's with a patient right now...

Miss Hilt has the expression of someone who is not going to give anything away free.

CUT TO:

207 INT. - HALL AND STAIRS - HUDSON HOUSE - NIGHT - STUDIO

Blanche is near to tears with frustration and anxiety.

BLANCHE

But I have to talk to him - I've got to!

MISS HILT

(coolly)
Just hold on, please. I'll see if I can
speak to him.

There is a click and the line goes dead. Blanche is forced to sit and wait.

CUT TO:

208 EXT. DRIVE AND GARAGE - HUDSON HOUSE - NIGHT - LOCATION

Jane's car comes purring up the drive and stops outside the garage. Jane gets out and stands for a moment, her head slightly raised, as if listening for something.

CUT TO:

209 INT. HALL AND STAIRS - HUDSON HOUSE - NIGHT - STUDIO

A male voice is HEARD on the line.

DR. SHELBY (VOICE OVER)

Hello...

Blanche calls out, unable to control her voice.

BLANCHE

Doctor Shelby... ?

She glances around, fearful of being observed.

CUT TO:

210 INT. RECEPTIONIST'S OFFICE - NIGHT - STUDIO

Miss Hilt is sitting behind her desk with Dr. Shelby standing by her side. He looks reliable enough, but there is just that touch of asperity about him which suggests that he might have a short temper where hysterical patients are concerned. There is already a hint of impatience in his voice.

DR. SHELBY

Yes, now just a moment, please.

Miss Hilt tells me that you're a little upset. What seems to be the trouble?

He exchanges a glance with Miss Hilt.

CUT TO:

211 INT. HALL AND STAIRS - HUDSON HOUSE - NIGHT - STUDIO

Blanche speaks with a rush.

BLANCHE

It's about my sister. I need your help. I need you here at the house.

DR. SHELBY (VOICE OVER)

Has there been some kind of accident?

BLANCHE

No, it's nothing like that. It's the way she's behaving - I can't tell you on the phone. You'll have to come over right away - before she gets back and -

DR. SHELBY (VOICE OVER)

(interrupting)

I don't quite understand. Is this some kind of emotional disturbance you're talking about?

(CONTINUED)

211 CONTINUED:

Blanche is too agitated to notice it, but there is suddenly more light in the dimly lit hall, as if someone had opened a door.

212 LONG SHOT - SHOOTING FROM KITCHEN DOOR

Blanche has her back to CAMERA. Her head is slightly turned so that it is seen in profile.

BLANCHE
(seizing on his phrase)
Yes, that's it - she's emotionally
disturbed - unbalanced.

213 CLOSE SHOT

Jane stands by the kitchen door, her eyes glittering.

214 RESUME LONG SHOT - JANE'S P.O.V.

DR. SHELBY (VOICE OVER)
(faint and quarulous)
Are you trying to tell me she's violent?

BLANCHE
I don't know... I mean, yes! Yes,
she is.

Blanche turns towards CAMERA.

215 CLOSE SHOT

Blanche reacts with terror.

DR. SHELBY (VOICE OVER)
Are you sure this isn't a matter for
the police?

Blanche continues to stare OFFSCREEN, too frozen with fear to have understood the Doctor properly.

216 BLANCHE'S P.O.V.

Jane's hunched figure is silhouetted against the open door of the kitchen.

BLANCHE (VOICE OVER)
(a jerky whisper)
No... I don't know... I...

DR. SHELBY (VOICE OVER)
(confused)
Hello... ? Miss Hudson... ?

(CONTINUED)

216 CONTINUED:

Jane stands quite still.

BLANCHE (VOICE OVER)

Yes ... I ... I, don't...

DR. SHELBY (VOICE OVER)

(irritated, abrupt)

Oh, very well. We clearly aren't going to get anywhere like this. I'll come over as soon as I can.

Before Blanche can say anything further, there is a click and he has hung up. Jane moves away from the door and starts to cross the hall quite slowly and oblivious of the clothes over her arm, which begin to fall one by one, leaving a trail across the hall, until finally, as she comes into CLOSE SHOT, she is empty handed.

217 CLOSE SHOT

Blanche is trying to speak.

BLANCHE

That was --

218 TWO SHOT

Jane interrupts her quietly and moves still closer.

JANE

I know who it was!

BLANCHE

(finding her voice)

No, Jane! You're wrong! It was --

JANE

(her interruption is loud and fierce)

I heard you! I heard what you were saying about me! I know what you're trying to do!

Blanche cowers back ready to scream. Jane raises her hand.

BLANCHE

I wasn't trying to do anything...
Please -

Jane strikes her hard across the face. Blanche falls, taking the chair with her. Jane moves in to strike again, hiding Blanche from CAMERA.

219 CAMERA MOVING AWAY

Past the telephone receiver that is swinging uselessly from the table and on to the trail of clothing that looks as if they had been tailored for some monstrous child. The SOUND of blows as Jane strikes out again and again is heard. The SOUNDS of the beating finally die and are followed by silence.

220 CLOSE SHOT - BLANCHE

CAMERA MOVES into CLOSE SHOT of Blanche lying twisted up in a corner with her head resting against the wall. Her eyes are open and staring blindly. Jane's footsteps are HEARD moving slowly back to the table. The receiver is replaced and lifted again.

221 CLOSE SHOT

Jane's movements are calm and unhurried. She dials a number and waits serenely for a reply. The telephone on the other end of the line RINGS two or three times and then someone lifts the receiver.

MISS HILT (VOICE OVER)

Dr. Shelby's office. Good evening.
This is Miss Hilt speaking, may I
help you?

Jane smiles, and when she speaks it is with the voice of her sister, Blanche Hudson.

JANE

(gentle, faintly apologetic)
This is Blanche Hudson again. I'm
sorry but d'you think I could have
another word with the Doctor?

MISS HILT

(surprised)
Oh... Well, yes, certainly. I'll
see if I can catch him. Hold on,
please.

Jane waits and turns to look at Blanche with a mild, speculative interest.

222 CLOSE SHOT

Blanche's eyes are still wide and staring. She lets out a faint whimper. The voice of Dr. Shelby is HEARD on the telephone.

DR. SHELBY (VOICE OVER)

Hello, Miss Hudson... I'm on my
way now. Miss Hilt just caught me
at the elevator.

(CONTINUED)

222 CONTINUED:

JANE (VOICE OVER)

Oh, I'm so glad I caught you in time.
 Doctor. I'm terribly sorry, but I'm
 afraid it's all been a silly misunderstanding.
 I guess I was just upset. I'm very sorry,
 but we're not going to need you after all.

DR. SHELBY (VOICE OVER)

But, I understood...

JANE (VOICE OVER)

Yes, I know, but it seems Jane's gone
 to another doctor on her own... Yes,
 another doctor.

DR. SHELBY (VOICE OVER)

(very irritated)

Well, of course, if she's chosen to go
 to someone else...

Blanche's eyes flicker and close as she hears her last hope slip away.

223 CLOSE SHOT

Jane smiles as she murmurs sympathetically into the phone.

JANE

Yes, it's really very thoughtless of
 her. But of course, as you say, if
 someone else is treating her we can't
 really interfere, can we? I'm sorry...
 Goodbye.

Jane hangs up, walks over to Blanche and catching hold of her arm,
 starts to drag her across the floor like a sack of meat.

LONG DISSOLVE:224 EXT. GARAGE AND DRIVE - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - LOCATION

Jane's car stands outside the garage with its engine running. She
 closes the garage door and is just coming around to get into the driving
 seat when she catches sight of something OFFSCREEN.

225 JANE'S P.O.V.

Edna Stitt is walking up the drive towards the house.

226 MED. SHOT

Jane slams the car too angrily and hurries forward to meet Edna.

(CONTINUED)

226 CONTINUED:

EDNA

(pleasantly)

Good morning.

JANE

I thought I told you not to come back
until next week.

EDNA

(refusing to take offense)

Yes, but I had a free day today, so I
thought I'd just come by and see if
there was anything that needed doing.

JANE

Well, there isn't. And you could have
saved yourself the trouble. I was going
to send you a note, but now you're here
I might as well tell you - we're not going
to be needing you anymore.

EDNA

I don't think I un --

JANE

(interrupting)

We're closing up the house - moving
out. Blanche wants to take a smaller
place by the ocean... The doctor says
it'd be good for her, so that's what
we're doing.

EDNA

Yes, but just a moment -

JANE

(unpleasantly)

Oh, don't worry, you'll be paid for
today. I'll send you a check.

EDNA

(quietly)

I'm not worried about any pay. I'd
just like to see Miss Blanche before
I go.

JANE

Well, you can't.

(quickly)

She's still asleep.

Edna has already sensed that something is very wrong, but she
deliberately pursues her point with complete innocence.

(CONTINUED)

226 CONTINUED: (2)

EDNA

That's all right. I don't mind waiting.

JANE

Maybe not, but I haven't got time to wait around - I have to go out. So just give me the keys to the house and I'll mail you a check for what we owe.

She holds out her hand commandingly.

