

STRANGERS ON A TRAIN

by

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FINAL DRAFT
October 18, 1950

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FADE IN:

EXT. UNION STATION, WASHINGTON, D.C. DAY
LONG SHOT THE CAPITOL DOME IN THE B.G. AND THE AUTOMOBILE
ENTRANCE TO THE STATION IN THE F.G. LOW CAMERA

Activity of cars and taxis arriving and discharging passengers
with luggage, busy redcaps, etcetera.

We FOCUS on a taxi pulling up and stopping, The driver hands
out modest looking luggage, including a bunch of tennis
rackets in cases to a redcap. CAMERA PANS DOWN as the
passenger gets out of the taxi so that we see only his shoes
and the lower part of his trousers. He is wearing dark
colored brogues and a conservative suit apparently. The
feet move toward, the entrance to the station and out of
scene. Immediately a chauffeur-driven limousine drives up
and an expensive piece of airplane luggage is handed out of
this, and the passenger alighting from the back is seen to
be wearing black and white sport shoes which, as before, are
all we see of him. The sport shoes start off in the wake of
the brogues.

INT. STATION LOBBY

CAMERA FOLLOWS the sport shoes and the brogues across the
lobby into a passenger tunnel. There is the usual activity
of passengers walking to and from, a loud-speaker announcing
trains, etc.

EXT. PASSENGER TUNNEL

As the brogues and the sport shoes emerge to the train
platform, CAMERA PANS them over to the steps of the train.

INT. TRAIN

The brogues and the sport shoes pass separately down the
aisle, the sport shoes turning in at a compartment door and
the brogues continuing toward the parlor car.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PARLOR CAR (PROCESS)

The brogues come to rest before a chair as the owner sits
down. A moment later the sport shoes come to rest. before
in adjoining chair.

The legs belonging to the sport shoes stretch out, and one of the shoes touches one of the brogues.

MAN'S VOICE (over scene)
Oh, excuse Me!

CAMERA PULLS BACK AND UP to SHOW two young men seated in two parlor car chairs. BRUNO ANTHONY, the wearer of the sport shoes, is about twenty-five. He wears his expensive clothes with the tweedy nonchalance of a young man who has always had the best. The wearer of the brogues is a fine looking but, at the moment, a somewhat troubled young man. This is GUY HAINES. He, too, is in his middle twenties and is well dressed because he can now afford to be. He nods politely, acknowledging Bruno's apology, then turns away with the gesture implying he wants privacy.

BRUNO
(smiling with sudden
recognition)
I beg your pardon, but aren't you
Guy Haines.

Guy nods with a polite half smile. Being a well known tournament tennis player, he has had this sort of experience before.

BRUNO
(snapping his finger)
Sure! I saw you blast Faraday right
off the court in South Orange last
season. What a backhand! Made the
semi-finals, didn't you?

Guy acknowledges this with a modest nod and turns to his magazine rolled up in his fist.

BRUNO
(with open admiration)
I certainly admire people who do
things.
(smiling and
introducing himself)
I'm Bruno Anthony. Bruno. See Guy
looks up. Bruno indicates his gold
tie pin which bears his name in cut-
out letters. Guy looks at it with
the faintest expression of disdain.
I suppose you think it's corny. But
my mother gave it to me so of course
I wear it to please her.

GUY
(patiently)(a faint
smile)
How do you do.

BRUNO
(with an apologetic
grin)
I don't usually talk so much. Go
Ahead and read.

GUY
(wryly)
Thanks.

Guy tries to read but is uneasily aware of Bruno's open appraisal.

BRUNO
It must be pretty exciting to be so
important.

GUY
(fidgeting slightly)
A tennis player isn't so important.

BRUNO
People who do things are important.
I never seem to do anything.

Not knowing how to answer this, Guy looks a little embarrassed.

BRUNO
(still insistent on
being friendly)
I suppose you're going to Southampton --
for the doubles.

GUY
(politely)
You are a tennis fan.

Bruno is inordinately pleased by this small tribute.

BRUNO
Wish I could see you play. But I've
got to be back in Washington tomorrow.
I live in Arlington, you know.

He has taken out a cigarette case. Holds it out to Guy.

BRUNO
Cigarette?

GUY
Not now, thanks. I don't smoke much.

BRUNO
I smoke too much.

He fumbles for a match. Guy brings out a lighter and hands it to Bruno.

BRUNO
Thanks.
(he stares at the
lighter, impressed)
Elegant.

CLOSE SHOT OF THE LIGHTER

Showing that it has the insignia of crossed rackets embossed on it, and underneath is engraved the inscription: "To G from A".

BRUNO'S VOICE
(reading)
To G from A. Bet I can guess who A
is.

WIDER SHOT

Guy reacts sharply.

GUY
(coldly)
Yes?

BRUNO
Anne Burton. Sometimes I turn the sport page and look at the society news. And the pictures. She's very beautiful, Senator Burton's daughter.

GUY
You're quite a reader, Mr. Anthony.

BRUNO
Yes, I am. Ask me anything, from today's stock reports to Li'l Abner, and I got the answer.

(MORE)

BRUNO (CONT'D)

Even news about people I don't know.
Like who'd like to marry whom when
his wife gets her divorce.

GUY

(sharply)
Perhaps you read too much.

BRUNO

(contritely)
There I go again. Too friendly. I
meet someone I' like and open my yap
too wide. I'm sorry...

At the appeal on Bruno's face, Guy slowly relents.

GUY

That's all right. Forget it. I
guess I'm pretty jumpy.

Bruno smiles with and signals a waiter.

BRUNO

There's a new cure for that.
(to waiter)
Scotch and plain water. A pair.
Double.
(to Guy with a chuckle)
Only kind of doubles I play.

GUY

You'll have to drink both of them.

BRUNO

(grinning)
And I can do it.
(moving in)
When's the wedding?

GUY

What?

BRUNO

The wedding. You and Anne Burton.
(a gesture of
explanation)
It was in the papers.

GUY

It shouldn't have been. Unless
they've legalized bigamy overnight.

BRUNO

I have a theory about that. I'd like to tell you about it some time. But right now I suppose divorce is still the simplest operation.

The waiter has brought the drinks. Bruno slips the lighter into hip pocket to free his hands for the bills which he gives to the waiter, waving away the change. He offers a glass to Guy. Guy takes it.

GUY

(as if he needs it)
I guess I will.

BRUNO

(happily)
This is wonderful -- having your company all the way to New York.

GUY

(forced to explain)
As a matter of fact, I'm not going direct. I'm stopping off. At Metcalf.

BRUNO

Metcalf? What would anybody want to go there for?

GUY

It's my home town.

BRUNO

Oh, I get it! A little talk with your wife to about the divorce! I suppose she was the girl next door. Held her hand in high school and before you knew it -- hooked!

(proud of his
perspicacity)
Am I right?

GUY

(laconically)
Close enough.

BRUNO

(raises his glass)
Well, here's luck, Guy. Drink up -- then we'll have some lunch sent to my compartment.

GUY

Thanks very much. But I think I'll go to the dining car.

(he hails a waiter who is passing through with a food-laden tray)

Do you know if there are any vacant seats in the dining car now?

WAITER

Not for about twenty minutes I'm afraid, Sir.

BRUNO

(pleased)

See? You'll have to lunch with me.

(motions the waiter back)

Say, waiter, bring me some lamb chops and French fries and chocolate ice cream, Compartment D, Car 121.

(turns to Guy)

What'll you have, Guy?

GUY

Thanks just the same, but I really don't think --

BRUNO

Oh, go on and order.

The waiter is hovering impatiently. Guy gives in out of embarrassment.

GUY

Well, I'll Just have a hamburger and a cup of coffee.

BRUNO

(delighted, lifts his glass in another toast)

To the next Mrs. Haines.

Guy nods curtly.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BRUNO'S COMPARTMENT ON TRAIN (PROCESS)

Bruno and Guy are finishing lunch. Bruno has been drinking and his eyes are bright and feverish. An almost empty liquor bottle is near a couple of detective novels covered with gaudily Illustrated dust jackets. Bruno has in unlighted cigarette in his mouth. Guy's lighter is on the table. Bruno snaps it a couple of times, as though fascinated, lights his cigarette and puts the lighter on the table again.

BRUNO

Sure, I went to college. Three of them. Every time they kicked me out my father threw me back in.

(bitterly)

He finally gave up. He thinks I'm awfully small fry, not worth the bait.

(wistfully)

You my friend, Guy?

GUY

Sure. I'm your friend, Bruno.

BRUNO

(a little woozy)

No, you're not, nobody thinks I'm anything special. Only my mother.

(empties the bottle
into his glass)

My father hates me.

Guy smiles this off as nonsense.

GUY

You must be imagining things.

BRUNO

(hitting the bottom
of the bottle for
the last drop)

And I hate him. He thinks I ought to catch the eight-five bus every morning, punch a timeclock and work my way up selling paint or something. Him -- with all his money!

GUY

(amused by Bruno)

Well, what do you want to do?

BRUNO

You mean before or after I kill him?

GUY
(chuckling)
Before, of course.

BRUNO
(leaning forward
eagerly)
I want to do everything. I got a
theory you're supposed to do
everything before you die. Have you
ever driven a car, blindfolded, at a
hundred and fifty miles an hour?

GUY
Not lately.

BRUNO
I did. I flew in a jet plans too.
(his hand traces a
swift streak through
the air, and he adds
sound effects)
Zzzzzzzp! Man, that's a thrill!
Almost blow the sawdust out of my
head. I'm going to make a reservation
on the first rocket to the moon...

GUY
(amused and curious)
What are you trying prove?

BRUNO
I'm not like you, Guy. You're lucky.
You're smart. Marrying the boss's
daughter is a nice short cut to a
career, isn't it?

GUY
(quickly)
Marrying the senator's daughter has
nothing to do with it. Can't a fellow
look past a tennis not without being
a goldbricker?

BRUNO
Take it easy, boy. I'm your friend,
remember? I'd do anything for you.

GUY
(humoring Bruno)
Sure, Bruno, sure.
(MORE)

GUY (CONT'D)
(glancing at his watch)
We'll be pulling in soon. I've got
to change trains.

BRUNO
What'd you say her name was -- your
wife's?

GUY
Miriam.

BRUNO
That's it. Miriam Joyce Haines.
Played around a lot, I suppose?

GUY
Let's not talk about it any more.

BRUNO
(almost hopefully)
Maybe she'll make more trouble for
you.

GUY
I don't think so.

BRUNO
You mean you got enough on her to
get your divorce no matter what?

GUY
Let's change subject, Bruno, can't
we?

BRUNO
Okay, Guy. Want me to tell you one
of my ideas for murdering my father?

GUY
(indicating the
detective novels)
You've been reading too many of these.

BRUNO
(going right on)
You want to hear about the busted
light socket in the bathroom, or the
carbon monoxide in the garage?

GUY
No. I may be old fashioned, but I
thought murder was against the law.

BRUNO

But not against the law of nature. My theory is that everybody is a potential murderer. Didn't you ever want to kill somebody? Say one of those useless fellows Miriam was running around with?

GUY

You can't go around killing people just because you think they're useless.

BRUNO

Oh, what's a life or two? Some people are bitter off dead, Guy. Take your -- wife and my father, for instance. It reminds me of a wonderful idea had once. I used to put myself to sleep at night -- figuring it out. Now, let's say you want to get rid of your wife.

GUY

Why?

BRUNO

Let's say she refuses to give you a divorce --

(raises a finger and stops Guy's protest)

Let's say. You'd be afraid to kill her because you'd get caught. And what would trip you up? Motive. Now here's the plan...

GUY

I'm afraid I haven't time to listen.

BRUNO

(ignoring the remark)

It's so simple, too. A couple of fellows meet accidentally, like you and me. No connection between them at all. Never saw each other before. Each of them has somebody he'd like to get rid of, but he can't murder the person he wants to get rid of. He'll get caught. So they swap murders.

GUY

Swap murders?

BRUNO

Each fellow does the other fellow's murder. Then there is nothing to connect them. The one who had the motive isn't there. Each fellow murders a total stranger. Like you do my murder and I do yours.

GUY

(with relief)
We're coming into my station.

BRUNO

For example, your wife, my father.
Criss-cross.

GUY

(sharply)
What?

BRUNO

(with a smile)
We do talk the same language -- don't we, Guy?

GUY

(preparing to leave)
Sure, we talk the same language.
Thanks for the lunch.

BRUNO

(beaming)
I'm glad you enjoyed it. I thought the lamb chops were a little overdone myself.

He holds out his hand. Guy is in a hurry but he shakes hands.

GUY

Nice meeting you, Bruno.

BRUNO

(detaining him at the door)
You think my theory is okay, Guy?
You like it?

GUY

Sure, sure, Bruno. They're all okay.
(he salutes a quick
goodbye and hurries
away)

Left alone, Bruno picks up Guy's lighter from the table, starts to call Guy back to hand it to him. Then he looks closer at the insignia of crossed tennis rackets.

BRUNO
(smiling)
Criss-cross.

DISSOLVE TO:

A WIDE VIEW OF THE TOWN OF METCALF

METCALF RAILROAD STATION

as the train comes in.

THE TRAIN STATION PLATFORM MED. SHOT

As Guy gets off the with his suitcase and tennis rackets. A baggage man with baggage truck is passing.

GUY
Hi, Bill.

BAGGAGE MAN
(smiling)
Guy Haines! Good to too you, boy.
You be sure to win at Southampton
tomorrow, hear me? I've got two
dollars on your nose.

GUY
(indicating his
suitcase and rackets)
Then park these in a lucky spot for
a few hours, will you?

BAGGAGE MAN
Sure thing.

He loads them onto a truck.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. METCALF STREET LONG SHOT

Guy is walking up the main street.

EXT. MUSIC SHOP

Typical music shop of a small town, with plate glass windows and displays of radios, records, sheet music, etc. Activity of a couple of customers and salespeople inside. Guy comes along the street and goes into the shop.

INT. MUSIC SHOP

As Guy enters. There are the usual counters and shelves, pianos and radios on display, and the sound of a piano being tuned in the back of the store. MIRIAM is finishing with a customer at a counter. MR. HARGREAVES, the manager, is busy at the shelves. Another girl clerk is serving a customer. In one of the glass cubicles where records are tried out, a customer is playing symphonic music; in a second glass cubicle another customer is listening to a record of popular music. A third cubicle is empty. Activity of the street is seen through the plate glass front.

Guy walks straight to Miriam, just as she is finishing with her woman customer, handing over a small package.

MIRIAM

(taking money from
customer)

Even change. Thank you, Madam.

(she looks up at Guy
as the woman moves
off)

Well -- hello, Guy.

GUY

You're looking well, Miriam.

Miriam's face is pretty because it is still young. She is self-centered and inclined to be vindictive. She wears harlequin glasses with myopic lenses which tend to make her eyes look small.

MIRIAM

So are you. You've got a nice tan,
playing tennis with all your rich
friends.

GUY

(ignoring the remark)

What time do we meet your lawyer?

MIRIAM

(sly little smile)

What's your hurry?

GUY

My hurry? That's funny, coming from you! You're the one who's in a hurry, aren't you?

MIRIAM

(coyly)

When you wouldn't give me the divorce right away, I sort of hoped it was because you were a little bit jealous.

GUY

(biting)

I got over being jealous, a long time ago Miriam.

Miriam's eyes slide toward the other girl clerk who has moved closer, within listening range.

MIRIAM

(indicating empty glass cubicle)

Let's talk in there.

Guy follows Miriam across to the empty room. Miriam has brought her purse along.

They enter.

INT. CUBICLE

Once inside, the sounds of the music playing from other parts of the shop are heard but very faintly. The piano tuning still goes on, but less stridently. Miriam and Guy are cooped together in the close quarters.

MIRIAM

(intimately)

Now this is cosier. Sort of like old times, isn't it, Guy?

GUY

(coldly)

Oh, skip it, Miriam. It's pretty late to start flirting with a discarded husband. Especially when you're going to have another man's baby.

MIRIAM

Do you know, I think you're handsomer than ever?

GUY

Let's see your lawyer and get this over with.

MIRIAM

Did you bring the money, Guy? Lawyers are expensive.

GUY

(taking money from his wallet)

Here it is.

MIRIAM

(taking the money greedily)

If I'd known what all that tennis nonsense of yours was going to lead to, I wouldn't have run out on you.

GUY

What are you trying to say, Miriam? Come out with it.

MIRIAM

(tucking the bills away)

I'm not getting a divorce.

GUY

(tense and angry)

Why, you little doublecrosser. I didn't want this divorce, you did. That's what you've been harping about for the past year.

MIRIAM

It's a woman's privilege to change her mind... Now I can shop for some pretty clothes. I wouldn't want you to be ashamed of me in Washington when we go to all those dinners and swanky parties.

GUY

And what do you mean by that?

MIRIAM

(Coyly)

Don't look so mad, Guy. You always smile when your picture is being taken for the papers.

(MORE)

MIRIAM (CONT'D)

Especially when you have Anne Burton hanging on your arm.

GUY

Let's not talk about Anne Burton.

MIRIAM

So, it's really serious between you two? Well, you can throw your dreams about her into the ashcan. Guy, I'm coming to Washington.

GUY

What for?

MIRIAM

To have my baby and be with you.

GUY

Why me? It's not my baby.

MIRIAM

But people don't know that, Guy, do they? It would make a pretty story, wouldn't it -- the senator's daughter involved with a married man who's about to become a father.

GUY

(furiously)

You black conniving little liar!

A few people in the shop look around as Guy's voice rises above the sound of the record playing.

MIRIAM

Keep your voice down.

GUY

What happened? Did he run out on you?

MIRIAM

No man runs out on me. Not even you.

GUY

You're a liar and a cheat, Miriam. You've wanted to get rid of me long enough and now I'll go you one better -- I never want to see or hear of you again.

MIRIAM

(demurely)

I could be very pathetic as the
deserted little mother in a courtroom,
Guy. Think it over. Who would
believe you?

Guy seizes her angrily and in so doing, knocks the tone arm
across the record with a loud screech. From outside we can
see heads turn. Mr. Hargreaves, the manager, is very
disturbed.

MED. SHOT THROUGH GLASS PARTITION FROM HARGREAVES' VIEWPOINT

We see Guy gripping Miriam's arms and apparently addressing
her in a threatening manner, although we do not hear his
words. The smile has faded from Miriam's face and something
like cringing fear has taken its place. She is drawn and
tense and seems to cower beneath Guy's rage.

Mr. Hargreaves moves forward and opens Guy's tirade.

GUY

...That's what should happen to people
like you. And if I...

HARGREAVES

(interrupts)

Break it up, folks. This isn't the
place for a family quarrel.

GUY

(his eyes blazing)

Sorry. I'm leaving.

He starts to exit from the booth. Miriam grabs his arm and
screams at him:

MIRIAM

(yelling like a
fishwife)

You heard what I said, Guy Haines.
You can't throw me away like an old
shoe. I'm coming to Washington to
have my baby. Tell that to the
senate!

