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Script**

AUGUST 24, 1949

"Where Danger Lives" 1625
A WHITE ROSE FOR JULIE

Screen Play

by

Charles Bennett

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A WHITE ROSE FOR JULIE

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A WHITE ROSE FOR JULIE

ESTIMATING

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Changes
Where Danger Lies
A WHITE ROSE FOR JULIE

Screen Play

by

Charles Bennett

TITLE AND CREDIT TITLES APPEAR OVER AN ATTRACTIVE, NEWLY OPENING WHITE ROSE BUD, WHICH STIRS AS IF IN THE BREEZE. AFTER LAST TITLE -

FADE IN

INT. ISOLATION WARD AT A SAN FRANCISCO HOSPITAL - DUSK

1 CLOSE SHOT - INTO the mirror of an iron lung, where we see the reflection of a pale but prettily curly-headed six-year old girl. As the shot proceeds, CAMERA IS CHANGING ANGLE so that Dr. Jeff Cameron is also seen in reflection. Jeff is tall, lanky; amused grey eyes, a quick ironic smile. He wears a surgical mask, and he is telling a "bedtime" story as he leans against the drum behind the child's head, looking down toward the reflection of her eagerly interested eyes. His voice is very kind...

JEFF

...And there was Little Elmer the Elephant, with all those wild men chasing him all over the jungle, with guns booming at him, and tanks rumbling after him, and airplanes dive-bombing him from overhead. It was a tricky situation, because the only escape was across the big wide river --

CAMERA HAS CONTINUED TO PULL BACK and we see that the iron lung is behind a screen in the children's isolation ward, which has some dozen or so beds, with varied children of from five years to fourteen. Annie, a motherly old nurse who also wears a mask, approaches, bringing a progress chart, as Jeff continues...

(CONTINUED)

1 (CONTINUED)

JEFF (cont'd)

-- and the river was all flooded by the heavy rains -- like the rain we had last week -- and Elmer the Elephant knew that if he tried to swim he'd be washed away over the big waterfall, which was as high as the bridges we have right here in San Francisco. It looked pretty bad for Little Elmer so --

ANNIE (THE NURSE)

(breaking in low)

Don't excite her too much, Doctor.

Jeff glances at the old nurse - then looks down again... only to grin pleasantly and say, sotto voce -

JEFF

Excite her? She's asleep.

2

CLOSE ANGLE - showing that the baby girl has dropped peacefully off to sleep. Annie positively "coos"...

ANNIE

Oh...that's wonderful. Poor little mite hasn't slept since three this morning...

JEFF

(with dry humor)

So much for little Elmer the Elephant.

(turning away,
glancing at
chart)

Well... I guess he'd have been drowned anyway...

They have come out through the screens and are walking along the line of beds, CAMERA TRUCKING BEFORE them. Old Annie says with crotchety solicitude -

ANNIE

You'd better tell yourself a bedtime story, Doctor. It's all very well, working fifteen hours on end but --

(CONTINUED)

2 (CONTINUED)

JEFF
(as they walk)
Annie, stop bullying me --

ANNIE
(continuing)
-- if you don't sleep straight
through the weekend, I'll --

But Jeff has suddenly turned to a bed, taking the pulse of an obviously very ill boy of around ten, who looks up at him with a dog-like devotion. Jeff is saying -

JEFF
Well, hello, there, Dicky --
how's it going? -- How's the
pulse? --

BOY
(weakly)
Hello, Doc!

JEFF
(of the pulse)
Fine... ticking like a clock.
(looking up
at Annie)
Better check him out, nurse...
he's here under false pretenses...

But the boy says - with an air of personal aggrievement -

BOY
Annie says you're goin' away...

JEFF
(cheerfully)
Sure I'm going away. You don't
expect me to stay here all
night, do you?

BOY
Annie says you're goin' away
f'r good...

ANNIE
(explaining
quickly)
I -- told him you were leaving
the hospital, Doctor... to go
into private practice.

(CONTINUED)

2 (CONTINUED)

JEFF

Oh -- that!
 (to the boy)
I'm not leaving for two weeks --
the way you're coming along
you'll be out of here before
I will.

BOY

 (grinning weakly)
Okay, Doc... then I'll come for
a visit --

JEFF

 (reassuringly)
Any time you like, Dick... and
we'll have a good old bull
session about the Dodgers and the
Yankees.
 (rising, as
 he pats the
 boy's hair)
Be seeing you...

But even in the act of going to the door at the end of
the ward, Jeff has seen -

3 ANGLE - TOWARD slit window of door - Julie.

Seen through the little door window, also wearing a
mask, is Julie Dorn. Julie's figure and hair suggest
a neat and nice person. Her eyes are clear and
direct... but never at any time in the story do we
actually see her face. She has recognized Jeff through
the window; her eyes register momentary discomfort.

4 CLOSE SHOT - TOWARD Jeff. We are conscious of his
discomfort too; this is a meeting which he would rather
have avoided. But he opens the door; Julie enters in
f.g., back to camera. Jeff says, a little awkwardly -

JEFF

Oh... Hello, Julie!

Julie hesitates; her voice is always attractively cool,
although at this moment it doesn't entirely conceal her
embarrassment...

(CONTINUED)

JULIE (20)
Good evening, Doctor...
(as Jeff pauses)
It's -- been a beautiful day...

JEFF (21)
...Lovely, Julie.

ANNIE (22)
(accusingly)
Not that he'd know... working
until he drops...

Annie's interjection has broken the slight tension.
Jeff grins...

JEFF (23)
All I've done is talk your Katie
Cartwright into a sound sleep.

JULIE (24)
(with immediate
pleasure)
Ohhh... I'm so glad. She needed
it.

JEFF (25)
(grinning at
Annie who
starts to
speak)
I know, Annie -- so do I...

He smiles, still rather awkwardly at Julie...

JEFF (26)
'Night, Julie...

JULIE (27)
Goodnight, Doctor...

Jeff goes out...

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR OUTSIDE THE WARD DOOR - DUSK

5

ANGLE - as Jeff closes the door behind him. He takes
off his mask and for the first time we see his clean-cut
features. But he pauses momentarily, glancing back as
if at Julie; we are conscious of a slight sense of
guilt. He turns away, quickening his pace...

INT. CORRIDOR BY HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ENTRANCE - EVENING

6

LONG SHOT - along the corridor, as Jeff - dressed in a neat blue suit and carrying a cellophane box - hurries toward the door to the ambulance ramp. As he approaches the "Admissions" window -

JEFF (28)

Cameron -- out!

A hospital attendant, in the emergency door beyond which we can see a waiting ambulance, shouts -

ATTENDANT (29)

I got you a wagon ride, Doc,
but they can't wait!

But the "Admissions" nurse (Bates) is saying quickly -

NURSE BATES (30)

Oh, Doctor, we thought you'd
gone to bed -- Nurse Dorn wants
to speak to you.

JEFF (31)

(stopping,
awkward)

I -- can't stop --

NURSE BATES (32)

She says it's urgent...
(already dialling)
One of the patients...

JEFF (33)

(wanting to go)

Oh...

(shouting toward
ambulance beyond)

Be right with you!

NURSE BATES (34)

(into phone)

Nurse Dorn?... Here's Dr.
Cameron...

Jeff takes the telephone; his discomfort is again
apparent. He says quickly -

6 (CONTINUED)

JEFF

Yes, Julie -- what is it?

JULIE'S VOICE

(quick, over phone)

Doctor -- the Cartwright child's
awake again.

JEFF

(taken aback)

Oh... No!

JULIE'S VOICE

(reassuring)

She'll go back to sleep... but
not till she's heard what
happened to Elmer the Elephant.

JEFF

(groaning)

Elmer...

INT. CORNER OF ISOLATION WARD - EVENING

7

CLOSE SHOT - Julie - at the telephone and still masked,
as she says -

JULIE

I know all about Goldilocks
and the three bears... but I've
no idea what happens to some
elephant in the jungle...

INT. CORRIDOR BY EMERGENCY ENTRANCE - EVENING

8

CLOSE SHOT - Jeff, who answers -

JEFF

Neither do I. Uh -- I guess
he went over the waterfall...

JULIE'S VOICE

(over phone)

I can't tell her that.

The ambulance driver, his engine running, is HONKING
impatiently. Jeff says rapidly -

JEFF

Julie -- look -- I hated Elmer
the Elephant. Just give it a
happy ending -- you know how...

INT. CORNER OF ISOLATION WARD - EVENING

- 9 CLOSE SHOT - Julie. She hesitates... this last remark has inadvertently hit home. But she asks lightly -

JULIE (44)

Do I?

INT. CORRIDOR BY EMERGENCY ENTRANCE - EVENING

- 10 CLOSE SHOT - Jeff - saying swiftly as the ambulance HONKS again -

JEFF (45)

Sure. Elephant gets elephant.
You can do it...

JULIE'S VOICE (46)

(over phone,
after a moment)
I'll try...

JEFF (47)

(awkward)
Uh -- thanks...
(then -)
'Bye, Julie...

INT. CORNER OF ISOLATION WARD - EVENING

- 11 CLOSE SHOT - Julie, as --

JULIE (48)

Goodbye...

The telephone CLICKS. But Julie just stands, the receiver still in her hand, her eyes rather unhappy.

EXT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ENTRANCE - EVENING

- 12 MOVING SHOT - WITH Jeff - who comes hurrying to the waiting ambulance, where Cosey, the heavy-set driver, sits at the wheel, with Dr. Jimmy Mullenbach, a neophyte interne, beside him. As Jeff approaches -

COSEY (49)

Where to, Doc?

JEFF (50)

Oakland.

12 (CONTINUED)

COSEY

(nodding)

Pogo Pete's again, huh? Used
to be Waikiki Joe's.

MULLENBACH

(grinning)

And it used to be Julie.

13 CLOSE ANGLE - on front seat of ambulance as Jeff
climbs quickly in beside Mullenbach, saying -

JEFF

Lay off Julie, will you?

Cosey starts up the engine with a roar, grinning as
he says -

COSEY

Okay? Fasten your safety
belts!

JEFF

You guys on an emergency call?

COSEY

Heck no! I'm picking up some
halibut for my wife...

The ambulance is already starting forward. CAMERA
PANS as it careens out of the alleyway - siren SHRIEKING

DISSOLVE

INT. POGO PETE'S RESTAURANT AND TERRACE - NIGHT

14 MED. SHOT - just within the door of the dimly-lit
restaurant, full of blue smoke and the strains of
Hawaiian music. Jeff enters eagerly, pausing beside
a counter where a lovely Hawaiian girl is selling
flowers, leis, etc.. The girl smiles with immediate
recognition...

HAWAIIAN GIRL

Good evening, sir. The usual?
It's all ready.

As she speaks she proffers a red rose in a cellophane
box. Jeff grins.

(CONTINUED)

14 (CONTINUED)

JEFF

You're catching on.

HAWAIIAN GIRL

(nodding
toward terrace)I think the young lady's already
here, sir.

JEFF

So soon...

He has passed money; he grabs the rose and goes on,
the girl smiling after him.

15

ANGLE - as Jeff comes to a recessed and shadowy booth on the terrace; the velvet bay and the glistening lights of San Francisco can be seen through the big windows beyond. Jeff immediately slips into the seat beside Margo, very close, seizing her hands. Margo is an exquisite bundle of fur, dainty and desirable, with a lovely, almost too sensitive face which can never quite cloak her emotions. Sometimes her cheeks pucker; the unconcealed quickness to laughter or tears of a child. The darkness of this corner makes it possible for the love scene to be demonstrative without attracting attention.

These two are obviously very much in love. Jeff just
breathes the name -

JEFF

Margo --

Then he has drawn her to him, his arms go strongly
around her, their lips meet in a long kiss; her mink
coat falls away as she clings hungrily to him...But after a while he draws back slightly, says almost
guiltily -

JEFF (cont'd)

You've been waiting. I said I
couldn't get here until --

MARGO

(breaking in -
soft - and as
frank as a child)I came early... to have the
Specials all ready and waiting...

(CONTINUED)

15 (CONTINUED)

She has indicated two drinks on the table before them... the Beachbombers, "cocoanut-shell" type of beverage. Jeff drinks.

But Margo has already seen the rose in the cellophane box. Her hand darts to it; we recognize that her movements are frequently too quick -- an attractive restlessness which Jeff adores, considering it to be the impulsiveness of a young woman truly in love. Margo is saying -

MARGO (cont'd)

You never forget the rose.

(sudden
and warm)

Oh, Jeff, say you love me...

JEFF

(close)

You know it,

MARGO

(smiling)

But you're bad for me...

JEFF

No!... Why?

MARGO

(quick,
impulsive)

We've known each other -- just a few days... it seems like for ever.

(clinging
close to him)

But when you're not with me, I feel like I'm suspended in mid-air... with nothing down beneath except the ... end of the world.

JEFF

Think I don't feel the same way?

MARGO

I love you so...

He bends close again; her cheek goes against his, almost ecstatic. But suddenly -

(CONTINUED)

15 (CONTINUED)

JEFF

You cheek's burning --

Margo brings her face from his. Jeff looks at her for a flash -- then takes both her elbows in his hands.

JEFF (cont'd)

Hey -- young woman, you're a bundle of nerves!

MARGO

I'm all right.

JEFF

As your doctor --

MARGO

(breaking in)

Don't be my doctor -- not tonight.

Dance music has started. Suddenly Margo comes to her feet, indicating with her hands for him to join her in a dance. Jeff grins and rises. As he leaves the table and goes to start dancing with her, he says to a rather lugubrious-looking waiter who is passing -

JEFF

A couple more of those Specials...

DISSOLVE

INT. POGO PETE'S TERRACE - NIGHT

16

CLOSE MOVING SHOT - on Jeff and Margo, as they dance. Margo says with a sigh of content -

MARGO

Hold me tight -- so tight I can't get away from you...

(CONTINUED)

16 (CONTINUED)

JEFF

You're not going to get away
from me. You'll never get
away from me...

Margo sighs happily. His lips brush her cheek...
then, very close to her -

JEFF (cont'd)

I'm -- going crazy... living in a
sort of dream. All day long...
all I want... all I think of is
you...like this... and in my arms...

The MUSIC stops. They stop dancing. The spell is
broken. Margo gives a sudden little shake to her head,
asks -

MARGO

What time is it?

JEFF

(drawing her
back to the
table)

What's the difference?... Let's
have three more for the road..

MARGO

But, Jeff, I'm --

JEFF

(sitting, finishing
sentence)

-- then we'll get out of here.

Margo sits too, close to him. She glances at him as -

MARGO

I've got to get out of here now.

JEFF

Relax. Finish these and I'm ready --

MARGO

(jerkily,
curiously)

But, Jeff -- I haven't told you.
Tonight's different -- this isn't
going to be like --

(as his cheek
turns in surprise)

I'm going away.

(CONTINUED)

16 (CONTINUED)

Jeff literally recoils. After a moment -

JEFF
You're kidding.

MARGO
(shaking her
head)
I'm going tonight.

JEFF
(staring)
For what?

MARGO
A trip.

JEFF
(slowly)
Say that again. Where?

MARGO
(quietly)
To Nassau.

JEFF
(with growing
concern)
Nassau! You... Where did you
get this bright idea? What
about me?

MARGO
(playing with
the rose box)
It wasn't my idea. Father came
back today from Vancouver...

JEFF
(quickly)
Didn't you tell him about us?

MARGO
(nodding)
The answer was Nassau -- tonight.
I only got out by saying I had to
pick up some last-minute things
at the drugstore...

JEFF
You're a grown woman...

(CONTINUED)

16 (CONTINUED)

MARGO

Without a penny if he says so...

JEFF

(decisively)

Okay, I want you, not your money...
and if you love me you'll think
the same way I do...

MARGO

The money would help. It can be
tough for a young doctor...

JEFF

I've aged considerably in the
last five minutes...

MARGO

(feelingly)

Jeff, poverty's sordid. If you
were broke --

JEFF

I will be, I promise. And what
do you know about poverty?

MARGO

Enough to know you can't mix it with
a career...and loving your work the
way you do --

JEFF

(breaking in)

Listen --

MARGO

(going straight
on)

No, Jeff, you're just beginning...
your heart and your life's in
what you're doing. I know what you
want -- how you feel about helping
people...

JEFF

(breaking in
roughly)

I want you!

(cutting in as
she goes to
protest)

All right, so I started with (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

16 (CONTINUED)

JEFF (cont'd)
nothing...who cares? We'll
make out, without your father.
We'll fight it out together...

MARGO
(breaking in
appealingly)
But don't ever fight me -- not
me, Jeff --

JEFF
(holding her
hands firmly)
If you're going any place,
you're going with me!

MARGO
(close, moved)
Of course -- Oh, of course --
but not yet. Father needs me --
he's old...on borrowed time...

JEFF
You can't ruin your life for --

MARGO
(breaking in,
soothing)
It'll work out -- so long as
you just go on loving me. Let
it work out -- you know what I
mean --

JEFF
I don't know what you mean. I
only know I won't let you go!

Tears are on Margo's cheeks. At last, softly -

MARGO
You're right -- of course
you're right...
(nodding, as
if forcing
a decision)
Jeff, I'll talk to him again --
I'll talk tonight -- I've got
to. Please understand. (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

16 (CONTINUED)

MARGO (cont'd)

I'll call you at the hospital...
(as Jeff goes
to speak,
putting her
fingers over
his lips)

Don't say any more...not now...
not any more...

She lowers her fingers...then kisses him full on the mouth. Suddenly his face is buried in hers, a desperate kiss of love and passion and desire; CAMERA IS VERY CLOSE. At last she draws back...a gentle whisper...

MARGO (cont'd)

And don't come to the door
with me...

JEFF

Margo...

RECEDING CAMERA shows that he has taken her hand. She lets him hold it for a moment -- then she leaves shot in f.g. -- their fingers linger together till the last moment.

17 LONG SHOT - FROM Jeff's ANGLE, as Margo goes across the room. She stops near the door, looks back indecisively. The restless hunger is in her face. But she gets hold of herself and goes out.

18 MED. SHOT - Jeff, looking after her. His eyes lower to the table. But suddenly he sees the rose in the cellophane box; she has gone without it. He half rises.

JEFF

Hey --

But the waiter is passing -- he turns at Jeff's voice

WAITER

Want the check, sir?

Jeff sits again. For a moment he is looking up at the lugubrious face - then he drains his drink at one gulp, reacts to its strength...

(CONTINUED)

18 (CONTINUED)

JEFF

Wow!

WAITER

That's what they all say, while
they can still breathe.

JEFF

Bring me another.

WAITER

Sorry, sir -- only two Specials
to a customer.

JEFF

Whose headache is it?

He reaches out for Margo's untouched second drink,
starting to drain it. The waiter shakes his head.

WAITER

Well -- yours, sir, but -- hope
you had a big dinner.

JEFF

Nothing since breakfast.

WAITER

That's bad. That drink makes a
guy talk back to his mother-in-law.

The drink is still at Jeff's lip. Suddenly he stops
drinking, looks over the glass...

JEFF

Or his father-in-law, huh?
Thanks...you've given me an idea...

He is finishing the drink as we -

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. THE LANNINGTON HOME - NIGHT

19 LONG PANNING SHOT - WITH a taxi, which comes up the
winding drive to the front door of the highly sumptuous
Lannington house, on a hill overlooking the Golden
Gate. As the taxi stops -

20 CLOSE ANGLE - beside the taxi, as Jeff descends, rather
unsteadily. He passes a bill to the taxi driver.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF (128)
(thick-tongued)
Hot night, huh?

TAXI DRIVER (129)
(pockets bill)
Thanks...
(as he sees Jeff
sway slightly)
You okay, Bub?

JEFF (130)
The doctor's as well as can
be expected...

The taxi drives on. Jeff looks up at the house; the cellophane box is under his arm. Then he goes up the steps, definitely unsteady, CAMERA ANGLING WITH him. He RINGS the bell, waits. A "mew" is heard. Jeff looks down to see a Siamese cat, which rubs itself against his legs. He grins rather foolishly...