EDNA

(coolly)

I'm sorry. I don't have the keys.
I guess I must've left them at home.

Jane is far too agitated to recognize this as a straightforward lie. She hesitates for a moment, then turns on her heel, stalks back to the car, switches off the ignition and comes back.

JANE

All right, you can send the keys when you get home. All I know is you're fired - so you can just go away!

Without waiting for a reply, she turns around, walks back into the kitchen and slams the door.

227 INT. KITCHEN - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

Fighting down her mounting hysteria, Jane leans against the table for a few moments, then goes to the window, cautiously moves the curtain aside a little and peeps out.

228 JANE'S P.O.V.

Edna stands indecisively in the drive, as if debating whether or not to follow Jane and have a first class row. But then, with a last glance up in the direction of Blanche's window, she turns reluctantly and slowly walks away.

229 CLOSE SHOT

Jane smiles and lowers the curtain. Then, moving over to the kitchen cupboard, she takes out a bottle and a glass and, like a child rewarding herself for a good deed, pours herself a very large drink.

DISSOLVE:

230 EXT. INTERSECTION - RESIDENTIAL DISTRICT - LOS FELIZ - DAY - LOCATION

Edna walks towards the Bus stop near the corner and sits down on a bench to wait. A Bus moves into FRAME and stops, hiding Edna from view. The Bus pulls away again to reveal Edna still sitting on the bench watching the intersection intently.

231 EDNA'S P.O.V.

Jane's car pulls up at the intersection, waits for the traffic and then turns into the main highway that leads downtown.

232 CLOSE SHOT

Edna opens her purse, takes out a key, weighs it thoughtfully in her hand, and then gets up to walk back the way she has come.

DISSOLVE TO:

233 EXT. DOWNTOWN BEVERLY HILLS - DAY - LOCATION

Jane's car crawls along in heavy traffic.

234 CLOSE SHOT

Jane bears down impatiently on her horn.

235 MEDIUM SHOT

A POLICEMAN standing on the sidewalk looks up sharply, registers Jane's car, but then decides that it is all too much trouble anyway, and the traffic moves on.

236 MEDIUM SHOT - INT. KITCHEN DOOR - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

There is the rattle of a key in the lock, then the door opens and Edna steps into the kitchen. Having defied Jane she is now just a bit nervous and moves cautiously. Closing the door behind her, she starts across the kitchen, notes the half-empty bottle of whiskey on the table with a disapproving frown, and goes on out into the hall.

237 INT. HALL - STAIRS AND GALLERY - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

Edna comes to the bottom of the stairs, pauses and calls out gently.

EDNA

Miss Blanche? ...

There is no response. After listening for a moment longer Edna climbs the stairs, moves quickly along the gallery and stops in front of Blanche's door. She knocks very gently.

(CONTINUED)

237 CONTINUED:

EDNA
Miss Blanche... ?

There is no response and Edna knocks again.

EDNA
Miss Blanche, are you awake ... ?

Again there is silence. Edna reaches down to open the door and is amazed to find it locked. She pushes firmly against the door, but there is no doubt about it, the door is locked. Edna RATTLES the handle and pounds on the door.

EDNA
(calling out)
Miss Blanche, are you all right in there?

Appalled by the lack of response, Edna turns away calling out as she goes.

EDNA
Wait now, I'll go and find the key.

She runs along the gallery into Jane's room.

238 INT. JANE'S BEDROOM - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

Edna searches rapidly through the junk on Jane's dressing table without results. She pulls out a drawer from the dresser, tips the contents onto the bed and scrabbles through the collection of gaudy scarves and cheap jewelry without finding what she wants. Another drawer, this one full of clothing, is tossed onto the bed, causing the pile of soft-toy animals and dolls on the pillow to topple over and scatter on the floor.

CUT TO:

239 INT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - DAY - LOCATION

Jane comes up to the counter, and with a tight, little jerk pushes a check through the bars to the CLERK.

240 JANE'S P.O. V.

The Clerk, a sober-looking man with glasses, is still clearing his counter from a previous transaction. He looks up and smiles.

CLERK
Good morning, Miss Hudson.

241 CLOSE SHOT

Jane nods and manages a brief smile.

242 JANE'S P.O.V.

The check lies untouched on the counter. The Clerk finishes clearing his counter.

CLERK

How's Miss Blanche these days?

243 TWO SHOT

JANE

(taken aback)

Blanche?

(quickly)

Oh, she's just fine.

(warming to her part)

'Course she doesn't like this weather too well - She's older than I am, you know.

The Clerk smiles politely, slightly bemused by Jane's train of thought. He picks up the check, glances at the signature on the back and looks up again with an air of polite expectancy.

CLERK

Your deposit slip?

JANE

(flustered)

Cash -- I, or Blanche - she wanted me to get it all in cash this time.

The Clerk looks faintly surprised.

JANE

(quickly)

I guess she has some special reason.

CLERK

(distantly)

Yes... But doesn't she normally, I mean if she isn't going to deposit her monthly allowance she usually gives us a call to let us know just what she wants, doesn't she?

JANE

(blankly)

She hasn't called?

CLERK

I don't think so.

(CONTINUED)

243 CONTINUED:

JANE

(brightly)

Oh, well, I guess she must still be asleep.

(quickly)

She gave me the check last night.

CLERK

(expressionless)

I see. Just a moment, please.

He moves away towards a 2nd CLERK further down the counter.

244 CLOSE SHOT

Jane grips the counter tensely.

245 JANE'S P.O.V.

The Clerk is talking to the 2nd Clerk who has his back to CAMERA. The 2nd Clerk glances around at Jane, nods gravely to his colleague and then glances at Jane again.

246 CLOSE SHOT

Jane offers him a weak, encouraging smile.

247 MED. SHOT

The 1st Clerk comes back and opens the drawer under the counter.

CLERK

(smiling)

I guess that'll be all right, Miss Hudson. Did you want all cash?

248 TWO SHOT

JANE

(her voice is very small)

Please... Thank you.

The Clerk quickly skims through a bundle of notes and pushes the loose bills across the counter.

CLERK

There you are.

Jane scoops up the notes in an untidy bundle and stuffs them into her purse.

JANE

Thank you. Thank you, very much.

(CONTINUED)

248 CONTINUED:

CLERK

Bye now.

Jane gives him a quick, anxious smile and moves away.

CUT TO:249 INT. STAIRS AND GALLERY - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

Edna hurries along the landing carrying a heavy hammer and a screwdriver. She kneels down in front of Blanche's door and examines the lock. In keeping with the Spanish style of the house, the lock is a heavy, wrought-iron affair that is firmly embedded in the timber of the wood of the door. Seeing that there is no headway to be made in that direction, Edna turns her attention to the hinges that carry the door itself.

250 CLOSE SHOT

The screwdriver is inserted into a gap in the hinge and Edna starts to tape the base of the hinge-pin with the hammer in an effort to raise it. As she works she keeps up a constant flow of muttered conversation, designed as much to calm her own fears as it is to console Blanche if she should be listening.

EDNA

Miss Blanche, I'll tell you right now, if that sister of yours has been giving you sleeping pills or something to keep you quiet while she's out doing I don't know what, I'm sure as hell going to have the police on to her...

Edna wields the hammer with increasing force.

CUT TO:251 EXT. DRIVE AND GARAGE - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - LOCATION

Jane's car comes up the drive, coasts into the parking area and stops. Jane gets out and is already on her way to the kitchen entrance, when someone calls out.

MRS. BATES (OVER)

Oh, Miss Hudson...!

Jane stops and turns. Mrs. Bates, wearing her gardening smock and carrying a pair of clippers is hurrying across the yard. Jane waits impatiently.

MRS. BATES

(arriving breathless)

I'm glad I caught you. I hope you won't think it an imposition, but I've been meaning to ask you for some days now...

(CONTINUED)

251 CONTINUED:

JANE
(irritably)

Yes?

MRS. BATES
Well, to tell you the truth, I'm kind of short on help around the house and I was wondering if you'd mind my asking your cleaning woman if she could give me one or two days a week.

JANE
(ungraciously)
Far as I know you can have her any time you want. My sister and I, we're moving out so we won't want her anymore. But you'll have to call her. She isn't here now - I've already let her go.

MRS. BATES
But I just saw her come in...

JANE
(as if to an idiot)
I know, but I sent her home.

MRS. BATES
(a confused laugh)
But that's impossible - I just saw her come in a little while ago.

Jane stares at her in sudden consternation, turns on her heel and runs into the house. Mrs. Bates is left standing speechless.

CUT TO:

252 INT. GALLERY - STAIRS AND HALL - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY -
STUDIO

Edna is on the verge of removing the first hinge-pin when she HEARS the kitchen door being slammed. She puts down the hammer and gets to her feet like someone ready to do battle. Walking across the gallery, she stares angrily down into the hall as Jane comes in. Jane stops to look up and the two women glare at each other in baleful silence. Then, as Jane starts to run up the stairs, Edna turns to wait for her. Whatever the outcome of their conversation might have been, the tone of it is settled by Edna's first, aggressive comment, after which Jane is already on the defensive.