Guy strides out of the store, the manager and a few customers
turning around in surprise.

The two customers in other booths, seeing the quarrel, open their doors simultaneously and Miriam's tirade is climaxed by a cacophony of noise, a big symphony, loud hot music, and the apparently unaware piano tuner.

EXT. MAIN STREET METCALF SHOOTING TOWARDS STATION

Guy is striding along angrily. He comes to the same intersection and the same cop. The officer makes a friendly gesture, as if he'd like to talk awhile, but Guy strides past him without noticing.

EXT. METCALF STATION (PROCESS)

Guy comes into the scene, crosses to a row of public telephone booths, enters one. Inside the telephone booth, he dumps some loose change on the shelf, sticks a nickel in the telephone, speaks into it.

GUY

Long distance.

(a pause)

I want Washington, D. C. The number is Republic 0800. Person to person. Miss Anne Burton.

Another pause, very long. Guy is very restless. He digs a cigarette out of his pocket and sticks it in his mouth, then looks through his pockets for his lighter, doesn't find it. He looks puzzled, but about that time the operator speaks to him.

GUY

(continuing)

Right.

Guy picks coins up off the shelf and drops them into the telephone, then waits. He shifts the receiver and fumbles in his other jacket pocket, then turns to the phone.

GUY

(tautly, into phone)

Anne, -- Anne darling. Yes, I'm in Metcalf --

(gets a grip on himself)

No, everything didn't go smoothly. She doesn't want a divorce, not now....

INT. BURTON LIVING ROOM

ANNE BURTON is a beautiful, high-spirited and well-bred young woman. The smile on her face has faded to anxiety as she listens over the telephone which is on the desk.

ANNE

(after a pause then
with unpleasant
realization)

Another man's child! But she can't
do that to you, Guy -- it's
unbelievable -- it's, it's evil!

(she listens, then
calmly)

Yes, I know how you must feel.

(pause)

But you sound so savage.

BACK TO GUY IN TELEPHONE BOOTH

GUY

(furiously)

Sure I sound savage. I feel savage.
I'd like to break her neck!

(a pause, then raising
his voice)

I said I'd like to break her foul,
poisonous, useless little neck!

(the connection is
bad and he strains
to hear)

What's that?

Meantime the noise of a through train has been HEARD, and the horn on a streamliner locomotive. It has come up very fast, it is now almost to the station. Guy rises his voice and yells into the telephone. His voice fights the roar of the train:

GUY

I SAID I COULD STRANGLE HER!

The expression on his face is frenzied and suggesting that he means exactly what he is saying.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ANTHONY LIVING ROOM

The scene opens on a CLOSEUP OF A MAN'S HANDS. One of them is semi-flexed and turning slowly, The other is receiving the final touches of a manicure.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal that these are Bruno's hands, and that, he is studying them moodily, CAMERA PULLS BACK FARTHER to reveal his mother, MRS. ANTHONY, sitting opposite him at a little table in the Anthony living room. She is working with scissors, file and nail buffer. Mrs. Anthony is a gentle, once pretty woman, whose pastel exterior harbors a tigress-like determination to protect her son, Bruno is in his robe and is unshaven.

There is evidence of long established wealth in the heavy dark appointments of this room.

MRS. ANTHONY

Since you insisted on a manicure,
dear, I do wish you'd keep your hands
quiet. You're so restless lately.

BRUNO

(almost dreamily as
he admires the free
hand)

I like them to look just right.

Mrs. Anthony looks up, notices his moody expression.

MRS. ANTHONY

Did I file them too short?

BRUNO

No, Ma. They look fine. Thanks.

MRS. ANTHONY

Then what's the matter?

BRUNO

I'm all right, Ma. Don't worry about
me.

MRS. ANTHONY

You look so Pale, dear. Are you out
of vitamins?

BRUNO

I bought a bottle of them yesterday.
A whole fifth.

MRS. ANTHONY

(anxiously)

But you have that 'look'. I can always tell. You haven't got into any more mischief, Bruno?

He denies this with a slow, solemn shake of his head.

MRS. ANTHONY

I do hope you've forgotten about that silly little plan of yours?

BRUNO

(sharply)

Which one?

MRS. ANTHONY

(smiling)

About blowing up the White House?

BRUNO

(his eyes dancing)

I was only kidding, Ma. Besides, what would the president say?

MRS. ANTHONY

(laughing gaily)

You're a naughty boy, Bruno. But you can always make me laugh.

(she rises)

Now get shaved, dear, before your father gets home.

Bruno's fist crashes down on the little table, upsetting it, as he gets to his feet.

BRUNO

I'm sick and tired of bowing and scraping to the king.

MRS. ANTHONY

(placating him)

Now, now, Let's not lose control. Come see my painting, dear --

(she leads him toward an easel)

I do wish you'd take up painting. It's such a soothing pastime.

They look at the painting.

INSERT

The painting is a horrible mess. Out of the violence of the pattern a man's face can be discerned, wild-eyed and distorted. We hear laughter from Bruno.

BACK TO SCENE

Bruno's roar of laughter puzzles Mrs. Anthony, but she is pleased to hear his good humor. He puts an arm around her.

BRUNO

You're wonderful, Ma! It's the old boy, all right. That's father!

MRS. ANTHONY

(bewildered)

It is? I was trying to paint Saint Francis.

At this moment there is the sound of the front door opening. Then immediately the telephone bell rings in the hall. Bruno is instantly alert, as if he had been expecting a call. He goes toward the door to the hall, as the butler enters.

BUTLER

(to Bruno)

They are ready with your call to Southampton, Sir.

Bruno's father MR. ANTHONY, purposefully enters the living room. He is an impeccably dressed business man with an uncompromising eye. His entrance momentarily blocks Bruno's exit.

MRS. ANTHONY

(to her husband)

How nice that you're early, Charles.
I'll tell cook....

Bruno now exits into the hall, passing his father without speaking.

MR. ANTHONY

Just a minute, Eunice.

(calls after Bruno)

Bruno! Come here! I want to talk to you and your mother.

INT. HALL CLOSE SHOT BRUNO

as he approaches the telephone.

BRUNO
(calls back to his
father)
Sorry father. Long distance.
(he picks up the
telephone)
Hello...

CAMERA MOVES IN TO A BIG HEAD CLOSEUP OF BRUNO at the telephone as the Voices of his mother and father can be heard from the other room.

MR. ANTHONY'S VOICE
Now it's hit and run driving! And
you knew about it all the time!

BRUNO
(eagerly into phone)
Guy?
(pause)
Bruno, Bruno Anthony.

MR. ANTHONY'S VOICE
You're going to protect him once too
often. After all we do have a
responsibility to society.

Bruno gives a look in his father's direction, before he speaks into the telephone in a low voice.

BRUNO
I just wanted to ask how you made
out with Miriam.

INT. LOCKER ROOM OF TENNIS CLUB CLOSE SHOT GUY AT TELEPHONE

GUY
(puzzled)
What?
(listens)
Metcalf? Who'd you say you were?

CLOSEUP BRUNO

BRUNO
(sotto voce)
Bruno, Guy. Bruno Anthony. Don't
you remember? On the train.

The voices of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony can still be heard in
dispute as Bruno listens at phone:

MRS. ANTHONY
I never permit it!

Bruno gives a significant look in direction of the living
room as he speaks into the phone.

BRUNO
(softly)
Are you getting your divorce?

MR. ANTHONY'S VOICE
I tell you he should be sent somewhere
for treatment before it's too late.

BRUNO
(into phone, with
satisfaction)
So she double-crossed you! Are you
going to see her again?

The phone clicks in Bruno's ear. He looks hurt for an
instant, then replaces the receiver. Bruno listens to his
father off scene and his expression becomes more enigmatic.

MR. ANTHONY'S VOICE
I tell you, Eunice, I'm going to
have that boy put away if it's the
last thing I do!

Bruno looks off in direction of his farther's voice with an
expression which says, "Crow while you can, you haven't
much time." He reaches into his pocket, brings out Guy's
cigarette lighter and as he flicks it on and off.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. METCALF STATION LONG SHOT DAY

This is the same shot we saw when Guy arrived in Metcalf.
We see the station and one of the main streets beyond the
station.

LONG SHOT A NEARER VIEW

We see the train come around the curve. Again this is just the same angle that we used for Guy. It comes to a stop in the foreground and we see Bruno alight onto the platform. He looks about him for a moment and then strolls away in the direction of the town. He approaches the row of telephone booths.

EXT. STATION CLOSE SHOT

We see Bruno enter the small booth and start to glance through the telephone directory.

INSERT TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

Bruno's finger runs down the names until it stops at:

Joyce, Miriam Haines. 2420 Metcalf Avenue.

A RESIDENTIAL STREET IN METCALF LONG SHOT

It is now much later. It is beginning to get dark, and the street lights are on. In the far distance we see a local bus approaching.

MED. SHOT

SHOOTING DOWN onto a small seat by a bus stop, we see Bruno with an open newspaper in front of him. It is held up as he reads it.

CLOSEUP

Bruno is glancing over the top of the paper.

LONG SHOT

From his viewpoint we see a typical frame house. The upper windows are lit as are the lower ones as well. A woman is sitting in a rocker on the front porch. This is MRS. JOYCE, Miriam's mother. She has white hair. A woman comes along the street and pauses as she gets to Mrs. Joyce.

WOMAN

(calls out as she
passes)

Hello Mrs. Joyce. Warm, ain't it?

MRS. JOYCE

That it is.

WOMAN

I've been reading where your son-in-law's been coming right along at tennis.

MRS. JOYCE

(sourly)

We don't have any interest in tennis any more.

The neighbor passes on.

CLOSE UP

Bruno, still glancing over the top of his paper.

LONG SHOT

Again from Bruno's viewpoint, we see Miriam's house. At this moment the front door swings open, emitting a long streak of bright light. We see the silhouette of a woman emerge, followed by two other men. They're laughing and joking. Suddenly they look up the street. At this very moment the bus pulls up in front of Bruno's view, cutting off the sight of his quarry. The bus comes to a stop.

CLOSE SHOT

Bruno rises in alarm and moves around toward the end of the bus so that he shall not lose sight of the girl coming out of the house.

SEMI-LONG SHOT

From his viewpoint, the girl, whom we now see is Miriam, is running followed by the two young men. They are calling for the bus not to go - shouting, "Hi - stop!" Mrs. Joyce calls from the porch:

MRS. JOYCE

Don't you stay out too late, Miriam.

MIRIAM
(calling back)
Goodnight, Mother. See you later.

CLOSE UP

Bruno watches Miriam.

MED. SHOT

Miriam comes nearer and nearer to Bruno. With her two companions she brushes past him and jumps onto the bus. THE CAMERA PANS BRUNO AFTER THEM.

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK LONG SHOT

We see the bus pull up outside the Amusement Park, and the various passengers alight. These include Miriam and her companions, and Bruno.

LONG SHOT NEARER VIEW OF THE AMUSEMENT PARK

We see the usual midway with its various concessions on each side: in the distance the Ferris wheel, Merry-go-rounds, etc., and beyond that a lake. In the foreground we see people filling in and out.

DISSOLVE TO:

MED. LONG SHOT A GROUP BY A FROZEN CUSTARD STAND

This group comprises Miriam and her two boy-friends. They lick their way out of the crowd and debate between themselves where to go next.

CLOSE SHOT

Miriam's eye catches the attention of something off screen.

SEMI-LONG SHOT

From her viewpoint we see Bruno standing and casually watching her. Other people pass around and in front of him, so that he is the only immobile figure.

SEMI-CLOSEUP

Miriam, with a kind of coy consciousness, turns away with the others and they go on to some other concession.

MED. SHOT

As Bruno starts to advance in the direction of Miriam he is momentarily held up by a small boy in cowboy uniform carrying a gun and a balloon. The small boy points the gun at Bruno.

SEMI-CLOSE UP

The small boy pointing the gun fires it twice with a couple of 'bangs!' He then starts to move off.

SEMI-CLOSE UP

Bruno moves on past the boy. He casually touches the balloon with his cigarette end -- it goes off with a 'pop'.

CLOSE UP

The small boy turns and looks with dismay at his pricked balloon, wondering what happened.

SEMI-CLOSE UP

Bruno moves on, pleased with himself, returning his attention to Miriam who is somewhere ahead of him.

MEDIUM SHOT

Miriam and her two boy-friends by the sledge hammer concession where the aim is to swing the hammer hard enough down onto its target to ring the bell and register the 100 mark. Miriam is in the foreground of the shot. The first boy steps up to try his hand. As he swings, Miriam turns and glances about her, obviously looking for Bruno.

LONG SHOT FROM MIRIAM VIEWPOINT

The crowds milling, but no sign of Bruno.

MEDIUM SHOT

The first boy having failed to ring the bell, the second stops up and slams the hammer down.

CLOSE SHOT

The register shooting up only to the hallway mark.

CLOSE SHOT MIRIAM

She looks a little disdainful and again glances around for Bruno. Looking first to her left where she sees nothing, she then looks to her right, and as she does THE CAMERA PANS to show Bruno standing right at her shoulder. Miriam gives a little start. Bruno smiles at her. With a smirk he walks over and after paying his fee, goes to take up the hammer.

CLOSE UP MIRIAM

She watches Bruno.

CLOSE SHOT

Bruno looks down at his hands.

INSERT

Bruno's two strong hands - as he holds them palms tilted upward and fingers curled in.

CLOSE UP

Bruno, as he smiles faintly, glancing across at Miriam.

CLOSE UP MIRIAM

She gives a faint smile in return.

CLOSE SHOT

With a studied movement, Bruno picks up the handle of the hammer and swings.

CLOSE SHOT

The register shoots up to the 100 mark and rings the bell.

MEDIUM SHOT

Bruno drops the hammer and glances around at Miriam again. Her two boy-friends are calling for her from a little distance.

BOY'S VOICE
Come On, Miriam. Come On!

CLOSE SHOT MIRIAM

She turns away and is lost in the crowd.

MEDIUM SHOT OVER BRUNO'S SHOULDER AT MERRY-GO ROUND IN
BACKGROUND

Bruno turns to follow Miriam, his manner casual. As he takes a few steps, WE PAN ACROSS with him until, over his shoulder, we see a merry-go-round in the background. Miriam and the two boys are aboard and climbing onto horses. As Bruno goes toward the merry-go-round, the CAMERA MOVES UP A LITTLE with him. The merry-go-round starts to move slowly round as Bruno hops on.

MEDIUM SHOT ON MERRY-GO-ROUND

Bruno begins to look around for Miriam, who is apparently on the other side of the merry-go-round. He starts to thread his way through the horses which are beginning to move up and down. CAMERA FOLLOWING HIM. He passes one or two of the oncoming heads before he reaches Miriam. She is on an outside mount which is high in the air when she sees Bruno facing her. Her laughter dies for a moment and she smiles at him coyly. Bruno passes her and gets on the horse directly behind her, Miriam glancing at him as her horse comes down.

MEDIUM SHOT BRUNO ON HORSE

With horse's head in foreground, as it is coming toward us.

SIDE VIEW MIRIAM

Miriam on her horse, moving from left to right. Miriam, holding the reins, glances back with a gay laugh.

SIDE VIEW BRUNO

Bruno on his horse, as though he is chasing Miriam. He is a little more open now in his laughter.

GROUP SHOT MIRIAM AND TWO BOYS

Miriam and her boy friends begin to sing the song being played on the calliope.

CLOSE UP MIRIAM

As she starts to sing, she glances back.

CLOSE UP BRUNO

He is starting to join in the singing.

MEDIUM SHOT

The horses of the merry-go-round are filling the screen as they whizz by, and again we get the picture of Bruno chasing Miriam as they rush past the CAMERA, the music and tempo at a high speed.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

EXTERIOR OF BOAT LANDING ON SHORE OF ARTIFICIAL LAKE

Across the water may be seen a small wooded island. Between this and the boat landing there is an artificially constructed "Tunnel of Love".

We see Miriam and her companions approach the boat concession and CAMERA FOLLOWS THEM onto the little landing stage. CAMERA MOVES UP SLOWLY over the boy's shoulders until we get MIRIAM IN CLOSE UP. She glances back. Her expression changes to a coy smile of satisfaction as she sees:

MEDIUM SHOT (FROM MIRIAM'S VIEWPOINT)

Bruno is approaching the pay box.

MEDIUM SHOT

Miriam and her companions are escorted to a small boat with electric motor. Once they are seated the boat chugs away from the landing stage and off into the darkness.

Bruno steps into the foreground and gets into the next boat which floats alongside. He, too, moves away into the darkness.

ENTRANCE TO THE TUNNEL

As Miriam's boat passes through, she gives another little glance over shoulder before her boat disappears into the darkness of the tunnel.

After a brief moment Bruno's boat comes into the picture, and it, too, goes into the tunnel.

INSIDE THE TUNNEL

We see the silhouettes of the occupants of Miriam's boat on the wall of the tunnel, lit dimly from the light coming from the tunnel exit.

The silhouette of Bruno in his boat, lit by the tunnel entrance, gradually approaches the other three. When the silhouettes are almost touching, we --

CUT TO:

EXIT OF THE TUNNEL

It is empty. There is a sudden piercing scream from inside, followed after a second or two by protestations and giggling as Miriam's boat emerges into the light. She is pushing one of the boys away from her.

MIRIAM

(squealing)

George, stop it, I tell you!

Their boat moves out of the picture, toward the island. Presently Bruno's boat comes smilingly following and he, too, moves on out of the picture.

MEDIUM SHOT ISLAND

The group of Miriam and her companions are scrambling out of their boat and moving onto the island, one of the boys trying the boat on the shore. They disappear into the Woods of the island.

Again Bruno's boat comes into the picture. He steps out, lift the prow of the boat a little onto the shore.

LONG SHOT ISLAND

We see the amusement park lighted beyond the lake. Silhouetted in the foreground, the trees and foliage of the island. Nearby we see the silhouetted figures of Miriam and her companions move across the scene, right to left. Miriam is pushing George away from her.

MIRIAM
(protesting
perfunctorily)
George, no!

She backs away from him and the boys go on picture. Miriam goes in another direction, around, the bushes. George obviously misses her, for we hear his voice call out:

GEORGE'S VOICE
Miriam!

Miriam backs out of the bushes until the back of her head is in CLOSEUP in the foreground of the shot. Suddenly she hears steps in back of her and turns her head toward CAMERA. Her face changes as she recognizes someone offscene.

MIRIAM
Oh!

She gives a coy smile of recognition. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal the mad and shoulders of Bruno between Miriam and the camera. His hand holds Guy's lighter which he flicks on as he raises it above Miriam's face. Of Bruno, we see only the back of his head and shoulders.

BRUNO
Is your name Miriam?