JEFF (cont'd)
Key, kitty...remember me?...

But his head jerks up as he hears quick FOOTSTEPS within the hall. The door opens -- Margo.

For a moment she is staring disbelievingly - then, low and aghast -

MARGO (131)
Jeff!

Jeff holds out the box with an unsteady bow...

JEFF (132)
This week, Madam, we are offering
a special bonus, a red rose, for
each new subscription to The
Medical Journal --

MARGO (133)
(tingling
with nerves)
For heaven's sake --

Suddenly Margo is close, speaking desperately and low.

MARGO (134)
-- Jeff - you've had too much to
drink!

(CONTINUED)

20 (CONTINUED)

JEFF

(thickly)
Three Specials -- th' drink
that makes 'em talk back to
pappy-in-law --
(moving as if
to pass her)
Tha's what I'm going to do...

MARGO

(seizing
his arm)
No -- please -- you mustn't!
Darling -- you've got to go
away --

But even in this moment her expression has frozen...

21 CLOSE ANGLE - TOWARD the front door - Mr. Lannington.
Lannington is in his late fifties; slim, distinguished,
aristocratic. He has a highball glass in his hand.
There is a look of slight raillery on his thin lips.

LANNINGTON

Well, my dear...company!

CAMERA HAS PULLED BACK to bring Jeff and Margo into
shot. Jeff tries to affect a friendly dignity.

JEFF

Mis' -- Mr. Lannington, I
pr'sume. My name is --

LANNINGTON

Come in --- come in. Any friend
of Margo's is welcome...

He steps back into the hall. Jeff sways forward.
Margo gasps in a desperate whisper --

MARGO

No -- Jeff -- Oh, go --

INT. HALL AND LIBRARY OF LANNINGTON MANSION - NIGHT

22 CLOSE CRANE SHOT - with Lannington, followed by Jeff,
then Margo, through the hall into the great library.
Lannington is saying easily --

(CONTINUED)

LANNINGTON (141)
Afraid we haven't a servant in
the house...let them go for the
weekend. Did Margo tell you we
are flying east tonight?

JEFF (142)
Sure she told me...tha's why I'm
here...

LANNINGTON (143)
(glancing keenly)
Indeed? We're having the pleasure
of your company?

JEFF (144)
(thick but
definite)
No, and you're not having the
pleasure of your daughter's
company either!

Lannington starts slightly. His quick eyes flash to
Margo. For the moment she is still as a statue -
then her hand comes up vaguely to brush a hair from
her brow. Lannington smiles thinly...

LANNINGTON (145)
We'll explore that remark over
a drink...
(casually, crossing
to cabinet bar)
And where did you two meet --
at the drug store tonight?

Jeff raises his head, unsteady but determinedly
assertive...

JEFF (146)
Been seeing each other for three
weeks...

LANNINGTON (147)
(who has stopped,
bottle in hand -
then -)
Highball?...Or won't it mix with
what you've had?

MARGO (148)
(quick, urgent
but unconcealed)
Jeff -- turn around -- go now!

(CONTINUED)

But Lannington is bringing the drink across...

LANNINGTON (149)
Three weeks. So you are the
young man...

JEFF (150)
Afraid so...

LANNINGTON (151)
(sharply)
Steady!

In stepping forward to take the highball, Jeff has
nearly stumbled over one of three or four suitcases.
Lannington politely removes the offending article.

LANNINGTON (cont'd)
Let's put that out of your way.

But Jeff is taking the bull by the horns.

JEFF (152)
Mis' -- Mr. Lannington -- 's no
good making bones about it --
I'm in love with Margo.

LANNINGTON (153)
(without flickering
an eyelid)
That's apparent.

MARGO (154)
(stepping forward)
He's had too much to drink --
can't you see it?

LANNINGTON (155)
(nonchalant
but keen)
Yes, I can see it.
(to Jeff, letting
ice tinkle in
his glass)
And is Margo in love with you?

JEFF (156)
Hasn't she told you?

(CONTINUED)

22 (CONTINUED)

LANNINGTON

(cool, collected)

As a matter of fact she has.
Well, that's very romantic,
Mr. --

JEFF

Doctor -- Cameron.

LANNINGTON

(quickly)

Not a psychiatrist?

JEFF

(shaking head)

Uh-uh!

LANNINGTON

And not a lucrative practice --
as yet?

JEFF

(defensively)

Margo and I can manage without
you if that's what you mean.

LANNINGTON

It is what I mean.

MARGO

Jeff --

LANNINGTON

(calmly)

Be quiet, Margo.

(to Jeff)

So you're quite sure of your
feelings.

(shrugging)

I mean, people sometimes get
carried away -- come to their
senses again with a jolt.

JEFF

(thickly)

I want to marry your daughter.

LANNINGTON

(with a wry smile)

I wish you'd stop calling her
my daughter. She happens to be
my wife.

- 23 CLOSE SHOT - Jeff. He has gone utterly still, staring. His face is suddenly ghastly.
- 24 CLOSE SHOT - favoring Margo. She sees Jeff's reaction. Now she darts to him, CAMERA MOVING WITH her. Her words come in a nervous flood...

MARGO

Jeff -- I was afraid to tell you --
Afraid I'd lose you. I've always
hoped he's give me a divorce. Oh,
darling, don't take it too much
to -- if I lost you I'd have
nothing left at all...

She stops, knowing the hopelessness of words. Jeff mutters.

(CONTINUED)

24 (CONTINUED)

JEFF

Your -- wife...

LANNINGTON

Yes, Doctor. Oh, I admit the conspicuous difference in our ages. Margo married me for my money -- I married her for her youth. We both got what we wanted -- after a fashion.

For a long, long moment Jeff is gazing at Lannington... then he suddenly turns, stumbles almost blindly toward the door. Margo gasps -

MARGO

Where are you going?

JEFF

(on his way)

Out of here -- where the air's clean...

MARGO

Not without me...

JEFF

You lied to me...

(pausing bitterly
against a table)

"My father's old -- on borrowed time--"

MARGO

I lied because I love you. I knew you wouldn't understand...

JEFF

I don't understand...

MARGO

Jeff -- I never loved him!

LANNINGTON

Of that there was never any question, my dear --
(to Jeff)

But I assure you, she's had many reasons to be grateful. So you're bowing out -- that's wise. A scandal can be damaging to a career.

JEFF

D'you think that's why I'm going?

(CONTINUED)

24 (CONTINUED)

LANNINGTON

The point's irrelevant. Goodnight,
Doctor Cameron.

Jeff lurches away. But suddenly Margo has darted after him, all the desperation of love in her voice and eyes....

MARGO

Jeff -- Jeff, tonight -- when
I came back -- he said I could
go away with you --
(as Jeff stops)
He said it tonight!

Jeff looks uncertainly toward Lannington, who nods.

LANNINGTON

It's true -- up to a point.
(shruggingly
indicating)
Well, the bags are packed. If
you want her you can have her...
only first you should know what
you're getting... tomorrow's too
late to repent...

MARGO

(a note of
hysteria)
Oh, Jeff, don't listen! He'll
say anything -- do anything...

But even as she speaks -- suddenly -- Jeff has swayed to the door. Margo darts after him --

MARGO (cont'd)

Don't leave me with him! You
don't know what he's like -- a
mad dog --

But the door has SLAMMED in her face -- Jeff has gone. For a moment she is standing, desperate -- then she faces Lannington, quivering with tension --

MARGO (cont'd)

Look what you've done -- ruined
my chance of happiness..
(in sudden terror
as Lannington
advances)
... Keep away from me! --

INT. HALL - LANNINGTON MANSION - NIGHT

25 ANGLE - TOWARD Jeff, who sways toward the front door.
The Siamese cat is before him; he nearly falls over it.

But even as he reels on, there is a sudden WILD SCREAM
from the room behind. He stops as -

MARGO'S VOICE

(off - in library)

No -- you --- ohhh! --

Jeff turns, stands frozen for a moment - then he
plunges back, throwing open the library door, CAMERA
FOLLOWING sharply. Past his shoulder we see that Margo
is on her knees, reaching for one of her earrings on
the carpet. Her ear lobe is bleeding. Lannington
faces her, a lividly cold smile on his lips. The girl
gasps to Jeff -

MARGO

He tore it -- tore the earring
from my ear --

(as she sees
blood on her
fingers)

Oh -- bleeding --

Jeff has stepped forward into the library, CAMERA
FOLLOWING as he catches Margo to her feet, saying to
Lannington -

JEFF

You must be crazy! You --

LANNINGTON

(breaking in)

So the little clinging vine brings
out your protective instincts...

For a moment Jeff is staring at the man - then,
definitely, to Margo -

JEFF

Get your things!

LANNINGTON

(firm but quick)

Better listen -- what I have to
say should intrigue you enormously...

(CONTINUED)

25 (CONTINUED)

MARGO

He is crazy, Jeff! You'll never
know what I've been --

LANNINGTON

(cutting in,
hard)

If you take her, it's a long road.
There's no turning back.

JEFF

Who wants to turn back?

MARGO

(clinging to
Jeff's arm)

You know I love you --

LANNINGTON

(cutting through
her words again)

Love! -- Yes, love -- you'll
have that -- for a while --

MARGO

(trying to
pull Jeff away)

Take me now, Jeff -- now!

LANNINGTON

Now can be a long time,
Dr. Cameron...

JEFF

(starting
to go)

Let's get out of here...

LANNINGTON

Time passes -- then there's the
end of the road...

(CONTINUED)

Changes
WHITE ROSE FOR JULIE

CB

1/17/50
27-A

25 (CONTINUED)

Jeff turns the girl toward the door. But -

LANNINGTON (cont'd)

Margol

He has stepped forward, seizing her by the elbow. She emits a sharp scream as -

JEFF

Let her go!

LANNINGTON

Not before you've heard the rest --

Lannington has tried to tug the girl from him, swinging her around. But Jeff's elbow has come up, pushing Lannington away. Lannington stumbles back, catches his heel against the fireplace fender -- he falls among the fire-tools. Margo says sharply -

MARGO

Quick, Jeff -- come on --

26 CLOSE ANGLE - TOWARD Lannington, collapsed. For a moment he is staring up... then he is rising, grabbing a brass fire-tongs, CAMERA RECEEDING before him to bring Jeff and Margo into shot...

LANNINGTON

You -- young -- idiot! You think because I'm older than you are ...

Suddenly he has brought the fire-tongs down across Jeff's head, striking again as Margo screams in horror. Jeff staggers under the blows...gasping -

JEFF

I -- Margo --

LANNINGTON

(striking again)

Margo -- Margo -- Margo!....
Appealing, isn't she?

(CONTINUED)

JEFF (193)

I -- you --

Hardly knowing what he is doing, his fist comes up, makes contact with the close, snarling face of the older man -- even as a third blow strikes dangerously above his ear. Lannington staggers back, crunches against the fireplace again, then slides almost ludicrously to the hearthrug.

AT THE SAME MOMENT, as if from the final blow and in Jeff's mind, we are conscious of a HEAVY, ECHOING THROBBING. From this moment on until indicated, the THROBBING, or the equally terrifying ECHO OF SPOKEN WORDS, is never absent from the action.

Now Jeff sways forward, looking down at Lannington, who is very still. Jeff mutters through the THROBBING -

JEFF (cont'd)

He's -- out --

MARGO (194)

You're hurt --

Jeff's hand comes up to his own forehead, feels blood oozing from his hair. MARGO'S LAST WORD ECHOES THROBBINGLY..."HURT - HURT - HURT - HURT -" Jeff says unsteadily -

JEFF (195)

I'm okay. I'll get some water --
bring him around --

MARGO (196)

(urgently)

No -- Jeff -- go! I'll look
after him -- I'll call you later --

JEFF (197)

(hazily)

No -- I'm --
(tossing a cushion
from a settee)
Put this under his head. I'll
get water --

The word "Water" ECHOES THROBBINGLY as he sways out through a side door..."WATER - WATER - WATER - WATER -" Margo says after him -

(CONTINUED)

MARGO (198)

Through the dining room -- to
the left --

The cushion is in her hands. Terrified, nervy, she
looks at the collapsed man. She steps toward him...

INT. DINING ROOM AND PANTRY - NIGHT

27 MOVING SHOT - WITH Jeff, as he sways through the heavy
dining room, into the large pantry -- in darkness
except for moonlight. He fumbles for a light switch,
fails to find it. He staggers against a sink, reaches
for the faucet, leans for a moment with his blood-
stained hair beneath the running water...then he grabs
a cup, fills it, turns back toward the dining room...

28 ANGLE - ACROSS dining room, as Jeff stumbles against a
sideboard, grabs wildly in an attempt not to fall, but
falls headlong just the same, bringing over a large
vase of white roses, which hit the carpet just in front
of his eyes. The THROBBING is heavily present as he
mutters -

JEFF (199)

White rose...Julie...

But even in this moment there is a wild SCREAM from
the library - Margo.

MARGO (200)

Jeff -- Jeff -- Come here --

Jeff staggers to his feet, reels on...

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

29 CLOSE SHOT - ACROSS Lannington's still form, with Margo
on her knees, her eyes fixed and staring as Jeff
enters, asking -

JEFF (201)

Margo -- yes, what is it? --

But Margo's gaze never leaves the silent face. Almost
in a whisper -

MARGO (202)

I -- think -- he's dead --

(CONTINUED)

The THROBBING ECHOES THE WORD, "DEAD - DEAD - DEAD - "
Jeff kneels swiftly, feeling for the man's pulse...

JEFF (203)

Dead. No...people look dead
sometimes when they...
(bewilderedly)
Pulse...where's...where's his
pulse?...

MARGO (204)

Jeff...

Jeff continues to search for the pulse, feels
desperately for the heart. He goes as still as the
dead man, as Margo draws back with a shuddering sigh.

MARGO (cont'd)

Ohhhhhh....

Then she has suddenly turned to Jeff, crushing herself
close into his arms, utterly lost and desperate...

MARGO (cont'd)

No! No! Oh, Jeff -- what shall
we do?

For a moment longer Jeff is looking down. Now he rises
goes unsteadily to the telephone. The THROBBING is
always present...

JEFF (205)

Ambulance...get ambulance...

His hand goes out toward the receiver. But even as it
does so, Margo has darted in, grabbing the telephone,
holding it down on its cradle.

MARGO (206)

You can't! You can't -- not
after what you've....

Suddenly the telephone RINGS in her hand. She snatches
her fingers away as if the instrument were red hot.
The two stand watching as the bell RINGS, RINGS again.
At last Margo takes up the receiver...

MARGO (cont'd)

Hullo?...Yes?...What?...Oh,
yes, of course...thank you...

(CONTINUED)

She hangs up; her dazed eyes come to Jeff.

MARGO (cont'd)

It was the airport -- confirming
the plane reservations...

(sudden, quick)

The plane! We can get on that
plane!

The THROBBING ECHO TAKES IT UP -- "PLANE - PLANE -
PLANE - PLANE - " But Jeff shakes his head...

JEFF (207)

...Ambulance...

Margo, though, grabs the phone again...

MARGO (208)

Jeff -- think -- for heaven's
sake -- a murder --

JEFF (209)

Accident --

MARGO (210)

(wild and quick)

Who'll believe it? You've been
drinking. Of, Jeff -- husband,
wife and -- the old story...

JEFF (211)

(hazily)

I'm still -- doctor --

MARGO (212)

And who'd want a doctor who'd
killed a man -- even if you
went free -- ?

JEFF (213)

Killed...

MARGO (214)

(coming to

him urgently)

Jeff, don't you understand what
I'm saying? Don't you understand -- ?

JEFF (215)

I -- I think I --

(CONTINUED)

MARGO (216)

(almost
shaking him)

Listen -- answer what I say!
The hospital -- how soon do they
expect you back at the hospital?

JEFF (217)

Tonight -- or weekend -- that's
it, weekend...Sunday night...

MARGO (218)

Two days --

The words seem to THROB as if in Jeff's consciousness -
"TWO DAYS - TWO DAYS - TWO DAYS - " Through them -
swiftly as she looks toward the body -

MARGO (cont'd)

He won't be found for three --
not until the servants come back
Monday. We could leave the car
on the airport lot --

JEFF (219)

(dazed but
protesting
instinctively)

No -- we mustn't try to --
mustn't --

(swaying, hands
to head)

My head -- I don't know what --

MARGO (220)

(clinging to him)

Oh, Jeff, hold me -- say you
love me...you'll never know
how much I need you...

JEFF (221)

(mechanically)

I -- love you --

But Margo, in his arms, is shuddering horribly as she
sees the dead man's face. She mutters -

MARGO (222)

He's smiling...

The word THROBS - "SMILING - SMILING - SMILING - " Jeff
mutters hazily -

(CONTINUED)

29 (CONTINUED)

JEFF

Don't look.

MARGO

(with desperate
appeal)He deserved what he got. But
you don't deserve to suffer.I don't...(clutching him,
tears streaming)Oh, my darling -- my darling --
all we'd ever done was love
each other --

JEFF

(still mechanical)

Love -- each other --

CAMERA is CLOSE ON his face. The echoing words are rising, almost mockingly - "LOVE EACH OTHER - LOVE EACH OTHER - LOVE EACH OTHER - " As they THUNDER across the SOUND TRACK -

SWIFT DISSOLVE

INT. SAN FRANCISCO AIRPORT - NIGHT

30 CLOSE SHOT - on Jeff and Margo, as Jeff drinks water from a cardboard cup. At certain angles the big Constellation can be seen on the tarmac beyond the gate. Jeff looks very pale, very ill; his hat is pulled down over his eyes. Margo is utterly strained. THE THUNDERING WORDS ON THE SOUND TRACK have now merged into the RASPING VOICE of a LOUD-SPEAKER....

LOUD-SPEAKER VOICE

Passengers for Flight 88, Chicago
and New York, please go to Gate 4.
Last call for Flight 88, Chicago
and New York...

During this Margo has taken the cup from Jeff's shaking hand, asking -

MARGO

Was that any help?

JEFF

(vaguely)

I'm -- all right --

MARGO

You've got to be all right. Keep
close -- you'll be sitting down
soon...

(CONTINUED)

30 (CONTINUED)

JEFF

Margo -- I don't think -- we
shouldn't go --

MARGO

(low)

Don't talk now...

They have reached a pretty stewardess who is checking
names on the flight chart.

STEWARDESS

Name, please?

MARGO

Lannington.

STEWARDESS

(looking at chart)

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Lannington...

She ticks the names. Jeff goes as if to protest
mechanically, but Margo squeezes his arm beneath hers,
leading him toward the plane, CAMERA MOVING BEFORE
them. As they step away from the stewardess -

MARGO

(quick and low)

We're through! Now just walk
casually as if --

(her relief too
much for her)

Jeff, we're all right! --

Still the words THUNDER ECHOINGLY as if in Jeff's
consciousness -- "ALL RIGHT - ALL RIGHT - " But even
at this moment -

LOUD-SPEAKER VOICE

Attention please! Will Mr.
Frederick Lannington please
report to the desk? Mr.
Lannington, please --

The two have stopped in their tracks, Margo frozen.

31 CLOSE SHOT - the Stewardess, who glances after Jeff,
calling -

STEWARDESS

You're wanted, Mr. Lannington...

(CONTINUED)

Words ECHO again - "LANNINGTON - LANNINGTON -
LANNINGTON - " Margo, dead pale, answers the Stewardess
with --

MARGO (235)

Yes -- yes, thank you --

She turns Jeff back through the gate; he half stumbles
against a passenger, mumbles...

JEFF (236)

Sorry...

32 CLOSE SHOT - On Margo with Jeff - as Margo draws Jeff
sharply to one side, behind pillars and passing
passengers, saying in alarm -

MARGO (237)

Why are they asking for -- ?