EDNA
So you finally decided to come back, huh?

(CONTINUED)

252 CONTINUED:

JANE

(blustering)

What're you doing here? I told you, you were fired.

EDNA

(firmly)

Never mind that. I want to know what's going on here.

JANE

(plaintively)

You said you didn't have your key.

EDNA

Well, it just so happens I did. So now you go ahead and tell me what you mean by locking Miss Blanche in her room.

JANE

This isn't Blanche's house, it's mine. And I can do what I like.

EDNA

It don't make a bit of difference whose house it is. You have to act like a grown woman just the same as everyone else. Suppose there'd been a fire or something and Miss Blanche locked up like that.

JANE

(with childish logic)

Well, there wasn't.

EDNA

Now open that door and let's stop all this nonsense.

JANE

No.

EDNA

Then give me the key.

JANE

No... She's asleep.

(quickly)

I gave her a sleeping pill.

EDNA

You did, eh? Then you'd better give me that key, and quick. Don't you know better than to fool with stuff like that.

(CONTINUED)

252 CONTINUED: (2)

Edna holds out her hand demanding. Jane steps back and stamps her foot, rapidly reverting to the tantrums of her childhood.

JANE

I won't. I will not and you can't make me.
(her tone indicating the reverse)
I'm not afraid of you!

EDNA

All right, Miss Hudson. I'm not going to fool with you. If you won't give me that key, I'm going right down and call the police.

She holds out her hand again. Jane is almost blubbering.

JANE

You'll be sorry...

EDNA

The key...

Jane grubs in her purse like a tearful child and hands Edna the key.

JANE

I never meant to do her any harm...

Edna looks at her sharply, half sensing something ominous in the remark. Her manner throughout has been for all the world like a firm mother with a spoiled child.

EDNA

You better not have done her any harm.

She bends forward to unlock the door, whilst Jane shrinks back.

253 INT. BLANCHE'S ROOM - HUDSON HOUSE - DAY - STUDIO

The door is pushed open and Edna stumbles forward a pace, unprepared for the dim light of the room with its drawn curtains.

254 CLOSE SHOT

Edna's eyes dilate with some unspeakable horror and her lips begin to tremble.

255 EDNA'S P.O.V.

The shaft of light from the doorway shines in onto the bed. With her arms raised almost vertically by two cords strapped to her wrists and attached to the lifting bar above the bed, Blanche lies suspended in a way grotesquely reminiscent of a carcass hanging from the butcher's hook in a slaughter house. As she struggles to raise her head and stares at CAMERA with seemingly blind, sunken eyes, she lets out a choking sound that is muffled by the ugly strip of surgical tape, stuck crudely over her mouth.

256 REVERSE SHOT

As Edna falls back, her hand searching blindly for support against the door, Jane bends down behind her and picks up the hammer.

257 EDNA'S P. O. V.

The figure on the bed is trying to convey some terrible and immediate terror with a convulsed threshing of her body.

258 CLOSE SHOT

CAMERA SWINGS AROUND TO CLOSE SHOT of Jane. Her eyes and face suffused with the fury of a child that has been tried beyond endurance. She cries like a tortured animal and lashes out and down with the hammer.

LONG DISSOLVE:259 INT. FLAGG'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - STUDIO

Delia Flagg is fussing about with a duster, polishing the television set and a vulgar little, plastic lamp that stands above it. Edwin enters from his bedroom, drapes his jacket over a chair and goes to fix his tie by the mirror. He peers at his reflection with enormous interest, studiously ignoring his mother, who has stopped dusting to watch him.

DELIA

Going out are you, dear?

EDWIN

(without turning)

You know I am.

He starts to whistle a brutally syncopated version of "I'M WRITING TO DADDY". Delia flicks abstractedly at a non-existent speck of dust on the table.

DELIA

Having dinner with her?

EDWIN

Uhuh...

DELIA

(meekly)

I'd forgotten...

Edwin glances irritably at his mother's reflection in the mirror as if to say, "You're a liar", but he is feeling too pleased with himself to pick a quarrel, so he just turns to put on his jacket and heads for the door.

(CONTINUED)

259 CONTINUED:

DELIA

(anxiously)

You won't be back too late, will you... ?

EDWIN

Who knows... ?

He goes out the door, smiling and thinking maybe he won't be back at all.

CUT TO:260 INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - HUDSON HOUSE - NIGHT - STUDIO

STARTING ON closed door as it burst open and Jane staggers into the darkened room. With a glass in one hand and a bottle in the other, she fumbles for the light switch on the wall, spilling her drink in the process. Finally a light springs on over the piano at the far end of the room. Jane lurches across the room, steadies her bottle on the piano and drags her beloved scrap-book towards her.

261 CLOSE SHOT

The picture of Baby Jane Hudson smiles coyly into CAMERA. Jane distorts her face into a sorry imitation of the little girl's smile. Then, gulping down another drink, she turns the page to a picture of Baby Jane in a dance routine. Beneath the picture is a faded newspaper cutting, dated September 30th, 1913. Jane stares down at the page, muttering thickly.

JANE

You could've been better'n any of 'em...
but "they" didn't want that,...

She bends low over the picture, as if to whisper.

JANE

... They didn't love you enough - d'you
know that?

She sways back, grabs at the album for support and sends it to the floor amidst a shower of loose photographs. She tries to bend down to pick up the album, lurches forward and ends up on her knees. Starting to gather up the pictures, she grabs at one that her knee is resting on. The full-plate close-up of Baby Jane tears right in half. She whimpers and tries, ineffectually to hold the two halves together. But she cannot hold them steady and in a sudden fury, tears the picture into pieces. The door-bell RINGS shrilly. Jane starts back in fright and cowers against the base of the piano. There is a pause and then the bell RINGS again, longer, more insistent.

262 MED. SHOT

Jane scrambles to her feet and creeps with an elaborate cunning towards the window that looks out onto the front porch. Holding the half empty bottle of Scotch in one hand, she carefully pulls the curtain aside with the other.

263 INT/EXT. - REHEARSAL ROOM AND FRONT PORCH - NIGHT - STUDIO

Edwin Flagg, looking like a fat, restless bug, waits impatiently on the doorstep.

JANE
(half a whisper)

Edwin...

She drops the curtain and staggers away towards the door, using the wall to support herself.

264 INT. - HALL AND GALLERY - HUDSON HOUSE - NIGHT - STUDIO

The hall is dark with just a single light glowing down from the gallery. Crossing the hall as quickly as she can, Jane has almost reached the door, when something makes her stop and turn to look up at the gallery.

265 JANE'S P.O.V.

The gallery hangs, as if suspended - a single point of light in a cloud of darkness. The door to Blanche's bedroom is half open.

266 CLOSE SHOT

Jane suddenly remembers and turns to stare fearfully at the front door. The bell RINGS again, loud, angry, insistent.

JANE
(a choked whisper)
No... I'm sorry, Edwin... I can't let
you in... not now.

As if in contradiction to her words she moves slowly towards the door.

267 EXT. FRONT DOOR - HUDSON HOUSE - NIGHT - STUDIO

Convinced he has heard something, Edwin rests his hand on the door and listens carefully. The faint, muffled SOUND of heavy breathing is HEARD. Edwin frowns, half afraid, half angry.

EDWIN
(almost whispering)
It's me, Edwin... Miss Hudson... ?
Who's in there... ?

There is no response.

268 INT. HALL AND GALLERY - HUDSON HOUSE - NIGHT - STUDIO

Jane is leaning against the door as if she meant to comfort it. She listens in silence as Edwin shuffles his feet. There is a long pause.

EDWIN (OVER)

Oh, the hell with it...

As his footsteps begin to recede, Jane can hardly prevent herself from calling out to him. She stifles a cry and goes on listening until finally the SOUND of Edwin's footsteps die out. Then Jane begins to cry. She pounds impotently on the door, turns away and moves unsteadily towards the stairs.

269 JANE'S P.O.V.

Up on the gallery the door of Blanche's bedroom remains half open.

270 MED. SHOT

Jane starts to climb the stairs, loses her nerve and sinks down against the bannisters, crying bitterly.

LONG DISSOLVE:

271 EXT. KITCHEN - GARDEN AND GARAGE - HUDSON HOUSE - NIGHT - LOCATION

LONG SHOT - The house is dark and silent.

272 CAMERA TRACKS IN

To detect a faint movement by the kitchen door. We HEAR rather than see something being manhandled through the doorway, down the step and into the yard. Moments later Jane emerges from the shadows and passes through the dim pool of light that comes from the Bates' house across the way. She is pushing a metal wheel chair towards the Garage. Jane's back is to CAMERA and obscures the content of the chair from view, but it would appear to be heavily laden and one of the wheels has developed an intermittent SQUEAK.

Jane reaches the garage, moves forward along to slide open the door then comes back for the chair. Before she disappears into the darkness of the garage we have the brief impression of a heavily blanketed figure sitting motionless in the wheel chair. The SOUND of the wheel chair rattling across the concrete floor of the garage is heard.