MIRIAM
(with surprise)
Why yes. How did you --

We see Bruno's gloved hands dart quickly to Miriam's throat. The lighter falls down out of picture, and as Bruno's hands grip her throat, his head moves slightly to blot out Miriam's face. His head moves a bit farther until Miriam's face is nearly uncovered at the other side of the screen, and we see her glasses fall off.

CLOSE SHOT

Miriam's glasses hit the ground. The shadows of their struggling figures over the shot.

CLOSE UP

The screen is filled with one of the lenses of the glasses. They are of the diminishing type. Against the moonlit sky we see reflected, the elongated struggling figures, as though we were shooting up at them. Suddenly one of the figures falls forward.

CLOSE UP

Miriam's head drops into the picture by the glasses.

Bruno's hand comes into the picture and picks up the glasses. One of the lenses has been broken by Miriam's fall.

As we see Bruno's sport shoes move away, the CAMERA MOVES PAST MIRIAM'S HEAD until it comes to Guy's lighter pressed into the earth.

CLOSE UP BRUNO

Bruno glances back over his shoulder. He looks down and goes back one or two steps.

CLOSE UP BRUNO'S HAND

Bruno's hands retrieve the lighter from the ground.

LONG SHOT ISLAND

We see a full view of the island again, with the amusement park beyond. The faint noise of the calliope continues in the distance. Bruno has been lost to view.

Miriam's companions are still searching for her. We hear their faint voices in the distance.

VOICES

Miriam! Miriam! Where are you?

MEDIUM SHOT

Bruno comes to the shore where his boat is moored. He gets in and is quickly chugging away. He moves calmly, matter-of-fact and not furtively.

LONG SHOT LAKE

Bruno's boat throbbing its way across toward the landing stage.

MEDIUM SHOT LANDING STAGE

There are two boats unloading. Bruno's boat is approaching. We hear a loud call from the island. Someone has found Miriam.

VOICES

Hey, here she is! What's the matter with her? Has she fainted?

More shouts from the island cause the people at the landing stage to look back. The boatman's attention is also attracted. Suddenly, as Bruno is getting out of boat, there is a loud scream from the island.

VOICE

(crying out)
She is dead!

OTHER VOICE

(from island)
Help! Help!

Bruno by this time has stopped onto the landing stage, and in company with the other people, is looking back as if to see what's wrong on the island. Then he moves away, starting off of the landing stage. The boatman turns and glances at Bruno, but quickly returns his attention to the disturbance across on the island. He hurries forward and with a couple of men passengers jumps into one of the boats. He calls to his assistant as he gets into the boat.

BOATMAN

Got a cop!

The assistant runs off out of the pictures

MEDIUM SHOT BRUNO

As Bruno calmly threads his way along the midway, we hear above the noise of the various concessions, a shrill police whistle in the distance. Presently a couple of policemen comes running from direction of the main entrance and past Bruno. He glances at them over his shoulder, then strolls on toward the main entrance to the park.

ENTRANCE TO AMUSEMENT PARK EXTERIOR

As Bruno comes out through the turnstile, he stands for a moment on the street. At this moment a man hesitates at the curbstone. He is blind and tapping the sidewalk with his white cane. He takes one step into the roadway, then hesitates. Bruno steps forward and takes the blind man's arm. CAMERA PULLS BACK as Bruno escorts the blind man across the road. With a sweeping gesture he holds back a couple of cars to let them pass.

Once on the other side of the road, the blind man utters his thanks.

BLIND MAN

Thanks.

He goes off.

Bruno looks back toward the park, then glances down at his wristwatch.

INSERT BRUNO'S WRISTWATCH

The time is 9.30.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OBSERVATION CAR OF A TRAIN NIGHT

Through the rear window we see the tracks rushing away from us. Seated in the foreground are Guy Haines and a rather professorial type opposite him, a bespectacled man around forty-five or fifty who is extremely drunk.

MEDIUM SHOT GUY

He is reading an evening newspaper.

CLOSE SHOT

The feet opposite Guy stretch out and touch Guy's feet.

CLOSEUP GUY

He lowers his paper and looks across.

MED. SHOT

The drunk opposite Guy looks down at his feet and then up to Guy resentfully as though Guy had kicked him. He eyes Guy up and down, then suddenly, without warning, bursts into song, to the tune of the Barber Shop Chord.

COLLINS

There was a man, now please take
note. There was a man who had a
goat. He loved that goat, Indeed he
did. He loved that goat, just like
a kid.

(He stops singing
abruptly and addresses
Guy)

What is your opinion?

GUY

(amused)

You'll never make the Metropolitan.

COLLINS

(fuzzily -- pumping
Guy's hand)

Name's Collins. On sabbatical -
Delaware Tech. Glad to meet you. I
jus' gave a speech in New York. On
integration. In the differential
calculus a function is given and its
differential is obtained. Understand?

GUY

(solemnly)

Sure, I understand.

COLLINS
(resentfully)
Y'do?

Again he bursts into loud song.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

LONG SHOT WASHINGTON EXTERIOR ABOUT 1 A.M. MOONLIGHT

A solitary taxi is seen driving past the Capitol Building.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

The taxi comes to a side street and stops outside a small apartment house.

MED. SHOT

Guy gets out of the taxi with his rackets and bag, pays the driver and goes up the steps to the front door of his apartment.

CLOSE SHOT

As Guy is about to enter the front door and we see his name posted on a small card as one of the several tenants, he hears a soft call from across the street.

VOICE
(softly)
Guy!

Guy turns his head and looks across the street.

MED. LONG SHOT (FROM GUY'S VIEWPOINT)

We see a small space between two houses across the street. Out of the darkness the voice repeats.

VOICE
Over here, Guy.

MED. SHOT GUY

He turns, and with a slightly bewildered and wary expression, goes out of the picture to cross the street.

MED. SHOT

Guy reaches the other side of the street and still puzzled and cautious, approaches the dark alleyway.

MED. SHOT

After a moment a figure steps out of the darkness. It is Bruno. He steps back into the darkness again as Guy comes up to him.

TWO SHOT

Guy frowning in puzzlement as he looks at Bruno.

BRUNO
(cheerfully)
Hello, Guy.

GUY
(recognizes Bruno --
not pleased)
What are you doing here? At this
time of night?

BRUNO
(a little sadly)
You don't seem very pleased to see
me, Guy.

Guy stands without answering.

BRUNO
(pleased again)
I brought you a little present.

GUY
What do you mean?

Bruno's hand comes out of his pocket and he hands Miriam's glasses to Guy.

INSERT

Guy's hands taking Miriam's glasses from Bruno. One of the lenses is broken.

TWO SHOT

As Guy takes the glasses he looks at Bruno in bewilderment.

GUY
What's this all about?

BRUNO
Recognize them?

CLOSEUP GUY

He looks down at the glasses, mystified. He looks up again to Bruno.

CLOSEUP BRUNO

BRUNO
It was very quick, Guy. She wasn't hurt in any way. It was all over in no time.

CLOSEUP GUY

He is horrified. He looks swiftly down at the glasses in his hand, then back to Bruno.

BRUNO'S VOICE
(bragging)
I know you'd be surprised. Nothing for us to worry about. Nobody saw me, only Miriam.

TWO SHOT

Guy can hardly believe what he is hearing.

BRUNO
I was very careful. Even when I dropped your lighter there, I went right back to it up. If it'd been found, it would have ruined our whole scheme, wouldn't it?

GUY
Are you trying to tell me you've -- Why, you maniac!

BRUNO
(looks at Guy with
astonishment)
But, Guy, you wanted it! We planned
it on the train together, remember?

Guy suddenly starts to go. Bruno grabs his arm.

BRUNO
Where are you going?

GUY
Where do you think I'm going? I'm
going to call the police, of course.

BRUNO
But you can't, Guy. We'd both be
arrested for murder.

Guy turns back slowly and faces him.

GUY
We'd both be arrested for murder?

BRUNO
You're is much in it as I am. We
planned it together. Criss-cross.
I do your murder --

GUY
(suddenly angry)
You crazy fool! You think you can
get away with that?

BRUNO
(a little hurt)
Oh, come now, Guy. Why should I go
to Metcalf and kill a total stranger,
unless it was part of the plan and
you were in on it? You're the one
that benefits, Guy. You're a free
man. I didn't even know the girl.

Guy makes a move to leave, but Bruno holds on tight.

GUY
Let me go, Bruno. I had nothing to
do with this and the police will
believe me.

BRUNO
(concerned)
If you go to the police now, you'll
just be turning yourself in as in
accessory. You see, you have the
motive.

At this moment both turn at a sound across the street.

LONG SHOT (FROM THEIR VIEWPOINT)

We hear the sound of a telephone ringing in Guy's apartment.
The top of one of his windows is open.

BRUNO
What is it?

GUY
My telephone.

BRUNO
(amused)
Someone has some news for you, Guy.

Guy still stares across the street.

LONG SHOT (FROM HIS VIEWPOINT)

We see a police car pull up outside Guy's apartment.

TWO SHOT

Bruno pulls Guy back further into the shadows. Guy
instinctively flattens himself against the wall. He looks
across the street again.

LONG SHOT (FROM HIS VIEWPOINT)

We see the two policemen go into his apartment building.

TWO SHOT

Guy is still flattened against the wall to keep out of light.

BRUNO
Tell them you know about it already,
Guy.

CLOSEUP GUY

He looks across at the police, then down at himself with some surprise and disgust, then over at Bruno, suddenly conscious he is behaving like a criminal and that Bruno is responsible for his predicament.

GUY
(muttering)
You've got me acting, like a criminal,
you crazy fool!

Bruno for a moment looks menacingly at Guy.

BRUNO
Don't you call me that.

Bruno's flare of anger dies. They both look again across the street.

LONG SHOT (FROM THEIR VIEWPOINT)

The two policemen come out of the house, get into their car and drive off.

Guy's telephone is still ringing.

TWO SHOT

BRUNO
You must be tired, Guy. I know I
am. I've sure had a strenuous
evening.

Guy looks at him, almost numb.

BRUNO
Now look, Guy, about my father. I
have the plans made. Two plans. A
plan of the grounds and a plan of
the house. I have in old Luger I
bought at a pawn shop in San
Francisco. My father --

Guy turns and starts to move in across the street.

TWO SHOT

Bruno follows Guy and we FOLLOW them across the street.
CAMERA ON THEIR BACKS. Guy strides ahead to the house.

BRUNO

Wait a minute, Guy. To have to talk.
We have to arrange things.

Guy turns at the door to his apartment building.

GUY

(furiously)
Get away before I give you what you
gave Miriam.

BRUNO

(sadly)
You're not yourself, Guy. You're
tired. When you think things over,
you'll see I'm right. Tomorrow --

Guy opens his door, turns on Bruno.

GUY

(with finality)
I don't know you. I never saw you
before. I never want to see you
again.

He goes in and slams the door in Bruno's face.

BRUNO

(to the closed door)
But we have to --

He realizes there is no use in trying to talk to Guy any further. He turns and faces the CAMERA IN CLOSE UP as he moves away, looking sad almost to the point of tears.

INT. GUY'S APARTMENT

Guy is standing at the telephone which is still ringing. He has Miriam's glasses in his hand. He looks down at them for a moment, then picks up the receiver. He hesitates, then speaks into the phone.

GUY

(hoarsely, into phone)
Yes?
(Pause)
Yes, Anne. I'm sorry, darling. I
just got in.
(pause)
Of course I'm all right.
(MORE)

GUY (CONT'D)
(forcing his voice to
sound normal)
But you sound upset. Is anything
wrong?
(Pause)
All right. I'll come over. Right
away.

He hangs up but keeps his hand on the telephone, deliberating.
He starts to dial, then suddenly hangs up and starts out.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A RESIDENTIAL STREET, WASHINGTON LONG SHOT NIGHT

A taxi drives up and stops in front of a handsome residence.
It is the Burton home. Guy gets out of the taxi and goes up
the steps.

MED. SHOT OVER GUY'S SHOULDER

His figure tense, he rings the bell. After a moment's wait,
the door is opened from inside and Anne Burton stands in the
lighted hallway. She looks at Guy with an anxious, taut
expression, searches his face hastily, then as he takes a
step inside she is suddenly in his arms. They embrace with
wordless fervor.

GUY
(holding her close)
Anne darling, you're trembling.

Anne draws back and looks into his face as if searching for
an answer to some question in her mind.

ANNE
Guy --
(her fingers gently
touch his face)
I wonder if you know how much I love
you.

Guy takes her hand from his face, caresses it with his lips.

GUY
(forcing a smile)
Brazen woman. I'm the one to say
that.

ANNE

(tensely)

But I wanted you to know, before...

(forcing herself to
be calm)

Before we go into the living room.

Father wants to see you.

CLOSEUP GUY

He looks apprehensively in direction of the living room, conscious of what the news is to be, but covering up.

LONG SHOT LIVING ROOM FROM GUY'S VIEWPOINT

SENATOR BURTON and BARBARA BURTON are seated near a desk on the farthest side of the room. Senator Burton is a distinguished fifty, a man with great pride in tradition, his family and his career. Barbara, Anne's younger sister, is a lively seventeen who loves excitement, says exactly what she thinks and rarely thinks before she says it. Superficially, in height and figure, she resembles Miriam. She also wears glasses. By her gestures we gather she is speaking urgently, but softly, to her father, who lifts a weary hand to quiet her as she looks toward Guy in the hallway, Barbara keeps quiet and also looks toward Guy. They both wait for him to enter.

CLOSEUP GUY

He steels himself for the long walk across the hall and the living room.

CLOSEUP ANNE

Watching Guy closely.

MED. SHOT

As Guy starts to make the long trek across the living room, with Anne behind him --

GUY

(stiffly)

Good evening, sir. Hello, Babs.

Barbara has been squirming in her seat, then as if jet propelled she catapults out of it and runs to Guy, giving him a big hug and a smack on the cheek.

BARBARA
Something awful has happened, Guy.

SENATOR
(firmly)
Sit down, Barbara.

Subdued, she sits down. But Guy remains standing.

SENATOR
(finding it difficult
to begin)
There seems to be no way of
diplomatically breaking tragic news.
I'm sorry, Guy, to be the one to
tell you. It concerns your wife.
She's been murdered.

Guy stares woodenly at the Senator, as if hypnotized.

BARBARA
The police have been using everything
but radar to locate you.

SENATOR
You're to call Headquarters at
Metcalf.

The full impact of what has happened hits Guy once more.

GUY
Miriam...murdered.

ANNE
(with inner tension)
She was...strangled.

Slowly Guy's eyes meet hers. They are remembering what he said on the phone: "I could strangle her." He sinks into a chair. The Senator is quite distressed.

During the following scene Barbara quietly goes about the business of pouring drinks and serving them. She knows everyone's preference.

SENATOR

(wrylt, to Guy)

It happened on an island in an amusement park. It was sort of a lovers lane, I believe. A rather sordid atmosphere.

BARBARA

(quickly, to Guy)

Miriam went there with two boys. They were the ones who found her. So they're not suspects. But you probably will be.

SENATOR

Young lady, we can't overlook the fact that murder is at our doorsteps. But I forbid you to drag it into the living room!

BARBARA

(wide-eyed)

Let's not fool ourselves. The police will say Guy wanted Miriam out of the way so he could marry Anne. In a crime of this sort the police first go after the husband, and Guy had every motive.

SENATOR

(aghast)

Motive?

GUY

(quietly)

She's right. Whichever way you look at it...I'm in a spot.

SENATOR

(disconcerted but whistling in dark)

Oh come now, my boy. I'm sure you have nothing to worry about.

BARBARA

(flatly)

If he hasn't an alibi for nine-thirty tonight he has plenty to worry about.

ANNE
(who hasn't taken
anxious eyes off Guy)
You can tell them where you were,
can't you, Guy?

GUY
(wearily)
At nine-thirty I was on the train
from New York to Washington.

SENATOR
(relieved)
There you are.

BARBARA
Who saw you? Did you speak to anyone?
You'll need a Witness, you know.

GUY
(as if it didn't matter)
Yes, I spoke to someone.

SENATOR
(hopefully)
Anyone you know?

GUY
No. His name was Collins. He is a
professor.

SENATOR
(brightening)
Harvard.

GUY
University of Virginia.

The Senator's expression says: "Well, that's not too bad."

CLOSEUP ANNE

Her face shows her relief that Guy can account for his time.

ANNE
Then everything's's all right.

BACK TO SCENE

BARBARA

Not quite. Detectives play a game called Motive, Motive, Who'd got the Motive.

ANNE

(near the breaking point)

I'm sick of hearing that word!

BARBARA

He'll still have to answer questions.

SENATOR

Routine. Pure routine.

GUY

I'm afraid there'll be a lot of reporters at your front door in the morning.

BARBARA

Daddy doesn't mind a little scandal. He's a senator.

ANNE

(answering Guy's look)

It can't be helped, darling. It is not your fault. It's not as though anyone can say you had something to do with it.

GUY

Someone might say it...I'd do anything to keep you all out of this mess.

SENATOR

Profit by my experience, Guy. Never lose any sleep over accusations.

(an afterthought)

Unless they can be proved, of course. We'll help all we can. Dreadful business, dreadful. That poor unfortunate girl.

BARBARA

(flatly)

She was a tramp.

SENATOR
(pontificially)
She was a human being. let me remind
you that even the most unworthy of
us has the right to life and the
pursuit of happiness.

BARBARA
(unimpressed)
From what I hear, she pursued it in
all directions.

SENATOR
Barbara!

ANNE
Father, it's getting terribly late,
and Guy looks so tired...

SENATOR
(quickly)
Of course, of course. Back to bed,
Barbara.

BARBARA
(ignoring this - to
Anne and Guy)
Well, you two. Nothing stands in
your way now. You can be married
right away. Think of it -- you're
free!

CLOSE TWO ANNE AND GUY

look at one another with a growing realization of what
Miriam's death actually means to their happiness -- they are
free.

BACK TO SCENE

The Senator firmly urges Barbara to the door.

SENATOR
(to Barbara)
One doesn't always have to say what
one thinks!

BARBARA
(sweetly)
Father, I'm not a politician.

The Senator gives her a gentle but firm push out of sight.

SENATOR

You won't forget that call, Guy?
Captain Turley.

GUY

Yes sir. Goodnight.

Barbara pokes her head quickly around the door.

BARBARA

I still think it would be wonderful
to have a man love you so much he'd
kill for you.
(she ducks out)

TWO SHOT

Left alone, Guy and Anne embrace. Anne's nervous tension
comes to the surface in a flood of relief.

ANNE

I told myself over and over I was
being silly, but there was one
horrible moment tonight when the
news came through. I kept remembering
what you shouted telephone from
Metcalf.

GUY

That I could strang...

Anne quickly puts her fingers over his mouth.

ANNE

Don't even say it. Forget you ever
said it. Even more terrifying than
the murder itself, Guy, was the awful
thought that if you had anything to
do with it we'd be separated, -perhaps
forever. I'd never see you again.
I couldn't bear it.