But she stops dead - she has seen -

33 LONG SHOT - TOWARD desk, FROM Margo's ANGLE. Two
motorcycle policemen are talking to the desk clerk.

34 CLOSE SHOT - favoring Margo, aghast. She turns her
back to the desk, gasping -

MARGO (238)

Police! Quick -- this way --

JEFF (239)

I don't -- quite know what --

MARGO (240)

They haven't seen us... come
on --

She hurries Jeff immediately past camera. But even as
they go, CAMERA ZOOMS IN to where the patrolmen lounge
at the desk. The loud-speaker voice is repeating -

LOUD-SPEAKER VOICE (241)

Mr. Lannington, please! Will Mr.
Lannington report to the desk?...

A patrolman glances at the desk clerk - quite casual....

(CONTINUED)

PATROLMAN (242)
Lannington, huh? -- The millionaire?

AIR PORT OFFICIAL (243)
(pausing in passing)
He's on Flight 88...

PATROLMAN (244)
Ever see his wife? Boy, what a
dish!

DESK CLERK (245)
She's with him.
(to the Official,
passing a note)
Would you give him this message?
Somebody telephoned to wish him
good luck...

DISSOLVE

INT. MARGO'S OPEN CONVERTIBLE CADILLAC - NIGHT -
(PROCESS)
35 CLOSE SHOT - Margo and Jeff, in the car, which Margo is
driving very fast. Jeff is lolling back, his head
sagging, his hair blowing in the wind. The THROBBING
continues, as if in his mind, mingling with the ROAR of
the ENGINE. Margo glances at him concernedly...

MARGO (246)
You all right?

JEFF (247)
(still dazed,
lost)
Air's...good. Head's splitting.
(his head lolling
toward her as
the brakes WHINE
on a curve)
Aren't we going -- pretty fast?

MARGO (248)
(underplayed
but definite)
We need to go fast!

The word ECHOES - quietly at first - "FAST - FAST -
FAST - " Through it -

MARGO (cont'd)
If we can get to the border --
into Mexico, Jeff -- and we
can -- it's not more than five
hundred miles. We'll be there
before daylight and --

(CONTINUED)

But throughout her speech the echoing word has been gaining in strength - "FAST - FAST - " - until it is suddenly a SHARP, DEAFENING ROAR - "FAST!" Then it has stopped dead - and in the same moment Jeff has thrown his head up, his eyes vividly alight. His voice rises -

JEFF (249)
Here, stop! Margo - STOP!

MARGO (250)
What are you -- ?

The brakes SCREAM.

36 LONG SHOT - the car - as it shudders to a skidding stop on the dark road. The engine goes off.

37 CLOSE SHOT - favoring Jeff - as Margo's eyes shoot sidelong at him. He is staring straight ahead.

There is silence -- a dead, almost uncanny pause. Then we become conscious of the quiet, familiar RUSTLING of the night. Jeff's hand comes up to his eyes. He is like a man waking from a dream. He sighs almost happily.

JEFF (251)
Everything's quiet. You can hear the crickets...
(his hand coming to his hair)
My head. What happened to my head -- ?

Margo's eyes are alarmed. She says quickly -

MARGO (252)
Jeff -- don't say you can't remember. He hit you...tried to kill you...

JEFF (253)
(vaguely)
Tried to kill --

MARGO (254)
Oh, you must remember. You hit him back -- you had to. He fell in the fireplace and ---

(CONTINUED)

37 (CONTINUED)

JEFF

(suddenly)

Holy cats!!! --

MARGO

What's the matter?

JEFF

(a wild note
in his voice)

Sure I remember now...

(looking swiftly
around)

But what are we doing here?

MARGO

I told you -- we're getting away.
I thought if we could reach the
border and --

JEFF

(breaking in)

Are you crazy?

(suddenly darting
out, running
around the car)

Let me have that wheel! --

MARGO

(frightened)

Jeff --

Jeff thrusts in on the driver's side, pushing her
across. He starts the engine. Margo gasps -

MARGO (cont'd)

You're not fit to drive to the -

JEFF

(sharp, grim)

I'm fit enough. We're going
back!

MARGO

No!

Her hand darts out, switching off the engine. Jeff
turns on her...

JEFF

We have to! Don't you realize
by running away I'm admitting
guilt?... Admitting I killed
your --- (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

JEFF (cont'd)
(he stops dead; his
voice shakes with a
new realization)
You were -- his wife!

MARGO (264)
Yes. Oh, why go into it now?

For a long moment Jeff is looking at her. Then -

JEFF (265)
His wife...
(nodding)
I want to go into it...

Margo hesitates - then, low and flat -

MARGO (266)
He -- he told you.

JEFF (267)
(bitterly)
Money!

MARGO (268)
(breaking in
emotionally)
All right, so you're not the
only one who started with
nothing. You've seen the
Mission District, haven't you?
I was born there -- lived there.
It smelled, Jeff -- of garbage
and people -- and babies...
crying because they were alone.
I was alone...
(impulsively)
I hardly knew my own mother,
Jeff. She worked all day ---
cried all night. I guess
she's still crying....

JEFF (269)
You said your mother was dead.

MARGO (270)
I also said Lannington was my
father. I'm a good liar when
I'm forced into it.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF (271)

(quietly)
How did you meet him?

MARGO (272)

(low)
I got a job as a model. Models
get around. I thought he was
kind...and with my folks up
there with nothing, I... what
a mess I've made of things...

Her lips are quivering, she can't go on. Jeff closes
his hand over hers. Then, low -

JEFF (273)

What a mess we've both made of
things...

MARGO (274)

Oh, Jeff.

A pause. Jeff withdraws his hand, takes the wheel. His
voice is tired but more definite.

JEFF (275)

What road are we on?

MARGO (276)

(glancing
at him)
You must have really blacked out.
(quickly)
We came south through San Jose --
after they asked for you at the
airport...

JEFF (277)

(sharply)
Asked for me?

MARGO (278)

Well -- no -- we'd given his
name. But the police were there.
It was a trick to get you back...

JEFF (279)

(slowly, grimly
assimilating)
So we ran... is that it?... In
a car every cop in the State
will be looking for!....

(CONTINUED)

Margo is staring, realizing. Now -

MARGO (280)

Jeff -- I never thought of that.
(a quick thought)

No -- maybe not... this is my
car, not his.

Suddenly Jeff's hand has reached out to the radio.

JEFF (281)

Can we get the police calls...
hear what they're doing...?

MARGO (282)

(helplessly)

The radio's broken...

(suddenly coming

close as Jeff

looks at her)

Oh, Jeff -- my darling, what's
going to happen to us?

For a long dazed moment Jeff doesn't reply -- then his
hand comes up to his eyes...

JEFF (283)

My head's like a giant racer...
round and up... over and down...

(resting his

forehead on

the wheel)

Two hours ago I was on top of the
world. I was -- what happened
to Doctor Cameron?

MARGO (284)

(desperate and

miserable)

All I wanted was your happiness...
our happiness...

Jeff shudders slightly...then realizes her closeness.
He slips his arm around her shoulder. A pause. At
last she nods.

MARGO (cont'd)

(quiet)

You're right... we have to go
back.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF (285)

Yes, Margo.

MARGO (286)

Funny end to it all, isn't it?
You wanted to be a doctor. I
wanted to help you to be the
biggest doctor in the country...

He squeezes her to his side.... then -

MARGO (cont'd)

Well, maybe it won't be the end.
Maybe we'll -- still love each
other -- when we've both --
paid for what we've done...

Jeff's head moves slightly. His eyes come up, turn to
her. There is a hazy cognition in his voice...

JEFF (287)

Both?
(slowly)
You're in it too.

MARGO (288)

(nodding, quiet)
I've run with you. When I tried
to make you board that plane...
I signed our names to a
confession of murder...
(suddenly burying
her face in his
shoulder)
Oh, my darling...

But Jeff - quiet, his head still sagging -- has a low
note of determination in his voice.

JEFF (289)

You didn't do it.

MARGO (290)

I'm just as guilty. Say you
love me...

JEFF (291)

(stronger)
You didn't do it! Yes... I love
you...

(CONTINUED)

37 (CONTINUED)

MARGO

Jeff...

He kisses her lips; we hear her sigh quietly. Then he suddenly sits up. He is still unsteady, but much nearer to self-control.

MARGO (cont'd)

You're going to turn back?

JEFF

(switching on
the engine)

How far are we south of San Jose?

MARGO

About ten miles.

JEFF

(musingly as
the car moves
forward)

Highway 152 hits Fresno. We
might have a chance through
Bakersfield and Phoenix...slip
across into Mexico at Nogales...

(thinking
about it)

... but I - I don't know if
I'm doing the right ---

But even in this moment...

MARGO

Stop! -- Look!

Jeff slams on the brakes. The car stops - they are
both staring ahead.

38

LONG SHOT - what they see. Around a curve, the
emergency flares of a road block are ahead. Uniformed
men are stopping traffic, examining some three or four
halted cars.

39

CLOSE SHOT - Jeff and Margo - as Margo clutches his
arm and Jeff says dully -

JEFF

A road block.

(CONTINUED)

39 (CONTINUED)

MARGO

Oh, I feel sick --
(then with
deadly calm)
Which way, Jeff?

JEFF

(grimly)
There's no choice now.

He suddenly braces himself at the wheel.

EXT. HIGHWAY #101 - NIGHT

40 ANGLE - at the road block. Distantly we hear the
Cadillac - gathering speed - then the SOUND is RECEDING.
A uniformed man looks to one side, saying to another -

UNIFORMED MAN

Some car's turning off on that
side road...

THE OTHER

Rancher, I guess...

He comes to the first waiting car, CAMERA MOVING WITH
him...

THE OTHER (cont'd)

Okay, folks, this is an inspection
point. Afraid I'll have to trouble
you to open up your trunk. Do you
have any fruits, citrus -- ?

DURING THIS dialogue, CAMERA HAS CHANGED ANGLE to reveal
a SIGN, distinguishable in the flare lights...

STOP

FRUIT FLY INSPECTION STATION
California Department of Agriculture

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. NEAR A LONELY ROAD IN THE SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY -
AROUND DAWN

41 EXTREME CLOSE SHOT - Jeff's eyes, seen in reflection in
the rear view mirror of the car. The eyes are bloodshot;
a match is burning in Jeff's hand, held close to the
dilated eye pupils.

(CONTINUED)

CAMERA PULLS BACK to show Jeff, looking concernedly at his eyes. The car is parked in a small cup of valley, just off the empty road. Margo is slumped, sleeping in the seat beside the driver's.

But after a moment she wakes. Her eyes open. She looks up toward Jeff, sees what he is doing. Suddenly she asks -

MARGO (302)

What's the matter?

42

CLOSE TWO SHOT - as Jeff turns almost guiltily from the mirror, saying quickly -

JEFF (303)

It's nothing.

But Margo sits up sharply - asks again -

MARGO (304)

What's the matter, Jeff? Why were you looking at your eyes?

For a moment Jeff hesitates. Then -

JEFF (305)

Margo, if you take my advice you'll ditch me -- right now.

MARGO (306)

Why do you say that? Is your head still aching?

Jeff feels the back of his head - we are conscious of the pain. He nods...

JEFF (307)

(flatly)

I've got a concussion.

MARGO (308)

Concussion?

JEFF (309)

I was afraid of it last night. I hoped...but the pain in the back of my head...

(feeling

his pulse)

(cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

JEFF (cont'd)

Slow respiration...
(looking into the
mirror again)
Pupils dilating...

MARGO (310)

(in growing alarm)
What are you talking about?

JEFF (311)

It's all part of the pattern.
(glancing at
his watch)
Six o'clock. About right. It
begins around ten or twelve
hours after the blow.

MARGO (312)

But it will get better?

JEFF (313)

Not before it gets worse.

MARGO (314)

Jeff!

JEFF (315)

(changing tone)
Okay, I can carry on as far as
possible. After that you're
on your own.

MARGO (316)

(terrified,
close to him)
But I can't be! I've been
alone too much -- I can't be
alone any more! You must
stay with me, Jeff!

JEFF (317)

(vaguely, looking
into mirror)
Maybe I can....

Margo clings to his arm for a moment - then, more as if
reassuring herself than Jeff -

MARGO (318)

Of course you can -- you've
got to!....

(CONTINUED)

42 (CONTINUED)

Jeff sits back, shakes his head. He states the "case" with the cold abstraction of a doctor.

JEFF

But the headache will get more severe. My vision will become distorted... So will my judgment. You'll have to watch me pretty carefully. I'll talk rationally... but maybe my decisions won't make much sense...

MARGO

(quickly)

I'll make the decisions. Is that the worst that'll -- ?

JEFF

(breaking in)

No.

(deliberate
and even)

A slow paralysis of the extremities will set in. Fingers... hand... foot. Maybe all of one side.

(glancing
at her)

Want to hear any more of the diagnosis?

MARGO

Go on...

JEFF

(without emotion)

It will probably end in final collapse and coma. That'll come any time within twenty-four to forty-eight hours after the cause...

MARGO

You mean you'll be unconscious --

JEFF

(nodding,
finishing it)

-- for twelve, fifteen hours. It's a form of compression on the brain. During the unconscious period I may die -- (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

42 (CONTINUED)

JEFF (cont'd)

(as Margo gasps)

-- Or I may come out of it...
I've seen that happen. If I
come to I'll have a healthy
chance of survival.

For a long time Margo is staring up at him. Then -
quickly -

MARGO

But can't you do something?

JEFF

(smiling grimly)

Sure -- brain surgery. I can
make for the nearest prison
hospital.

MARGO

Isn't there some medicine we
can -- ?

JEFF

No medication will help. There
are drugs which would keep me
awake, but we'd need a
prescription....

MARGO

You're a doctor....

JEFF

(nodding)

Prescription by Dr. Jeff
Cameron, M.D. -- Wanted for
murder -- dead or alive!

A moment of silence as they look at each other. Then -

MARGO

What will we do?

JEFF

Keep moving, I guess. Get you
across the border before I pass
out.

MARGO

Oh, my darling....

She snuggles close, lost and frightened. A pause.
Then - in a whisper --

(CONTINUED)

42 (CONTINUED)

MARGO (cont'd)

I wouldn't leave you. Jeff,
I'll be with you always...

They remain close for a moment longer -- then Jeff
hoists himself up, switches on the engine and slips
the car into gear. He says drily --

JEFF

Always won't be for long, unless
we get rid of this car...

The car starts to move forward...

43 OMITTED

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. A USED CAR LOT IN BAKERSFIELD - DAY

44 LONG SHOT - the lot, resplendent with a hundred pointed
pennants, identifying the place as "HONEST HAL'S - USED
CARS." Streamers announce "BOMBSHELL BARGAINS!" -
"ATOMIC TRADE-INS!" "CASH!" - CASH!" The Cadillac
is on the lot. A 1941 Dodge "pick-up" truck with the
hood up is nearby.

45 MOVING SHOT - WITH "Honest Hal Halloran," a big
enveloping man in shirt-sleeves and suspenders, who is
strolling from the Dodge truck to the Cadillac, making
notes on a soiled piece of paper. Jeff, who has been
testing the truck brakes, etc., is just leaving the
wheel, following. Honest Hal is saying --

HONEST HAL

(making a last
calculation)

Okay, I'll give you four-fifty
and the truck... but that's only
because I like convertibles.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF (339)
Five hundred.

HONEST HAL (340)
Sorry, friend, that's it.
(turning toward
his shack)
Take it or leave it!

For a moment Jeff looks after him - then -

JEFF (341)
All right...

46 ANGLE - TOWARD Honest Hal - who turns, then grins
magnanimously -

HONEST HAL (342)
You made yourself a smart deal
there. Now if you'll step this
way...

INT. HONEST HAL'S OFFICE SHACK - DAY

47 MED. SHOT - as Honest Hal gets a sales pad, touches an
indelible pencil to his tongue, then says to Jeff who
follows in -

HONEST HAL (343)
The name, friend?

JEFF (344)
(after
momentary
hesitation)
Rogers, Frank J. Rogers.

HONEST HAL (345)
Address?

JEFF (346)
936 West Maple, Santa Clara.

Honest Hal has been writing. Now -

HONEST HAL (347)
Let's have your pink slip.

JEFF (348)
Uh --

(CONTINUED)

He stops dead. Honest Hal glances up -

HONEST HAL (349)
Pink slip -- certificate of
ownership --

JEFF (350)
I -- How stupid can you be? I
left it at home. But if I could
just sign something -- transfer
title --

HONEST HAL (351)
Sure -- but before you transfer
title you got to prove legal
ownership. Now if you --

JEFF (352)
(quickly)
Okay. I'll call my brother to
send me the slip, air mail.
(already on
his way)
Hold that truck for me...

HONEST HAL (353)
You can use my phone...

JEFF (354)
(desperately
trying to cover
his confusion)
I'll call from the hotel. Back
in the morning...

But even as he walks away toward the Cadillac, he stops
instinctively - he has heard the ROAR of an approaching
motorcycle. He sees -

EXT. MAIN STREET OF BAKERSFIELD - DAY

48 LONG SHOT - TOWARD an intersection opposite Honest
Hal's. A motorcycle cop brings his machine to a
momentary stop for traffic lights.

INT. HONEST HAL'S OFFICE SHACK - DAY

49 CLOSE SHOT - Honest Hal, who reacts to Jeff's interest
in the motorcycle cop.

(CONTINUED)

CAMERA CHANGES ANGLE. We see the distant cop drive on. Jeff starts again toward the Cadillac. Honest Hal is looking after him, meditatively chewing his indelible pencil. Suddenly -

HONEST HAL (355)

Hey -- friend --

EXT. THE CAR LOT - DAY

50 CLOSE SHOT - Jeff, as he quickly gets into the car. But Honest Hal has come waddling in pursuit...

HONEST HAL (356)

Hey, you -- wait a minute --

Jeff turns his head, believing the game to be up. Honest Hal views him a moment - then -

HONEST HAL (cont'd)

This job wouldn't be hot by any chance, would it?

JEFF (357)

What do you mean, hot? I didn't set out to sell this car... I don't carry all my papers...

HONEST HAL (358)

I reckon you don't...

(grinning,
but eyes
like gimlets)

But the way I figure it... a man with a hot car might think himself lucky to meet up with Honest Hal Halloran...

(as Jeff breathes
quickly)

'Course, no pink slip changes the deal. We'd have to figure it a little different... kind of for my own protection, you might say...

(grinning
more widely)

Wanna talk?...

DISSOLVE

EXT. OUTSIDE A STORE IN BAKERSFIELD - DAY

- 51 CLOSE SHOT - Margo, who is standing in a shop doorway, glancing nervously around. She looks different. She has different clothes; she wears sun-glasses and carries two paper bags and some newspapers. Suddenly her eyes rivet out of shot as she sees -
- 52 ANGLE - TOWARD an alleyway, just along the sidewalk, where Jeff has appeared, signalling unobtrusively but urgently for Margo to join him.
- 53 CLOSE SHOT - Margo, who starts forward.
- 54 MED. SHOT - Jeff, who waits a moment, then starts to turn away up the alleyway as Margo joins him. CAMERA MOVES WITH them. Margo speaks with quick relief...

MARGO

Jeff-- I've been scared to death -- I thought --

JEFF

(swiftly)

Relax!

(glancing at
her sidelong
as they walk)

New outfit, huh?

MARGO

(quickly)

I had to get one... If the police put out a description of what I was wearing --

JEFF

(cutting in)

You're right. But take off those glasses -- they're a dead give-away.

(CONTINUED)

54 (CONTINUED)

MARGO

(obediently
removing the
glasses)

Yes, Jeff.

JEFF

What's in the papers?

MARGO

Nothing...

JEFF

Sure?

MARGO

I've looked.

(passing paper)

See for yourself. How's your
head?

JEFF

(looking at paper
as he still
walks quickly)

Still in one piece...