CUT TO:

273 EXT. GATES AND DRIVE - HUDSON HOUSE - NIGHT - LOCATION

LONG SHOT - a car is approaching along the highway. It slows down near the gates and then the lights sweep past and on up the drive to the Bates' house.

274 EXT. SIDE ENTRANCE AND GARAGE - BATES' HOUSE - NIGHT -
LOCATION

Mrs. Bates' Ford stops in front of her garage. The lights are doused and Mrs. Bates gets out. As she moves towards her back door, Mrs. Bates becomes aware of a dim light shining out from the Hudson's garage. Mrs. Bates slows down, pauses and then changes direction to go and investigate.

CUT TO:

275 INT. HUDSON GARAGE - NIGHT - STUDIO

The big car faces towards the garage entrance. What light there is comes from the interior of the open trunk at the back, where Jane, partially obscured by the lid of the trunk, appears to be spreading a blanket. The wheel chair stands facing CAMERA next to the open trunk. It is now quite bare with only a rather coiled blanket draped across the back.

276 REVERSE SHOT

Mrs. Bates appears in the doorway and reacts with mild surprise.

MRS. BATES

Oh, Miss Hudson - I thought...

277 REVERSE SHOT

Jane looks up petrified. Mrs. Bates falters on to the end of her sentence.

MRS. BATES (OVER)

I'm sorry, I thought perhaps you'd left your lights on...

Jane slams down the lid of the trunk, throwing the garage into darkness.

278 CLOSE SHOT

Bewildered and uneasy, Mrs. Bates steps back into the dim pool of light outside the garage. The SOUND of the empty wheel chair rattling rapidly across the floor to the entrance is heard.

279 TWO SHOT

Jane emerges from the garage.

MRS. BATES

(hesitantly)

I just came home and I thought the lights of your car were on - I've had that happen to me and --

(CONTINUED)

279 CONTINUED:

JANE
(interrupting)
That's all right, Mrs. Bates.

MRS. BATES
(laughing uneasily)
Yes, I've had that happen to me. Wake up
in the morning and find you have a dead
battery - that's no joke...

Jane just stands there looking at her.

MRS. BATES
(thoroughly unnerved)
Well, as long as everything's all right...
I'll just say goodnight.

JANE
(flatly)
Goodnight.

280 JANE'S P.O.V.

Mrs. Bates moves away towards her house.

281 CLOSE SHOT

Satisfied that Mrs. Bates is really departing, Jane turns away and wheels the chair quickly back to the kitchen, lifts it up the step and disappears inside. A few moments later Jane appears in the doorway again and looks out.

282 JANE'S P.O.V.

A light springs on in the Bates' kitchen and the door is closed.

283 MEDIUM SHOT

Jane comes out of the kitchen, locks the door, hurries across to the garage, and disappears inside. The SOUND of the car starting in the garage is heard. The headlights blaze up and the car comes sweeping out of the garage and tears away down the drive.

284 LONG SHOT

The house is dark and silent again.

285 CAMERA TRACKS IN AND HOLDS ON

The darkened window of Blanche's bedroom.

CUT TO:

286 EXT. GAS STATION - HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT - LOCATION

LOW ANGLE - LONG SHOT - An enormous billboard towers up into the night above the gas station. The advertisement features a gigantic hand reaching out for a telephone.

287 CAMERA TRACKS IN to read the bold legend, which says that:

PEACE OF MIND IS JUST A TELEPHONE CALL AWAY

Beneath this, in more discreet lettering, is the name of the Funeral Directors who are offering this friendly advice.

288 CAMERA SWOOPS DOWN to find the tiny figure of Edwin waiting impatiently on the sidewalk for a caller to vacate the nearby telephone booth.

289 MEDIUM SHOT

A MAN comes out of the telephone booth and Edwin runs up to grab the door.

290 INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH - NEAR GAS STATION - HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT - LOCATION

CLOSE SHOT - Edwin dials quickly and then waits impatiently as the phone at the other end begins to RING. Edwin is near to tears with petulance and frustrated greed.

CUT TO:

291 INT. HALL AND STAIRS - HUDSON HOUSE - NIGHT - STUDIO

The telephone on the hall table is RINGING shrilly. The SOUND echoes through the big, dark house, but there is nobody there to answer it.

DISSOLVE TO:

292 INT. LIVING ROOM - FLAGG APARTMENT - DAY - STUDIO

Edwin sits at the table, spooning corn-flakes into his mouth with a kind of absentminded fury and ignoring his mother who sits across the table from him. Dressed in her street clothes, with a parcel of groceries at her feet, DELIA watches her son with a cautious, injured expression before speaking.

DELIA

(Tentatively)

Well, what d'you think you'll do?

EDWIN

(viciously)

Don't worry "I'll manage!"

(CONTINUED)

292 CONTINUED:

DELIA

(angrily)

I suppose you think I'm just making
all this up!

EDWIN

(infuriating indifference)

I don't have the faintest idea.

DELIA

Well, Hazel should know, shouldn't she?
She worked right in the same studio.
And that's when it happened - just after
one of those studio parties - right in
front of their own house. Jane Hudson
drove a car straight at her sister and
crippled her for life!

EDWIN

(determined disbelief)

Aw, come on. D'you mean she tried
to kill her?

DELIA

(dramatically)

Yes. She tried to murder her own
sister!

EDWIN

(laughing)

Well, how is it they didn't arrest her
then?

DELIA

They would've only the studio had it
all hushed up because of Blanche
Hudson's career.

EDWIN

(scornfully)

Yeah, that sounds very likely.

Infuriated by his disbelief, Delia rises from her chair to stand over
him.

DELIA

Yes, doesn't it! So the fine woman
you've chosen to run around with turns
out to be broke and a murderer as well.

(CONTINUED)

292 CONTINUED: (2)

EDWIN
(deliberately baiting her)

I see.

DELIA
(shouting)
Well, it's true.

Edwin gets up with a studiously light-hearted smile.

EDWIN
All right, if it's true, then I'll ask
her about it when I see her again,
shall I?

She catches at his arm to try and stop him moving away.

DELIA
(a horrified plea)
You're not going to see a woman like
that again...

He breaks away and moves toward the door.

EDWIN
(lightly)
Why not? You just told me, she's
got a rich sister.

DELIA
You haven't even heard the worst of
it yet!

EDWIN
(laughing)
You mean there's more?

DELIA
Yes, there is. After she'd run down
her own sister, your precious Jane
Hudson just ran off and left her there
to die - like some poor animal. She
just walked off and disappeared for
three whole days.

For Edwin there is no question of either belief or disbelief, it has
merely become a straight fight with his mother in which it is essential
for him to remain unimpressed.

EDWIN
So then what happened? Don't tell
me they couldn't find her.

(CONTINUED)

292 CONTINUED: (3)

DELIA

Oh, yes, they found her all right...
(suddenly embarrassed
and her voice drops to an
outraged whisper)

They finally found her in some hotel
room with... with a man she'd never
even seen before.

Edwin opens the door before firing his parting shot.

EDWIN

(viciously)

What're you complaining about!
Isn't that how I was conceived!

He goes out slamming the door behind him. HOLD ON Delia's
stricken reaction.

DISSOLVE:

The Concluding Chapter of Crawford

INT. HALL AND STAIRS - HUDSON HOUSE - NIGHT - STUDIO

The telephone on the hall table is RINGING. Jane staggers through the darkened hall to answer it.

JANE

(into phone - blearily)

Hello... ?

MAN'S VOICE

Good evening. Is this Miss Hudson?

JANE

(cautiously)

Yes...

MAN'S VOICE

This is the Los Angeles Police Department,
Seargent Hanlon speaking...

Jane shrinks back and puts her hand over the mouthpiece.

MAN'S VOICE

We understand you have a Miss Edna Stitt
working for you. Is that correct?

JANE

Yes... Well, no. No, she left.

MAN'S VOICE

She did? When was that?

JANE

(vaguely)

About a week ago, I guess.

MAN'S VOICE

I see. Well, we have a report here filed by
her cousin listing her as a missing person.
Did she tell you what her plans were or
anything like that?

JANE

No, she didn't. But, er... No, I don't
know at all...

MAN'S VOICE

Well, we have a couple of other addresses
to check - maybe we'll come up with something.
Otherwise we'll probably be getting in touch
with you again. And meanwhile if you hear
from her we'd appreciate it if you'd let us know.

JANE

(faintly)

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

293 CONTINUED:

MAN'S VOICE
Thank you. Good night.

JANE
(a whisper)
G'night.

She hangs up, walks away very slowly, pauses and then suddenly starts up the stairs towards Blanche's bedroom.

CUT TO:

294 INT. (UPSTAIRS) BLANCHE'S BEDROOM - HUDSON HOUSE - NIGHT -
STUDIO

The room is in darkness with only a narrow shaft of light shining in through the open door. Jane appears outlined against the doorway.