DISSOLVE TO:

LONG SHOT MAIN STREET OF METCALF DAY

with its customary mid-afternoon activity.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. METCALF POLICE HEADQUARTERS DAY

A knot of people are hanging around the entrance, including a few newspaper photographers. There is a rush of interest when a taxi pulls up and Guy steps out of it. Guy pushes his way through the people. Two or three bulbs flash. There is a murmur from the crowd and we hear Guy's name. He passes into the entrance.

INT. CORRIDOR OF POLICE HEADQUARTERS

Guy comes into the corridor from the street and approaches two policemen who are standing nearby.

GUY
Captain Turley's office?

One of the policemen gestures to a door at the right. Guy crosses and enters.

INT. RECEPTION ROOM OUTSIDE CAPTAIN TURLEY'S OFFICE

At one side of the room is a young police sergeant seated at a typewriter. A group of people are seated in chairs lined against the opposite wall.

Guy enters, crosses to the sergeant at the desk.

GUY
Captain Turley is expecting me. Guy
Haines.

SERGEANT
Just a moment, Mr. Haines.

He rises and goes into an adjoining room.

CLOSEUP GUY

He now has time to take stock of the waiting people. He catches his breath when he sees:

CLOSEUP MRS. JOYCE

Miriam's mother, dressed all in black, is seated in one of the chairs. She has been staring at the floor, but brings her eyes up slowly to glare at Guy with a look of burning hatred.

MRS. JOYCE
(a fierce whisper)
You'll pay for this!

CLOSEUP MR. HARGREAVES

Mr. Hargreaves from the music shop looks across at Guy, attempts in awkward nod but is very embarrassed.

CLOSEUP GUY

Guy nods in returns.

MED. SHOT

The two boys who were with Miriam at the amusement park. They look at Guy with interest.

MED. SHOT GUY

He looks about him uncomfortably, then turns suddenly as he sees:

MED. SHOT

Seated behind Guy, apart from the others who are waiting, is Professor Collins, Guy's drunken companion on the train of the night before. The professor is completely sober now, dignified and erect. He has removed his glasses to polish them and does not react to Guy's presence.

CLOSEUP GUY

Guy starts with a smile of recognition to say, "How do you do?" but at that moment he hears the door open and his name called:

SERGEANT'S VOICE
Will you come in, please, Mr. Haines?

MED. SHOT

Guy breaks away from his uncompleted greeting to the professor and goes through the door to Captain Turley's office, followed by the eyes of the waiting people.

INT. CAPTAIN TURLEY'S OFFICE

CAPTAIN TURLEY is conscientious, methodical and always polite. He puts aside photographs and records and rises from behind his desk as Guy comes in. A detective lieutenant, CAMPBELL, is attending a coffee maker. Their expressions are grave by contrast with Guy's confident attitude after seeing the professor in the waiting room.

CAPTAIN TURLEY

Good of you to be so prompt, Mr.
Haines. This is Lieutenant Campbell.
(the two nod to each
other)
Won't you sit down?

GUY

Thank you, sir.
(he sits)

CAPTAIN TURLEY

I know you're a busy man, so we won't
detain you any longer than
necessary...Now you already been
good enough to tell us where you
were last evening, and we've managed
to locate the gentleman you spoke
with on the train.

Turley signals to Campbell to call the professor in.

GUY

(brightening)
Yes. I saw him outside.

CAMPBELL

(at open door)
Will you come in please, professor?

CLOSEUP GUY

He looks up eagerly.

MED. SHOT

Professor Collins comes in and sits in a chair opposite Guy.

TURLEY

Professor Collins, this is Mr. Haines.
He was with you on the train last
night.

The professor studies Guy for a moment, then awkwardly turns to Turley.

COLLINS
I'm terribly sorry, but I really
don't remember meeting this gentleman.

CLOSEUP GUY

Surprised. His confident expression fades.

CLOSEUP PROFESSOR COLLINS

He turns from the captain to Guy.

COLLINS
(apologetically)
Unfortunately, I remember very little
about the journey from New York...You
see, there had been a little
celebration --

MED. SHOT GROUP

Guy interrupts with a slight note of impatience.

GUY
But we were sitting opposite each
other in the observation car! You
were singing a song about a goat --

COLLINS
(incredulously)
A goat?

GUY
(urgently)
And calculus. You were going over a
speech you'd made.

Turley and Campbell are watching closely.

COLLINS
I was? I'm sorry, Mr. Halnes.
(shakes his head)
I certainly must have celebrated! I
can't remember you at all.

CLOSEUP GUY

Momentarily Guy is frustrated, then he turns quietly to Turley.

GUY

(calmly, logically)
Captain, is it so important whether or not Professor Collins remember me? Surely, the important thing is that I've been able to name a man who was on the train with me. You've been able to find him. Isn't that proof of where I was at nine-thirty last night?

Guy asks this question with a look of near triumph that he has clearly established his alibi.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BURTON LIVING ROOM EVENING

The Burtons are having coffee. Barbara has been glancing through a new murder mystery with a lurid cover. As Guy enters, Anne rises to greet him.

ANNE

Hello, darling. Have you had your dinner?

GUY

On the train.

ANNE

You weren't in Metcalf all this time? We expected you hours ago.

BARBARA

(flatly)

I didn't. They sometimes throw a suspect in the can and keep him there all night.

SENATOR

(after a disapproving glance at Barbara)

Sit down, Guy. Sit down. Give him some coffee, Anne.

(MORE)

SENATOR (CONT'D)

(back to Guy)

You had no trouble with the police of course, once they verified your alibi?

GUY

(morosely)

When an alibi is full of bourbon, sir, it can't stand up.

BARBARA

You mean the professor was boiled?

GUY

Completely. He didn't remember me.

ANNE

But, you knew he was on the train! Wasn't that enough to prove you were on it, too?

GUY

Apparently not at the right time. They suggested I could have caught the train at Baltimore after Miriam was murdered. They had it all worked out --

(taps his head)

in their timetables.

ANNE

(growing indignant and increasingly nervous)

That's ridiculous. They're acting as if you were guilty.

BARBARA

(somewhat subdued and trying to be comforting)

Everything will be all right, Anne. The police were just being thorough --

(she's unsure of herself, and defers to the senator)

Weren't they, daddy?

SENATOR

I certainly hope so.

(to Guy)

What is your next step?

GUY

(wryly)

Whatever it is, the police will know it. They gave me a present -- come take a look.

He crosses to the window, lifts the curtain slightly, then turns back to the others.

GUY

(continuing)

My guardian angel.

The group move to look out the window, the senator with reluctance.

LONG SHOT EXT. STREET FROM THEIR VIEWPOINT

Through the window we see the figure of a man across the street. He is lighting a cigarette and strolling up and down.

BACK TO GROUP

BARBARA

(impressed)

You're being tailed!

GUY

(turning to them)

That's Leslie Hennessy. He works sixteen hours a day. Somebody else takes over for the next eight.

(drops the curtain,

turns back into room)

As a matter of fact, Hennessy's a very nice fellow.

BARBARA

Shouldn't we ask him in for Coffee -- or something?

Nobody bothers to answer her. The Senator is disturbed, but confident of his own prestige as he goes back to his coffee.

SENATOR

I'll have him called off immediately of course.

GUY

(calmly)

I'm afraid where I go, Hennessy goes.
Even to the Senate.

SENATOR

(Pausing with his cup
hallway to his mouth)

Is he likely to -- picket my office?

GUY

Very likely.

The Senator's cup is suddenly back on its saucer and he is on his feet, pacing nervously.

SENATOR

I would suggest, Guy, for your own peace of mind, of course, that you work here at the house for a few days.

(a pause)

It would be less embarrassing for you.

Guy has been looking at Anne and is concerned at the worry on her face. He nods in assent to the Senator's suggestion, but puts his hand over Anne's.

GUY

(hopelessly)

Then what about practicing? Perhaps I'd better forget Forest Hills?

SENATOR

My dear boy, wouldn't it look rather -- awkward -- if you suddenly canceled all your plans.

ANNE

He's right, Guy. You mustn't do anything that would look suspicious. You've got to carry on as though nothing has happened.

BARBARA

(pointing out the
window)

Escorted by Mr. Hennessy.

The are crestfallen again. RANDALL, the manservant, has entered with the telephone.

RANDALL

A call for you, Mr. Haines. They
say it is urgent.

The phone is plugged in to a connection and Guy crosses the
room and picks up the receiver. The Burtons watch him.

GUY

Hello --

INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH BIG HEAD CLOSEUP OF BRUNO

His face wears the most affable expression.

BRUNO

Hello, Guy. I tried your apartment,
but --

(pause)

Why, Guy, this is Bruno!

INT. BURTON LIVING ROOM

Guy hangs up the telephone quickly. He looks at the others,
awkwardly tries to explain:

GUY

Must be some mistake. It wasn't for
me.

His embarrassment grows as Anne looks at him with a puzzled
expression.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

EXT. WASHINGTON STREET APPROACHING JEFFERSONS MEMORIAL DAY

Guy and HENNESSY are walking along the street together, CAMERA
MOVING WITH THEM. Their relationship is most friendly. Guy
carries a briefcase. Hennessy is an amiable but not gullible
young man in his early thirties. He knows his job, is well
groomed, well educated, and well liked.

GUY

Well, I suppose I was pretty lucky
to be seeded fifth, really.

HENNESSY

I've never seen the Forest Hillss
tournament before. I'm looking
forward to it.

GUY

(wryly)
Do you mean we'll be going there
together, Hennessy?

HENNESSY

Oh, don't worry. This thing will be
cleared up by that time.
(changes the subject)
Ever thought of turning professional,
Guy?

GUY

I won't have to do that. When I'm
through with tennis. I'll be going
into politics, I hope.

HENNESSY

(aghast)
Politics! It's a good thing for you
I don't report that to the chief.

He turns to light a cigarette. As he does, Guy gives a barely perceptible start at what he sees offscene.

LONG SHOT JEFFERSON MEMORIAL FROM GUYS VIEWPOINT

The tiny figure of a man is standing at the base of the tall white column. The figure lifts in arm and waves. Instinct tells us that this is Bruno. Hennessy is still mumbling his opinion of politics.

HENNESSY'S VOICE

If he knew you were getting into
that rat-race --

TWO SHOT GUY AND HENNESSY

Guy turns his back on Bruno's figure and looks frantically toward to street, wanting to get away.

HENNESSY

-- He'd put ten men on your trail.
He says --

GUY
(interrupts)
Let's take this cab. It's getting
late.

He hails a taxi which is cruising by, and they start to get in. Guy directs the driver.

GUY
Pentagon Building, please.

HENNESSY
Oh, no, not there! I always get
lost.

INT. TAXI CLOSE SHOT

Guy turns and looks out of the window.

LONG SHOT JEFFERSON MEMORIAL

from Guy's viewpoint, shot through the cab window. Again we see the solitary figure of Bruno looking after Guy and beginning to recede with the background as the cab starts off.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GUY'S APARTMENT NIGHT

As Guy comes in from outside, there is a note on the floor that has been pushed under the door. Guy picks it up, stares at it for a minute before he opens it. He takes out a handwritten note and reads it with an expression of disgust.

INSERT NOTE (IN GUY'S HANDS)

IT READS:

Dear Guy:
We have to meet and make plans.
Call me at Arlington ----.
Time's getting short.

Bruno

The handwriting is sprawling and erratic, embellished with conceited flourishes.

MEDIUM SHOT

Guy looks off for a moment with set face, then tearing the note into shreds, crosses to a small desk, lights a match and holds it to the fragments, letting them burn and fall into an ash tray.

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DISSOLVE TO:

LONG SHOT EXT. MELLON GALLERY LATE AFTERNOON

CAMERA is in a low setup, to take in the sign across the doorway which identifies the gallery. Hennessy stands in the foreground in front of the building, on duty.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MELLON GALLERY

Guy and Anne are walking slowly through a more or less deserted room of the gallery. Their manner is relaxed and intimate.

ANNE

Well, we'd better be getting back.

GUY

We've actually been alone for an hour. Seems almost indecent. You like?

ANNE

(softly)

I like.

GUY

I was beginning to feel like a goldfish.

ANNE

So was I. When we build our house, darling, we won't even have glass windows. No doorbells, no newspapers, no telephone --

GUY

No Hennessy.

ANNE

(suddenly serious)

How long can it go on?

GUY

I don't know. I suppose until they find out who did it.

ANNE

We'll be happier then, won't we?

GUY

I suppose so.

Anne looks at him, surprised at his lack of enthusiasm. They walk on out of the picture.

A figure steps out from behind a pillar in the main hall of the gallery, near the spot from which they have disappeared. It is Bruno. He calls.

BRUNO

(softly)

Guy!

Anne stops and looks back. Guy knows who it is and would not turn but that he is forced to by Anne's action. He takes a few steps towards Bruno.

CLOSEUP

Anne watches Guy approach this stranger. She looks downward at Bruno's tie pin.

CLOSEUP

Bruno's tie pin, bearing his name, gleams in the light.

CLOSEUP

Anne reads the name on the tie pin.

TWO SHOT

Guy comes up to Bruno, steps in front of him.

GUY
(muttering harshly)
Will you stop pestering me!

BRUNO
But Guy, you haven't called me. My
father's leaving for Florida the end
of this week --

GUY
(interrupts)
You crazy fool! There's a detective
outside. He'll see us together!

BRUNO
(brushing this off)
Oh, they can't have anything on you.
(looking past Guy)
Isn't that Anne Burton? Slight
improvement over Miriam -- eh, Guy?

GUY
Stay away from me, I tell you!

He leaves Bruno abruptly to rejoin Anne. Bruno looks after
him, a little hurt.

TWO SHOT

Guy rejoins Anne and they start to walk away.

ANNE
Who was it, Guy?

GUY
(unnerved)
I never saw him before. Just some
tennis fan.

Anne looks at him a little oddly. He seems unduly concerned
about a casual stranger.

CLOSEUP ANNE

Her face is troubled.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

INT. MORTON STUDY MED. SHOT

Guy and a secretary have set up office in the Morton study. As the scene opens the secretary is handing Guy a large envelope.

SECRETARY

Here's a special delivery, Mr. Haines.
It's marked personal.

As Guy is opening the envelope, Barbara speaks to him from atop a library ladder. She is getting a book from one of the top shelves of a bookcase, which is next to a window.

BARBARA

Are you getting in any practice today,
Guy?

GUY

(as he takes out a
large folded sheet
of paper and glances
at it, mystified)
Yes, if I can get a court at the
club.

As Guy's hands unfold the paper and hold it for moment, we see that it is a diagrammed plan of the grounds and the Interior of the Anthony house. There are dotted lines along the upper hall, with an arrow which points to one room and where Bruno has indicated in his handwriting, "My father's room." Over this we hear the voices of Barbara and the secretary:

SECRETARY'S VOICE

Barbara, who are you waving at?

BARBARA'S VOICE

Mr. Hennessy. I think it is a shame
Daddy won't let us have him in the
house to sit down. Have you met him
yet, Louise?

SECRETARY'S VOICE

No.

BARBARA'S VOICE

He is awfully cute.

MED. SHOT

Guy frowns, quickly folds the paper up and stuffs it into his pocket. He looks off abstractedly.

CLOSEUP SECRETARY

She looks at Guy sympathetically.

SECRETARY

Is anything wrong, Mr. Haines?

CLOSEUP GUY

Her voice breaks his reverie. He answers her with a forced smile.

GUY

No, thank you, Louise.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

TENNIS COURT AT WASHINGTON COUNTRY CLUB

There are twenty or thirty people sitting in the bleacher seats opposite the umpire's chair. A game of mixed doubles is in progress.

MED. SHOT AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE COURT

Guy appears, carrying his racquets. His partner for the forthcoming game, and one or two other players, are close by.

CLOSER SHOT

Guy looks about him. Several people are looking at him awkwardly or avoiding his eyes. He moves self-consciously away, and the CAMERA PANS HIM around the court to the umpire's chair.

MED. SHOT

A couple of women players whisper something about Guy as he goes past them.

FIRST WOMAN

I didn't think he'd show up after
what happened.

SECOND WOMAN

And miss all the publicity?

MED. SHOT

As Guy stands at the umpire's chair, the umpire glances down
and gives him a rather embarrassed greeting.

CLOSEUP GUY

He looks across at the watching crowd.

MED. SHOT FROM GUY'S VIEWPOINT

The heads of the people in the bleachers move from side to
side, to follow the play on the court. One head is not
moving. It is staring at Guy. It is Bruno.

At this moment, we hear the umpire calling, "Game, set and
match" to the winning mixed doubles pair.

CLOSEUP GUY

His expression becomes set.

LONG SHOT

The mixed doubles couples complete their handshaking at the
net and move off the court. We see Guy move up to the base
line while the other player takes his position for the
preliminary knock-up.

MED. SHOT

As Guy casually knocks the ball across the net, he glances
again toward Bruno.

MED. SHOT FROM GUY'S VIEWPOINT

Bruno is making his way out of the small stand.

CLOSEUP GUY

Perplexed and apprehensive as to what Bruno may be up to. He hears his opponent's voice.

PLAYER'S VOICE

Ready, Guy?

Guy shakes off his abstraction and poises himself to receive the ball.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

MED. SHOT PASSAGEWAY LEADING TO TERRACE

We see Guy coming alone, having finished his game. He is carrying his rackets, wears a towel around his neck, etcetera. He walks into foreground, into CLOSEUP, and suddenly stops short at what he sees:

MED. SHOT FROM GUY'S VIEWPOINT

The group at the table comprising Bruno, Anne and the two French people. Bruno is preening himself as the others laugh uproariously, obviously at something Bruno has said. Anne catches sight of Guy and smiles at him.

CLOSE SHOT GUY

CAMERA MOVES WITH HIM as he comes forward toward the table.

MED. SHOT GROUP AT TABLE

As Guy comes into the scene. He stands staring.

ANNE

Guy, darling -- this is Mr. Antony --
a friend of Monsieur and Madame
Darville...

(to Bruno)

Guy Haines.

CLOSEUP GUY

He gives a weak acknowledgment in Bruno's direction, realizing that Bruno has wormed his way into the group and that he must accept the introduction.

MEDIUM SHOT

Bruno half rises, smiles affably at Guy, reaches out his hand. Guy is forced to shake hands with him

BRUNO

I've been a fan of yours for a long time, Mr. Haines. In fact, I follow everything you do.

MME. DARVILLE

Mr. Antony has been telling us such charming stories... Very funny.

CLOSEUP GUY

He gives another weak little smile.

MED. SHOT

In response to the Frenchwoman's attentive and eager expression, Bruno leans forward on the table and starts saying something more in extremely fluent French.

CLOSEUP ANNE

She is staring at Bruno with a new expression.

CLOSEUP FROM ANNE'S VIEWPOINT

Bruno's coat has spread open a bit, and his tie pin bearing the name "Bruno" is resting on the edge of the table.