MARGO

I got cigarettes -- sandwiches
-- apples -- a thermos of hot
coffee --

JEFF

(of the
newspaper)

I don't get it -- it'd be front
page news. Maybe these went
to press before --

They have reached the end of the alley, where the old
"pick-up" truck is waiting. Jeff's movement to it
has conveyed to Margo that this is their new means
of transport. She gasps in revulsion -

MARGO

Jeff! -- Oh, this thing's filthy --

JEFF

(as he hoists
her up into
the front seat)

It's got tires and a motor...
and the police won't be looking
for a truck...

(CONTINUED)

54 (CONTINUED)

He is already hurrying around to climb up to the wheel...

INT. DRIVER'S SEAT OF TRUCK - DAY - (PROCESS)

55 CLOSE SHOT as Jeff slips in behind the wheel. Margo is asking -

MARGO

How much money did you get for the -

JEFF

(breaking
in grimly)
I had to swap even...

MARGO

Even! My convertible was worth -
(suddenly
glancing around)
Where's my mink coat?

In the act of starting the engine, Jeff stops dead, staring at her...

JEFF

Uh!... In the car, I guess...

MARGO

(flaring up)
Are you crazy?
(starting to
get out)
That mink cost ---

But Jeff grabs her arm, saying with swift force --

JEFF

Where do you think you're going?

MARGO

(trying to
free herself)
To get my coat.

JEFF

For Pete's sake, not now -- the
guy's onto us --

(CONTINUED)

55 (CONTINUED)

MARGO

(gasping)
He knows about -- ?

JEFF

He knows we had to lose that
car but fast...

(pulling her
back into
her seat)

Okay, so your coat's gone...
but when you're running, fifty
gallons of gas is a darn sight
more useful...

MARGO

(vaguely)
Gas -- ?

JEFF

In the back.
(turning a
switch on the
dashboard)
And we've got this!

MARGO

(starting)
A radio!

JEFF

(putting truck
into gear)
We can now keep abreast of
the times...

(CONTINUED)

55 (CONTINUED)

MARGO

(suddenly)

I don't want to hear it!

JEFF

(sympathetically)

I know... I'm not bursting
to hear it either...

The truck is already running - (PROCESS)... turning out of the alley and into a wider street. ALTERNATING PROGRAMS have been coming through across the radio as Jeff turns the dial. Now Margo goes rigid as we hear -

NEWSCASTER'S VOICE

(over radio)

...And that concludes the day's news until nine o'clock this evening, same station. This is Howard Fitch, signing off with the reminder that Alsop's Alkolizer is the only reliable remedy for that "Morning After" feeling... available at all druggists in the famous red package with the Double A on top and the --

Realizing that the newscast is over, Margo has sunk back with a sigh of relief. Before the Newscaster's Voice can conclude, we -

FADE OUT

56- OMITTED
57

FADE IN

EXT. DESOLATE DESERT ROAD - DAY

58 LONG SHOT - the truck - as it trundles, reasonably fast, over the long, otherwise empty road. A baking sun is shining.

INT. DRIVER'S SEAT OF TRUCK - DAY - (PROCESS)

59 CLOSE ANGLE - Jeff - who is driving but playing with the radio dial at the same time. His face is drawn, beads of sweat stand out on his brow; we are (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

59 (CONTINUED)

conscious that the intense desert heat is adding to his sufferings. The radio emits CRACKLES and STATIC, but Jeff pauses occasionally in his turning of the dial as an ODD WORD or NOTE of MUSIC is heard, only to be drowned out again by the CRACKLE. He mutters -

JEFF

Static. It's the heat. We won't
get another station until --

He has turned his head, stops speaking as CAMERA PANS to reveal Margo, head lolling, collapsed and sleeping in the burning desert heat. Jeff switches off the radio.

CAMERA PANS BACK to him. He passes his hand across his brow.

EXT. ROAD - DESERT - DAY

60 LONG SHOT - the truck, mounting a curve of desert road.

INT. DRIVER'S SEAT OF TRUCK - DAY - (PROCESS)

- 61 CLOSE SHOT - Jeff. He is fighting the drowsiness bred of heat and lack of sleep. His head sags. He pulls it up sharply, blinking. It sags again - his eyes close...

EXT. ROAD - DESERT - DAY

- 62 LONG SHOT - as the truck suddenly swerves.

INT. DRIVER'S SEAT OF TRUCK - DAY - (PROCESS)

- 63 CLOSE SHOT - Jeff. He awakes, gasps, snatches the wheel to avoid hitting the soft shoulder sand...then he applies the brake, bringing the vehicle to a stop at the roadside. He glances toward Margo; she hasn't moved. He looks back over his shoulder...then his head falls forward on his chest... he is asleep.

A pause. Then suddenly there is a WILD SCREAM, just out of shot. Jeff's head comes up, turning -

- 64 CLOSE SHOT - Margo, FROM Jeff's ANGLE. She is sitting bolt upright; her hands up to her temples as she screams hysterically. Suddenly she throws the door open, leaps down to the roadside...we see her running for the desert.

CAMERA SWINGS BACK to include Jeff, who shouts -

JEFF (383)

Margo! --

Then he is leaping out after her....

EXT. ROAD AND DESERT - DAY

- 65 LONG SHOT - as Margo runs screaming out into the desert, past cactus, hummocks of sand, etc. Jeff follows. Her foot catches in a root - she pitches on her face.

- 66 CLOSER ANGLE - as Jeff lifts her to her feet, yelling -

JEFF (384)

For heaven's sake -- Margo --

But she beats against his breast, trying to escape...

(CONTINUED)

MARGO (385)

(screaming
hysterically)
You're trying to kill me --
trying to suffocate me -- I
can't breathe ---

JEFF (386)

(shaking her)
Stop it!

MARGO (387)

Let me go -- let me breathe --
let me --

JEFF (388)

Stop!

He has struck her stingingly across the face. She goes
limp in his arms.

MARGO (389)

I --

JEFF (390)

(swiftly)
All right -- you're all right!
I'm sorry I had to hit you but --

Margo is staring at him; she breathes sharply --

MARGO (391)

Jeff --

JEFF (392)

What happened?

MARGO (393)

(jerkily, after
a moment)
I -- was -- dreaming. I
couldn't breathe --

JEFF (394)

Probably the heat...

MARGO (395)

Yes -- yes, the -- this awful
heat --

JEFF (396)

(comfortingly)
You're all right now...

(CONTINUED)

66 (CONTINUED)

He turns her toward the truck, CAMERA CHANGING ANGLE
AFTER them, But as they reach it ---

67 CLOSE SHOT - Margo and Jeff, as the girl suddenly
clings to him, desperate and helpless...

MARGO

What's going to happen to us?

JEFF

(holding
her tightly)
We're going to get across that
border...
(as he helps her
up to her seat)
... somehow...

He leaves her to go around to the wheel.

INT. DRIVER'S SEAT OF TRUCK - DAY - (PROCESS)

68 CLOSE SHOT - favoring Margo, her eyes watching Jeff,
who climbs up to his seat and starts the engine. She
says, dependently grateful --

MARGO

You'll never know how much I
need you. You'll pull me
through, won't you?

JEFF

(as the truck
starts forward)
Sure....

MARGO

(reflectively)
Just like you did once before...

Jeff's eyes have come up hazily, looking ahead.
Suddenly he gives a shuddering start.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY - (TRICK SHOT)

69 LONG SHOT - the desert road, as seen by Jeff. The long
ribbon of highway is suddenly distorted, double vision,
two roads! And at the same moment, quietly at first
but with growing volume, we hear the ECHOING of Margo's
last words - just as Jeff's reeling mind after he was
struck... "ONCE BEFORE - ONCE BEFORE - "

INT. DRIVER'S SEAT OF TRUCK - DAY

70 CLOSE SHOT - Jeff, rigid and ghastly. The ECHO MOUNTS to a ROAR... "ONCE BEFORE!" - And in this moment CAMERA TILTS and SPINS - on the resultant blur we --

DISSOLVE

INT. HOSPITAL AT SAN FRANCISCO - THREE WEEKS EARLIER -
CORRIDOR BY EMERGENCY ENTRANCE - NIGHT

71 ANGLE - TOWARD Jeff - cheerful, dressed for the street and carrying a paper-wrapped white rose - who is coming toward the door to the ambulance ramp. He calls to the nurse (Bates) at the "Admissions" window --

JEFF (402)

Cameron -- out!

NURSE BATES (403)

Goodnight, Doctor!

But even at this moment a woman's voice is saying over the loud-speaker --

WOMAN'S VOICE OVER LOUD-
SPEAKER (404)

Dr. Cameron! Dr. Cameron to
emergency receiving room,
please....

Jeff has swung around to look up at the loud-speaker. He says sharply to Nurse Bates --

JEFF (405)

I'm off duty --

NURSE BATES (406)

You were!

An elder house-physician - Dr. Matthews - has approached along the corridor, reaching Jeff, slipping a hand into his arm. They walk together, CAMERA TRUCKING BEFORE them as Matthews says quickly --

DR. MATTHEWS (407)

Oh, there you are, Cameron!
Sorry to hold you -- an
emergency case. Pogue and
Fletcher are snowed under.
This one looks like a suicide
attempt...

(CONTINUED)

JEFF (408)
(distastefully)
Another? That's the third guy
in twenty-four ---

DR. MATTHEWS (409)
(breaking in)
This is a woman.

Matthews goes straight on, a busy man. Jeff glances
after him momentarily, then goes through a door into --

INT. EMERGENCY RECEIVING ROOM - NIGHT

72 ANGLE - ACROSS the hard-lit room. A still figure,
blanket-wrapped, lies on a wheel-stretcher... Margo.
Dr. Mullenbach, the neophyte interne, stands at the
stretcher's head. As Jeff approaches --

DR. MULLENBACH (410)
Overdose of sleeping pills,
Dr. Cameron. We're headed for
Emergency Three.

Jeff looks down at the woman.

73 CLOSE DOWN SHOT - Margo's face FROM Jeff's ANGLE. She
is deadly pale, her lips clenched... but even now her
beauty is apparent. She seems to be hardly breathing.

74 CLOSE SHOT - favoring Jeff, whose eyes light up
curiously; perhaps even in this moment he senses that
this woman is going to mean a great deal in his life.
He holds the glance for a moment - then --

JEFF (411)
Have to work fast. Ready with
the oxygen mask? -- Gastric
tube?

DR. MULLENBACH (412)
In three shakes.

The stretcher is already being wheeled out. A nurse
passes Jeff a white jacket, which he slips into as --

JEFF (413)
Who is she?

(CONTINUED)

74 (CONTINUED)

NURSE

We don't know yet. The man who brought her in is waiting outside...

Jeff follows the stretcher.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

75

ANGLE - as the stretcher, with its still burden, passes camera and is wheeled away up the corridor. Jeff follows out - but pauses as he sees a well-dressed nervous-looking Young Man, who is standing awkwardly by. Jeff asks without ceremony --

JEFF

You her husband?

YOUNG MAN

(embarrassedly)

No -- uh -- just a friend --
When I saw she was ill --

JEFF

(breaking in)

How did it happen?

YOUNG MAN

(producing
a bottle)

She got hold of these. It
doesn't say what they are but --

Jeff has snatched the bottle, glancing at it, cutting in with --

JEFF

Doesn't say where she got 'em
either!

(savagely)

It's time some of these wacky
women were locked up -- the
people who sell the stuff too!
How many did she take?

YOUNG MAN

I wouldn't know, Doctor -- as
I said -- I'm just a friend...

(CONTINUED)

JEFF (421)

(shortly)
I'll talk to you later in the
waiting room...

He is already hurrying out. The Young Man says
awkwardly after him --

YOUNG MAN (422)

Uh -- yes, Doctor --

SWIFT DISSOLVE

INT. EMERGENCY WARD NUMBER THREE - NIGHT

76 MOVING SHOT - on Jeff, as he comes in quickly. Dr.
Mullenbach and nurses are busied around Margo beyond.
Jeff calls --

JEFF (423)

Ready there?

DR. MULLENBACH (424)

Almost --

Jeff is already seizing a wall telephone, dialling
three numbers. Mullenbach is saying --

DR. MULLENBACH (cont'd)

Oxygen okay, Nurse? --

Through this --

JEFF (425)

(into phone)

Hello!

INT. CORNER OF ROOM IN NURSES' QUARTERS - NIGHT

77 CLOSE SHOT - as Julie, dressed for the street and back
to camera so that we do not see her face, says into the
telephone --

JULIE (426)

Oh, Jeff!

JEFF'S VOICE (427)

(swift, over
telephone)

Julie -- I can't talk. I've
been held up on an emergency --
another of these screwballs who
doesn't care for living --

(CONTINUED)

JULIE (428)
Will it be long?

INT. EMERGENCY WARD NUMBER THREE - NIGHT

78 CLOSE SHOT - favoring Jeff at the phone, as --

JEFF (429).
Could be. It's eight-thirty
now... I'm afraid we won't get
to that show...

JULIE'S VOICE (430)
(over phone)
Now I know what to expect if I
marry a doctor.

JEFF (431)
You will.

DR. MULLENBACH (432)
(beyond)
All ready!

JEFF (433)
(quick, to Julie)
Can we make it tomorrow?

JULIE'S VOICE (434)
(over phone)
Sure, Jeff -- same time, same
date.

JEFF (435)
So long...

About to hang up, he suddenly remembers the rose in his
hand. He says quickly.

JEFF (cont'd)
Oh, Julie -- I got a rose for
you --

JULIE'S VOICE (436)
(over phone)
Save it for me.

JEFF (437)
Hope it lasts.

He hangs up, turns toward the group....

INT. CORNER OF ROOM IN NURSES' QUARTERS - NIGHT

- 79 CLOSE SHOT - on Julie's back. Her hand is still on the receiver after replacing it on the hook. As she starts to turn --

INT. EMERGENCY WARD NUMBER THREE - NIGHT

- 80 CLOSE SHOT - favoring Jeff, who is in the act of placing the rose on a table immediately beside the bed in which Margo now lies. He glances down at the unconscious woman's white, tense face, then reaches out for an instrument (check medical detail). As he bends over the patient --

JEFF (438)

Let's go...

QUICK FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. EMERGENCY WARD NUMBER THREE - LATER - NIGHT

- 81 CLOSE SHOT - a large plain wall clock, with big second hand. It is a quarter to three.

- 82 CLOSE SHOT - favoring Jeff, who is sitting beside the bed, obviously tired but intently watching Margo's still face. The white rose is still on the table. Silence, except for the TICKING of the clock...

Now Margo's slow breathing quickens - her eyelids flicker. Young Dr. Mullenbach bends into shot...

DR. MULLENBACH (439)

I think she's responding...

Now CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE ON Margo. Her lips quiver; she emits sharp, whimpering little groans. Her arm flings restlessly out to the bedside table, her fingers touching the white rose. Jeff's hand enters shot, soothingly smoothing her brow. The girl's eyes open...

- 83 CLOSEUP - Jeff, FROM Margo's ANGLE. His face is leaning in, watchful and solicitous.

84 CLOSE SHOT - favoring Margo, past Jeff. The girl's eyes focus. The quivering leaves her lips, her breathing slows; we are conscious of a curious look of relief on her face. At last -

MARGO
(dreamily)
Who are you?

JEFF
(quietly, after
a moment)
My name's Jeff. What's yours?

MARGO
(quietly)
Margo.

She holds Jeff's gaze for a long moment - then she sleepily turns her head on the pillow. She sees the white rose. Her expression changes... then, with the unconscious petulance of a child -

MARGO (cont'd)
I like roses... only I like
them red... red roses...

Jeff looks up toward Mullenbach.

85 UP ANGLE - Mullenbach and a Nurse. Mullenbach catches Jeff's eye - then looks toward Margo again.

86 CLOSE SHOT - favoring Margo, past Jeff. The girl's eyes come around again - to Jeff's face. The child-like petulance goes out of her manner. She smiles wanly... asks after a moment -

MARGO
Am I -- going to be all right?

87 CLOSE REVERSE SHOT - favoring Jeff, past Margo, as he nods, asks -

JEFF
(quietly)
Why did you do it?

88 CLOSE SHOT - favoring Margo, past Jeff. Her lip quivers again. Then -

(CONTINUED)

MARGO (445)
I had -- nothing to live for --
(a faint, rising
note of hysteria)
Why should I live when --

JEFF (446)
(breaking in
soothingly)
All right... all right...

Margo calms again... but she says, almost wonderingly -

MARGO (447)
You've... pulled me back...

Jeff's face is grave, in spite of the quiet humor in his words...

JEFF (448)
It's all part of our service.
You'll thank me in the morning...

Margo holds his gaze for a moment longer... then her eyes shut with a contented little sigh. Her fingers close tightly over Jeff's hand...

89 MED. SHOT - the group - as Mullenbach says low -

DR. MULLENBACH (449)
Uh-hum... she likes you, Doctor.

But Jeff answers, rather curiously -

JEFF (450)
I hope she likes herself...
tomorrow...

He watches Margo for a moment longer - then he gently disengages his hand and rises. He says to the Nurse -

JEFF (cont'd)
She'll sleep till morning.
(nodding quietly,
turning toward
door)
Goodnight, everybody.

VOICES (451)
(generally)
Goodnight, Doctor...

(CONTINUED)

DR. MULLENBACH (452)
(drily quick,
passing the
white rose)
The lady likes 'em red, Doctor.

JEFF (453)
Oh, thanks...

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE EMERGENCY WARD THREE - NIGHT

90 MED. SHOT - favoring Jeff - who comes out, meeting a
Night Nurse (Collins), who is just about to enter the
ward -

NURSE COLLINS (454)
Going to turn in, Doctor?

JEFF (455)
(nodding)
Uh-hum. But first I want to talk
to that man who brought her in.

NURSE COLLINS (456)
Oh, he left -- just after you saw
him. He wouldn't leave any name.

Jeff has started. He asks -

JEFF (457)
Did he say who the woman is?

NURSE COLLINS (458)
He wouldn't tell us a thing...
really stubborn...
(going into
the ward)
Goodnight, Doctor...

DISSOLVE

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR NEAR EMERGENCY ENTRANCE - DAY

91 LONG SHOT - TOWARD Jeff - who comes along the corridor
looking bright and morningish in his hospital whites.
A passing Nurse (Clark), says -

NURSE CLARK (459)
Good morning, Doctor!

JEFF (460)
Morning, Clark!

(CONTINUED)

91 (CONTINUED)

69

He has reached the "Admissions" window, where young Dr. Mullenbach is lounging. The day nurse at the window (Seymour) says -

NURSE SEYMOUR
This telegram just came, Dr. Cameron.

JEFF
(taking profered envelope)
Thanks.
(to Mullenbach as he opens it)
How's the lady who's partial to red roses?

DR. MULLENBACH
You mean the Jane Doe?

JEFF
(starting violently)
She's dead?

NURSE SEYMOUR
Oh, no, Doctor... She left two hours ago.

Jeff glances sharply between the two - then, to Mullenbach -

JEFF
Why did you call her the Jane Doe?

DR. MULLENBACH
(with a self-satisfied smirk)
The damsel gave her name as Miss Margaret Locksley of thirty-one, sixty-four Lake Street. Lake Street ends in the twenty-nine hundred block.

JEFF
(staring)
She gave a phoney name and skipped? How about the phone book?

(CONTINUED)

91 (CONTINUED)

DR. MULLENBACH

(lightly)
Been checked. The name Locksley
is conspicuous by its absence.

For a moment Jeff is looking at the younger man
disbelievingly... then his eyes come down to the now open
telegram. He reacts as he sees -

INSERT TELEGRAM, in Jeff's hands, which reads -

I OWE YOU AN EXPLANATION PLEASE
SEE ME TONIGHT IF YOU CAN EIGHT
O'CLOCK AT 112 SEA CLIFF PLEASE
TRY

MARGO

92 CLOSE SHOT - favoring Jeff, as the LOUD-SPEAKER above
him starts BLARING out -

LOUD-SPEAKER

Dr. Cameron, please!...