JANE
Blanche...?

She moves into the room without switching on the light. As she goes to sit on the edge of the bed her face is lit up by the light from the gallery, but the figure that lies on the bed, half suspended from the lifting bar, remains in deep shadow.

JANE (Cont'd)
The police are looking for Elvira...
(she pauses, her
mind wandering)
It was her fault, you know. She
wouldn't go away. You heard her,
she wouldn't leave me alone.

There is a feeble, wriggling movement from the figure on the bed. Jane looks at Blanche absent-mindedly, then reaches forward, takes the surgical tape from her mouth and unties her hands. Blanche, still hidden by shadows, flops down onto the pillow.

JANE (Cont'd)
I don't know what to do, Blanche.
What am I going to do...?

She waits for a response, but either through fear or exhaustion Blanche remains silent. Jane rises to move across the room to the window.

JANE (Cont'd)
If they find her we'll have to run away...
That's what we'll do, we'll just go away
where they can't find us... But then I
won't see Edwin any more. He wouldn't
like what I did. It wasn't my fault, but
he wouldn't like it.

(CONTINUED)

294 CONTINUED:

The thought makes her first sad, then angry.

JANE (Cont'd)

I don't care! We'll just leave, that's all. Go to the beach. Then we could be by the seashore all the time, like we used to be when I was little and Daddy was there. Maybe we could have friends - people that'd come to see us. I'd like that.

Struck by some entirely new thought, she pauses then turns back to Blanche and clutches her shoulder.

JANE (Cont'd)

Blanche...? Listen to me, Blanche. I always wanted things to be nice, you know that. How could Elvira make me do a thing like that? I don't understand. It's like when they came for me in that hotel room and told me you were hurt - and they said I'd done it. There was a man there - a policeman. He hit me - slapped my face. I tried to tell him I wouldn't do a thing like that, but ---

Blanche has been getting increasingly agitated, and now tries to interrupt.

BLANCHE

Jane, it wasn't...

JANE

He said I was a liar...

She sees Blanche trying to speak and bends toward her.

BLANCHE

The accident... it didn't...

JANE

(interrupting sadly)

No, it wasn't an accident. I did it - you told me so yourself.

BLANCHE

But I want to tell --

(CONTINUED)

294 CONTINUED: (2)

JANE

(breaking in angrily)

No! I don't want to talk about it.
Every time I think of something nice -
you have to remind me of all the bad
things. I want to talk about something
nice...

(she pauses and moves
away)

D'you remember how I used to rehearse
on the beach with Daddy... I'd be dancing
on the sand and all the folks would come
and watch - lots of 'em, all crowding
round to see Baby Jane Hudson...

For a moment the memory is very real to her and Jane looks as
though she can really see back across the years, then, suddenly,
the picture is shattered. The doorbell RINGS long and hard. Jane
starts back in fright and turns instinctively towards Blanche.

JANE (Cont'd)

What shall I do?

BLANCHE

Let them in.

JANE

What if...?

BLANCHE

It may be Edwin. He can help.

Jane's face brightens and she is immediately convinced that it is
Edwin.

JANE

Yes, it is. It's Edwin.

She starts quickly for the door, then stops dead. Her momentary
radiance vanishes and is replaced by a cold, hard anger as she turns
on Blanche.

JANE (Cont'd)

You now want to make him tell on
me!

As she picks up the rope and closes on Blanche the bell RINGS again.
She stifles Blanche's feeble protests, grabs one of her hands that still
has the cord attached to the wrist, and yanks the cord over the lifting
bar so fiercely that Blanche is again half suspended over the bed.

CUT TO:

295 INT. GALLERY - STAIRS AND HALL - HUDSON HOUSE - NIGHT -
STUDIO

The doorbell RINGS a third time.

295-A INSERT - POLICEMAN'S SLEEVE - ringing doorbell.

296 LONG SHOT

From the front door. Jane comes out of Blanche's bedroom, slams the door, runs along the gallery and down the stairs, calling out as she goes:

JANE

Don't go, Edwin... Wait for me...

297 REVERSE SHOT - JANE'S P.O.V. - FRONT DOOR

CAMERA TRACKS with Jane across the hall, going faster all the time. Her hand reaches out to throw back the bolt and then she pulls the door wide.

298 GROUP SHOT

Edwin stands on the doorstep flanked by two POLICEMEN.

299 REVERSE SHOT

Jane staggers back, petrified.

JANE

Edwin, what...?

299-A POLICE CAR

300 GROUP SHOT

Edwin is triumphant.

EDWIN

You see!

One of the Policemen steps forward.

1st POLICEMAN

Miss Jane Hudson?

JANE

(faintly)

Yes...

(CONTINUED)

300 CONTINUED:

1st POLICEMAN

I'm sorry, Miss Hudson, but we just picked up this young man at the bottom of your drive. Says he was on his way to see you. Is that right?

JANE

Yes, yes, of course. But I don't understand...

Edwin has started to sway on his feet. He interrupts belligerently.

EDWIN

They're trying to say I'm drunk.

2nd POLICEMAN

(not unfriendly)

Let's just say a little happy, O. K. ?

EDWIN

What d'you mean, happy? I'm not happy...

He lurches forward and the 1st Policeman catches his arm to steady him.

CUT TO:301 INT. BLANCHE'S BEDROOM - HUDSON HOUSE - NIGHT - STUDIO

CLOSE SHOT - With one free hand that Jane, in her haste, left untied. Blanche is just removing the surgical tape from her mouth. It comes away painfully from her parched skin, but the only sound she can manage is a barely audible croak. She looks at the little bedside table and tries to reach out for it. Blanche deliberately launches herself at the table and just manages to touch it with her finger tips before the restraining rope jerks her back. The table rocks dangerously, but remains standing. She whimpers despairingly and sets herself for another effort.

CUT TO:302 INT. HALL AND STAIRS - HUDSON HOUSE - NIGHT - STUDIO

Edwin has evidently been giving the Policemen a dressing down.

EDWIN

... So there!

1st POLICEMAN

(patiently)

It's not a question of trying to run you in, just trying to protect your own interests and the interests of the householders around here.

(CONTINUED)

302 CONTINUED:

EDWIN
(furiously)
You think I'm not a householder?

1st POLICEMAN
(unimpressed)
I wouldn't know.

EDWIN
Well, I am! So now you know!

1st POLICEMAN
(drily)
Yeah, now we know.
(smiles sympathetically
at Jane who has been
fluttering nervously in the
doorway)
Sorry to have bothered you, Miss. Goodnight.

Jane gives them a frozen smile and the two Policemen turn to walk away towards their parked car. Jane steps out of the door to watch them go, until Edwin catches hold of her arm and pulls her back into the house.

JANE
Are they going?

EDWIN
Of course they're going.

He starts to shut the door.

CUT TO:

303 INT. BLANCHE'S BEDROOM - HUDSON HOUSE - NIGHT - STUDIO

CLOSE SHOT - The rope around Blanche's wrist bites into her flesh. The front door SLAMS.

304 MEDIUM SHOT

Blanche collapses exhausted. The table is still standing.

CUT TO:

305 INT. HALL AND STAIRS - HUDSON HOUSE - NIGHT - STUDIO

Edwin catches hold of Jane's shoulder as if to shake her.

EDWIN
(bullying)
What the hell happened to you, anyway?!
I told you I had to have that money!

(CONTINUED)

305 CONTINUED:

JANE

Oh, Edwin, don't get mad with me.
I've got your money, really I have.
And we'll go right on being friends
and everything. But don't be mean
to me.

EDWIN

Who's being mean? You did promise,
you know.

JANE

I know I did, and I'm going to show you
I meant it too. Look, we'll have a
drink together, that's what we'll do.
We'll have a drink in the kitchen, it's
nice there. And then I'll run up and
get your money.

EDWIN

(grudgingly)

Well, okay...

JANE

Oh, and I've got something else for
you too.

EDWIN

(predatory interest)

Yeah? What is it?

JANE

(coily)

It's a surprise.

(then)

What would you like to drink - Scotch?

EDWIN

Fine.

They exit toward kitchen.

A-306 INT. BLANCHE'S ROOM

She continues to struggle - trying to reach the table.

306 INT. KITCHEN - HUDSON HOUSE - NIGHT - STUDIO

Jane enters and switches on the light. Edwin follows her quickly into
the kitchen. She goes to the cupboard to get the drink and Edwin sits
down at the table.

307 CLOSE SHOT - THE WHEEL CHAIR

It stands in a corner with a soiled blanket draped over the seat.

308 BACK TO SCENE 306

Jane puts the bottle on the table, gives Edwin his drink, then knocks back her own in one gulp.

JANE

You finish your drink and I'll get you
your present.

He turns to watch her go, then pulls her up sharp.

EDWIN

(brutally)

Wait a minute.

Jane pauses in the doorway.

EDWIN

Somebody was telling me something
about you today...

Jane pales and begins to tremble. Edwin looks at her searchingly.

EDWIN

You sure you've got that money?
(drunkenly before
she can answer)

Aw, never mind...