CLOSEUP ANNE

She becomes aware that this is the man she has seen call to Guy in the art museum, that they have met before. Her eyes turn a little in Guy's direction, though she does not look at him.

CLOSEUP GUY

He is still watching Bruno talk to the French couple. Guy is unaware of Anne's looks. Suddenly his attention is arrested by the sound of Barbara's voice calling him.

BARBARA'S VOICE

Guy!

He turn his head and CAMERA PANS him to Barbara, who is standing a few steps from the table beckoning to him.

BARBARA

(Sotto voce)

I've just been talking to your shadow.

(very impressed)

Guy, did you know Mr. Hennessy helped crack that axe murder I was reading about? You know, the one where the body was cut up and hidden in the butcher shop? He was locked in the ice box with the left leg for six hours!

GUY

He pulls those yarns right out of his hat, Babs.

CLOSEUP GUY

He gives a sharp look back toward Bruno. There is more laughter coming from the French couple at the table.

CLOSE SHOT GROUP AT TABLE FROM GUY'S VIEWPOINT

Bruno is occupied with his French joke, but Anne is looking at Guy strangely.

TWO SHOT GUY AND BARBARA

Guy turns back to Barbara. Barbara looks with interest toward Bruno.

BARBARA

Who's the nice looking Frenchman with the Darvilles?

GUY

He's not French. His name's Antony.

Barbara steps toward the table.

MED. SHOT AT TABLE

as Barbara joins the group.

BARBARA

How do you do, Madame Darville.
Monsieur.

They looks up.

CLOSEUP BRUNO

Bruno stops in the middle of some French to stare at Barbara.
Her voice continues.

BARBARA'S VOICE

How are you?

FRENCH COUPLES' VOICES

Delightful to see you. How sweet
you look, Miss Barbara.

CLOSE SHOT BARBARA FROM BRUNO VIEWPOINT

BARBARA

I hope you aren't forgetting our
little party on Thursday, Madame.

From Bruno's viewpoint, as Barbara speaks, CAMERA MOVES IN
CLOSER until to faintest impression of the merry-go-round
fills the screen with the effect of whirling around Barbara's
head. Her glasses seem to glint until her eyes are
obliterated by the glare.

MED. SHOT THE GROUP

MME. DARVILLE

We are planning on it?

M. DARVILLE

But of course.

All talk dies out as all eyes turn to Bruno, who is staring
at Barbara. Except Anne's, who is saying quietly to Bruno:

ANNE

This is my sister Barbara. Barbara,
this is Mr. Antony.

CLOSEUP BRUNO

He does not acknowledge the introduction immediately. He is
still staring at Barbara. Then he nods abstractedly.

CLOSEUP ANNE

She is looking at Bruno, wondering what mystery lies behind this strange individual and why he and Guy have disclaimed any previous acquaintance.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

INT. GUY'S APARTMENT NIGHT

CLOSEUP A LUGER PISTOL HELD IN GUY'S HANDS

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO SHOW Guy staring down at it. He is partially dressed for an evening party, in black bow tie but without his jacket. He leans forward to take up a letter from among brown paper wrappings on the table.

INSERT: LETTER

Dear Guy --

Just two more days left. We must get together for final details.

The note, in Bruno's handwriting, is unsigned.

CLOSEUP GUY

He stares down at the note. At this moment there is a knock at the door.

MED. SHOT

Guy hastily gather together the gun, the note and the wrappings and puts them in a dresser drawer. He crosses to the door and opens it. Hennessy enters, carrying a topcoat.

GUY

Hiya, Hennessy. Won't keep you out late tonight.

(getting into his dinner jacket)

With Forest Hills coming up tomorrow, I've got to get some sleep.

HENNESSY

(helping himself to a
cigarette)

That's too bad. Hammond takes over
in a couple of hours. I'd like to
see him earn his salary.

Guy turns to the dresser drawer in which he has put the note
and the gun, maneuvering his body between the dresser and
Hennessy's view. He takes out a handkerchief, closes the
drawer, sticks the handkerchief in his pocket, speaking as
he does so.

GUY

Doesn't that bloodhound over relax?
He sticks so close he's beginning to
grow on me -- like a fungus.

HENNESSY

(mildly)

He thinks you're a very suspicious
character. He doesn't trust anybody!
Not even himself.

Guy is eager to get out of the room, and Hennessy is
maddeningly slow in his movements.

GUY

Come on.
(indicating at Hennessy
overcoat)
Don't forget your sleeping bag.

HENNESSY

(taking his time)

Yeah, If I have to wait too long on
the sidewalk my feet get cold. And
if I sit too long on those stone
steps, my --

Guy has the door open and eases Hennessy toward the hall.

GUY

(quickly)

Don't worry. Since you told Barbara
Burton about the icebox, you're her
favorite charity. She'll send the
butler out with something to defrost
you.

HENNESSY

(grinning)

Cute kid.

He's gone, and with a last glance at the dresser, Guy goes out and closes the door.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BURTON HOUSE LONG SHOT NIGHT

The street outside the Burton house is lined with cars and limousines. Various guests are arriving.

MED. SHOT

On the opposite side of the street we see Hennessy, now wearing his topcoat. He looks bored as he glances across the street to the house.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BURTON HOUSE BIG HEAD CLOSEUP OF ANNE

Her face is troubled. CAMERA BEGINS TO PULL BACK. We see now that the reception is in progress and that Anne stands beside her father to greet the arriving guests. CAMERA PULLS BACK FURTHER to show us a full view of a very crowded Washington gathering. Many white ties and tails and décolleté in evidence. Many accents. Even some foreign languages are being spoken. Music and chatter in the b.g.

CLOSE SHOT

Anne and the Senator are still greeting new arrivals. Anne's manner is somewhat preoccupied. She glances around as she speaks, as though looking for someone.

ANNE

(to new arrival)

Thank you so much, Mr. Lindsay.
We'll look forward to it.

PANNING SHOT FROM ANNE'S VIEWPOINT

THE CAMERA PASSES various groups of guests in conversation including Guy and Barbara who are together. From this distance we cannot hear what they are saying. CAMERA CONTINUES TO the front door. It opens to admit a new arrival. It is Bruno. He wears white tie and tails, looking very elegant.

We see Guy excuse himself from Barbara, cross to Bruno and speak to him angrily, obviously asking, "What are you doing here?" Bruno, however, greets Guy with a smile then turns from him, unperturbed and bland. He sees Anne and moves toward her, smiling.

CLOSEUP ANNE

As Bruno comes in her direction, Anne's expression shows her mystification and concern about Bruno's presence and about Guy's attitude toward him.

MED. SHOT

Bruno comes up to Anne and the Senator. He gives a slight bow to the Senator; then puts his hand out to Anne.

BRUNO

Good evening, Miss Burton.

The Senator looks inquiringly. Anne makes the introduction.

ANNE

This is Mr. Antony, father.

SENATOR

How do you do, sir.

BRUNO

I'd like to talk to you sometime, Senator, about my idea of harnessing the life force. It will make atomic power look like the horse and buggy.

(the Senator and Anne
are beginning to
look at him in
amazement)

I'm already developing my faculty for seeing millions of miles. And, Senator, can you imagine being able to smell a flower on the planet of Mars? I'd like to lunch with you some day soon and tell you more about it.

Interrupted by new arrivals, Bruno moves away out of the picture, with a charming smile to Anne.

The Senator greets the new guests with open mouth and simply shakes their hands while glancing off in direction of the departing Bruno.

DOWAGER
(to Senator)
So nice to see you, my dear Senator.

SENATOR
Ah yes, indeed -- I beg your pardon?

She realizes he hasn't heard a word she's said and haughtily moves on. The Senator turns to Anne.

SENATOR
(still looking after
Bruno)
I don't remember inviting that young man. Who is he?

ANNE
A friend of the Darvilles.

SENATOR
He has an unusual personality.
Provocative.

CLOSEUP ANNE

She looks off in Bruno's direction extremely disturbed at this new aspect of the mysterious stranger.

CLOSEUP GUY

He is watching Bruno.

MED. SHOT

Guy sees Bruno join a group of several ladies who are seated on a settee and a couple of older men who are standing by. A waiter comes along with a tray of drinks. Bruno takes one.

CLOSEUP BARBARA

She comes from the same direction that Guy came. She stops short as she sees:

MED. SHOT FROM BARBARA'S VIEWPOINT

Bruno is now heartily joining in conversation with one of the elderly gentlemen.

CLOSE SHOT BRUNO AND GROUP

Bruno talking to an elderly, dignified gentlemen.

BRUNO

But tell me, Judge, after you've sentenced a man to the chair, isn't it difficult to go and eat your dinner after that?

JUDGE

Young man, when a murderer is caught, he must be tried. When he is convicted, he must be sentenced. When he is sentenced to death, he must be executed.

BRUNO

Quite impersonal, isn't it, sir?

JUDGE

So it is. Besides, it doesn't happen every day.

At this moment, Anne comes into the scene. She hesitates as she hears Bruno's answer.

BRUNO

So few murderers are caught.

The Judge moves out of the way. Bruno smiles blandly at the ladies. One of them speaks to him.

MRS. CUNNINGHAM

Well, Mr. Antony, you seem very interested in the subject of murder.

Anne looks more troubled, then moves on out of the scene.

BRUNO

No more than anyone else. No more than you, for instance.

MRS. CUNNINGHAM

Me? I'm not interested in murder.

Bruno pulls up a chair to face the two woman on the settee, sits down, straddling the seat, to look at them over the back of the chair and settle down for a nice conversation.

BRUNO

(his tone is teasing)

Oh, come now, everyone's interested in that. Everyone would like to put someone out of the way. Now surely, Madame, you're not going to tell me that there hasn't been a time when you wanted to dispose of someone. Your husband, for instance.

MRS. CUNNINGHAM

(laughs)

Good heavens, no!

BRUNO

(playfully)

Ah ah!

(shaking a finger at her)

Are you sure? Do you mean to tell me there wasn't a tiny moment - when you'd been made really angry? And what did you say?

MRS. CUNNINGHAM

(squirms, giggling)

Well...

BRUNO

There you are, you see! There you are! All right, now you're going -- to do a murder. How are you going to do it? This is the fascinating part -- how are you going to do it...I didn't get your name?

MRS. CUNNINGHAM

Mrs. Cunningham.

BRUNO

Mrs. Cunningham, how are you going to do it?

MRS. CUNNINGHAM

(entering into the spirit of the play)

Well, I suppose I'll have to get a gun from somewhere.

BRUNO

(shakes his head)

Tssk, tssk. Oh no, Mrs. Cunningham.

(MORE)

BRUNO (CONT'D)

Bang, bang, all over the place.
Blood everywhere?

The other woman joins in:

MRS. ANDERSON

What about a little poison?

BRUNO

Ah! That's better, that's better.
Mrs.....?

MRS. ANDERSON

Anderson.

BRUNO

(he is thoroughly
enjoying himself)
That's better, Mrs. Anderson. But
Mrs. Cunningham is in a dreadful
hurry. Poison could take...let's
see...ten to twelve weeks, if poor
Mr. Cunningham is to die from natural
causes.

MRS. CUNNINGHAM

I have a wonderful Idea! I can take
him out in the car and when I get to
a lonely spot, knock him on the head
with a hammer, pour gasoline over
him and over the car and start the
whole thing ablaze.

BRUNO

(looks at her
deprecatingly)
And then have to walk all that way
home?

Mrs. Anderson laughs.

BRUNO

No, I have the best way, and the
best tools.
(he holds out his
hands and shows them)
Simple, silent, and quick. The silent
part being the most important. Let
me show you what I mean.

(MORE)

BRUNO (CONT'D)

(he raises his hands
toward Mrs.
Cunningham's throat,
then stops a moment
to ask)

You don't mind if I borrow your neck
for a moment do you?

MRS. CUNNINGHAM

(giggles)
Well, it's not for long.

BRUNO

Oh! no.
(he takes a drink and
puts his glass down)
Now, when I nod my head, just see if
you can cry out, and I bet you can't.
(he places his hands
around Mrs.
Cunningham's neck)
Now with my two thumbs...you see
that's where I'll be able to prevent
any sound coming from you. Now,
just wait for the nod of my head.

CLOSEUP BRUNO

As he starts to Press her neck, his eyes wander from the
face of his "victim" to someone else off scene.

MED. SHOT BARBARA

She is watching this rather unorthodox demonstration. The
CAMERA MOVES UP until her head fills the screen. Her glasses
glint in the light.

CLOSEUP BRUNO

He is now transfixed. His breathing becomes heavy. A strange
expression comes over his face. He still stares off at
Barbara.

MED. SHOT BARBARA

We see the whirling merry-go-round spinning around her head.

BIG HEAD CLOSEUP BRUNO

He now seem to have almost gone into a trance. Over the shot we begin to HEAR a strangled cry, and a broken exclamation, then Mrs. Anderson's voice.

MRS. ANDERSON'S VOICE

Mr. Antony! Mr. Antony!

ANOTHER VOICE

Stop him! Stop him!

CLOSEUP

Bruno's wrists and hands and the neck of his victim. We can just see Mrs. Cunningham's chin at the top of the screen. Her head is tossing from side to side. Her hands are clutching at Bruno's wrists. The hands of the other two women, also in the picture, are pulling at Bruno's wrists. Mrs. Cunningham's hands begin to slide off. Her head drops back.

Over this we HEAR cries of:

VOICES

Stop him!
Help, somebody!
Pull him off!
Mr. Antony! Mr. Antony!

CLOSEUP BRUNO

His body is swaying slightly at the various efforts to drag him away from Mrs. Cunningham. His eyes begin to close, and slowly he falls away from the picture in a dead faint on the floor.

MEDIUM SHOT

There is a rush of people around Mrs. Cunningham, who is breathing frantically, her eyes opening and closing. A couple of women are feebly slapping her hands, someone else is fanning her face.

MEDIUM SHOT

The Senator and Guy rush into the picture. They look at the fallen Bruno. They search around for an explanation. Other man come in ad they start to pick Bruno up.

GUY

Bring him this way.

Guy gives a quick look in direction of Mrs. Cunningham, sees that she is being attended to.

MEDIUM SHOT

Anne rushes into the picture. She sees Bruno being helped to his feet; then turns her attention to Mrs. Cunningham, who has now somewhat recovered. Mrs. Cunningham is helped to the settee. There is a babble of women's voices trying to explain what has happened.

ANNE

(thru the babble)

Bring her upstairs.

As the two groups pass off in different directions, the few people who ran into the scene late are asking the others what the disturbance is. "What's wrong?" "Did she faint?" "I didn't see anything." "What happened to him?" "Somebody hurt?" But one small figure stands in the clear. It is Barbara, She is still transfixed by what she has seen. Her hands are trembling. CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY IN ON HER. We see that her lips are trembling, too, and in her eyes frightened tears are welling. Her breath is heavy.

INT. STUDY

Bruno is stretched out on a settee. He is completely out. His collar and tie are open. Two or three of the male guests are just leaving the room. The Senator remains behind for a moment with Guy.

SENATOR

I thought he was a bit weird when he arrived. Who is he?

GUY

I hardly know him, sir.

SENATOR

Get him out of here as soon as you decently can -- will you. This is a nice item for the gossips. First thing you know, they'll be talking about orgies. I'd better get back...

GUY

Yes, sir.

The Senator leaves. Guy stands over Bruno's outstretched figure.

MEDIUM SHOT

Bruno is now half awake. Almost without seeing Guy, he staggers to his feet and begins to make his way to the door. Guy advances, and with a sharp thrust, pushes Bruno back on the settee.

Bruno looks and sees Guy clearly for the first time.

BRUNO

What happened? I was on a merry-go-round somewhere. It made me dizzy.

Guy moves forward, and thrusting his hand in Bruno's open shirt, pulls him to his feet. Bruno ignores Guy's violence and remain puzzled.

GUY

(disgusted)

You're a mad, crazy maniac, and you ought to be locked-up! Now will you get out of here and let me alone?

BRUNO

But, Guy --

Guy smashes Bruno in the jaw, in utter disgust, and knocks him back onto the settee. Bruno looks up from his sprawled position, a dull look in his eye.

BRUNO

You shouldn't have done that, Guy.

GUY

(subsiding)

Come on -- pull yourself together. Do your tie up.

Bruno staggers to his feet. He fumbles at his collar. As he crosses to him, CAMERA MOVES IN to a CLOSER SHOT.

GUY

Here -- let me.

He fixes Bruno's shirt and collar together and quickly ties his white bow. Bruno stands swaying like a small boy as Guy does this.

CAMERA PANS WITH THEM as Guy starts to escort Bruno from the room.

GUY
Have you got a car here?

BRUNO
(mumbling)
Driver's outside.

They pass through door into the hallway.

INT. HALL MEDIUM SHOT

One or two of the guests turn their heads as Guy takes Bruno across to the front door.

CLOSE SHOT

Barbara appears in the hallway, coming from the crowded sitting room. She watches the two men go out the front door.

MEDIUM SHOT

Bruno and Guy going out the front door. The man-servant does not close it immediately, so we are able to HEAR the call for Mr. Antony's car.

CLOSEUP BARBARA

She turns her head and looks up the stairs. Barbara has not quite recovered from her ordeal. She hurries forward to greet Anne who is hurrying down the stairs.

TWO SHOT

CAMERA PANS DOWN with Anne as she descends the last few steps. Barbara enters the picture and the two girls meet at the foot of the stairs.

ANNE
What's the matter, Barbara? Did you
see it happen? Did you see it --
all?

CLOSEUP BARBARA

BARBARA
(still shaken)
He looked at me! His hands were on
her throat, but, he was strangling
me!

CLOSEUP ANNE

ANNE
(aghast)
How do you mean?

TWO SHOT

BARBARA
He was looking at her first. Then
he looked over at me. He went into
a sort of trance
(shudders)
He looked horrible!
(reflectively)
He thought he was murdering me.

CLOSEUP ANNE

She looks away, with growing consciousness of the situation

TWO SHOT

BARBARA
Anne, why me? Why me? What did I
have to do with it?

Anne is extremely concerned and thoughtful. Suddenly she
gets an idea and with a pat on Barbara's arm, asks hurriedly:

ANNE
Do you know where Guy is?

BARBARA
He went out with that man!

Anne hurries to the front door and passes through.

EXT. HOUSE

Anne comes out onto the steps and looks around. She stops short as she sees:

LONG SHOT EXT. STREET FROM ANNE'S VIEWPOINT

There are cars lined up outside on the street. One limousine is pulling up in the center, two figures at the passenger door. One is climbing in. The other is Guy.

CLOSEUP ANNE

She calls out urgently:

ANNE
Guy!

CLOSE SHOT

Guy turns and closes the door.

MEDIUM SHOT FROM ANNE'S VIEWPOINT

The limousine moves off and Guy comes toward her.

MEDIUM SHOT

Anne comes down the steps and intercepts Guy on the sidewalk. She leads him along a few paces and then stops and faces him.