The nurse is asking of the telegram -

NURSE SEYMOUR

Not trouble, Doctor?

JEFF

(quickly,
but puzzled)
Oh, no... Uh... No, thank you,
Seymour...

He glances up, CAMERA TILTING WITH his gaze as the
LOUD-SPEAKER voice continues -

LOUD-SPEAKER

Dr. Cameron to surgery...
Dr. Cameron...

CAMERA IS ON the loud-speaker as -

DISSOLVE

INT. DRIVER'S SEAT OF TRUCK - DAY - (PROCESS)

93 CLOSE SHOT - the car radio. The loud-speaker voice has MERGED into the SCREAM and CRACKLE of STATIC. CAMERA PULLS BACK and we see Jeff, still driving, with Margo beside him. Both are breathing pantingly, taking a severe beating from the searing heat, although Jeff's face is curiously blank. Suddenly, as STATIC SHRIEKS -

MARGO

Oh, Jeff, can't we turn that thing off?

JEFF

(jerking back
to the present)

Uh -- what?

MARGO

It's tearing our nerves! If we could hear something... but this continual crackle...

Jeff's hand has gone out unsteadily to the radio dial, turning it. He tenses as -

RADIO VOICE

(just caught)

...So use Pennington's Shave to make the razor behave and...

A WILD SCREAM of STATIC drowns the words. Margo shouts edgily -

MARGO

Oh, stop it!

- and switches off the radio. Jeff glances at her hazily, wipes sweat from his brow... then...

JEFF

You're right. Car radio's hopeless in the desert...

(peering unevenly
forward)

There's a town ahead. Must be Wickenburg. We're just inside Arizona... that means three-fifty to Nogales.

MARGO

(apprehensively)

D'you think there'll be any difficulty -- getting across the border?

(CONTINUED)

JEFF (481)

(grimly)
We'll worry about that when the
time comes...

(breathing
snatchily with
the heat - then -)
But there's one thing we ought
to consider. If by that time
you're on your own --

MARGO (482)

(anxiously)
You're feeling worse?

JEFF (483)

(hazily)
I'm -- head's throbbing...

MARGO (484)

Jeff...

The passing landscape, seen in PROCESS, shows that they
are entering a dusty shack town. Jeff gets hold of
himself by an effort - continues -

JEFF (485)

... Just looking at the worst
side. If I've passed out...
is there anyone else who could
help you? Maybe if you called
your father...

(suddenly smiling
bitterly as
Margo reacts)
Your real father, I mean...

MARGO (486)

Are you still holding that
against me?

JEFF (487)

(quickly penitent)
You know I'm not. But if your
folks are around --

MARGO (488)

They're living at Pebble Beach.

Jeff gives an infinitesimal little start. After a
moment - hazily -

(CONTINUED)

JEFF (489)
Pebble Beach? That's quite a
jump from the Mission District.

MARGO (490)
(without thinking)
Oh, he took care of them.

Jeff reacts.. He goes to speak again... stops. Then -
puzzled and flat -

JEFF (491)
Lanmington? That was generous
of him.

MARGO (492)
(realizing
her slip)
Only because I made him!

JEFF (493)
But you said --

MARGO (494)
(voice rising)
Jeff, do I have to explain
everything? I know you're ill,
but --
(hand up to
her temples)
I can stand just about so much
and --

JEFF (495)
(turning
his head)
Easy, Margo!

But even in this moment -

MARGO (496)
(a sudden yell)
Look out!

Jeff looks ahead, desperately swings the wheel -

EXT. STREET IN SHACK TOWN - DAY

94 LONG SHOT - at a subsidiary crossroads, where an
ancient Model-T Ford is careening out of the dirt road.
Its grizzled old Mexican driver sees his danger, (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

tries to turn... but Jeff's reaction hasn't been quick enough... he sideswipes the old Ford, then continues to a BRAKE-SCREAMING stop some thirty yards beyond. The Ford loses a wheel, crashes down on one axle; the Mexican pitches forward across the steering column...

INT. DRIVER'S SEAT OF TRUCK - DAY

95 CLOSE SHOT - Jeff and Margo, as Margo's nerves crack entirely. She half screams -

MARGO (497)

Now see what you've done! You could have missed him! Why didn't you turn the wheel? You could have swung to the --

JEFF (498)

(breaking in)
I know -- I know...
(hands up to his eyes)
I think -- my eyes --

MARGO (499)

(suddenly aghast)
Oh, Jeff -- not yet!

JEFF (500)

(looking back)
He hasn't moved...
(shouting, as he goes to descend)
Hey, there!

But Margo has seized his arm...

MARGO (501)

Jeff -- for heaven's sake -- keep driving!

JEFF (502)

(staring at her)
Are you crazy?

MARGO (503)

Nobody's around. If we get away fast --

(CONTINUED)

JEFF (504)
(dropping down
to the road)
-- and leave him dead like
Lannington!
(shaking her off)
I'm supposed to save lives!

He sways momentarily against the truck's rear fender,
then takes off toward the tilted Ford. The distraught
Margo jumps down after him, shouting -

MARGO (505)
Jeff!

EXT. STREET IN SHACK TOWN - DAY

96 MED. SHOT - beside the Ford, as Jeff reaches it.
Beyond, down the street, a bar is disgorging some
half-dozen men; dusty children are running too. The
Mexican is still collapsed over the wheel as Jeff says -

JEFF (506)
Are you all right? Are you
hurt?

A quartz miner arrives, other men at his heels.

QUARTZ MINER (507)
(looking at
unconscious
Mexican)
Hey, it's Pablo.

Children are around now - squeals of gloating delight -

CHILDREN (508)
(ad lib)
His wheel come off!...
Is he dead?
It's old Pablo...

Now Margo has run into scene, explaining swiftly -

MARGO (509)
He came out of that side road --
it wasn't our fault --

A MAN (510)
He's out cold.

ANOTHER (511)
(smelling the
Mexican's breath)
Passed out!

Men are starting to heave the Mexican out of the wreck -
but Jeff says quickly -

JEFF (512)
No, don't touch him!

A VOICE (513)
Here's Doc Maynard!

Dr. Maynard - a shrivelled, skin-parched little desert
physician - is entering shot, saying crisply.

DR. MAYNARD (514)
Well, what's all the shenanigans
about?

But Jeff is already dealing with the Mexican... hoisting
him out of the Ford with his head against his shoulder,
laying the old man professionally on the ground...

JEFF (515)
Got to let the blood run to his head.

Maynard is looking at him keenly, saying -

DR. MAYNARD (516)
You handle him like you know
how. Are you a doctor?

QUARTZ MINER (517)
(breaking into
the conversation)
He's coming out of it!

The ancient Mexican has suddenly jerked awake, cocking
a bleary eye. Maynard bends over him...

DR. MAYNARD (518)
Pablo, huh? Que paso, mi amigo?
What have they done to you?

The Mexican blinks up besottedly...

MEXICAN (519)
Doc -- me not blame. Yo siempre
soy cuidadoso -- me never drink
pulque when drive -- ever'body know...

DR. MAYNARD (520)

Maybe, but you sure got a load on
right now. How many times have
I told you, gasoline and alcohol
don't mix?

MARGO (521)

(quickly)

You hear, Jeff -- he's drunk!
We can go on and ---

DR. MAYNARD (522)

(breaking in,
to Jeff)

You hit him, huh? Look a shade
under the weather yourself.

JEFF (523)

I'm all right. Doctor, we're
in a hurry. If I could settle --

But the doctor has helped the Mexican to his feet; he
leads the way toward his frame bungalow, firmly guiding
the drunken man by the elbow, saying to Jeff -

DR. MAYNARD (524)

Come in...come on in -- Time
never went so fast a man couldn't
look after his health...

A VOICE (525)

Here's Joe Borden!

Jeff and Margo look up the street.

97 LONG SHOT - UP street - along which a heavy-set State
Policeman is approaching.

98 MOVING SHOT - WITH Jeff, Margo and the doctor to the
open bungalow door. Jeff and Margo are panic-stricken.
The doctor is saying -

DR. MAYNARD (526)

Our local cop. We haven't had
an accident in Wisden since
Nineteen hundred and eight.
Joe'll want to make the most
of it...

Margo and Jeff exchange an alarmed glance as they enter
the building. The doctor says to the clamoring
children -

98 (CONTINUED)

DR. MAYNARD (cont'd)

You kids keep out of here...

(to a man)

Keep 'em out, Mike...

INT. DR. MAYNARD'S BUNGALOW - DAY

99

MED. SHOT - as the doctor follows Jeff and Margo in, bringing the Mexican. The room is simple, rather dark on account of the window shades drawn against the heat. An inner office, with desk, telephone and radio, is lighter. A news broadcast is coming over the radio, but the words at this distance are an inarticulate SOUND b.g. to the immediate dialogue. The doctor is seating the Mexican on a cane settee, saying firmly -

DR. MAYNARD

And you better get a hold of yourself but fast. Joe's got an empty cooler for drunken hombres like you.

MEXICAN

Me fine, Doc --

(recollecting)

But car lose wheel --

JEFF

(urgently, his
mind on the
approaching cop)

I can take care of that...

(thrusting bills
into Mexican's
hands)

Here's thirty bucks... forty...
forty-two...

MEXICAN

(eyes goggling)

Forty-two buck --

JEFF

If we can just keep this thing
to ourselves....

But even at this moment -

(CONTINUED)

99 (CONTINUED)

POLICEMAN'S VOICE

What gives here?

A MAN'S VOICE

That truck hit the jalopy. Driver's
inside. Old Pablo is plenty hurt --

The Policeman is entering the room...

POLICEMAN

Hey, Doc!
(looking at
Mexican)
He's hurt, eh?

DR. MAYNARD

Just shaken, Joe. If that's the
worst ever hits him he'll live
to be a hundred...

The Policeman turns a self-important eye on Jeff.

POLICEMAN

You the driver of the truck?

JEFF

(swiftly)
Yes. But it's all fixed, Officer
... Everything's okay.

POLICEMAN

(heavily
ironic)
You don't say?

JEFF

I'm making no case -- neither
is he.

MEXICAN

(sticking the
dollars in
his pockets)
No -- no case. My car fine shape
... only need one new wheel...

POLICEMAN

Glad you're all so happy. Guess
you never heard accidents have
to be reported?

(CONTINUED)

99 (CONTINUED)

JEFF

But there's no trouble --

POLICEMAN

Beside the point, Mister.

(turning toward

officer, and

the radio)Come in where it's light. Let's
have your driver's license...

CAMERA IS MOVING WITH the Policeman into the inner
room, the SOUND of the news broadcast becoming clearer.
Jeff and Margo follow into the doorway, Jeff saying
desperately -

JEFF

But nobody's swearing out a
complaint. This man agrees
to take --

POLICEMAN

(heavily)

The law says accidents must be
reported. Now your name is --

But even during this, as the Policeman is in the act
of bringing out his book, words coming over the radio
have rivetted his attention. He stops dead, snaps his
fingers for silence. In close f.g. Margo's hand closes
sharply over Jeff's forearm as we hear --

VOICE OF NEWS ANNOUNCER

(over radio)

... San Francisco! Following
the reported disappearance of
Mrs. Frederick Lannington and
her unidentified companion at
the San Francisco Airport, it
is now believed that the two
may have fled across the
California border, and the
police of four states are
being asked to watch for
Mrs. Lannington's 1949, grey
convertible... License number,
2 J 1673...

During this -

100 CLOSE SHOT - favoring the Policeman, listening intently.
As "Grey Cadillac" is mentioned -

THE QUARTZ MINER

(who has
followed in)

A grey job went through
two hours ago - filled up at
Lew's place --

For a flash the Policeman is rigid -- then he has
darted to the telephone, dialling, saying -

POLICEMAN

Gotta use your phone, Doc!

DR. MAYNARD'S VOICE

(beyond)

Sure...

101 CLOSE SHOT - favoring Jeff and Margo in the doorway,
their eyes flashing toward the Policeman, then back
toward the radio which is continuing with -

VOICE OF NEWS ANNOUNCER

Another development is revealed
by the announcement that
Lannington's body -- found only
four hours ago --

MARGO

(interjecting,
low)

Only four hours --

JEFF

Sssh!

VOICE OF NEWS ANNOUNCER

-- might have remained undiscovered
until Monday, had it not been for
the piteous mewing of a neighbor's
cat which had been shut up within
the Lannington residence. Mr.
Karl Glass, the owner of the cat
who lives next door, entered
through a kitchen window and found
the dead millionaire in the library.
As previously reported, the room
showed signs of a struggle and --

During these latter words -

(CONTINUED)

POLICEMAN (554)

(beyond, into
phone)

Get me the Phoenix Police!

(sharply)

Turn that down, Jake...

QUARTZ MINER (555)

Sure...

He turns down the radio, the words hardly heard again.
The Policeman is saying quickly -

POLICEMAN (556)

(into phone)

Hello! Yep! That's what I said --

Phoenix Police Department! --

The little old doctor has approached Jeff and Margo
in f.g., saying agreeably -

DR. MAYNARD (557)

Nothing but murders, hold-ups --
don't know what the world's
coming to.

(eyeing Jeff)

Say, young fella, you're looking
mighty ill. Would it be the
shock of hitting the --

JEFF (558)

(quickly)

No, no -- I know what's the
matter with me.

DR. MAYNARD (559)

(shrugging)

You're the doctor.

(then with a
sudden change
of tone)

And if you're feelin' okay
why don't you get movin'?

MARGO (560)

(starting)

We can go?

DR. MAYNARD (561)

(nodding toward
the Mexican)

Well, you see, it's this way --
Pablo's an old buddy of mine - (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

DR. MAYNARD (cont'd)
- little bit high that's all --
and Joe Borden's just been looking
for a chance to toss him in the
clink and throw the key away --
(winking at
Jeff)
But if you're not around for Joe
to bother with -- maybe he won't
bother with Pablo either..

JEFF (562)
(bewildered but
getting it)
Well... thanks...

DR. MAYNARD (563)
I'll explain to Joe...

POLICEMAN'S VOICE (564)
(beyond)
Hello! Police Department? Give
me Sergeant Havers...

During this - as Maynard propels Jeff to the door -

DR. MAYNARD (565)
But better let the lady drive,
son... if she can...

MARGO (566)
(quickly)
I can drive...

She literally pulls Jeff out into the street, the doctor
assisting his departure by shutting the door in his face.

SWIFT DISSOLVE

INT. DRIVER'S SEAT OF TRUCK - DAY - (PROCESS)

102 CLOSE SHOT - Margo and Jeff, both tingling with nerves
as the truck gathers speed out of the shack town.
Margo is driving. After a moment -

MARGO (567)
(grimly, set
and angry)
The cat! It had to be that cat!

(CONTINUED)

MARGO (cont'd)
(with returning
realization)
And they only found him four hours
ago! We could have flown to New
York -- or made it to Tia Juana.
They weren't even looking for us!

JEFF (568)
(grim but hazy)
They are now.
(suddenly)
Take that side road!

Margo swings into a dirt road (PROCESS) - but she asks -

MARGO (569)
Why?

JEFF (570)
(grabbing map)
If that cop starts thinking...

MARGO (571)
But where will this lead?

JEFF (572)
(studying map)
It's okay. Goes past Soda
Dry Lake -- hits Highway 78
near Palo Verde...

But even as he looks at the map, he passes his hand
before his eyes. Margo flashes a glance at him, asks -

MARGO (573)
Jeff -- was it your eyes? Did
he hit you... or was it because
your eyes are -- ?

JEFF (574)
(breaking in)
I don't know. I can see okay now...

MARGO (575)
(hopefully)
We were arguing about something --
maybe it was that.

JEFF (576)
(quietly)
We were arguing about Lannington...

(CONTINUED)

102 (CONTINUED)

MARGO

(with spontaneous
warmth)

Don't ever let's argue again.
We've been through so much...
We've got to think -- act like
one person from now on...

JEFF

(unevenly)

Yes... Yes, Margo... Only...

MARGO

Only what?

Jeff looks at her sidelong, curiously -

JEFF

You wanted to drive on...leave
that man who might have been
badly hurt...

MARGO

I was thinking of you. You
know how my mind works...

JEFF

(quiet and
thoughtful)

I'm just now wondering if I
know you at all.

MARGO

(with an eager
tenderness)

You only say that because you're
ill. Little things become
important...

JEFF

(after a moment,
still hazily
doubtful)

Well...maybe...

He gives a little shake to his head and turns on the
radio. Margo gives a gasp of irritation -

MARGO

Ohhh!...

But the usual CRACKLE of STATIC comes through. Jeff
turns it off; we see Margo relax in quick relief...
She drives in silence for a moment - then -

(CONTINUED)

102 (CONTINUED)

MARGO (cont'd)

You gave that old man a lot of
money. How much have we left?

Jeff looks into his wallet, says with a grim smile -

JEFF

Thirteen bucks.

MARGO

Is that all?

JEFF

(nodding)

That's the bank-roll...

He puts his wallet away again, looks ahead...

FADE OUT

103 OMITTED,

FADE IN

EXT. BRIGHT DESERT TOWN OF POSTVILLE - NIGHT

104 ANGLE - TOWARD a highway sign, which reads -

POSTVILLE

NOGALES 20

We hear the truck. CAMERA PANS OFF the sign to reveal
the truck stopping before a brightly lit drugstore.
Jeff jumps down from the passenger seat, saying -

JEFF

I'll get a paper --

105 CLOSE ANGLE - PAST Margo in driver's seat; she protests -

MARGO

Must you? We know they're looking
for us. Isn't it enough to -- ?

(CONTINUED)

105 (CONTINUED)

JEFF
(swift, below)
We're only safe if we know
everything. Keep the engine
running...

He darts into the drugstore. Margo's head changes
angle...then suddenly she stiffens as she sees -

106 SHOT ALONG the sidewalk. TWO MEN are seen in black
SILHOUETTE against a lighted shop window. They wear
western clothes, but they could easily be sheriff's
deputies. They are locking toward the door to the
drugstore. They start forward...

107 CLOSE SHOT - Margo - full of terror for Jeff; her eyes
follow...

108 CLOSE SHOT - in drugstore doorway, as Jeff comes out
again, newspaper in hand. But even at this moment the
two men have appeared on either side of him...both
thrust a gun into Jeff's ribs...

MAN
(theatrically
flamboyant)
Reach for the sky, Pal!

JEFF
(a gasp)
Huh!

109 ANGLE - TOWARD truck - Margo, staring in horror as she
shouts -

MARGO
Jeff!

Running feet are heard...a voice yells -

VOICE
We got one!

110 CLOSE SHOT - favoring Jeff, as other men and women
enter shot; all wear western costumes. Jeff is seized
by the arms, pinioned. He shouts toward Margo -

(CONTINUED)

110 (CONTINUED)

JEFF

Go -- Drive on --

A COWBOY TYPE

Get her, fellas! --

CAMERA SWINGS as men swarm around the truck; Margo is already being pulled down to the sidewalk...

MARGO

I -- take your hands off --

ANOTHER MAN

Just the gal we been waiting for...

MARGO

(struggling as she
is dragged to Jeff)

We haven't done anything --

JEFF

(yelling)

Let her go --

MAN

Not till you've talked to the
Sheriff!

MARGO

Sheriff!

COWBOY TYPE

Throw 'em in the hoosegow, Al!

A ROAR goes up; Jeff and Margo are being thrust forward. But Jeff holds back, gasping desperately -

JEFF

You're making a mistake...

A LITTLE GRINNING MAN

No mistake, Mister...

A DELIGHTED YOUTH

Or maybe he can't see below his
nose...

JEFF

Nose?

The little grinning man leans in, wagging his beard directly in Jeff's face, emitting a goatlike "Baa"...

(CONTINUED)

110 (CONTINUED)

LITTLE GRINNING MAN

Baaaaaaa! -- Where ya whiskers,
fella?