Jane gives him a terrified look and hurries out of the room. Edwin turns back to finish his drink and pours another.

CUT TO:

309 INT. BLANCHE'S BEDROOM - HUDSON HOUSE - NIGHT - STUDIO

CLOSE SHOT - Blanche's eyes are wide. She lies there waiting, listening.

CUT TO:

310 INT. KITCHEN - HUDSON HOUSE - NIGHT - STUDIO

Edwin is swilling drink with unaccustomed freedom.

JANE (OVER)

(timidly)

I hope you're going to like it...

Edwin turns to see her coming into the kitchen carrying a box.

(CONTINUED)

310 CONTINUED:

JANE

It's something I used to give to all my really good friends. All the people that worked with me.

She opens the box on the table and holds out one of her Baby Jane Hudson dolls. Edwin stares incredulously and is about to let out a bark of disappointed laughter, when he looks up at Jane's anxious face and manages a moderately surprised exclamation.

EDWIN

Gee...

JANE

(proudly)

It's a genuine "Baby Jane Doll." They used to make them specially.

EDWIN

(trying hard)

It's marvelous... Very lifelike.

Jane smiles ecstatically and puts the doll in a sitting position on the table.

JANE

(to the doll)

Now you just sit there and talk to Edwin and Jane'll run upstairs to get Mr. Flagg's money.

She smiles lovingly at Edwin, who watches her run out of the kitchen and then turns to laugh at the doll.

EDWIN

(to doll)

Well, how d'you do, Miss Hudson. Tell me now, who was that lady that just left the room... ? Huh, not talking, eh? I think maybe you need a drink.

He picks up the doll and tries to force his drink into the half open mouth.

311 CLOSE SHOT

The whisky pours over the glazed features and runs down to soil the doll's dress.

312 MEDIUM SHOT

Quickly tiring of this game, Edwin has another idea. He finishes off the drink himself, gets up and goes to put the doll in the wheel chair.

(CONTINUED)

312 CONTINUED:

He stands back to admire his work for a moment and then decides to improve on it.

EDWIN

No, wait, now. You're not really comfortable like that, are you?

He lurches forward to pick up the doll again.

CUT TO:

313 INT. GALLERY - STAIRS AND HALL - HUDSON HOUSE - NIGHT - STUDIO

Jane comes out of her bedroom, holding a purse. She shuts the door and starts along the gallery.

CUT TO:

314 INT. BLANCHE'S BEDROOM - HUDSON HOUSE - NIGHT - STUDIO

Blanche has been listening tensely. Now she squirms towards the edge of the bed, trying to set herself for a final effort to get at the table.

CUT TO:

315 INT. GALLERY - STAIRS AND HALL - HUDSON HOUSE - NIGHT - STUDIO

Jane has reached the top of the stairs and is just starting down. Edwin calls out with drunken glee from the direction of the kitchen.

EDWIN (VOICE OVER)

Hey, stand back there, here comes the Super Chief...

Jane stops dead. Staring down OFFSCREEN her expression freezes.

316 JANE'S P.O.V.

Sitting in the wheel chair, with the blanket draped over his head and the doll cradled in his paunchy lap. Edwin comes whirling across the hall, giggling like an idiot.

JANE (OVER)

(screaming)

Edwin...

The chair slews around and stops abruptly. Edwin jerks up his head to face CAMERA.

317 REVERSE SHOT

Jane is running down the stairs screaming at him.

JANE

Stop it... stop it...

Edwin stumbles to his feet, still clutching the doll and backs away.

CUT TO:

318 INT. BLANCHE'S BEDROOM - HUDSON HOUSE - NIGHT - STUDIO

Blanche launches herself at the table, and is only prevented from falling out of bed entirely by the cord that bites into her wrist. The table, lamp and tray go over with a resounding CRASH.

CUT TO:

319 INT. HALL - STAIRS AND GALLERY - HUDSON HOUSE - NIGHT - STUDIO

The CRASH reverberates through the house. Jane is brought up short at the bottom of the stairs. The blanket slips from Edwin's shoulders as he stands gazing up at the gallery.

EDWIN

Christ, what was that?

JANE

Nothing... I don't know...

Edwin is already moving up the stairs. Jane tries to hold him back.

JANE

It's nothing. I haven't done anything!

He shakes her loose and starts to take the stairs two at a time. Jane calls after him pathetically.

JANE

Don't go in there... Listen to me, Edwin...

Please... She'll - she'll take you away...

But Edwin reaches the top of the stairs without looking back. Jane goes to follow him. Edwin runs along the gallery, throws open Blanche's door, and switches on the light.

320 INT. BLANCHE'S ROOM - HUDSON HOUSE - NIGHT - STUDIO

Blanche is hanging half-way out of the bed, her head nearly touching the floor and her arm held back at an awkward angle by the cord that bites into her wrist. With its matted hair trailing on the dusty floor the thing that glares up at the CAMERA with cracked lips that are drawn back in an involuntary grin, looks like a mummified skull which some gruesome humorist has equipped with a pair of living eyes.

321 REVERSE SHOT

Edwin stands helplessly in the doorway, trembling with fright and nausea. Jane appears behind him and tries to pull him away.

BLANCHE

(a hoarse whisper)

Please... Let me go...

JANE

Don't listen to her. She wanted to leave me.

Edwin turns and tries to shake her off.

EDWIN

She's dying for Christ's sake! Don't you know she's dying!

Jane holds on tighter than ever.

JANE

But you're my friend, Edwin. You're my friend.

EDWIN

(rising to a scream)

Get away from me! Let me go!

He pushes her away with such force that she falls against the door and he runs out of the room.

CUT TO:

322 INT. GALLERY - HALL AND STAIRS - HUDSON HOUSE - NIGHT - STUDIO

Edwin races down the stairs, only just avoiding falling headlong to the bottom. As he crosses the hall Jane reaches the head of the stairs.

JANE

Edwin...!

The sight of her makes him doubly determined to escape. Suddenly becoming aware of the doll that is still in his hand, Edwin hurls it away across the hall and runs out into the night. Jane runs down the stairs and goes to the door to peer out into the darkness. Realizing that she is too late, she turns back, picks up the broken doll and begins to sob.

CUT TO:

323 EXT. DRIVE - GATES AND ROADWAY - HUDSON HOUSE - NIGHT - LOCATION

Already out of breath, Edwin hurries through the gates at a half-run, looks up and down the road for someone to run to, and finding the street

(CONTINUED)

"Baby Jane"

323 CONTINUED:

deserted, he begins to walk quickly down the hill, his breath coming in short, uneven gasps.

CUT TO:

324 INT. HALL & DOOR - HUDSON HOUSE - NIGHT - STUDIO

Still sobbing, Jane seems about to dissolve into a paroxysm of self-pity when an idea strikes her. Slowly she closes the door.

JANE

(gradual realization)

He's going to tell... He hates me,
and he's going to tell...

CUT TO:

325 EXT. ROADWAY - McCADDEN PL. - NIGHT - LOCATION

Edwin is walking, more slowly now, along the righthand side of the road. Becoming aware of the headlights approaching from behind, he turns and starts trying to flag down the car.

EDWIN

Hey, stop! I gotta...

326 CLOSE SHOT

Edwin is lit up briefly in the glare of the headlights.

327 MEDIUM SHOT

He turns and curses as the car sweeps by without slowing.

CUT TO:

328 INT. BLANCHE'S BEDROOM - HUDSON HOUSE - NIGHT - STUDIO

Blanche is still in the position in which Edwin saw her. With her one free hand, she is scratching weakly at the floor as if she were trying to raise herself, but she cannot do more than leave a wavering pattern in the dust with her long, cracked fingernails.

328-A INT. HUDSON HALL - NIGHT

Suddenly Jane realizes the totality of her jeopardy, looks off toward Blanche's room and hurries upstairs.

CUT TO:

329 EXT. - LARCHMONT & MELROSE - NIGHT - LOCATION

Edwin, his face running with sweat, is hurrying towards the brightly lit intersection.

CUT TO:

330 INT. HALL STAIRS AND GALLERY - HUDSON HOUSE - NIGHT - STUDIO

Jane runs through the hall and up the stairs, calling out like a terrified child.

JANE

Blanche...! Blanche...!

She runs along the gallery and into Blanche's bedroom.

331 INT. BLANCHE'S BEDROOM - HUDSON HOUSE - NIGHT - STUDIO

Jane appears in the doorway.

332 REVERSE SHOT

Blanche is still lying halfway out of the bed, with her head nearly touching the floor. Her eyes are closed and it is impossible to tell whether she is dead or merely unconscious. Jane lifts her back onto the bed and starts to untie the cord around her limp hand.

JANE

Blanche, you've got to help me. We've got to leave... Oh please, Blanche help me. We've got to...

She pulls at Blanche's shoulders to get her into a sitting position, then struggles to lift Blanche from the bed.