CLOSE TWO SHOT

Anne nods off in the direction of the departed Bruno and speaks in a desperate, low voice.

ANNE
You didn't meet him for the first
time the other day, did you, Guy?

Guy stares at her for a moment.

GUY
You mean when you introduced us at
the club?

ANNE

Yes. Did you notice how he stared at Barbara that day?

GUY

(awkwardly)

Well, I didn't -- particularly --

ANNE

(breaks in)

He stared at her again tonight -- while his hands were around Mrs. Cunningham's throat.

Guy looks at Anne with an expression of growing fear and alarm. She goes on inexorably:

ANNE

What did Miriam look like, Guy.

GUY

(awkwardly)

Well, why do you ask me? You've seen her pictures in the paper.

ANNE

Go on, I want you to tell me.

GUY

(haltingly)

Well, she was dark, not too tall, rather pretty --

ANNE

What else?

GUY

What else is there?

ANNE

She wore glasses, didn't she?

GUY

Yes.

ANNE

She looked a lot like Barbara, didn't she?

Guy suddenly begins to realize what Anne is getting at.

Anne lowers her head, deliberately avoids looking at Guy, as she asks:

ANNE

How did you get him to do it, Guy.

GUY

I get him to do it?

ANNE

He killed Miriam, didn't he? Tell me, Guy!

GUY

Yes.

(suddenly bursting
out)

He's a maniac. I met him on the train going to Metcalf. He had a crazy scheme about exchanging murders. I do his murder and he do mine.

ANNE

(quietly)

What do you mean -- your murder, Guy?

GUY

Well, he'd read about me in the paper. He knew about Miriam -- and about you. He suggested that if he got rid of Miriam for me, I should kill his father.

ANNE

You must have realized he was talking a lot of nonsense!

GUY

Of course! I didn't give it another thought. And now a lunatic wants me to kill his father.

ANNE

(beginning to believe)

It's too fantastic!

GUY

(grimly)

Yes, isn't it?

ANNE

You mean you've known about Miriam all this time?

GUY

Since the first night. He gave me her glasses.

ANNE

Why didn't you call the police?

GUY

(bitterly)

And have them say what you did -- "Mr. Haines, how did you get him to do it?" And Bruno would say we'd planed it together.

ANNE

Oh, Guy -- what can we do?

GUY

I don't know, Anne...I don't know.

ANNE

(With an anxious look
across the street)

Guy, hadn't we better go inside?
Your friend Hennessy's watching us.
(she Shudders)

GUY

(sadly)

You see, Anne, that's why I didn't want you to know anything about this. I wanted to protect all of you -- your father, Barbara. And now that you know, you're acting guilty, too.

ANNE

(desperately)

Oh, if we could only talk to father or someone about it.

GUY

No, that's no good, Anne. I mustn't drag anyone else into this mess. Come on. Let's go in.

They go toward the house.

CUT TO:

TWO SHOT ACROSS THE STREET

As Hennessy watches Anne and Guy go toward the house, his relief, HAMMOND, comes up. Hammond's a zealous, hard-eyed sleuth.

HENNESSY
(a little glum)
Hello, Hammond.

HAMMOND
You look worried. What's the matter?

HENNESSY
You'd better keep on your toes.
Something funny's going on.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GUY'S APARTMENT LATER THAT NIGHT

Still in his dinner clothes, Guy is seated in deep thought near the telephone, wrestling with his problem. There is an open telephone directory in front of him. He comes to a decision, picks up the telephone and dials a number. He waits for the answer, then:

GUY
Bruno? Yes, yes, it's Guy...I've
decided to do what you want. I'll
make that little visit to father....
(listens a moment)
Tonight.
(listens another moment)
Yes, I want to get this thing over
with, can you leave the house again,
Bruno?
(pause)
You'd better stay out till daylight.

Guy hangs up, rises and starts to move with purpose for his night's activities.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GUY'S APARTMENT NIGHT

Guy is sitting at the table. He is dressed differently, having changed from his dinner clothes to a sack suit. There is only one lamp lighted in the room. Guy presents a grim picture.

He is studying the plan of Bruno's house, and he picks up the key Bruno sent along with it. Finally he looks at his watch, then folds the plan and puts it in his pocket with the key. He rises, crosses to the chest of drawers, opens the top drawer.

INSERT: THE OPEN DRAWER

Guy's hands take out the Luger. His hand then picks up Miriam's glasses from the drawer, holds them a moment. He is about to put them back, then decides to take them along, puts them into his pocket.

MED. SHOT

CAMERA PANS GUY across to the window. He parts the curtains slightly and looks out.

MED. SHOT ON STREET (FROM GUY'S VIEWPOINT)

Hammond is lighting a cigarette as he strolls in front of the house.

INT. GUY'S APARTMENT

Guy crosses to his door, which he opens surreptitiously.

MED. SHOT CORRIDOR

Guy glances down the stairs, then closes the door behind him quietly and moves away to a window at the turn of the stairs.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE

Guy comes out of the window onto the second floor fire escape. He creeps stealthily down and emerges into a narrow alleyway. He steps back into the shadows for a moment when he sees:

LONG SHOT FROM GUY'S VIEWPOINT (PROCESS)

The strolling figure of Hammond on the far side of the street.

MED. SHOT

Guy turns away and is soon lost in the darkness of the street.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A TALL PAIR OF ELABORATE IRON GATES NIGHT

We are on the inside of the gates. We see them swing open slightly and the figure of Guy edges through them.

CLOSE SHOT

Guy leaves the gates ajar and then, taking the plan of Bruno's house from his pocket, and the key, he looks toward the house.

EXT. STEPS LONG SHOT NIGHT

This is a long flight of steps. Moonlit. They are lined with tall black cypress trees which throw their shadows across the steps. Guy moves out of one shadow, into another and carefully starts up the stairs.

AT THE DOOR

He pauses, looks about for a moment and listens. Then he puts the key into the lock, finding it with his flashlight. The door opens a few inches. He turns off the flash, and enters.

INT. ANTONY HOME ENTRANCE HALL

As Guy moves in soundlessly and closes the door. He looks toward the stairs which are in shadow.

MED. SHOT

Guy starts up the stairs slowly. He carries his flashlight and the plan.

AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS THE DOG

A huge shadow lies at the head of the stairs. As Guy comes slowly up the stairs, the Great Dane looks down at him.

GUY ON THE STAIRS

He reacts to the sight of the dog, stops an instant, and turn on his flashlight. The heavy massive face of the dog looks straight down at him. Guy turns off the flashlight and after a moment of indecision starts slowly up the stairs once more, the dog watching every step he takes.

UPPER HALLWAY

Guy comes up the last few stairs and still the dog hasn't moved. Guy slowly edges past him and the Great Dane's head turns to watch him.

GUY

moving quietly along the hallway, approaches two doors. He takes out his flash and identifies the door with his plan.

INSERT:

The plan shows two doors in relation to the stairway. The first one is clearly marked: "MY room." The adjoining door is marked: "My FATHER'S room."

CLOSE SHOT GUY

He pauses at the first door, then passes it quietly, walking on to the next one. He turns the knob soundlessly and passes through into the room.

INT. ANTONY BEDROOM LONG SHOT

The room is in darkness except for the dim outline of the recumbent figure in the bed. We hear Guy's voice, in a loud whisper:

GUY

Mr. Antony!

The figure stirs.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Guy takes a stop closer to the bed.

GUY

(urgently)

Mr. Antony! Don't be alarmed -- but
I must talk to you about your son.
About Bruno. Mr. Antony!

The figure on the bed turns and a hand stretches out toward a bedside light. The light goes on with a sudden glare.

CLOSEUP FACE OF BRUNO IN THE LIGHT (LOW CAMERA)

The low CAMERA throws a vast shadow up on the wall behind him, creating a grimace of his smile.

BRUNO

Yes, Mr. Haines?

CLOSEUP GUY

His face is dead.

MED. SHOT

Bruno rises from the bed and sits on the end of it. He is fully dressed, just as he was at the party, in white tie and tails.

BRUNO

(politely)

My father isn't home tonight, Mr.
Haines.

(smiles grimly at
Guy's surprise)

I was about to tell you that over
the phone. But you came to such a
sudden decision. I wondered why.

GUY

(recovering quickly)

Since you sent me a key to your house,
I decided to use it -- to make a
little social call on your father.
I thought he'd be interested to know
he has a lunatic son.

The faintest flicker of Bruno's eyes indicates the intensity of his reaction. He stares hard at Guy.

BRUNO

Then a I correct, Mr. Haines, in assuming that you have no intention of going ahead with our arrangement?

GUY

No intention whatsoever. I never had.

BRUNO

I see. You won't have any further use for the key, then, Mr. Haines.
(he holds out his hand and Guy gives him the key)
Thank you very such.

As Bruno continues to stare at him, Guy takes out the Luger. For a moment a look of fear comes into Bruno's face as he thinks Guy will probably shoot him. After a pause, Guy tosses the gun on the bed.

GUY

Or this.

Bruno's relief turns again to menace. He picks up the gun and fingers it nervously.

GUY

(kindly)
Look, Bruno. You're terribly sick.
(haltingly)
I don't know whether it's possible for you to realize it or not. I don't know much about these things, Bruno. But why don't you go someplace where you can get some treatment? Not only for your own sake, Bruno, but you can't go on causing more and more destruction to anyone you happen to meet.

Bruno pays no attention. He rises.

TWO SHOT

Guy's arguments have made no impression on Bruno whatsoever. He fingers the gun.

BRUNO

I don't like to be doublecrossed.
(MORE)

BRUNO (CONT'D)

I have a murder on my conscience,
but it's not my murder, Mr. Haines --
it's yours. And as you're the one
to profit, I think you should be the
one to pay for it.

For an instant his nervous hands seem to be struggling with
the urge to kill Guy.

GUY

(gives up)

Well, I guess it's no use, Bruno.
We sees to have nothing further to
discuss.

Bruno goes to the door in silent acquiescence and opens it
for Guy to pass through.

INT. HALLWAY MED. SHOT

Guy walks toward the stairs, tense and apprehensive. Bruno
is following him, still holding the gun. When the Great
Dane sees Bruno it gets to its feet, as if waiting for a
command.

Guy starts down the stairs but Bruno stays where he is, the
dog beside him. Guy turns and looks back at this tableaux
of menace.

BRUNO

Don't worry. I'm not going to shoot
you, Mr. Haines. It might disturb
mother.

(with a feeling of
power)

I'm a very clever follow. I'll think
of something better than that. Much
better.

LONG SHOT

Bruno remains in the foreground of the scene as Guy proceeds
on down the stairs. We see him open the front door and pass
through.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET ACROSS GUY'S APARTMENT EARLY
CLOSE SHOT HENNESSY AND HAMMOND MORNING

Hennessy is relieving Hammond who has kept watch on Guy's
apartment night.

HAMMOND

(in the middle of his
story)

He came back at three twenty-five.
I didn't even know he'd given me the
slip until his 'phone kept ringing
for about half an hour. Nobody sleeps
that sound. So I got the janitor to
let me in. No Haines.

HENNESSY

(to himself)

Wonder where he went?

HAMMOND

We'll probably hear of another dame
murdered.

HENNESSY

(puzzled)

Shut up. I'd better contact Metcalf.
I should think this calls for more
questioning of Mr. Haines.

HAMMOND

Questioning? Nuts! Let's take him
in.

HENNESSY

My dear Mr. Hamond, how many times
do I have to tell you that we have
nothing conclusive on Haines? There's
no evidence that he was ever at the
scene of the crime. Can't you get
that into your thick head?

(quietly)

Now stay put till I get back.

As he starts away --

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

INT. ANTONY LIVING ROOM LATE MORNING

Anne and Mrs. Antony are in the middle of a conversation. Anne's manner is tense and purposeful, Mrs. Antony's much less serious.

MRS. ANTONY

Oh, now, Miss Burton, really! I know Bruno's been in some very awkward scrapes, but nothing so ridiculous as a murder.

(she gives a short
little laugh)

ANNE

(desperately)

But, Mrs. Antony, you've got to make him do something about this. Don't you see that just one word from him would extricate Guy from this dreadful situation?

MRS. ANTONY

(lightly)

Oh, but Miss Burton, I'm sure this thing must be some practical joke. You know, Bruno sometimes goes too far.

(girl to girl)

Of course I shouldn't be saying this to an outsider, but sometimes he's terribly irresponsible and gets into all kinds of escapades.

ANNE

But don't you understand, Mrs. Antony -- your son is responsible for a woman's death.

MRS. ANTONY

(drawing herself up
with some hauteur)

Did Bruno tell you this?

ANNE

Of course not, Mrs. Antony.

MRS. ANTONY

(that settles it)

Well, there you are.

(MORE)

MRS. ANTONY (CONT'D)

(she sighs and rises,
winding it up)

Well, Miss Burton, it was very nice
of you to call. You must excuse me
now. I must get back to my painting.
Do you care for painting, Miss Burton?
I find it so soothing.

(shakes Anne's hand)

You must come again sometime.

She goes out. Anne is left helpless, standing in the middle
of the room. She picks up her purse and is about to go when
she hears a voice:

BRUNO'S VOICE

Oh, Miss Burton!

Anne turns back in direction of the voice. CAMERA PULLS
BACK until we can see the feet of Bruno protruding from behind
a chair in which he is sitting. He has obviously heard the
entire conversation between Anne and his mother. Bruno rises.
He is in dressing gown and pajamas.

BRUNO

I'm afraid mother wasn't very helpful,
was she?

(he strolls toward
Anne)

You know she hasn't been well for a
long time. She's a little -- how
shall I say -- confused.

(shakes his head
commiseratingly)

Poor mother.

Anne is too stunned to speak.

BRUNO

You know, I'm very upset with Guy.
He shouldn't have sent you on an
errand like this.

ANNE

Guy doesn't know I'm here, Mr. Antony.

BRUNO

He's been leading you up the garden
path, I'm afraid. He must be very
desperate to try to involve me.
I've been protecting him ever since
we had that conversation on the train
and he told me how he hated his wife.

Bruno is now standing near the window a little apart from Anne, with his back to her. He takes something out of the pocket of his dressing gown and looks down at it in his hand. It is Guy's lighter. Suddenly he stuffs it back in his pocket and turns back to Anne.

BRUNO

Why, do you know, Miss Burton, he tried to get me to go back to the island one night after dark and pick up his lighter so the police wouldn't find it? He dropped it there, you know, when -- well, that night.

Anne's horror is growing.

BRUNO

The whole thing's been worrying me so much. But of course I couldn't do it, Miss Burton. It would have been too risky. And besides, it would have made me an accessory.

Anne stares at this insane man and sinks on the settee. She starts to cry in sheer frustration. Bruno goes to her sympathetically.

BRUNO

Miss Burton, I know how you feel.

He puts his hand on her shoulder. Anne flings it off. There is an awkward pause as Bruno looks down at her. Then he begins to look around restlessly.

BRUNO

Miss Burton, you must excuse me. I have an urgent appointment.

(looks at his watch)

I must go up and change. Now, I really must go...if you'll excuse me...

He turns, starts out of the room and up the stairs in the hall. Anne watches him.

STAIRWAY FROM ANNE'S VIEWPOINT

Bruno turns and waves to Anne from the landing, then goes on up the stairs.

INT. LIVING ROOM MED. SHOT

Anne slowly rises, a lonely figure in the large room, and makes her way out.

DISSOLVE TO:

LONG SHOT FOREST HILL STADIUM

Grouped. A game is in progress.

MED. SHOT A TERRACE NEAR THE MAIN STADIUM (PROCESS)

where people get refreshments. There are various table with umbrellas.

MED. SHOT AT ONE OF TABLE (PROCESS)

Anne and Guy are seated at the table.

ANNE

...And he said that if the police found your lighter there, that's all they'd need -- something to prove you were at the scene of the murder.

GUY

(grimly)
That big lie about my wanting him to get it back means he's going to put my lighter on that island!

ANNE

(urgently)
Guy, you'll have to get there before he does. You won't have time to play, You'd better tell them.
(she nods her head in the direction of the center court)

GUY

Darling, if that loudspeaker announces that I'm not going to play, Hennessy bound to be suspicious He'd keep me from ever getting near Metcalf.

ANNE

Then I'll go.

GUY

(quickly)

No, darling.

(he puts his hand on
hers and speaks
firmly, with concern
for her safety as
well as for his own
situation)

You stay right here and help me give
Hennessy the slip after the match.

ANNE

But, Guy, that'll be too late!

GUY

(getting a thought)

Didn't Bruno say that I wanted him
together there one night after dark?

ANNE

Yes.

GUY

Well, that's what's in his mind now.
He's not going to expose himself in
broad daylight, If I can finish off
this match in three sets, I'll still
get there in time.

REYNOLDS, Guy's opponent, enters scene behind Guy's chair.

REYNOLDS

We're on in a few minutes, Guy.

(to Anne)

How are you, Miss Morton.

Anne acknowledges his greeting with a nod.

GUY

Okay, Tim. Be right with you.

Reynolds leaves Anne and Guy rise, and as they walk toward
the stadium, we can see Guy start to speak to Anne in a
whisper.

ENTRANCE TO COVERED STAND ALREADY SHOT

Hennessy and Hammond are standing by.

HAMMOND

Well, if Turley said to pick him up for questioning, let's pick him up!

HENNESSY

Let him have his game first, Hammond.

HAMMOND

(sourly)

This is the first time I ever waited for a murder suspect to play tennis before I pulled him in. When the boys at headquarters hear about this they'll send me orchids.

Guy and Anne come into the scene just as the players from the previous match emerge. They pass through, nodding to Hennessy.

HENNESSY

Good luck, Guy.

Guy is so preoccupied with his grimace doesn't nod to Hennessy until Anne nudges him.

INSIDE THE STAND MED. SHOT

Anne is reluctant to leave Guy who must now join his opponent, Reynolds.

GUY

You got it straight?

(ANNE nods)

Just make sure Barbara has everything ready as soon as the third set starts.

He goes on to the court, and Anne goes to her box.

MED. SHOT

Anne joins Barbara in the box. She starts to whisper something to her.

LONG SHOT

Guy and Reynolds complete their warm-up as the umpire announces that Guy is to serve. The game starts.

EXT. ANTONY HOME

A taxi is at the front door. Bruno is descending the steps. He gets into the cab, which moves off.

FOREST HILLS MED. SHOT ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH (PROCESS)

Over the shoulder of the announcer WE SEE the game in progress through the window of his booth.

ANNOUNCER

--It looks like an interesting match with Haines constantly charging the net -- not like Haines at all -- to press so early in the game...

MED. SHOT TEN COURT

Guy and his opponent, Reynolds, in play. Guy scores a point.

CLOSEUP THE UMPIRE

He announces game to Haines.

MED. LONG SHOT

We see the two men change ends and come toward the Umpire's chair. Reynolds stops to take a drink of water. Guy, with an impatient glance at him, moves over to the passing line and waits, the CAMERA going with him.