PLAYED VERY CLOSE AROUND Jeff and Margo, we see that many others are leaning in now. All the men are bearded; the SCREEN SEEMS FILLED with wagging beards, grinning faces...

VOICES

Baaaaaaa!.... Baaaaaaa!....

SWIFT DISSOLVE

111 OMIT

INT. POLICE CHIEF'S OFFICE IN POSTVILLE JAIL - NIGHT

112 CLOSE ANGLE - on a large wall banner, which reads -

POSTVILLE WILD WEST WHISKERS WEEK!
FRONTIER DAYS!

CAMERA IS PULLING BACK at once, across a big table, where sits the grinning, thick-set Police Chief, bearded and western-attired like the rest. Finally Jeff and Margo are in foreground, literally "sardined" by their captors, the mock "jury," and the revellers around them. The chief's wizened, perpetually gum-chewing Assistant, sits at the side of the table, saying metallicly -

WIZENED POLICE ASSISTANT

...An' the charge is, wearin'
no beard an' no costoom, an'
drivin' through the streets o'
Postville without doo respect
to or observance of the customs
of said city...

VOICES OF MOCK "JURY"

(in chorus)

Guilty!

POLICE CHIEF

(rapping
a gavel)

The judge agrees! Twenty-five
bucks for the Postville Cottage
Hospital!....

A MAN

(pouring bourbon)

Y' both take it straight?

(CONTINUED)

112 (CONTINUED)

JEFF

(desperate)

Listen -- I -- we're from out
of state. We didn't know --

WIZENED POLICE ASSISTANT

Ignorance no excuse -- Whiskers
Week's a national institooshun.
Twenty-five bucks f'r the cause!

JEFF

I'd -- like to pay it -- but --
we haven't got twenty-five...

POLICE CHIEF

We'll settle for twenty...

JEFF

Look -- if we could send it back --

A VOICE

Don't let him talk his way out
of it, Chief!

ANOTHER VOICE

Don't be a piker!

JEFF

We've only got thirteen... and
we'll need that for --

POLICE CHIEF

(cutting in)

Okay, we're reasonable folk.
Y'need it for what?

JEFF

I -- we need it for --

MARGO

(suddenly)

We're getting married!

POLICE CHIEF

(through
general gasp)

Huh?

MARGO

-- Tonight in Mexico!

COWBOY TYPE

Gettin' married!

(CONTINUED)

VOICES (645)

They're getting married! --
Getting hitched in Mexico!

The SOUND of a telephoto machine can be heard. Through
its TAPPING -

POLICE CHIEF (646)

Son, y' don't havta wait till Mexico.
You never heerd o' Postville's
Honeymoon Lane?

LITTLE GRINNING MAN (647)

(face close
to Margo's)
It's a national institooshun too...

JEFF (648)

(desperately)
But we're meeting friends at --

POLICE CHIEF (649)

(definite)
Pay y'r fine or get hitched in
Postville! We got everything...
Justice o' the Peace... the
finest honeymoon cottages west
o' the Pecos...

The TAPPING has stopped; a Police Clerk is leaning
past Margo's shoulder -

POLICE CLERK (650)

Pardon me, Ma'am...
(to Police Chief)
Telephoto picture just come in --
the Lannington woman.

113 CLOSE SHOT - Margo and Jeff - both reacting, Jeff's
hand closing tightly on her wrist. Over this -

POLICE CHIEF'S VOICE (651)

Put it on my desk...

POLICE CLERK'S VOICE (652)

Sure...

CLOSE ANGLE - ACROSS the Police Chief's desk, where sundry revellers are sitting, lounging, and where the Clerk tosses the telephoto picture. But a tipsy Youth sees it, dives for it delightedly -

TIPSY YOUTH (653)

Hey, no beard! Everybody gotta have a beard...

He has already seized a heavy pencil, is "scribbling" a black beard onto Margo's "chin." As he does so -

POLICE CHIEF'S VOICE (654)

Made up your mind, folks?

115 CROWDED MED. SHOT - favoring the stunned Margo and Jeff, as the Police Chief continues -

POLICE CHIEF (655)

(making their
decision)

All right then, marriage it is!
To Honeymoon Lane with 'em, fellas...

CROWD (656)

(cheering,
jostling)

Honeymoon Lane! --
On y'r way...
Bring 'em along, Furface...

JEFF (657)

(struggling
desperately)

Stop! Won't you please let us
get out of here? --

A VOICE (658)

Cold feet, huh?

VOICES (659)

(through uproar)

Honeymoon Lane it is! --
Honeymoon Lane, gals...

CAMERA IS SWINGING as the cheering, yelling revellers hustle Jeff and Margo toward the door. The rump of a scuffling cowboy displaces the telephoto picture on the desk. It falls to the ground, CAMERA PANNING SWIFTLY DOWN TO it. We just have time to see the roughly drawn beard and moustache on Margo's face before a heavy foot descends on it...

SWIFT DISSOLVE

INT. JUSTICE OF PEACE'S COTTAGE IN HONEYMOON LANE -
NIGHT

116 CLOSE SHOT - Jeff's and Margo's hands, joined. A heavy, old-fashioned wedding ring is on Margo's finger. CAMERA PULLS BACK IMMEDIATELY to show: Mr. Bogardus, the sweaty, suspended Justice of the Peace; Mrs. Bogardus, stout and wearing an old bathrobe; a riot of "witnesses" - and, of course, Jeff and Margo. The cottage room is mainly remarkable for the wallpaper of kissing doves...

Mr. Bogardus is saying -

MR. BOGARDUS (660)

...And by the authority vested in me according to the laws of the sovereign State of Arizona, I hereby pronounce you man and wife!

(through
rousing cheer)
Ten dollars, please.

UPROAR is reigning. Jeff and Margo look at each other blankly... then he is passing the ten dollars. The Little Grinning Man is asking Jeff -

LITTLE GRINNING MAN (661)

Well, young fella, ain't you goin' t' kiss the bride?

JEFF (662)

I --

A VOICE (663)

That's th' bride, right beside ya!

Jeff kisses Margo, hardly knowing what he is doing. Even louder cheering. Mr. Bogardus shakes their hands..

MR. BOGARDUS (664)

Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs.
Herbert Carter!...

MRS. BOGARDUS (665)

(a mechanical
cliche)
And may all your troubles be
little ones...

(CONTINUED)

COWBOY TYPE (666)

(yelling)
Take 'em t' the bridal suite!

MARGO (667)

Bridal --

MRS. BOGARDUS (668)

Cottage Number Four -- real
private...

MR. BOGARDUS (669)

(turning
toward door)
And all inclusive...

Jeff and Margo are already being hustled forward. Jeff
protests sharply -

JEFF (670)

Sorry -- I'm sorry -- we've got
to drive on --

WIZENED POLICE ASSISTANT (671)

On y'r wedding night?

MRS. BOGARDUS (672)

Mrs. Carter don't want to drive
on, I'll bet...

MR. BOGARDUS (673)

(generally,
bringing out
paper bags)
Give 'em a guard of honor!...
And throw the rice, fellas...
no extra charge...

Thrown rice is starting to choke the air. A wag is
singing, "Here comes the bride." Others are joining in.

MRS. BOGARDUS (674)

This way, Mrs. Carter...

Jeff and Margo are being swept through the door.
Jeff's protest is lost in the SINGING and UPROAR.
But CAMERA HAS MOVED CLOSE on the Police Chief and
Bogardus. For the first time the Police Chief is
looking puzzled -

POLICE CHIEF (675)

If you ask me, that guy was none
too anxious t' get hitched...

116 (CONTINUED)

MR. BOGARDUS

How many of 'em are?...

DISSOLVE

INT. COTTAGE NUMBER FOUR IN HONEYMOON LANE - NIGHT

117 CLOSE SHOT - a wall motto, which reads: "All the world loves a lover." Out of shot, from revellers grouped outside the window, we can hear somewhat bibulous voices SINGING "Because." CAMERA PULLS BACK revealing other wall mottoes above the double bed... "There's no place like home," etc. Finally CAMERA HAS BROUGHT Margo and Jeff into f.g., where they stand near the curtained window, listening tensely. "Because" finishes, giving place to -

VOICES

(outside
window)

Yippee!..Another, f'r good
luck!.. "Old Kentucky Home"...
Nah -- "Moonlight 'n Roses"...

The voices are SINGING again, a mixture of "Old Kentucky Home" and "Moonlight 'n Roses," the latter song finally winning out. Jeff turns away, sits on the edge of the bed, his hand to the back of his head...

JEFF

How many songs do those darned
fools know?

MARGO

(coming to him)

Jeff ...

JEFF

We've got to get away from here...
(looking up)
They've got a telephoto of you!

MARGO

Maybe they won't recognize it...

JEFF

(suddenly shouting,
hands to his ears
as song rises)
Oh, shut up, will you?

(CONTINUED)

His fingers go across his eyes. Margo sits close beside him, asks concernedly -

MARGO (683)

Are your eyes all right?

Jeff parts his fingers, looks at her hazily...

JEFF (684)

So far.

Margo smiles gently; her face is full of the old, clinging adoration...

MARGO (685)

Do you realize you're -- looking at your wife? We're married, Jeff... even if we did use phoney names...

JEFF (686)

(a flat lack
of emphasis)

Yes.

MARGO (687)

(suddenly
snuggling into
his arms)

Hold me. Say you still love me, in spite of...

JEFF (688)

I love...

He stops. Margo's face is buried in his cheek. We see his eyes past her hair, looking out, curiously lost. Margo's words come smotheredly...

MARGO (689)

None of this is the way we wanted it. But we'll have time... once we're across the border. All the time in the world...

JEFF (690)

(still looking
past her hair,
his voice dead)

...And all the world... what's left of it. Mexico...Yucatan... Guatemala... on and on...

(CONTINUED)

MARGO (691)
(hardly heard)
Jeff, you don't regret? You're
not wishing we hadn't met?

JEFF (692)
(suddenly, as
his eyes focus)
There's a radio!

Margo's face comes from his cheek. Jeff is starting
up, heading for the radio on the bed table. Margo
groans.

MARGO (693)
Ohhh, not again...

JEFF (694)
(switching
on radio)
They've got your picture. Maybe
they know we came this way.
We've got to --

MARGO (695)
(breaking in)
You're making yourself worse!

Jeff is supporting himself against the table, beads
of sweat on his brow... but he is desperately
searching the radio dial. Snatches of MUSIC mingle
with the blearily SINGING VOICES outside. Suddenly -

MARGO (cont'd)
(coming to Jeff)
No, Jeff -- let me -- you're so
ill.
(looking toward
window)
We can't leave yet, with those
people around. Maybe it would
help if -- a cold towel on your
forehead...

JEFF (696)
(still dialling)
Maybe --

(CONTINUED)

MARGO (697)

I'll listen for the news.

(taking the
radio dial)

Go on, Jeff... I can't bear to
see you looking so badly...

JEFF (698)

(hazily)

Yes, Margo. Uh... call me if
you hear anything... I...

He sways unsteadily toward the bathroom.

But CAMERA MOVES IN ON Margo at the radio. Her expression changes. Her eyes are quick and alert as she looks after Jeff, waiting for the bathroom door to close. Then she is searching the radio dial, swift and keen. She starts - NEWS is coming through. She turns the volume low, dropping to her knees and leaning close to hear -

VOICE OF NEWS ANNOUNCER (699)

(over radio)

...Remains as great a mystery as
ever... although the search for
the dead millionaire's wife has
been intensified following this
evening's disclosure that Mrs.
Lannington had undergone
considerable psychiatric treatment
in the care of Doctors Lee Symes
of San Francisco...

Margo has emitted a gasp - this is obviously something she has dreaded to hear, feared Jeff might hear. She looks toward the bathroom, turns the radio even lower, her ear against the loud-speaker as -

VOICE OF NEWS ANNOUNCER (cont'd)

...and Gottfried Berger of
New York...

Suddenly there is a KNOCK at the door. Margo switches the radio down so it cannot be heard, coming to her feet as she says -

MARGO (700)

(chokingly)

No! -- Oh, no!

(CONTINUED)

She darts to her handbag; her eyes are literally crazy as she whips out a small, inlaid revolver, levelling it, gasping out -

MARGO (cont'd)

Who is it?

But it is Mrs. Bogardus' voice which answers...coily...

MRS. BOGARDUS' VOICE (701)

(outside the door)

It's only me, Mrs. Carter...

(cooing)

Hope I'm not disturbing... but
I forgot to put any bath towels.
I think there are hand towels,
but --

Margo has let the little gun fall back into her bag. Now she goes quickly to the door, opening it just enough to take the towels, saying --

MARGO (702)

Yes, there are -- thank you --
I'll take them...

MRS. BOGARDUS' VOICE (703)

Goodnight, Mrs. Carter... lots
of happiness...

MARGO (704)

Thanks... goodnight...

She closes the door, throws the towels on the bed. For a moment she is standing... as if she has lost touch with what she was doing. Then her eyes light up... she darts to the radio, kneeling again, turning the volume up just sufficiently to hear -

VOICE OF NEWS ANNOUNCER (705)

(over radio)

... according to Captain John
Voight of the San Francisco
Homicide Squad. But the
startling disclosure of Mrs.
Lannington's illness has
thrown a new and searching
light on a murder which until
now has baffled --

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly the words are too much for the woman. She gives a half-shuddering little scream - and at the same moment she literally tears the electric wire from the radio, SILENCING the broadcast. Breathing in quick hysterical gasps, she comes to her feet, turns to face the bathroom door - only to start violently as she sees -

118 ANGLE - Jeff - who is standing in the doorway, gazing unsteadily toward the woman, his forehead still wet from the towel.

119 CLOSE SHOT - favoring Margo - tingling as she says with hysterical emotion -

MARGO (706)

Did you hear? You heard that,
Jeff?

Jeff's eyes are bewildered.

JEFF (707)

No.

(darting forward)

What did they say -- something
new?

MARGO (708)

I --

Jeff's hand is on the radio dial. Then he sees the torn-out wire...

JEFF (709)

How? -- Why, what --?

His eyes shoot up to her face. Margo shouts, almost convulsively -

MARGO (710)

I couldn't bear any more --
I just --

JEFF (711)

(swift, wild)

You tore it out! What did they
say? Do they know we're in
Arizona?

(CONTINUED)

MARGO (712)

I don't know -- I --

JEFF (713)

(taking her arms)

You little fool!... Are you
crazy? What did they say?

MARGO (714)

Only -- the same old stuff --

JEFF (715)

(accusingly)

Then why are you looking like
that? Why are you shaking?

MARGO (716)

Jeff -- there was nothing new --

JEFF (717)

I don't believe you! You heard
something! You've lied to me
once -- maybe a hundred times --

MARGO (718)

(suddenly, almost
screaming in
his face)

All right, if you've got to hear --
ask for another radio! Ask for
it --

(pointing)

There's a 'phone!

JEFF (719)

And let the people here know
you've broken this one?

(shaking her)

Do you want to be caught tonight?

But even as he says this, his head comes up - tense,
rigid. As if in his mind, we again hear the BOOMING
ECHO... "TONIGHT - TONIGHT - TONIGHT -" Margo is
staring at him...

MARGO (720)

Jeff...

Jeff releases her arms. He reels away, swaying
against a chest of drawers, his elbows on it as he
buries his face in his hands. His voice is lost -
jerky -

(CONTINUED)

JEFF (721)

...Julie... Oh, Julie, I hardly
know what I'm saying... what
I'm --

MARGO (722)

(sharp,
a gasp)
Julie!

The name ECHOES - "JULIE - JULIE - JULIE -" Jeff's
head comes around; his eyes focus hazily...

JEFF (723)

(vague, his
mouth quivering)
I'm -- sorry. It's -- Margo,
isn't it? My wife...

The word ECHOES, RISING - "WIFE - WIFE - WIFE -"
Through it -

MARGO (724)

(savagely
jealous)
Who's Julie? Who's Julie?

JEFF (725)

(quietly, after
a moment)
Somebody...who was kind...

MARGO (726)

(a rising note)
And you can't forget her even
tonight! If she was kind, why
didn't you marry her?

The word ECHOES - "MARRY HER - MARRY HER - MARRY HER -"

JEFF (727)

Margo --

MARGO (728)

(continuing
swiftly)
Maybe I am crazy! Maybe I need
the wet towel -- to bring me to
my senses -- make me see what
I've ruined my life for --

(CONTINUED)

"Ruined" ECHOES too - "RUINED - RUINED - RUINED -"
Margo flings her way into the bathroom, her hysterical
jealousy mounting to a crescendo -

MARGO (cont'd)
- make me see what a fool I was
to send you that telegram in
the first place --

JEFF (729)

I --

But the bathroom door has SLAMMED violently.

The slam of the door, the LAST WORDS, are THUNDERING,
jostling each other - "TELEGRAM - IN THE FIRST
TELEGRAM - FIRST PLACE - TELEGRAM -"

Jeff has stood for a moment, staring at the door...
then he flings himself headlong on the bed, face
down to the pillow, his cheek turning writhingly. We
can just see his sweating forehead as CAMERA TILTS
and SPINS in the previously established blurring
manner.

DISSOLVE

EXT. THE LANNINGTON HOME - THREE WEEKS EARLIER - NIGHT

120 CLOSEUP - Margo's telegram in Jeff's hand. We hold
just long enough to re-establish the message -

I OWE YOU AN EXPLANATION PLEASE
SEE ME TONIGHT IF YOU CAN EIGHT
O'CLOCK AT 112 SEA CLIFF PLEASE
TRY

MARGO

Then CAMERA MOVES IN momentarily ON -

112 SEA CLIFF

121 CLOSE ANGLE - favoring Jeff, who is standing before
the front door, the telegram in his hand as the taxi
which has dropped him drives away beyond. A cat -
the cat - appears, "mewing" as she rubs herself
against Jeff's legs. He glances down..

JEFF (730)
Hello, there, Kitty...

(CONTINUED)

An elderly Butler opens the door. Jeff asks -

JEFF (cont'd)
This is a hundred and twelve
Sea Cliff?

BUTLER (731)
Yes, sir. Dr. Cameron?

JEFF (732)
Yes.

BUTLER (733)
If you'll please come into the
library...
(leaning down
as the cat
tries to enter)
Uh-uh ... no, Kitty...

JEFF (734)
(entering
the hall)
Not allowed in?

BUTLER (735)
She lives next door, sir...

INT. HALL OF LANNINGTON HOME - NIGHT

122 MOVING SHOT - as the Butler closes the door - with the
cat outside - then leads the way to the library -

BUTLER (736)
This way, please...
(announcing)
Dr. Cameron!

INT. THE LANNINGTON LIBRARY - NIGHT

123 ANGLE - ACROSS the room as Jeff enters and as the Butler
retires, closing the door discreetly. The lighting is
elegant... seductively subdued. Margo isn't to be
seen... but as Jeff steps forward --

MARGO'S VOICE (737)
(low and
attractive)
Good evening.

Jeff turns to see -

124 ANGLE - TOWARD Margo, who is lying back in a deeply inviting window seat. She wears an engagingly low-cut dinner dress. One well-placed lamp throws a soft effect of light across her face as she smiles alluringly at Jeff.

125 ANOTHER ANGLE - favoring Jeff, who is staring at her... then he comes forward, rather brusque...

JEFF

Good evening, Miss -- I conclude
it isn't Locksley?

MARGO

It's Lannington.

126 REVERSE SHOT - favoring Margo... seen across a low table with glasses, decanter, etc. She comes up on one elbow, the low cut of her dinner dress revealing an elegant shoulder. She adds - with an air of almost childlike gratitude -

MARGO

It's so -- very kind of you to
come here.

(indicating
decanter)

Will you help yourself?

Jeff hesitates; he is puzzled by her contritely underplayed manner. Also her allure is hard to deny. But he shakes his head, saying rather vigorously -

JEFF

Thanks. I can only stay a few
minutes.

MARGO

Important date?

JEFF

(nodding)
Important date.