CUT TO:

333 EXT. ROAD - MELROSE & LARCHMONT - NIGHT - LOCATION

Edwin is nearing the intersection when he glances around and seeing headlights from behind, he steps out into the road to make a determined effort at stopping the car.

334 EXT. KITCHEN - HUDSON HOUSE - NIGHT - STUDIO

Jane wheels Blanche through the kitchen toward the back door.

WIPE TO:

335
thru
350 OMITTED

351 EXT. PARKING AREA - DRIVE AND GATES - HUDSON HOUSE -
NIGHT - LOCATION - ARRIFLEX

Jane's car reverses in front of the garage and then shoots forward down the drive.

352 INT. JANE'S CAR - HUDSON DRIVE - NIGHT - STUDIO

Wrapped in a blanket, and with her head bumping loosely against the back of the seat, Blanche lies huddled up on the passenger seat of the moving car.

353 EXT. DRIVE - GATES AND ROAD - HUDSON HOUSE - NIGHT -
LOCATION

MEDIUM SHOT - The gates loom up at the bottom of the drive.

354 LONG SHOT

The car passes through the gates, turns right and gathers speed. The receding tail-lights glow and finally disappear.

DISSOLVE:

The Concluding Chapter of Crawford

355 EXT. BEACH - SANTA MONICA - NIGHT - LOCATION

LONG SHOT - The long stretch of sand with the waves beating up onto it seems bare and deserted. As CAMERA TRACKS IN a patch of darkness that might be a small rock in the middle of the beach, begins to take on the vague outlines of a human figure lying huddled on its side.

356 MEDIUM SHOT

Another shape, this one identifiable as Jane, moves up the beach from the direction of the sea. As she comes closer we notice that Jane is pausing occasionally to scuff at the sand with her bare feet, as if enjoying the sheer luxury of being on a beach.

357 CLOSE SHOT

Jane comes to sit down next to the huddled figure which we now recognize as Blanche. With her legs stretched out in front of her and propping herself up with her arms, Jane sits back looks out to sea.

JANE

(half to herself)

I like this place. We can just sit here for a while, and in the morning the sun'll come up and it'll be nice.

She turns to glance at Blanche, who lies quite still with her eyes closed so still in fact that it is impossible to know whether she is breathing or not.

JANE

(a hint of reproach)

You should look at the sea. The water has all lights on it in the dark. You used to like that.

As she turns to look out to sea again, she starts, very quietly to hum a little tune.

DISSOLVE:

358 EXT. - PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - SANTA MONICA - DAY - LOCATION

The great highway seems to be shuddering beneath the unending streams of traffic that pound along it in both directions.

CAMERA PANS AWAY to the little, weekend houses that line the beach. CAMERA TRACKS INTO CLOSE SHOT of Jane's old-fashioned Cadillac parked haphazardly in front of one of the houses.

CUT TO:

359 EXT. WESTWARD BEACH - DAY - LOCATION

CLOSE SHOT - a leisurely hand is wielding a child's plastic spade to build a mound of sand that is already some six feet long and eighteen inches high. PULL BACK TO REVEAL Jane solemnly digging away with a thoughtful childlike expression on her face. CAMERA PANS slowly over the top of the mound to discover Blanche on the other side. She is still lying as before, but Jane has draped a heavy blanket over her shoulders during the night and now the sun beats down on her, apparently infusing some last remnants of life into her wasted body. She tries to raise her head to look around, but she cannot.

CUT TO:

360 OMITTED

360-A EXT. LUNCH TRUCK - WESTWARD BEACH - DAY - LOCATION

The lunch truck is designed to provide two service areas; one at the rear and the other along the side that faces the CAMERA. Two MOTORCYCLE POLICEMEN are sitting on stools at the end of the counter. Their MOTORCYCLES are parked in B.G. close enough for the constant crackle of one of the SHORT WAVE SETS to be heard throughout the scene. The first Policeman, a solid, friendly looking man in his forties, stirs his coffee thoughtfully, whilst his COMPANION, a younger and brasher, wolfs down a hotdog and scans a newspaper. A YOUNG ASSISTANT turns away from serving a CUSTOMER and comes along the counter to speak.

ASSISTANT

I see they found that colored woman.

1st POLICEMAN

(disturbed by a visual
memory)

Yeah, they found her all right.

ASSISTANT

Sure is a rotten way to get your
picture in the papers.

The 1st Policeman looks at him sharply to see if he is making a joke, but decides that he isn't.

ASSISTANT

D'you reckon you're going to find that
Baby Jane, or whatever they call her?

1st POLICEMAN

Sure, we'll find her. But I guess maybe
it'll be too late.

2nd POLICEMAN

(wiping his mouth)

Say, what is this Baby Jane anyway?

1st POLICEMAN

(smiling with bitter irony)

One of Hollywood's all-time greats.

He picks up his coffee and starts to gulp it down.

CUT TO:

361 EXT. BEACH - SANTA MONICA - DAY - LOCATION

CLOSE SHOT - Bored with her game, Jane throws down her spade, brushes the sand from her dress and stands up.

362 JANE'S P. O. V.

There are now a fair number of people dotted about the beach.

363 CLOSE SHOT

Jane turns to look around and smiles. For some obscure reason the sight of all these people seems to please her.

364 MED. SHOT

Jane glances down at Blanche as if to make sure she is safe and then walks away towards the water.

365 CLOSE SHOT

Blanche lies in the sun with her eyes closed. A SERIES of childish GIGGLES above the general sounds of the beach is heard. Blanche opens her eyes and shifts her head to locate the sound.

366 BLANCHE'S P. O. V.

Sitting some twenty yards away is a TRIO of girls in their early teens.

367 MED. SHOT

Blanche struggles to prop herself up on her elbow and wave her hand. The GIRLS go on giggling amongst themselves. Blanche tries to call out.

BLANCHE

(very weakly)

Miss! Young lady...

The Girls do not hear and Blanche is just sinking into the sand again when one of them suddenly turns to look in her direction. Blanche beckons to her.

368 CLOSE SHOT

The girl looks nervous and uncertain. She turns and murmurs something to her companions.

369 BLANCHE'S P. O. V.

Now all three of the Girls turn to gaze at Blanche with open curiosity.

370 MEDIUM SHOT

Blanche beckons frantically and the first Girl points at herself with modest inquiry. Blanche nods and the Girl gets up very reluctantly and walks towards her.

371 TWO SHOT

The Girl stops within a few feet of Blanche and looks down at her timidly, as if poised for flight.

BLANCHE

(a fierce whisper)

Listen to me... Please listen. I want you to get someone. A policeman. Tell him my name is...

Her words trail away as she stares at the Girl in astonished disbelief. The Girl's large, dark eyes are wide with confusion and she is shaking her head.

BLANCHE

But, please... You can't refuse...

The Girl shakes her head more vehemently, evidently in an agony of embarrassment.

GIRL

Por favor... Nada Ingles... Senora -
I turista - solo Espagnol - no Ingles.

Before Blanche can make any further effort to get through to her, the Girl turns on her heels and scampers away. Blanche lets out a dry sob and sinks down utterly defeated.

CUT TO:

372 thru 375 OMITTED

375-A EXT. LUNCH TRUCK AND STEPS TO BEACH - DAY - LOCATION

A young, sports-car type of MAN comes up the steps to the lunch truck, carrying a small rack of empty bottles. He puts the rack on the counter and speaks to the Assistant.

YOUNG MAN

I brought back the empties.

ASSISTANT

Thanks.

The Assistant starts to count out some pennies for the bottles, and the Young Man turns to speak to the 1st Policeman.

YOUNG MAN

Oh, ex... Officer - there's a car down there parked half-way out in the road. I almost got myself stuck in the sand trying to get round it.

(CONTINUED)

375-A CONTINUED:

ASSISTANT

You mean that old Lincoln convertible?

YOUNG MAN

That's right.

ASSISTANT

Yeah, that was here this morning when we pulled in.

The two POLICEMEN exchange a glance and the older one is already slipping from his stool when the Young Man speaks again.

YOUNG MAN

The keys are right there, but I didn't want to move it. I thought maybe you'd...

1st POLICEMAN

Yeah, sure.

He moves away with his companion on his heels. The Young Man stops to pick up his change and goes to follow.

375-B MEDIUM SHOT

The two Policemen skirt a line of parked cars.

375-C POLICEMEN'S P.O.V.

Jane's old car parked in the roadway.

375-D CLOSE SHOT

The 1st Policeman moves into FRAME to check the license plate. He looks up, satisfied but not particularly surprised.

1st POLICEMAN

Yup, this is it.

376 MEDIUM SHOT

The 2nd Policeman runs back to his motorcycle and grabs at the short-wave transmitter in the pillion.

377 REVERSE SHOT

The 1st Policeman steps back from the car and starts to walk around it as if he were examining some strange beast.

CUT TO:

378 EXT. BEACH - DAY - LOCATION

MEDIUM SHOT - Jane is walking slowly along the edge of the water in her bare feet. Paddling like a child, she lets the occasional wavelets come up over her ankles, and moves along quite oblivious of the

(CONTINUED)

378 CONTINUED:

children playing around her, who stop their play to stare at her as she passes.