EXT. WASHINGTON STREET

A taxicab is seen coming along.

MED. SHOT INSIDE CAB (PROCESS)

Bruno is sitting with an unlighted cigarette in his mouth. CAMERA MOVES IN until he is in big CLOSEUP. His eyes look down. There is the SOUND of a click, then, Guy's lighter comes up into the picture held against the cigarette.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

FADE IN
LONG SHOT FOREST HILLS STADIUM

Grouped. A game is in progress.

MED. SHOT

A terrace where people get refreshments. There are various tables with umbrellas.

MED. SHOT AT ONE OF TABLE (PROCESS)

Guy is seated. He has his rackets with him and is waiting his turn to start his match. An official is talking to him but Guy keeps looking around as if expecting someone.

OFFICIAL

Well, at least there'd be a trip to Australia, if you made it.

GUY

(absently)

We'll know more about that by the end of the week...

(his face brightens
as he sees Anne)

Anne hurries in, nods briefly to the official who has started to leave, and sits down.

OFFICIAL

They're close to the finish, Guy

GUY

Be right there.

(turns to Anne)

I was afraid you wouldn't get here.
Wish me luck, darling.

He makes a move as if to follow official toward the stadium, but Anne puts hand on his arm.

ANNE

(quickly and urgently)

Guy, listen to me, If I sound all mixed up I can't help it. I -- I'm scared.

GUY

What about?

ANNE

That's just it. I don't know. It's
Bruno. I talked to him, Guy --

Guy stares at her, takes a quick look toward the stadium,
then gives Anne his full attention.

ANNE

He acted peculiar -- as if he could
put the murder right in your lap,
and not involve himself at all.

GUY

(shaking his head)
He'd drag himself into it, -- and
Bruno loves Bruno. I'm all right so
long as he thinks I have an alibi
for that night.
(noticing the stricken
look on Anne is face)
He knows?

Anne nods slowly.

GUY

(grimly)
Then he'll think of something. He
said he would.

ANNE

Guy, has he anything that the police
could trace to you --
(quoting Bruno)
Any little thing.

GUY

My cigarette lighter. He said once
he could have left it on the islands
as evidence
(a pause)
But he wouldn't do that. Not in
broad day light.

ANNE

(trying to think)
But he's going somewhere, Guy. He
told his mother --

GUY

(tensely)
Metcalf -- did he say Metcalf?

ANNE

No, -- I don't think so. Oh, why can't I remember -- he said such crazy things!

GUY

(tensely)
Try to think, Anne!

VOICE

(OFFSCENE)
Guy Haines! -- Reynolds!

While Anne is frantically trying to remember, Guy turns toward, the stadium and gives a signal of "Be right there."

ANNE

Something about the moon -- he said he had an appointment with the moon.

Guy's shoulders droop with disappointment.

GUY

That's no help. But I can't take any chances. I've got to get that lighter -- somehow.

REYNOLDS, Guy's opponent, ENTERS SCENE behind Guy's chair.

REYNOLDS

Okay, Guy. We're on.

He walks away. Anne and Guy rise, following him.

GUY

I'll have to default.

ANNE

And have Hennessy and that other one right at your heels?

Guy's expression says she's right, as they walk toward the stadium.

ENTRANCE TO COVERED STAND

Hennessy and Hammond, the two detectives, are standing by.

HAMMOND

First time I ever waited for a killer to play tennis before I nabbed him!

(MORE)

HAMMOND (CONT'D)

When the boys at headquarters hear
about this they'll send me an orchid!

HENNESSY

We got our orders. We take him in --
after the match.

Guy and Anne come INTO THE SCENE just as the players from
the previous match emerge. They pass through, nodding to
Hennessy.

HENNESSY

(a little sadly)
Good luck, Guy!

Guy gives him a thank-you nod. Hammond rolls his eyes in
disgust at Hennessy's politeness.

INSIDE THE STAND MED. SHOT

Anne is about to turn to her box but she is reluctant to
leave Guy, who must now join his opponent, Reynolds. As
their eyes hold, in mutual helplessness, Guy suddenly stares
at her with realization.

GUY

The moon! You said he had an
appointment --

Anne looks puzzled as Guy looks up at the sun, then at his
watch.

GUY

Then he is going to Metcalf. But he
has to wait until it gets dark --
(with frantic haste,
he thinks quickly,
then murmurs to Anne)
Listen, Anne, as soon as the third
set starts, tell Barbara --

MED. CLOSE SHOT REYNOLDS

waiting at the bottom of steps to the stand. Guy joins his
opponent, and Anne goes to her box. Guy and Reynolds move
onto the court amid the rounds of applause that greet them.

MEDIUM SHOT ANNE JOINS BARBARA

In the box. She starts to whisper something to her.

LONG SHOT

Guy and Reynolds complete their warm-up as the umpire announces that Guy is to serve. The game starts.

EXT. ANTONY HOME

A taxi is at the front door. Bruno is descending the steps. He gets into the cab, which moves off.

FOREST HILLS MED. SHOT ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH

Over the shoulder of the announcer WE SEE the game in progress through the window of his booth.

ANNOUNCER

It looks like an interesting match --
with Haines out to blast Reynolds
into a fast fight, -- not like Haines
at all -- to press so early in the
game...

MED. SHOT THE COURT

Guy and his opponent, Reynolds, in play. Guy scores a point.

CLOSEUP THE UMPIRE

He announces game to Haines.

MED. LONG SHOT

We see the two men change ends and come toward the Umpire's chair. Reynolds stops to take a drink of Water. Guy, with an impatient glance at him, moves over to the passing line and waits, the CAMERA going with him.

EXT. WASHINGTON STREET

A taxicab is seen coming along.

MED. SHOT INSIDE TAXI CAB

Bruno is sitting with an unlighted cigarette in his mouth. CAMERA MOVES IN until he is in big CLOSEUP. His eyes look down. There is the SOUND of a click, then Guy's lighter comes up into the picture held against the cigarette.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH FOREST HILL

The announcer is broadcasting the progress of the match and we learn from him that this first set is nearly finished.

LONG SHOT THE COURT

Guy and Reynolds in play.

MED. SHOT

Anne and Barbara sitting in their box watching the play anxiously.

MED. SHOT

At the entrance to the covered stand. The two detectives Hennessy and Hammond, are watching. Hammond is bored by this game.

HAMMOND

Stupid game. You'd never get me into them short pants. I'd feel naked.

HENNESSY

(his eyes intent on the game)
You'd feel naked in an Eskimo suit -- if you weren't wearing your badge.

MED. SHOT

Guy playing hard but holding his own.

MED. SHOT

Reynolds, his opponent, playing back.

LONG SHOT

The big crowd watching.

MED. SHOT

Guy scores point over Reynolds.

MED. SHOT

There is general applause from the crowd in the covered stand as we HEAR the Umpire's announcement.

UMPIRE'S VOICE

(O.S.)

Mr. Haines wins the first set.

EXT. UNION STATION WASHINGTON D.C.

We see Bruno get out of a cab and pass into the depot.

LONG SHOT FOREST HILLS

The game in process.

MED. SHOT

A nearer view of the game.

CLOSE SHOT GUY IN PLAY

volleying with Reynolds.

CLOSE SHOT

Reynolds playing the covered stand people are concentrating.

MED. SHOT

Guy misses a point and the game. He and Reynolds make for the Umpire's chair. We HEAR the Umpire announce.

UMPIRE'S VOICE

Game to Mr. Reynolds. Games are two all...Second set.

INT. UNION STATION WASHINGTON, D.C.

Bruno is casually waiting for the train. He stands near a news-stand reading a paper.

INSERT:

We see that the paper is open at the sports page. There is a picture of Guy among other tennis players. WITH A DISSOLVE the whole character of this page changes with the exception of Guy's picture, which becomes surrounded with large type, announcing the arrest of Guy Haines for the murder of his wife Miriam. A sub-heading tells of Guy's cigarette lighter found at the scene of the crime. All this DISSOLVES AWAY and the page becomes once more the sports section.

CLOSEUP

Bruno looks up with satisfaction.

LONG SHOT FOREST HILLS

The crowd watching.

MED. SHOT

Guy and Reynolds in play.

MED. SHOT

Guy playing hard.

MED. SHOT

Reynolds playing back.

CLOSEUP

The Umpire watching the game. Suddenly he announces:

UMPIRE
Game to Mr. Reynolds. Games are
three all... second set.

INT. CLUB CAR ON TRAIN

Bruno is now seated in his accustomed place in the club car. His gloved fingers are quietly toying with Guy's lighter. A passenger next to him asks:

PASSENGER

May I have a light, please?

Bruno looks at him for a moment and then at the lighter. With great deliberation he puts the lighter away in his pocket and takes out book-matches. Lighting a match, he holds it to his fellow passenger's cigarette.

LONG SHOT FOREST HILLS

The game as seen from under the covered stand.

MED. SHOT

Anne and Barbara very tense.

CLOSEUP GUY

about to serve, looks anxiously across the court.

CLOSEUP THE CLOCK

CLOSEUP GUY

as he serves.

CLOSEUP REYNOLDS

returns.

CLOSEUP BALL

hits the net.

CLOSEUP UMPIRE

announces.

UMPIRE

Second set to Haines. Haines leads
two sets to love.

There is a round of applause. We see the heads of the two
players reach the Umpire's chair. Guy, very anxious still,
as he wipes his neck with a towel.

INT. COVERED STAND CLOSE SHOT ANNE BARBARA

Anne is speaking.

ANNE

If he wins this next set -- you'd
better have everything ready.

(takes bill from her
purse and hands it
to Barbara)

Here -- give the driver this ten
dollars.

BARBARA

(puzzled)

I wish understood what this is all
about!

ANNE

(urgently)

You don't have to understand, just
do it. And for heaven's sake, act
natural.

Barbara nods and goes along.

ENTRANCE TO COVERED STAND

Barbara smiles winningly at Hennessy as she goes through.
Her interpretation of "acting natural" is exaggerated and
rather comical. Hammond's eyes narrow as he looks after her
suspiciously.

LONG SHOT

The game in progress. Guy starts the next set. He serves.

MED. SHOT

Reynolds returns.

MED. SHOT

Guy volleys.

MED. SHOT

Reynolds puts the ball in the air.

CLOSE SHOT

Guy smashes.

CLOSE SHOT

The ball hits the net.

CLOSEUP UMPIRE

UMPIRE
Love fifteen.

LONG SHOT THE CROWD

We HEAR the smash of the ball and the voice of the Umpire.

UMPIRE'S VOICE
(O.S.)
Love thirty.

CLOSEUP ANNE

looking very worried. Again the call of the Umpire.

UMPIRE'S VOICE
(O.S.)
Double fault. Love forty.

INT. THE ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH

The announcer telling his listeners that Guy Haines seems to be a little reckless.

ANNOUNCER
-- Haines hasn't let up his terrific
pace for an instant, smashing every
(MORE)

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

ball with a recklessness we've never seen in his playing. It's beginning to look as if he doesn't care whether he wins or loses because he's in a hurry - an awfully big hurry ---

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. METCALF STATION

We see Bruno alight from the train. He makes his way in the direction of the town.

MED. SHOT METCALF STATION

As Bruno comes toward us, he stands on the sidewalk and then takes the lighter from his pocket once more. At this moment a hurrying passenger on his way to the depot accidentally jogs Bruno's elbow. The lighter flies from his hand.

CLOSE SHOT

We see it fall through the bars of a grating by the sidewalk.

CLOSEUP BRUNO

looks down in dismay.

FOREST HILLS MED. SHOT

The game in progress. Guy and his opponent playing hard. Guy misses a point. We HEAR the Umpire's call.

UMPIRE'S VOICE

(O.S)

Game to Mr. Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds leads five games to three in the third set.

EXT. METCALF STATION

Bruno is leading a porter toward the grating, pulling him by the arm. They reach the drain.

BRUNO

Down there -- my -- my cigarette --
(catches himself --
not wanting to say
"cigarette lighter")
case. It's very valuable.

PORTER

(peering down)
Down here?

BRUNO

You've got to get this grating up
right away.

Two passersby enter.

FIRST PASSERBY

What's the trouble?

BRUNO

(yelling)
Can't we do something...!
(to passerby)
I dropped my cigarette case.

PORTER

(looking down)
Mightn't be any good, mister.
Probably gone down the storm drain.

BRUNO

(horrified)
Storm drain?

FIRST PASSERBY

On the other hand, it might have
lodged on the edge.

SECOND PASSERBY

Don't they have a trap down there --
like under a sink?

BRUNO

(excited)
Don't just stand here -- do something!

PORTER

(calmly)
Guess we could phone the city
engineer, all right.

(MORE)

PORTER (CONT'D)
Worst he could do would be to tell
me to take a running jump and --
(Bruno grabs his arm.
Porter shakes Bruno
off)
Relax, mister.

BRUNO
I don't want to relax.

He goes on his knees and forces his arm down the drain.

INT. THE ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH FOREST HILLS

ANNOUNCER
(with great excitement)
This is more than a tennis game,
ladies and gentlemen -- it's a
desperate fight with Guy Haines
playing as if his life depended on
it!

MED. SHOT

Guy is volleying.

MED. SHOT

Reynolds lobs.

CLOSEUP

Guy smashes.

CLOSE SHOT

Reynolds lobs again.

CLOSE SHOT

Guy smashes.

CLOSE SHOT

Reynolds misses and the ball hits inside the line.

CLOSEUP

The Umpire calling.

UMPIRE

Game to Mr. Haines. Mr. Reynolds
leads five games to four...third
set.

EXT. METCALF STATION MED. SHOT

A few more passersby have stopped to watch Bruno, whose arm
is pushed through the grating.

CLOSEUP

Bruno's face -- straining.

CLOSEUP

Under the grating Bruno's hand is groping. His fingers are
a long way from the lighter.

LONG SHOT FOREST HILLS

with the game in progress.

MED. SHOT EXT. CLUB

A taxi has pulled up. Barbara gets out.

CLOSE SHOT

She takes the ten dollar bill from her purse and passes it
to the driver. She gives a final look inside the cab.

CLOSEUP

On the seat are Guy's everyday pants, laid out.

MED. SHOT

Barbara hurries out of the picture toward the club.

LONG SHOT

The crowd watching.

CLOSEUP

The tense face of Anne.

CLOSEUP

The Umpire is somewhat impressed.

INT. THE ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH CLOSEUP

The announcer is telling his listeners that the score is now six-five in favor of Haines. That he has pulled up wonderfully and only needs one more game to win the match.

EXT. COVERED STAND ENTRANCE

Barbara, very nervous but trying to "act natural", passes Hennessy and Hammond. Hammond's eyes again follow her, but Hennessy is intent on the game.

MED. SHOT FEATURING BOX

As Barbara joins Anne, she gives her a surreptitious signal by ringing her thumb and forefinger, indicating everything is set.

CLOSE SHOT

Guy now playing hard.

CLOSEUP

His racket smashing at the ball.

CLOSEUP

Reynolds and his racket hitting the ball back.

CLOSEUP THE UMPIRE CALLING

UMPIRE
Advantages, Mr. Haines.

CLOSEUP

Guy serving.

CLOSEUP

His ball hitting the racket.

CLOSEUP

The ball in the net.

CLOSEUP

A second ball hitting the net. The Umpire's voice calling:

UMPIRE'S VOICE
(O.S)
Duece!

EXT. METCALF STATION

A LOW SHOT ON Bruno bent over the grating and the onlookers behind him.

BIG HEAD CLOSEUP BRUNO

straining and panicky.

CLOSEUP

Under the grating, Bruno's fingers get near the lighter, and in their groping, they knock the lighter off the ledge, onto the ledge below.

CLOSEUP

Bruno's horror-stricken face.

FOREST HILLS MED. SHOT

Guy still playing.

CLOSE SHOT

Barbara standing with Hennessy, watching. We HEAR the score.

UMPIRE'S VOICE

(O.S)

Advantage, Mr. Reynolds.

CLOSEUP ANNE

unable to bear the suspense. She glances O.S.

MED. SHOT

The waiting cab.

CLOSE SHOT

Guy and Reynolds in play.

UMPIRE'S VOICE

(O.S)

Score is deuce.

CLOSE SHOT

Reynolds serves.

CLOSE SHOT

Guy volleys. He waits for the return ball. He misses it.

UMPIRE'S VOICE

(O.S)

Advantage, Mr. Reynolds.

EXT. METCALF STATION

ANGLE SHOOTING THROUGH the grating at CLOSEUP BRUNO'S HEAD AND SHOULDERS staining.

CLOSEUP

Under the grating, Bruno's fingers go lower and lower, straining to reach the lighter, which is still a few inches out of reach.

FOREST HILLS MED. SHOT

Guy is volleying with Reynolds.

INT. ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH

He is very excited.

ANNOUNCER

-- Haines hasn't let up for a moment.
If he wins this set, he wins the
whole match!

CLOSEUP ANNE AND BARBARA

in their box. They are extremely tense.

MED. SHOT

Guy slams hard a shot that wins him the game.

LONG SHOT CROWD

applauding and shouting.

CLOSE SHOT ANNE AND BARBARA

At an urgent signal from Anne, Barbara hurries out as if she knew what she had to do.

LONG SHOT

Guy shakes hands with his opponent, and then hurries across to Anne in the stand. He leans over the front of the box. While congratulating him outwardly, she whispers something to him. He leaves his racket with her and hurries away.

MED. SHOT STAND ENTRANCE

A block of people leaving cut off Hennessy's view. Barbara tries desperately to keep his attention off Guy.

BARBARA
(breathlessly)
Isn't it wonderful, Mr. Hennessy?
He won! It calls for a celebration.
Anne says you must have dinner with
us. Just the family, and you, and
Guy.

HENNESSY
(awkwardly)
Sorry I can't make it. Business.

BARBARA
But Guy is your business. You'll be
with him, won't you?

HENNESSY
(a little grimly)
Yeah -- I'll be with Guy.

MED. SHOT

Guy moving along the front of the stand making for another exit.

CLOSE SHOT

Barbara takes it for granted that Hennessy will accept her invitation.

BARBARA
Guy says you love steak -- rare,
Medium, or well-done?

HENNESSY
I sure wish I could --

SEMI CLOSEUP

Hammond is looking off. He calls into the stand.

HAMMOND
Hennessy!

He points off toward Guy.

MED. SHOT

Guy is hurrying toward the public entrance of the stand.

SEMI CLOSEUP

Hennesy and Hammond move off, leaving a dismayed Barbara.

SEMI LONG SHOT

Guy hurrying under the stand toward the waiting cab.

MED. SHOT

The two men hurrying after him.

EXT. CLUB

Guy goes to the waiting cab and gets in. The cab moves off.

MED. SHOT

The two men hurry out of the club and stand helplessly looking after the departing cab. They hurry out of the picture.

CLOSE SHOT

We see them grab another car. It is a chauffeur-driven limousine. Hammond jumps in front and seats himself beside the driver. Hennesy hops in the back. The car moves off.