MARGO

I thought a woman whose life
you had saved might be an
important date too.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF (745)
(impersonally)
All lives are important to a
doctor, Miss Lannington.

MARGO (746)
(with a slow smile)
Of course --
(indicating a
seat close by)
At least won't you sit... for
the few minutes.

Jeff hesitates again... then he sits. He glances at
the lavish surroundings, saying admiringly -

JEFF (747)
Nice place.

MARGO (748)
Surprised?

JEFF (749)
You told me last night you'd
nothing to live for.
(drily)
I wouldn't exactly call this
nothing.

MARGO (750)
(gently)
I do owe you an explanation.

JEFF (751)
You owe one to the police. An
attempted suicide has to be
reported... even under a phoney
name.

MARGO (752)
I couldn't give my real one.

JEFF (753)
You've given it to me. Aren't
you putting a lot of trust in
a stranger?

MARGO (754)
Somehow I can't think of you as
a stranger?

(CONTINUED)

Jeff reacts - slightly flattered but he doesn't want to show it. He covers up with -

JEFF (755)

Fine. In that case you won't mind my asking a few questions about that other vanishing character...

(as Margo
looks puzzled)

The young man who brought you in.

MARGO (756)

(reluctantly)

Oh... he's just a friend.

JEFF (757)

...And your parents wouldn't let you marry him so you --

MARGO (758)

(quickly)

It wasn't that! He meant nothing to me.

JEFF (759)

(kindly)

Well, offhand I'd say your life isn't as bad as you've imagined...

Margo holds his gaze for a moment - then, lowering her eyes -

MARGO (760)

Maybe not. But the world's made up of -- the strong and the weak. I guess I'm --

(looking up,
suddenly warmly
impulsive)

I know... it sounds very silly... but we'd always been so -- close...

(lowering her
eyes again)

I'm lonely... terribly... I have been ever since my -- since my mother passed away.

Jeff reacts, slightly impressed for the first time. He says sympathetically -

JEFF (761)

I see. I'm sorry...

(CONTINUED)

MARGO (762)

(shaking
out of it)
But here I am thinking only of
myself again. Father suffered
the real loss... someone he'd
lived with and loved so long...

JEFF (763)

You almost caused him another loss...

MARGO (764)

(gratefully)
Thank heaven you saved him from that.

JEFF (765)

Where is your father?

MARGO (766)

Canada -- fishing. Doctor's
orders. He'll be hurt when he
hears what I tried to do...

She pauses a moment; a tear has splashed on her cheek.
But she makes a "gallant" effort to get hold of herself;
she places the telephone beside Jeff's hand...

MARGO (cont'd)

But I want you to do whatever is
right. If you feel you should
report to the police...

Jeff hesitates, eyeing her. At last -

JEFF (767)

How do I know you won't try it again?

MARGO (768)

(quietly)
You don't.

JEFF (769)

(starting)
Young lady -- for heaven's sake --

MARGO (770)

(with a
reassuring
smile)
But I'll probably be all right...

(CONTINUED)

JEFF (771)

(rising,
almost gruff)
Not by sitting here and moping in
the dark! What's wrong with some
light?

(switching
on a light)
And you ought to be with someone
you're fond of. Haven't you any
friends?

But suddenly Margo has extended her hand, saying
repentantly -

MARGO (772)

I'm keeping you from your date.
It was so kind of you to -- spare
me the few minutes...

JEFF (773)

But what are you going to do? I
asked, haven't you any friends?

MARGO (774)

(wistfully)
Nobody who really cares...

JEFF (775)

(turning toward
the door)
Then I'm going to tell the
servants to --

MARGO (776)

(breaking in)
-- watch me? I'll send them
away when you've gone.

Jeff stops. He is irritated... his irritation only
increased by Margo's "bravely" gentle manner. Suddenly -

JEFF (777)

(grabbing phone)
All right, I can't have you
trying anything silly again.

MARGO (778)

(quietly)
If you're calling the police -
I won't blame you.

(CONTINUED)

But, about to dial, Jeff stops again, staring at her across the instrument, puzzled and frustrated. Her lips are parted in an "understanding" smile. Then he is DIALLING...

127 CLOSE SHOT - Margo - watching him, the smile still on her lips... but her eyes have narrowed. She reacts with an infinitesimal start as -

JEFF'S VOICE (779)

Hello -- Dr. Cameron calling.
Give me Nurse Dorn, please...

MARGO (780)

(coming sharply
to her feet)
You're sending for a nurse!

128 CLOSE SHOT - favoring Jeff - who glances at her - then -

JEFF (781)

(into phone)
Hello!.... Hello -- this is Jeff --

129 CLOSE SHOT - Margo - staring at Jeff as she hears -

JEFF'S VOICE (782)

Look... I can't say how sorry
I am, but.... I can't make it
tonight either....

JULIE'S VOICE (783)

(over phone,
with a
surprised
laugh)
Jeff! -- Another emergency -- ?

JEFF'S VOICE (784)

I -- guess so. I'll explain in
the morning.... but right now....

JULIE'S VOICE (785)

(over phone,
breaking in)
Of course, Jeff -- let's talk
in the morning. Good night...

JEFF'S VOICE (786)

Good night... and thanks for --
for being so understanding...

(CONTINUED)

CAMERA HAS BEEN PULLING BACK - PAST Jeff in f.g. Margo has been looking at him, her eyes alight with pleasure. Then she has been coming forward, so that her lovely young body is close as he hangs up and turns to her. She says, with infinite gratitude -

MARGO (787)

You're the -- kindest man I have ever met...

Jeff is conscious of her closeness, of her inviting lips, only inches from his face. His hand is still on the telephone as he gives a short little headshake...

JEFF (788)

I'm a doctor, that's all.

Margo's eyes have never left his face. She says wonderingly -

MARGO (789)

You broke your date...and it was with someone special.

Jeff is a little disconcerted by her closeness. His hand leaves the receiver, but his voice lacks its usual authority as -

JEFF (790)

Very special...

DISSOLVE

INT. COTTAGE NUMBER FOUR IN HONEYMOON LANE - NIGHT

130 CLOSE SHOT - Jeff's sweating, pain-wracked face - as he writhes on the bed, the back of his head to the pillow now. His eyes are closed - but, as if in his mind, we hear the last words of the previous sequence, ECHOING with a strange flatness... "VERY SPECIAL - VERY SPECIAL - VERY SPECIAL - "

The ECHOING DIES and we hear the SINGING VOICES outside the window again. Jeff opens his eyes. They focus as CAMERA EASES BACK SLIGHTLY, to show Margo leaning close over him, her face tear-stained. Her manner is utterly penitent, her voice emotional but restrained....

MARGO (791)

Jeff... I'm sorry, my darling.
We've both lost -- so much...
we mustn't lose each other....

(CONTINUED)

JEFF (792)
(slowly, hazily)
No, Margo...

She lowers her wet cheek, placing it against his. The
SINGING VOICES are at last RECEDING as -

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. COTTAGE NUMBER FOUR IN HONEYMOON LANE - NIGHT -
LATER

131 CLOSE SHOT - the telephoto picture of Margo. The beard
and moustache have been erased, but the picture is badly
smudged, damaged too by the trampling boots. But it is
recognizable. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal, first the
Justice of the Peace, Mr. Bogardus... then the Postville
Police Chief, who has the telephone at his ear; A Young
Policeman, who is on his knees examining the torn-out
radio wire; the Chief's Wizened Assistant; and finally,
Mrs. Bogardus, who flutters nervously in the doorway.
Jeff and Margo have gone!

Mr. Bogardus is saying as he views the picture -

MR. BOGARDUS (793)
Somebody drew a beard on it, huh?
(peering closer)
Yep, that's the woman... but I
wouldn't know when they blew out
of here... you don't expect a
honeymoon couple to check out in
the middle of the night --

POLICE CHIEF (794)
(sharply, into
telephone)
Hello! Nogales Border Patrol?
Give me Andrews --

YOUNG POLICEMAN (795)
(at radio)
But why'd they tear out th' radio?

POLICE CHIEF (796)
Why'd a wacky dame like that do
anything?
(quick, into
phone)
Hello! Andrews? We seen the (cont'd)

POLICE CHIEF (cont'd)

Lannington dame an' the guy she's with. They're headin' your way in a Dodge truck with a California license..... Sure, that's okay. Let me know when you pick 'em up and --

(suddenly)

Huh? What's that? Autopsy just come through? Well, f'r Pete's sake... that is something...

YOUNG POLICEMAN (797)

(eagerly)

What is it?

The Police Chief turns his head, holding the receiver just away from his mouth as he says -

POLICE CHIEF (798)

Lannington was smothered to death with a cushion!

DISSOLVE

EXT. ROAD AT CITY LIMITS OF TUCSON - NIGHT

132 CLOSE SHOT - a roadside sign which reads -

NOGALES

City Limits.

CAMERA MOVES BACK from the sign, changing ANGLE to show a large advertising billboard beyond the grass edge of the road. Out of shot we hear the ROAR of approaching motorcycles. CAMERA TRUCKS IN TOWARD the billboard as -

QUICK DISSOLVE

EXT. BESIDE ROAD AT CITY LIMITS OF NOGALES - NIGHT

133 TRUCKING SHOT - PAST the big billboard - to where the Dodge truck stands hidden in the board's shadow, engine off. Margo and Jeff are beside the truck, listening rigidly as the ROAR of the passing motorcycles is heard.

134 CLOSE SHOT.- PAST their heads (PROCESS). The lights of Nogales can be seen some few hundred yards beyond. The motorcycles are ROARING away toward the town. Margo says -

MARGO
Two of them, Jeff...

JEFF
(dully)
Sure... that telephoto picture...

MARGO
(apprehensively)
The police must have called ahead!
We can't go into the town...

JEFF
We can't go back.

MARGO
(thinking
quickly)
Jeff -- we'll have to follow
along the border... somehow...
Walk across...

JEFF
And die of heat and thirst
tomorrow... even if we duck the
border patrol.

MARGO
(in horrified
realization)
Ohhh....!
(looking toward
Nogales)
What'll we do? We're so near...
less than a mile...

JEFF
We'll have to buy our way through --

MARGO
(bitterly)
How? With three dollars?
(looking at him
doubtfully)
I don't know. You said your
decisions mightn't be right.
Jeff, your eyes look terrible!

JEFF
(passing his hand
across his eyes)
It's -- twenty-five hours since
Lannington -- since I got that
blow. I can last -- I guess --

(CONTINUED)

134 (CONTINUED)

MARGO

But what about money?

JEFF

I've got a watch... not worth
a great deal ~~but~~ --

MARGO

(with sudden
excitement)Jeff! Oh, how stupid -- we've
got money -- with us! --

JEFF

Huh?

MARGO

Enough to buy our way to China! --

Margo is extending her wrist; her diamond bracelet
glistens in the moonlight as she adds triumphantly --

MARGO (cont'd)

-- It's worth --

SWIFT DISSOLVE

INT. NED KLAUBER'S PAWNSHOP IN NOGALES - NIGHT

135

CLOSE SHOT - the diamond bracelet in Ned Klauber's
hands, as Klauber's voice seems to finish the preceding
line with -

NED KLAUBER'S VOICE

-- nine thousand dollars, heh?

MARGO'S VOICE

That's right,

CAMERA IS ALREADY PULLING BACK to favor Klauber - fat,
a red-creased neck, a leathery skin. He stands behind
his junk-laden counter, peering at the bracelet through
heavy bi-focals and a magnifier, while Jeff and Margo
wait nervously. Klauber nods approvingly -

NED KLAUBER

Yes, Ma'am... an' worth every
penny of it. Today, with higher
prices an' all, this item'd run
to more...

(CONTINUED)

135 (CONTINUED)

JEFF

How much will you give us?

Klauber hesitates, works his tongue around his mouth as if trying to dislodge food particles from his teeth. Then -

NED KLAUBER

I'll go to seven hundred and fifty.

MARGO

(aghast)

Seven-fifty! But I told you it cost --

NED KLAUBER

(breaking in,
putting bracelet
on counter)

Best I can do, Ma'am, and that's my solemn oath.

For a moment Jeff is staring at him... then -

JEFF

(determinedly)

No! There are other dealers who will --

His left hand has gone out to gather up the bracelet. But Jeff's face is bewildered as his fingers fail to close over it; the bracelet slips through them. He gasps in shock -

JEFF (cont'd)

I -- uh --

MARGO

(sharply)

Jeff! What's the matter?

Jeff's right hand has seized his left, feeling the fingers. Klauber's eyes, seen through the bi-focals, are flicking keenly between Jeff and Margo. Now -

NED KLAUBER

Okay, a thousand -- round sum.

(meaningly)

Better take it, stranger...

Margo's terrified eyes are on Jeff's bewildered face. She turns her head with swift decision...

(CONTINUED)

MARGO (824)

All right -- a thousand -- but
now!

NED KLAUBER (825)

(pacifically)

Okay -- okay --

He has opened a safe, is counting out the notes...

NED KLAUBER (cont'd)

A thousand it is. Take hundreds?

MARGO (826)

Anything...

(taking notes)

Five -- six --

(gathering
in the rest)

Thank you. Jeff, come on...

She is already hurrying Jeff to the door...

NED KLAUBER (827)

Thank you, lady -- gentleman --

JEFF (828)

(vaguely)

Thank you... thanks...

136 ANGLE - toward door, as Margo and Jeff go. Ned Klauber can be seen in REFLECTION in a large mirror beside the door. The SCREAM of a distant police SIREN is heard. Margo and Jeff hesitate momentarily... then they go on. The door closes behind them.

But Klauber - seen in the mirror - is staring keenly after them through his bi-focals. He starts forward to follow...

EXT. NARROW MEXICAN TYPE STREET IN NOGALES - NIGHT

137 TRUCK SHOT - BEFORE Jeff and Margo, who hurry along the sidewalk. At other ANGLES we can see the shabby Mexican cafes, curio shops, etc.... but close by is the inset front of a dirtily gaudy little Mexican burlesque theatre; bulbs on the marquee, some burned out, eccentrically blink -

INT. NATIONAL FOLIES
MIDNITE SHOW

Margo is saying swiftly --

MARGO (829)
Jeff, what happened?

JEFF (830)
(feeling his
fingers)
My left hand's paralyzed!

MARGO (831)
Oh, no!

The police SIREN SCREAMS, somewhere behind them. They turn their heads to see --

138 LONG SHOT - TOWARD International Avenue, seen down some fifty yards of the narrow street, which leads out into the strongly hard-lit area around the border gates. The police car has SCREAMED to a stop. Police and border officials are coming forward as a man descends from the car; even at this distance we recognize the bearded Police Chief from Postville.

139 CLOSE SHOT - Margo and Jeff, aghast. Margo gasps -

MARGO (832)
It's that Chief of Police! --

Jeff turns his head to look up the street... reacts -

JEFF (833)
Look!

MARGO (834)
(turning)
Oh, Jeff! --

140 ANGLE - UP the street - where two policemen are approaching, crossing the road.

141 CLOSE SHOT - Jeff and Margo. They are at an utter loss; which way to turn? But even at this moment, Ned Klauber's BIG HEAD has loomed into immediate f.g. He says shortly -

NED KLAUBER (835)
Better git in the theatre --
th' both of you!

142 REVERSE SHOT - favoring Klauber, as Jeff and Margo spin around....

MARGO (836)

In the -- ?

NED.KLAUBER (837)

Sit in back -- on the left --
and wait.

JEFF (838)

But --

NED KLAUBER

(urgently)

Git going!

Jeff and Margo turn sharply into the theatre entrance.
CAMERA CHANGES ANGLE as Klauber nods shortly to the
Mexican Ticket Booth Girl, saying to her -

NED KLAUBER (cont'd)

Okay!

INT. MEXICAN BURLESQUE THEATRE - NIGHT

143 CLOSE SHOT - just outside the curtained entrance to
the theatre, as Jeff hesitates momentarily, asking -

JEFF (840)

Wait for what -- the police?

MARGO (841)

(quickly)

What can he gain from them?

Jeff, go in -- I'm making the
decisions now!

JEFF (842)

Yes -- uh --

His right hand is holding his dead left fingers as he
and the girl pass through the curtain....

DISSOLVE

INT. MEXICAN BURLESQUE THEATRE - NIGHT

144 CLOSE SHOT - PAST Margo and Jeff - who are sitting
tensely on the back bench, to the left side of the

(CONTINUED)

144 (CONTINUED)

narrow, uncarpeted theatre. The audience whistles and shouts derisively at a comedian in baggy pants who is yammering in Spanish at a black-haired, thick-thighed girl in a bathing suit. Jeff turns his head, looking hazily at Margo's profile; we see that he is sweating heavily...

But suddenly a large HAND enters f.g., descending on Jeff's shoulder. Jeff's head spins around. A Mexican face leans in, nodding for the two to follow...

CAMERA PANS as Jeff and Margo slip out of their seats. The Mexican leads them a few steps to a door, labelled -

OFFICE
INTERNATIONAL FOLLIES OF GUADALUPE
MILO DE LONG -- PROP.

The Mexican pushes the door open...

INT. MILO DE LONG'S OFFICE - NIGHT

145 ANGLE - from the door, as Jeff and Margo enter f.g. A shabby desk is beneath a shaded drop-light on a frayed cord. There are pictures of girls all over the walls. Milo de Long sits at the desk, drinking beer from a quart-sized bottle. He is bald, scalp moist and shining; he has a big moustache and his shirt sleeves are rolled up. He doesn't look up at Jeff's and Margo's entrance... just says -

MILO DE LONG
Close the door, Mister -- Lady.
Bring a couple o' chairs...

Jeff places cane chairs for himself and Margo before the desk. CAMERA MOVES IN as they sit. De Long finishes his beer, mops his brow... then says shortly -

MILO DE LONG (cont'd)
You two hot?

JEFF
(awkwardly)
A little... That theatre's an oven...

MILO DE LONG
I wasn't talking about the
weather. You and the woman.
What's your problem?

(CONTINUED)

145 (CONTINUED)

Jeff looks sidelong at Margo. Then -

JEFF

No, we're not hot... we just
want to take a little trip --

MILO DE LONG

Across the border, huh? American
citizens just hav'ta walk through
the gate...

JEFF

(hesitantly)

We --

MILO DE LONG

(breaking in)

You're hot.

(leaning forward
viewing them for
the first time)

How much dough you got?

Jeff hesitates. Margo asks -

MARGO

How much do you want?

MILO DE LONG

Five hundred -- U.S. -- cash.

Jeff glances at Margo again - then nods...

JEFF

How can you get us across?

De Long spits in a cuspidor. His tone is businesslike..

MILO DE LONG

I can do it. Show goes into
Sonora tonight... scenery,
wardrobe... whole bag o' tricks
in three vans. You'll be in
the van in back.

JEFF

What if we're stopped?

(CONTINUED)

MILO DE LONG (855)
Sure we'll be stopped... think
I'm a fool? I got fourteen
border passes... but two of the
troupe'll be sick tonight.
Fourteen passes -- fourteen
people -- get it?

MARGO (856)
(eagerly)
And we'll wait in here till you
go?

MILO DE LONG (857)
(shaking his
head)
You'll wait in the hotel -- back
o' the theatre.

MARGO (858)
But --

MILO DE LONG (859)
(reassuringly)
It's okay, nobody'll come...
(nodding toward
a further door)
It's through the door, across
the alley. A friend o' mine
has a room and no questions...

JEFF (860)
You mean we'll stay there till --

MILO DE LONG (861)
(breaking in)
-- till the vans come under your
window. Stick around till the
second has passed, then come
down. The last van'll stop and
pick you up. Okay?

JEFF (862)
Fine...

MILO DE LONG (863)
All you gotta do is hand over
a thousand.

JEFF (864)
(starting)
You said five hundred!

(CONTINUED)

145 (CONTINUED)

MILO DE LONG

A piece.

JEFF

A piece!