OVERSCENE: The delighted screams of a young GIRL who is being chased across the beach by a young MAN.

Jane looks up, sees the Girl running away and then registers the crowded beach. She looks around in both directions, suddenly aware of having lost her bearings. Then she sees Blanche, smiles and sets off to rejoin her.

379 CLOSE SHOT

Jane sits down beside Blanche and starts to put on her shoes.

BLANCHE
(a harsh whisper)

Jane...

Jane bends down to listen.

JANE

You must be hot.

She folds the blanket back from Blanche's shoulders.

BLANCHE
Jane, help me. I'm afraid. You've got to
fetch someone - a doctor.

Jane starts back in fright.

JANE

I can't. . .

BLANCHE
You must - if I die here you'll be all alone.
Jane. All alone.

JANE
(agitated)
I can't they'll be mean to me. They'll
take me away and be cruel, like they were
before.

BLANCHE
No, Jane. They'll be kind, they will...
really. I'll tell them that you're not to
blame...

Jane looks more confused and anxious than ever.

(CONTINUED)

379 CONTINUED:

BLANCHE

... Jane. I'll tell them that it's all my fault.
That I'm to blame.

JANE

(simply)

But you're not.

BLANCHE

I am... I spent my whole life trying to make
you pay for what happened when we were
children. I never had anything then unless it
came from you. I hated you for that... and
the way Father used to send me away and spend
all his time with you.

JANE

I don't want to hear.

BLANCHE

You must - it's important for you.

JANE

But I know it all. I've known it all so long.

BLANCHE

Not all of it, Jane. When things changed and
it was me that was earning all the money. Father
was dead, so I never even had a chance to show
him. But you were there to take it out on, and I
fixed it so that you'd be dependent on me; so's
you'd have to live on my charity like I'd had to
on yours. That wasn't enough, though. I wanted
you to be grateful just like I'd had to be too...
But you never were. You'd never admit that
anything had changed. And the more I beat you
down, made you look foolish and cheap, stopped
you getting married or even having any real
friends, the more you'd just laugh at me. So in
the end I made you waste your whole life paying
for something you never did. D'you know what
I'm talking about?

JANE

(bewildered)

No, Blanche - it keeps trying to come to me...
but, I don't know...

BLANCHE

Remember how you always used to drive me
everywhere? They called you Blanche Hudson's
chauffeur at the studios - I liked that. But that

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

379 CONTINUED: (2)

BLANCHE (CONT'D)

night - the night I got hurt - you were terribly drunk. You got drunk and I wouldn't let you drive anymore. And when we got home I made you go to open the gates... You'd made me look silly at the party - imitating me - making people laugh... I remember watching as you got out of the car -

(simply)

And then I tried to run you down. But you saw me and the car hit the gates... D'you know I remember thinking - even then that you'd done that deliberately. That you'd known what I was going to do, and that you were pleased because you knew I'd only hurt myself.

380 CLOSE SHOT

Jane is crying like a child, making no attempt to hide her tears or even avert her face.

BLANCHE

Then you ran away because you were frightened. And I managed to get out of the car and crawl up to the gates. When they found you they naturally assumed that it was your fault. You were so drunk and confused you didn't know any better. I just let them go on thinking it was you - let you go on thinking it and paying for it, because that way I could hold on to you.

Jane suddenly turns her face away. Blanche looks at her sister's averted profile, as if only now a thought had just occurred to her.

BLANCHE

You weren't even ugly then - I made you that way.

(a sense of wonder)

I even did that...

381 BLANCHE'S P. O. V.

Jane turns to face her. She is no longer crying and her face has an expression of such peculiar gentleness and detachment as to make one think that this final confession has finally pushed her over the edge. After a long pause she turns to glance over her shoulder and then looks solicitously at Blanche.

JANE

There's a place that sells things up there. I'll get you something.

(she starts to get up)

Maybe they have ices... You like ice cream. I'll see what they have.

She smiles and walks away.

382 CLOSE SHOT

As Blanche watches her sister go, her mouth begins to tremble, a terrible sob wracks her wasted body and she hides her face in the blanket.

383 EXT. CAFETERIA - BEACH - SANTA MONICA - DAY - LOCATION

LONG SHOT - Several POLICEMEN are patrolling alertly through different parts of the crowd, ignoring the CHILDREN that run back and forth across their path.

384 MEDIUM SHOT

A constant stream of people moves in and out of the Snack Bar building. A POLICEMAN moves through FRAME, his eyes travelling restlessly back and forth over the people sitting on the sand. As the POLICEMAN moves on, Jane comes into FRAME and crosses the path he has taken on her way to the Snack bar.

385 INT. CAFETERIA - SERVICE COUNTER - DAY - STUDIO

Jane edges timidly up to the busy counter and waits to be served. Her manner, voice and childlike enthusiasm could all be those of Baby Jane Hudson forty years ago. She smiles anxiously and a harrassed male ASSISTANT stops in front of her.

ASSISTANT

Yeah...?

JANE

Do you have ice cream?

ASSISTANT

Sure. What flavor?

JANE

Oh... Well, which do you have?

ASSISTANT

(rattling it off impatiently)

Vanilla, coffee, Strawberry, lemon-

JANE

(interrupting)

Strawberry. I'll have strawberry, please.
Two big ones, please.

The Assistant turns away to whip up two ice cream cones for her, and Jane looks around the Snack Bar with an amiable, childlike interest.

ASSISTANT

That'll be forty cents.

(CONTINUED)

385 CONTINUED:

Jane puts her purse on the counter and solemnly counts out the money. The Assistant hands Jane the two cones and sweeps the cash up off the counter.

JANE

Thank you.

Holding the cones very carefully with two hands, she turns to walk out onto the beach.

386 EXT. BEACH NEAR SNACK BAR - SANTA MONICA - DAY -
LOCATION

The Two motorcycle Policemen are moving slowly across the beach towards the Snack Bar.

387 MED. SHOT

Jane comes out of the Snack Bar holding her ice cream cones.

388 CLOSE SHOT

One of the Policemens' attention has been attracted. He nudges his Colleague and they move forward quickly.

389 POLICEMENS' P.O.V.

Jane has her eyes glued to the ices as if willing them not to fall as she walks awkwardly over a patch of loose sand.

1st POLICEMAN (OVER)

Miss Hudson...?

Jane goes on walking.

1st POLICEMAN (OVER)

(a shade louder)

Miss Hudson.

JANE

Yes?

She turns with a smile on her face, and then as the smile dies, she looks confused and anxious.

390 GROUP SHOT

The 1st Policeman closes with her and taking her very gently by the arm, begins to talk in a quiet, friendly voice.

1st POLICEMAN

We've been looking for you, Miss Hudson. I'm sorry, but we have to find your sister, is she down there on the beach with you?

(CONTINUED)

390 CONTINUED:

Jane reacts pleasantly to his friendly manner.

JANE

That's right.

The 2nd Policeman moves forward and takes the ice cream out of her hands.

2nd POLICEMAN

I'll take these for you -

JANE

(slightly alarmed)

No, they're mine.

(she appeals to the
1st Policeman)

They're for my sister Blanche... She's
going to be a film star - did you know that?

A crowd is quickly beginning to gather around them.

1st POLICEMAN

That's right, Miss. We want to find your
sister, because I think maybe she needs
help.

Jane looks at him blankly.

1st POLICEMAN

... I think maybe she's in trouble.

Jane reacts to the word 'trouble' and looks around, becomes aware of
the crowd that surrounds her.

391 JANE'S P.O.V.

There is something reminiscent about the grouping of the onlookers,
something that gives them the appearance of a posed group rather than
a mere collection of individuals.

1st POLICEMAN (OVER)

Won't you show us where she is, please?

Jane looks at the Policeman puzzled, the beginnings of some memory
flooding over her.

1st POLICEMAN

(kind, gentle, encouraging)

Won't you show us, please, Miss Hudson.

392 MEDIUM SHOT

Jane smiles and nods, pleased to be of service. She takes a step back and composes her face in innocent concentration. Then, with a terrible delicacy, she lifts her skirt with the tips of her fingers, curtsies and starts to dance...

CUT TO:393 EXT. BEACH NEAR WATER'S EDGE - SANTA MONICA - DAY -
LOCATION

CLOSE SHOT - Blanche lies on her side, her fingers opening and closing very slowly on a handful of sand that is gradually being blown away. The tears are streaming down Blanche's face and she is shaking her head from side to side as if to deny, not only all that has happened but also the cruel joke of life itself.

OVERSCENE: - The voice of Baby Jane Hudson, echoing as it did on the stage of a little Californian theatre fifty years ago, is singing "I'M WRITING TO DADDY".

394 CAMERA PULLS BACK SLOWLY INTO MEDIUM SHOT as the desolate childish voice soars up to take in the 1st Policeman who is striding across the beach towards the pathetic bundle that is Blanche Hudson.

The Concluding Chapter of Crawford

THE END