INT. LIMOUSINE TWO SHOT

Hennesy finds himself seated by an old dowager about seventy-five years of age. She looks startled for a moment and almost recoils from him. He shows her his badge.

HENNESSY

If you'll pardon us, madam, we need
your help. We're chasing a man.

The old lady's eyes light up.

DOWAGER

How exciting.

(MORE)

DOWAGER (CONT'D)
(she leans forward
and calls to the
chauffeur)
Hurry, O'Toole! Hurry!

She leans back and maintains her air of excitement as she looks across at Hennessy.

CLOSE SHOT INSIDE THE TAXI

Guy is busy changing his pants. He glances over his shoulder.

INT. CAR

The two men looking ahead toward Guy.

EXT. METCALF STATION

CLOSEUP BRUNO'S FACE - ANGLE SHOOTING UP to get the peering faces behind him. Bruno still frantically trying to reach the lighter.

CLOSEUP

Under the grating Bruno's fingers slowly closing in on the lighter. They barely manage to grasp it.

CLOSEUP

BRUNO'S FACE -- triumphant.

CLOSEUP

Bruno's fist, holding the lighter, comes through the grating.

CLOSE SHOT

Bruno straightens up. CAMERA BACK as all the onlookers turn their heads in his direction.

ONLOOKER
You sure must think a lot of that --
Whatever it is.

Bruno doesn't answer. With the lighter in his closed fist, he darts through the crowd, the people looking after him.

LONG SHOT

The sun is much lower.

INT. CLUB CAR

Guy is now glancing at his watch. The sun is behind him and very much lower.

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK

Bruno is looking at his watch and then across at the sky.

LONG SHOT FROM HIS VIEWPOINT

The last trace of the setting sun has gone.

EXT. METCALF STATION MED. SHOT

Guy is stepping off the train. He crosses to a waiting taxi, CAMERA FOLLOWING him.

CLOSE SHOT

GUY
(to the driver)
The amusement park, quick.

As he gets in the Cab, we go to --

CLOSE SHOT MAN

watching Guy get into taxi. As we hear the taxi drive away, the man hurries across to a waiting police car.

CLOSE SHOT

He puts his head in the side window and tells the two waiting detectives where Guy has gone.

MAN
Amusement park.

We see one of the detectives take up a microphone as the car drives off.

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK

It is now getting dark.

MED. SHOT

Bruno leaves his spot at the side of the tent and ambles over toward the queue of people waiting for boats.

CLOSE SHOT BRUNO

joining the queue. He glances ahead of him.

MED. SHOT FROM HIS VIEWPOINT

We see the light above the pay booth go on, shedding a downward glare.

CLOSE SHOT BRUNO

pulls his hat a little further over his eyes. Some new arrivals join the queue behind him.

INT. TAXI

Guy looking anxiously ahead on his way to the amusement park.

AMUSEMENT PARK ENTRANCE

We see a police car arrive. One uniformed man and two detectives get out of the car and make their way toward the entrance. One of the two detectives stands at the entrance while the other two hurry into the grounds.

MED. SHOT

Guy's taxi arrives.

MED. SHOT

Across the street, another police car arrives.

MED. SHOT

At Guy is paying his cab fare, he glances around him.

MED. SHOT FROM HIS VIEWPOINT

He sees one police car.

CLOSE SHOT GUY

gives a furtive glance around while waiting for his change.

MED. SHOT ANOTHER POLICE CAR

MED. SHOT

Guy cautiously makes his way toward the entrance to the Amusement Park.

MED. SHOT

Guy passes the waiting detective and looks off. From his viewpoint we see:

MED. SHOT THE TWO DETECTIVES

who were at the station indicate Guy is the man.

MED. SHOT

One detective turns away and starts to follow Guy.

CLOSE SHOT BRUNO

in the queue of people. He is edging slowly along. He is about ten people away from the entrance. He suddenly looks ahead and sees.

FROM HIS VIEWPOINT

The uniformed man and the detective are talking casually to the boat men in charge of the concession.

DETECTIVE

(to boatman)

The killer is here tonight. So keep your eyes open and the minute you see him, let us know.

CLOSE SHOT

The boatman looks at them with an expression of alarm.

CLOSE SHOT BRUNO

begins to look a little uneasy. We see him begin to mentally deliberate.

MED. SHOT

Guy, threading his way through the crowds, conscious that he is being followed, but nevertheless, on the lookout for Bruno.

CLOSE SHOT BRUNO

moving along the line. CAMERA MOVES IN until his head and shoulders fill the screen. He is now coming within range of the flood-lit pay-box. The light seems to creep up across his chest and slowly reveal his face. He lowers his head.

MED. SHOT

The boatman begins to look along the queue. There is an expression of growing recognition on his face.

MED. SHOT

Bruno sees this, makes a decision and casually deserts the queue of people.

MED. SHOT

The boatman hurries across to the uniformed man and begins to talk to him excitedly, looking in Bruno's direction.

MED. SHOT GUY

Coming along and looking for Bruno. His eyes light up.

SEMI-LONG SHOT FROM HIS VIEWPOINT

We see Bruno making his way from the queue of people.

CLOSE SHOT GUY

calls to Bruno.

GUY

Hey, Bruno.

CLOSE SHOT BRUNO

gives a quick glance back, sees Guy then he turns and looks off in another direction.

SEMI-LONG SHOT

The uniformed man and the boatman approaching him.

CLOSE SHOT

Bruno hurries on. He stop short as he sees.

SEMI-LONG SHOT FROM HIS VIEWPOINT

Another uniformed man.

MED. SHOT

Bruno starts to run.

MED. SHOT

Guy starts to run after him.

MED. SHOT

Bruno is seen to jump on a merry-go-round, which is just starting. Its pace is already pretty fast.

MED. SHOT

Guy runs toward Bruno.

CLOSE SHOT

DETECTIVE
Haines! Hold it! Hold it!

The detective pulls out his gun and starts to run after Guy.

SEMI-LONG SHOT

Guy jumps on the merry-go-round after Bruno. Its speed is so great that he nearly gets flung off.

CLOSE SHOT

The detective fires at Guy.

CLOSE SHOT

The man running the machine in the center of the merry-go-round is suddenly hit in the shoulder.

CLOSE SHOT

His hand, which is on the starting lever, jerks it down.

MED. SHOT

The detective, after Guy, jumps on the machine but is flung off on his back.

FULL SHOT

The merry-go-round has now started to increase the speed.

CLOSE SHOT

Bruno at the far side is trying to jump off, but it's going too fast.

LONG SHOT FROM HIS VIEWPOINT

We see the hard ground whizzing past him. Everything seems to be a blur. We get a glimpse of screaming women and the crowds rushing up from the midway.

CLOSE SHOT BRUNO

He turns and glances over his shoulder.

MED. SHOT FROM HIS VIEWPOINT

Guy is threading his way between the rising and falling horses. Guy gets right up close to him.

TWO SHOT

As Guy comes near to Bruno, the latter turns on him and starts to attack him.

BRUNO

I want to get off of here! Let me
off of here! It makes me dizzy.

GUY

Stop it, Bruno. Give me my lighter,
Bruno!

MED. SHOT

Against the whirling background of the merry-go-round, Turley and Campbell rush up as the detective struggles to his feet, slightly hurt. The noise from the calliope is very loud.

CAMPBELL

(to Turley, puzzled;
indicating the merry-
go-round)

Who's the man he's fighting with on
there?

At this moment the boatman rushes up.

BOATMAN

(excited)

There he is! That's the one! That's
the one who killed her!

TURLEY

Of course he is. We know that.

CLOSE SHOT ON MERRY-GO-ROUND

Guy and Bruno in a struggle. Guy has to protect himself from a madman whose hands attempt to reach his throat.

They are staggering across between the rising and falling horses.

MED. SHOT OUTSIDE MERRY-GO-ROUND

A detective turns to the group around him.

DETECTIVE
Get somebody to come and stop that
thing!

An elderly man in soiled work clothes speaks up.

WORKMAN
I'll handle it.

Immediately the workman heads straight for the merry-go-round and starts to crawl under it on his stomach.

DETECTIVE
(calls after him)
Hey! Be careful! Stop!

A second detective speaks to him quizzically.

2ND DETECTIVE
Well, do you want to do it yourself?

The first detective leans over and looks off toward the workman who is continuing his slithering way under the machine, then straightens up.

1ST DETECTIVE
(changing his mind)
No. I think he'll make it all right.

MED. SHOT GUY AND BRUNO

Bruno swings around till his back is to us. He pushes Guy toward the edge, but Guy manages to grab the rein of the nearest horse. The momentum of the machine swings Guy around against the horse, whose big head towers in the f.g. Bruno, on this side of the horse pushes forward and tries to grab the reins from Guy's hand. He tries to slash at Guy's face. The back of Bruno's head is toward us during this. Guy suddenly leans out across the horse and smashes his fist against Bruno's face. Bruno's head goes back until it is in the f.g. in a upside-down position.

MED. SHOT

THE CAMERA IS LOW so that we get the effect of Bruno falling into the CAMERA from Guy's blow!

MED. SHOT

In the f.g. is a young boy of four years. He is excited by the speed of the ride and laughs at the fight with great enjoyment. He sees this by suddenly glancing over his shoulder. In the b.g. Guy and Bruno are continuing their fight. Bruno rises. Guy staggers after him. Bruno again leaps upon Guy. The two men sway toward the CAMERA until Bruno gets alongside the little boy. The boy now shows some anxiety. The three figures now fill the screen with the horses' heads in the f.g. Bruno is forced against the little boy, who now, alarmed, beats Bruno on the cheek with one hand, the other holding onto the brass rail in front. Bruno stops and with a sweep of his arm, knocks the little boy off the horse onto the floor below. The little boy, in falling, grabs the horse's rein or stirrup.

CLOSE SHOT

Guy breaks away from Bruno and dives around the back of the horse to grab the little boy.

CLOSE SHOT

As Guy grabs the boy, he staggers forward with him to a small gondola. Bruno leaps onto his back but Guy manages to put the boy in the gondola.

CLOSE SHOT UNDERNEATH THE WHIRLING MERRY-GO-ROUND

The boat man is making slow progress.

FROM HIS VIEW POINT

We see his goal. It is the wounded mechanic in the center, who is slightly stirring. All during this the base of the merry-go-round is skimming above the back and head of the boat man.

BACK ON MERRY-GO-ROUND

The two men are now in a clinch. Guy tries to fight off the maddened Bruno. They are flung between the horses, bouncing one against the other, almost half way around the merry-go-round.

CLOSE SHOT BRUNO AND GUY

Again they struggles between two horses. On each side of them are two young screaming girls. The two bounce from one horse to the other.

CLOSE SHOT

The calliope has little figures and these boat away on their cymbals almost as though they are applauding what's going on.

CLOSE SHOT

Underneath the merry-go-round, the boat man has made further progress. He is creeping inch by inch. His nose starts to run. He starts to fumble for a dirty piece of handkerchief. He blows his nose and then moves on.

CLOSE SHOT

Back above the two men swinging past the two girls on their horse and they both crash to the floor underneath another horse, upon which is riding side-saddle, a mother and her three-year-old little girl.

CLOSEUP

The two big heads of the men, battling. The two men roll underneath the horse's hoofs, which are seen rising and falling. They get right underneath one horse.

CLOSEUP

Guy has turned over on his back and his eyes look up.

CLOSEUP FROM HIS VIEWPOINT

We see the big horse's head above and its hoofs coming down toward the CAMERA and filling the screen. We get a faint impression of the screaming mother hugging her child to her breast, above.

BIG CLOSEUP THE HORSE'S HOOFS

striking Guy's head.

CLOSE SHOT

Guy wrenches himself out of this position. He rolls away from the CAMERA right to the edge of the merry-go-round. He manages to grab a rail.

MED. SHOT

Guy's body is flung out horizontally. We see the crowd behind back-up for fear of being knocked over. The screw of tension increase. Over this comes the sound of an approaching ambulance siren.

CLOSE SHOT

Bruno edges himself toward Guy. He is hanging on to the reins of a horse. His feet manage to roach Guy's knuckles.

CLOSEUP BRUNO'S VICIOUS EXPRESSION

CLOSEUP BRUNO'S FEET

kicking at Guy's knuckles.

CLOSEUP GUY'S AGONIZED EXPRESSION

MED. SHOT

A flash of the horror-stricken faces of the spectators seen through the whirling machine.

CLOSEUP

Machinery and the lever that was pulled on too fast. The Boatman's hand comes up into the picture and pulls the lever over.

LONG SHOT

The sudden braking causes the whole merry-go-round to topple over with a grinding roar.

LONG SHOT FROM HIGH ANGLE

The merry-go-round has keeled over. For a moment we don't know who has survived. There is a surge of people milling and shouting. Those who have jumped back out of the way when the merry-go-round toppled, now rush forward again as the cloud of dust settles. From the midway in the background others are running forward.

MED. LONG SHOT

Distraught parents try to force their way to their children who were on the merry-go-round, but are held back from the wreckage by police.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

Guy is somewhat stunned from his fall. He is helped to his feet by some men in the crowd. His knuckles are bleeding.

In the background people are rushing about. The crowd is in uproar as women and children are helped from the wreckage. Officials and uniformed policemen pushing back the surge of the crowd.

AD LIBS

Get back. Get back there. Give us room here.

Turley and Campbell rush in to Guy.

TURLEY

Are you all right, Haines?

GUY

Yes, I think so.

Guy is surrounded by police and Campbell stands at his elbow. At this moment the boatman runs in. One of the detectives is with him.

DETECTIVE

Mr. Turley! Mr. Turley!
(indicating boatman)
He says this isn't the man we want.
(with a nod in Guy's
direction)
It's the other one -- the one he was
fighting with.

TURLEY

(stops to give his
full attention to
this unexpected bit
of information)
What do you mean, this isn't the --
(turns to Guy, not
quite taking it in)
Not Haines?
(back to boatman)
But you said he was. You pointed
him out.

BOATMAN

No, I didn't, sir. I've never seen
this man before in my life. I meant
the other one.

The detective who was holding Guy instinctively relax his hold on Guy's arm. Turley turns to Guy, puzzled.

TURLEY

What is this all about, Haines? Did
you know he killed your wife?

GUY

(nods)
He has my cigarette lighter and wanted
to plant it there on the island to
pin the whole thing on me.
(urgently)
Let me talk to him. Let me show
you. Where is he?

ANOTHER DETECTIVE

Over here.

He leads the way. They follow.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

as Guy and Turley enter to the spot where Bruno is pinned under the overturned machine. He is caught between two of the horses, the head of one of them across his chest. Bruno's head sags back somewhat, but is resting on pieces of debris. A uniformed policeman looks up from Bruno to Turley:

POLICEMAN

This one's in a pretty bad way, Mr. Turley.

Guy is shocked at the sight of Bruno.

GUY

(looking down at Bruno)
Can't you get that stuff off him?

POLICEMAN

No, they've done everything they can until the crane comes.

Bruno opens his eyes and sees Guy.

BRUNO

Hello, Guy.

Turley has leaned forward to look at the helpless Bruno.

BRUNO

(weakly nodding at
Turley)
Who's that?

GUY

This is Mr. Turley, Chief of Police.

BRUNO

(with a half smile)
So they got you at last, eh, Guy?

Guy looks around desperately, frustrated for a moment as Turley eyes him stonily. Then he turns again to Bruno.

GUY

(rather gently)
Can you talk a little? Can you tell
the chief you have my lighter?

BRUNO
(with a faint,
quizzical smile)
I haven't got it. It's still on the
island where you left it.

Guy looks around helplessly to Turley, who looks back at him suspiciously.

DETECTIVE
(looking down at Bruno)
I think he's going.

Turley leans over to look.

CLOSE SHOT BRUNO'S FIST FROM TURLEY'S VIEWPOINT

As Bruno is dying, his closed fist slowly starts to open.

DETECTIVE'S VOICE
He's finished.

Guy's lighter is now revealed in Bruno's open hand.

MED. SHOT GROUP

Turley takes the lighter from the dead Bruno's hand. Guy is watching him. Turley straightens up and holds the lighter out to him.

TURLEY
Is this your lighter, Haines?

Guy nods without speaking, and with a half look in Bruno's direction.

TURLEY
Well, you were right.
(sticks the lighter
into his own pocket)
I'd better keep this for the time
being.
(in a friendly tone)
We can clear the whole thing out the
morning. How about staying in town
over night, Haines? I imagine you
have a lot to tell me. Nine o'clock,
all right?

GUY

(nods)

Okay, Mr. Turley. Thanks.

Turley turns back to the group around Bruno. Guy looks down for a moment at Bruno, then speaks to the boatman, who is standing nearby.

GUY

Can you tell me where there's a telephone?

BOATMAN

(indicating)

There's one up near the entrance.

(with a look back to
the dead Bruno)

Who was he, Bud?

Guy looks back sympathetically in Bruno's direction, speaks without looking at the boatman.

GUY

Bruno. Bruno Antony.
(reminiscently and a
little
compassionately,
remembering what
Bruno had said of
himself)

A very clever fellow.

He moves off through the crowd.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BURTON STUDY NIGHT

Anne, Barbara and the Senator are sitting silently in the attitudes of waiting. The telephone rings. Anne is instantly on her feet. Barbara and the Senator watch her anxiously as she goes to answer it.

ANNE

(into phone)

Hello...

(impatiently)

Yes, operator, yes!

(waits a moment, then
eagerly:)

Guy?

(MORE)

ANNE (CONT'D)

(a pause, then she
closes her eyes with
heartfelt relief.

Another pause, then:)

Yes, darling, yes. Of course I'll
be there...Goodbye.

She hangs up, turns slowly, to face Barbara and her father.
Her expression is one of intense relief.

ANNE

Guy'll be back tomorrow.
(overcome with emotion
she has difficulty
in speaking)

He wants me to take him some things.

With a sob, Barbara flings herself into Anne's arms. As she
cries, Anne strokes her head comfortingly. Then with a half-
choked sobs Anne, too, begins to cry. She speaks through
her tears, looking over Barbara's shoulder at her father.

ANNE

He says he looks silly in his tennis
clothes.

The Senator eyes them a moment, then speaks a little wryly:

SENATOR

I presume from all those tears that
you have had good news.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PARLOR OF TRAIN NEXT DAY

Anne and Guy are sitting quietly together. Opposite them is
a man in a clerical collar who is reading a sports magazine.
On the cover is a picture of a tennis player in action. The
man looks over the top of his magazine at Guy, with
recognition. He leans forward.

CLERIC

I beg your pardon, but aren't you
Guy Haines?

GUY

(uncomfortably)
Yes.

Guy and Anne exchange a brief look, rise hurriedly and start to walk away before the conversation can go any farther. The cleric looks after them with a frown and a puzzled shrug of his shoulders, as if to say, "Did I say something wrong?"

FADE OUT.

THE END