(rising, angry)

I'm -- I don't know that we'll
go for this squeeze-play --

AN AMIABLE VOICE

(from the door)

Young fella...

Jeff and Margo turn their heads

146 ANGLE - toward the door... where Ned Klauber stands,
his tongue busy around his teeth. He says, with a
dry smile -

NED KLAUBER

How're things back home in
San Francisco?

147 CLOSE SHOT - favoring Margo and Jeff, staring at the
pawnbroker as -

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. BEDROOM IN SMALL MEXICAN HOTEL IN NOGALES - NIGHT

148 CLOSE SHOT - a rickety electric fan, which DRONES from
side to side, suggesting the heat of the night. CAMERA
PULLS BACK, CHANGING ANGLE so that we see out through
the dirty curtained windows. Second-rate signs flash on
and off -- "HOTEL EL MIRADOR" - "ROOMS \$1.50 UP" - "CAFE
ROSA BLANCA", etc. At some distance a whiskey voice is
singing to a GUITAR accompaniment. But also we can hear
Margo's quick FOOTSTEPS as she paces restlessly up and
down the room. CAMERA CONTINUES TO PULL BACK until we
see Jeff, sagging back in a shabby chair, sweating
profusely, his eyes closed. Presently he opens them,
turns his head to see -

149 ANGLE - Margo, pacing swiftly, nervously near the
tarnished brass bed. The bed's tawdry embroidered
pillows fail to lend enchantment to the shabby room.
She sees that Jeff has opened his eyes. She stops,
to ask quickly -

(CONTINUED)

MARGO (869)

What time is it?

150 CLOSE SHOT - favoring Jeff. His breath is short, unsteady; he is obviously very ill now. His right hand moves weakly to his left, turning the wrist so that he can see the watch. But he shudders as -

151 CLOSE SHOT - two watches... split vision.

152 CLOSE SHOT - Jeff - who hoists himself by an effort into a sitting posture, shaking his head in an attempt to clear his vision. Out of shot - sharp with irritation, but with alarm too -

MARGO'S VOICE (870)

Oh, what's the matter now?

153 CLOSE SHOT - the watch, which steadies, becomes one.

154 CLOSE SHOT - Jeff, who gives a momentary gasp of relief. He mutters hazily - falteringly -

JEFF (871)

It's -- all right...

MARGO'S VOICE (872)

What time is it?

JEFF (873)

Ten minutes -- since you last asked.

MARGO'S VOICE (874)

After four!

JEFF (875)

(weakly)

Yep.

Margo enters shot, her tingling nerves in her voice...

MARGO (876)

And the show must have finished by two! Oh, Jeff... how do we even know the vans come this way?

(CONTINUED)

154 (CONTINUED)

JEFF

(dully)
We don't.

MARGO

(pacing again -
quicker)
He's got my bracelet... nine
thousand dollars' worth! Why
did we trust --

JEFF

(breaking in)
What else could --

MARGO

(stops pacing,
turns)
What else? Oh, stop sounding
so vague!

JEFF

(hazily)
-- Vague --

MARGO

(coming to
him quickly)
Darling!.... Darling!... Oh,
my darling!... I don't want to
sound like... like a nagging
woman...
(clinging to
his arm)
...But daylight's coming soon.
If we'd walked along the border
like I said --

JEFF

It still - wouldn't have worked...

MARGO

It might...

She turns to the bedrail, her fingers sliding nervously
up her cheeks...

MARGO (cont'd)

At least we'd have been in the
open... instead of rotting here
like a pair of -- (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

154 (CONTINUED)

MARGO (cont'd)
(changing tone)
I'm being bitter... forgive me...
(suddenly)
But you had to have your ideas!

JEFF
I'm -- sorry...

MARGO
(pacing again)
Your ideas! It was your idea
got us into this... coming to
the house... having to see him...

JEFF
(faltering
and weary)
We were -- supposed to love each
other...

MARGO
(spinning
around, flaring)
Supposed -- ?

But even as they have been speaking, we have heard the
RATTLE of a motor van, approaching in the narrow street
below the window. Margo forgets everything; she gasps
in wild delight -

MARGO (cont'd)
The van! -- The first van! --
(darting away
to the window)
It's passing -- do you hear it? --

Jeff has moved to rise from his chair... but suddenly
his face is full of desperate shock... his legs have
failed under him! During this -

MARGO (cont'd)
Jeff! -- Oh, Jeff, my darling --
it's all right! --
(dancing back, full
of child-like
happiness)
Nothing can happen to us... not
any more! There's nothing to
worry about....

(CONTINUED)

154 (CONTINUED)

But Jeff's staggered eyes have come up to her face...

JEFF

(jerky, faltering)

Everything -- to -- worry about --

MARGO

(quivering with
excitement)

What? Money?

(laughing
delightedly)

But you don't know! Oh, you'll
laugh too!

(close above him)

There's thousands... for us!...
In a bank in Mexico City... in
my name... Margo Lyncott... my
maiden name... Lyncott!... And
it's my signature...

Failing to get to his feet, Jeff's right hand is still
grasping the chair seat... but his face is full of a
new bewilderment...

JEFF

(vaguely)

I don't -- quite --

MARGO

(continuing
rapturously)

His heart was bad... so bad...
and I knew he was working against
me -- you saw that! I thought
he'd change his will...

(a definite touch
of insanity in
her laugh now)

So I put the money away... every
week... every month... for years!
Oh, Jeff, everything's breaking
for us...

Jeff is staring at her, as if seeing her for the very
first time. He mutters -

JEFF

You put -- money --

The SOUND of the second van is heard. Margo, turns,
shrills -

(CONTINUED)

154 (CONTINUED)

MARGO

The second van! We're on the
next!...

(whirling
back to him)

We've got to go down...

Jeff's breath comes pantingly...but even then we sense
a queer revulsion in his voice as -

JEFF

You -- you're going without me.

Margo goes stock still... then --

MARGO

I can't... you know I can't
be alone...

JEFF

(queerly)

I -- can't walk.

Margo is staring. She gasps -

MARGO

Of course you can walk!

(seizing
his hands)

Jeff, it's now -- it's us --

She has literally pulled him to his feet. He reels
against the window, his face to the pane. But in
this moment he has seen -

155 LONG SHOT - ACROSS the narrow street. An electric-lit
white rose flashes above the Cafe Rosa Blanca...

156 CLOSE SHOT - favoring Jeff, staring. Margo gasps -

MARGO

What is it? There aren't any
police! What are you staring at?

JEFF

(hazily)

Rosa-- Blanca. White -- rose --

MARGO

(trying to pull him
toward the door)

Oh, come on! You can walk...
you only have to reach the --

(CONTINUED)

156 (CONTINUED)

But even as she tugs at his arm, he has collapsed -
across the edge of the bed. She ejaculates in horror -

MARGO (cont'd)

Oh, no!

Jeff's head turns, his glazed eyes looking up at her...

JEFF

Go on... Margo...

MARGO

(terrified)

You can't do this! If you love
me you'll make the effort --

JEFF

(with sudden
bitterness)

For what?

MARGO

For what?

She has stopped dead, staring down at him. A sharp
pause, then -

MARGO (cont'd)

You mean -- you don't love me!
You said supposed! You don't,
is that it? Oh, Jeff -- Jeff,
answer me!

Jeff catches at his breath. At last - wearily -

JEFF

I guess - you're right --

MARGO

(aghast)

You --

JEFF

I -- don't think -- I ever
loved you --

(his face
writhing into
the covers)

You put away -- his money --

(CONTINUED)

156 (CONTINUED)

MARGO

(fast, elated)

But what's wrong with that?
Jeff, can't you see how funny
it is? I hated him... Oh, yes.
But he pays off...

(her face

close to his)

He'll support us for the rest
of our lives!...

But Jeff's eyes are on her face again... and suddenly
they are full of understanding. His voice shakes as
he stares up at her...

JEFF

So... horribly sick!

MARGO

You are.

JEFF

You, Margo.

(nodding)

It all fits in... all the symptoms.
I didn't fall in love with a
woman -- but with a Patient.

Margo has recoiled. Suddenly -

MARGO

(a gasp)

Then -- you heard!

JEFF

Heard?

MARGO

What they said -- over the
radio. Those lies... the
doctors, Symes... Berger...
What do they know?

JEFF

(quietly)

Symes... Berger...

MARGO

(accusingly)

Why did you pretend you hadn't
heard?

(CONTINUED)

156 (CONTINUED)

JEFF

(up on his arm)

So that's what -- Lannington
was trying to tell me... he asked
if I was a psychiatrist...

MARGO

(swift)

Of course it's what he was trying
to tell you... Do you imagine he
didn't tell all the others?

JEFF

Others?

MARGO

(whirling, pacing,
crazy with
hysteria now)

...Always! always trying
to humiliate me... turn away my
friends...

JEFF

(quietly,
to himself)

Of course -- there are always
others...

MARGO

(turning,
flaring)

Do you think you're the only man
who's found me attractive?

JEFF

(unsteadily,
faltering)

You said -- lonely. So you're
a pathological liar too....

(covering
his eyes)

Why didn't I see it?

MARGO

I told you the truth ...

(spitting
the words)

... I had to search, didn't I?

(CONTINUED)

156 (CONTINUED)

JEFF

Man after man...

MARGO

Yes! Oh, yes...until I found
the one I could really love...

JEFF

(weak, bitter)

Lie after lie! You tried to
kill yourself... because of that
other guy...

MARGO

(tears
starting now)

Listen, Jeff --

JEFF

(going on)

And the earrings too. Did
Lannington tear them out --
or did you?

MARGO

(desperate)

I couldn't let you go without
me...

JEFF

(hardly heard)

Just -- an act --

MARGO

And now you tell me to go without
you -- because you don't love --
(wild)

Haven't you any feeling at all?

JEFF

(utterly through)

Yes... I have... I pity you.

MARGO

(as if struck)

Pity!

(staring -- then
suddenly)Pity! Nobody pities me! --
Nobody will! Lannington tried
and look what --

(CONTINUED)

156 (CONTINUED)

The final van can be HEARD arriving, pulling up below.
Margo stops dead - swings around...

MARGO (cont'd)

The last van! It's stopping
for us --

But with all the strength he has left, Jeff has grasped
her wrist...

JEFF

Stay here!
(eyes alight)
You said Lannington --

MARGO

(struggling)
You're hurting me --

JEFF

No, wait -- Oh, wait! --
(his breath coming
in gulps, trying
to hang on)
He - he was breathing when I --
went for water --

MARGO

Jeff --

JEFF

(suddenly)
How did you kill him?

Margo has gone rigid - then -

MARGO

(a half scream)
You're mad!

JEFF

I -- didn't kill him -- I should
have known. You did it --
(up on his arm,
a last effort)
-- because -- because he was
going to tell me you were insane!
How did you do it? How?

His head collapses back...he is almost out. But his
desperate eyes are still on Margo...

(CONTINUED)

And in this moment her whole expression has changed. Margo is mad -- unmistakably... but her eyes are dead cool. Her hand goes out... she takes up the pillow...

Jeff's eyes react. So this is the answer to his question. He tries to move. He cannot. Margo comes toward him slowly... bringing the cushion up in both hands. Jeff's horrified whisper is hardly heard...

JEFF (cont'd)

Margo --

157 ANGLE - PAST Jeff TOWARD Margo, who is coming on, the pillow raised. Her face is deadly as -

MARGO (944)

(quiet)

You -- won't tell -- either!

(viciously)

Nobody pities me...

JEFF (945)

Uh --

But the pillow has come down over his face. He tries to rise - can't. Margo's breath is quick as she presses it close, tight over his lips. Jeff ceases to struggle, goes still.

But the HORN of the van SOUNDS below. Margo gasps, turns her head -

MARGO (946)

I -- It's going --

The HORN SOUNDS impatiently again. She swings away, leaving the pillow across Jeff's seemingly unconscious face. She darts to the window...

158 LONG SHOT - DOWN TOWARD the van - as the HORN SOUNDS again. We can see De Long, looking up toward the window, signalling urgently...

159 CLOSE SHOT - Margo - who gasps...

MARGO (947)

Coming! I'm coming!

(CONTINUED)

She turns from the window, looks toward Jeff. He hasn't moved. She steps to him again, her hands going out to the pillow...but the HORN SOUNDS again...

She can wait no longer. She grabs her bag, races for the door. It SLAMS behind her.

But even as the door slams, as if the shock has awakened what life is still left in the man, Jeff turns his head beneath the pillow. The pillow slips, falls, leaving Jeff's face free. His eyelids flicker, he gives a violent gasp for breath. He heaves...rolls over...tumbles headlong from the bed, lying on the dirty carpet, gulping for breath...

But we HEAR the van departing below. The SOUND of its engine rises - becomes a THROBBING ROAR, as if in Jeff's mind...

Then - by what seems a superhuman effort - he is forcing himself to his feet. He staggers against the bed - holds himself there a moment while the THROBBING continues...then he reels toward the door, throws it open...staggers on...

INT. STAIRWAY OF SMALL MEXICAN HOTEL - NIGHT

160 UP-ANGLE as Jeff reaches the head of the stairs. His foot slips. He hurtles down across the stairway, to fall close to camera at the bottom...

But again his determination is defeating his ills. He starts to get to his feet, the ROARING THROB continuing.

DISSOLVE

EXT. NEAR THE INTERNATIONAL BORDER GATES - NIGHT

161 ANGLE - BESIDE the third van, on the side of which we read: MILO DE LONG'S INTERNATIONAL FOLLIES OF GUADALUPE. As the van pulls to a stop -

162 CLOSE SHOT - BESIDE driver's seat of van. De Long's second van can be seen standing between the gates beyond, while the first van is already proceeding into Mexico. De Long, sitting beside the Mexican driver, is saying to a Border Control Policeman below -

(CONTINUED)

MILO DE LONG (948)
Three more of us here...myself...
driver...one woman in back.
Here're the passes...

The Policeman glances at them, shouts toward the rear
of the van -

POLICEMAN (949)
Only one in back?

163 ANGLE - INTO the open back of the van, where we see
Margo, sitting crouched among props, pieces of scenery,
etc. A Second Policeman, in immediate f.g., is
glancing in, shouting back to the other -

SECOND POLICEMAN (950)
One okay!

FIRST POLICEMAN'S VOICE (951)
Okay, De Long...
(shouting ahead)
Let 'em go!

We hear the second van MOVING off. CAMERA STARTS TO
TRUCK IN - ACROSS the props, etc. - TOWARD Margo. We
see her reaction. She is quivering with nerves, but
she emits a sigh of relief. Her hand crosses her
eyes...but as it comes away again, she starts violently.
She has seen -

164 LONG SHOT - ACROSS International Avenue...toward the
narrow Mexican street which leads into it. Coming
slowly, unsteadily - but putting one foot before the
other with the inexorable tread of a member of the
walking dead - Jeff has appeared...

165 MED. SHOT - Margo. She gasps in horror. She scrambles
forward across the tawdry boxes, etc., into EXTREME
CLOSE SHOT. She mutters -

MARGO (952)
No! -- Oh, no! --

166 LONG SHOT - TOWARD Jeff - who comes on...only thirty
yards behind...

167 CLOSE SHOT - Margo - desperate. She fumbles into her
bag - she brings out her little inlaid gun. She gasps -

(CONTINUED)

MARGO (953)
(hardly heard)
Jeff -- go! Oh, go --

168 LONG SHOT - Jeff - coming nearer. His eyes are like a nightmare...

169 CLOSE SHOT - Margo. The gun is up. Her voice shakes -

MARGO (954)
Don't -- don't make me shoot --
I --

Her face lights with horror. She SHOOTS -

170 CLOSE SHOT - Jeff. The bullet grazes his sleeve...but he comes on...

171 ANGLE - Police by gates - staring in bewildered shock...

172 CLOSE SHOT - PAST Margo in f.g., TOWARD Jeff, coming inexorably on. The girl gasps in utter horror -

MARGO (955)
No...Jeff...

Suddenly she is slipping down over the tail-gate. We just hear Jeff mutter weakly -

JEFF (956)
Margo! --

But Margo is running...alongside the van - toward the border gates...

173 ANGLE - favoring Margo. Running across the open now. She turns - shudders as -

174 LONG SHOT - TOWARD Jeff - who comes on past the rear of the van...

175 CLOSE SHOT - Margo. She screams -

MARGO (957)
I -- Jeff -- No --

(CONTINUED)

And raises her gun to shoot again...

But even at this moment a SHOT RINGS OUT. Margo goes rigid - struck...then she falls...

176 ANGLE - Police. One has a smoking gun levelled. We see the Police Chief from Postville, who yells -

POLICE CHIEF (958)

Get that guy!

Then police are running forward...

177 LONG SHOT - FROM the border gates, TOWARD Margo. Police are approaching, shouting. Jeff is coming on beyond...two police turn toward him...

Margo rises. She staggers forward - toward the border gates and camera. But right within the gate posts she collapses...

Police reach her, leaning over. Her face is in the dirt. The Postville Police Chief turns it...

POLICE CHIEF (959)

It's the woman!

For a moment Margo's eyes are on the man's face...then she shudders again as she looks toward -

178 ANGLE -favoring Jeff - who reaches the general group... standing, swaying...looking down toward Margo, his face utterly ghastly. A Policeman grabs his arms, saying -

POLICEMAN (960)

Okay, Pal, your little stroll's finished...

But the Police Chief, above Margo, is saying -

POLICE CHIEF (961)

That's the fella for sure...He's the accomplice...

179 CLOSE SHOT - favoring Margo. Still in the dust, she starts. The last word has stung all that is left of her crazy, distorted pride. There is a strange arrogance in her eyes as she looks up toward Jeff, saying weakly, but with dying force -

(CONTINUED)

MARGO (962)
Accomplice! Him? Do you think
that helpless fool could kill a
man?...

A VOICE (963)
You did it?

MARGO (964)
(the "aristocrat"
at the guillotine)
I did it! -- I did it! --
(slowly)
...He -- hadn't even sense
enough -- to know --

She looks up -- ahead...

180 LONG SHOT - FROM Margo's ground-level ANGLE. The
Mexican border gates can be seen beyond...the hard-lit
sign above them reads...MEXICO.

181 CLOSE SHOT - favoring Margo, a bitterly ironic smile on
her lips. Then she turns her dying gaze up toward Jeff.
We just hear her last, whispered word...

MARGO (965)
Nobody pities me....

Her face falls forward into the dirt.

182 CLOSE SHOT - Jeff. His eyes are strange, lost, as we
hear the RISING THROBBING in his mind. Through it -

A POLICEMAN'S VOICE (966)
She's fainted.

POLICE CHIEF'S VOICE (967)
(quieter)
She's dead.

The word mounts, ROARING in Jeff's mind..."DEAD - DEAD -
DEAD! - " He pitches forward into camera...concussion
has finally won...

DISSOLVE

CB

EXT. SMALL DESERT HOSPITAL - DAY

182A LONG SHOT - a small bungalow-type hospital building, set among cactus, etc. A sign on it reads:

THE YUCCA HOSPITAL AND CLINIC

SWIFT DISSOLVE

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE WARD IN DESERT HOSPITAL - DAY

183 ANGLE - TOWARD door to ward, as a white-coated Doctor comes through it into the corridor. TRUCKING CAMERA reveals a window beyond, through which we see a desert landscape. A Nurse, seen at a neat desk in f.g., asks -

NURSE

How is he, Doctor?

DOCTOR

(as he walks
forward)

He's come out of it.

(pausing)

Can we wire flowers to San
Francisco?

NURSE

(nodding)

How many?

DOCTOR

Just one...

(passing a slip
of paper)

He wants to send a white rose...

The Doctor leaves shot in f.g. The Nurse reads the
paper...

NURSE

Miss Julie Dorn...

(starting to
write on
the paper)

A white rose...for Julie ---

The MUSIC HAS BEEN RISING, drowning out the rest of the
name. We have already started to -

FADE OUT

THE END