

THE SEVENTH VICTIM

Screen Play

by

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The RKO TITLE and CREDITS are SUPERIMPOSED over a tall stained glass window as shown from the inside of a building. There are two maidenly figures worked into the stained glass window: one, older and slightly taller, dressed in van colored garments, leads by the hand a younger and smaller girl, dressed in a simple flowing, white robe. Through the lighter colored pieces of glass in the window the branches of a tree can be seen stirring in a light wind.

The last credit FADES from the screen.

INT. STAIRWAY - HIGHCLIFFE ACADEMY - DAY

The CAMERA HOLDS ON the stained glass window. Beneath the painted figures is a scroll, and on the scroll, a part of the stained glass window, is an inscription:

I RUNNE TO DEATH AND DEATH MEETS ME AS FAST,
AND ALL MY PLEASURES ARE LIKE YESTERDAY. -

John Donne, Holy Sonnets VI.

As the CAMERA CONTINUES TO HOLD, the jumbled sound of classroom recitations can be heard.

GIRL'S VOICE

(o.s. from classroom above
camera level)

Amo, arias, amat, amamus, amatis,
amant.

SECOND GIRL'S VOICE

(o.s. from classroom below
camera level)

One times nine is nine.
Two times nine is eighteen.
Three times nine is twenty-seven.
Four times nine is thirty-six

THIRD GIRL'S VOICE

(o.s. from classroom above camera
level, singing)

Do, no, mi, Pa, sol, la, ti, do.

These classroom sounds, although they can be heard clearly, should not disturb the serenity of the stairway or of the painted figures on which the CAMERA IS LEVELED.

Suddenly, from overhead, a gong rings with a harsh, jarring noise. Doors are heard opening, feet scuffling over the floor and the light, high sound of girls' voices chattering. A moment later a cascade of uniformed schoolgirls of all ages pours down the stairs past the camera. Against this tide one single girl makes her way.

The CAMERA PANS WITH her up the remainder of the short flight of stairs and across the hallway to a door marked, PRINCIPAL. The girl knocks and from inside an over-cultured woman's voice is heard in response,

MRS. LOWOOD'S VOICE

Come in, please.

CLOSE SHOT - Mary Gibson at the door. She hesitates before opening it. She is young and her youth gives her prettiness, but something in the quiet serenity of her face and the clear candor of the eyes show the innate niceness of the girl; a quality of character which will give her real beauty as she grows older. At the moment she is somewhat perplexed by her unexpected summons by the Head Mistress.

MED. CLOSE SHOT of Mary as she opens the door and looks expectantly toward the desk. No one is there.

MRS. LOWOOD'S VOICE

Here we are, Mary.

MED. LONG SHOT as Mary walks into the room. It is a large room and every effort has been made to invest it with authority. A large Sheraton desk with side trays stands at one end. On the wall behind this desk hangs a gloomy, dour visaged portrait of the founder of the school. The wall opposite the door is pierced by a large window. There are several bookcases with dull-looking volumes; books of reference and encyclopedia. On top of one of these cases is the white, plaster head of Athena. The walls are covered with enormous framed, sepia-tinted prints of the Acropolis, the Colosseum, Trajan's Column and other celebrated ruins.

Mrs. Lowood, the Principal, a solidly built lady with iron gray hair and her assistant, Miss Gilcrist, a slim, frail lady of indeterminate age, are at a small table at the end of the room. They are cutting out paper hearts. As Mary comes up to them, Mrs. Lowood finishes cutting out a paper heart and lays down the scissors with an air of satisfaction. With Mary close behind her, she starts toward the desk. Miss Gilcrist follows. The CAMERA PANS WITH them as they cross the room.

MRS. LOWOOD

I have a most painful matter to discuss with you, Mary.

Mary looks concerned.

Mrs. Lowood has reached her desk, while Mary stands wondering what might come next. Mrs. Lowood deliberately seats herself and puts her fingertips together firmly. Over this Gothic arch she speaks to Mary. Miss Gilcrist takes her accustomed place beside her.

MRS. LOWOOD

Your sister - - have you heard from her lately?

MARY

No, Mrs. Lowood, she doesn't write often.

MRS. LOWOOD

Have you any other relatives, Mary?

Mary shakes her head.

MARY

No. Jacqueline brought me up.

(smiling)

Somehow I never felt I needed other relatives.

Mrs. Lowood nods.

MRS. LOWOOD

That makes it all the more difficult —

MARY

(a little alarmed)

Difficult? Has anything happened to Jacqueline?

MRS. LOWOOD

We don't know, Mary. We've been unable to get in touch with your sister.

MARY

(relieved)

Sometimes she can be quite careless. Why don't you try Mrs. Redi?

MRS. LOWOOD

I have written repeatedly to Mrs. Redi. She vouchsafes no information whatsoever.

(pauses)

It is six months since your tuition has been paid, Mary. Naturally, it

is impossible for you to stay on here as a paying pupil.

MARY

(in a small voice)
Of course.

MRS LOWOOD

Miss Gilcrist and I have talked it over. You can remain here and work with the younger children as a sort of assistant teacher. These Valentine cut-outs for instance --
(holds one up)
-- it's something you could do.

She starts to get up as if everything were decided.

MARY

But, Mrs. Lowood, I can't just stay here not knowing what's happened to my sister. Maybe if I went to New York -- if I saw Mrs. Redi myself --

MRS. LOWOOD

I doubt if you'll get anything out of that woman. But if
(shrugging)
you'd like to try, I'll advance you the money to make the trip to New York. Of course, my dear, if you don't find your sister, you can always come back here.

MARY

(catching the note of high minded dismissal)
Thank you.

She turns and starts for the door. Miss Gilcrist goes with her.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE MRS. LOWOOD'S OFFICE - DAY

Mary comes out of Mrs. Lowood's office, closely followed by Miss Gilcrist, who closes the door softly behind her.

MISS GILCRIST

Mary, don't come back. No matter if you never find your sister -- no matter what happens to you -- don't come back.

Mary looks at her in surprise.

MISS GILCRIST

(in a kindly, more

explanatory tone)
My parents died when I was a pupil.
I left, as you are leaving, but I
didn't have courage -- one must
have courage to really live in the
world -- I came back.

The two stand looking at each other for a moment, while Mary realizes what her future may be -- what Miss Gilcrist is -- then suddenly the ringing notes of Mrs. Lowood's voice come from the other side of the door.

MRS. LOWOOD'S VOICE
Gilcrist!

Miss Gilcrist starts, turns automatically to open the door, then looks back at Mary. With a fond glance, she pats her arm before opening the door and going on into Mrs. Lowood's office.

DISSOLVE

INT. STAIRWAY - HIGHCLIFFE ACADEMY - LATE AFTERNOON

The stained glass window. The rain pours against the glass, and the boughs of the tree beat back and forth. Mary comes down the stairs dressed in plain travelling clothes. She carries her bag in one hand. She hears the familiar sound of daily classroom recitations.

FRENCH STUDENT'S VOICE
Je cherche
Tu cherches
Eil cherahe
Nous cherohons
Vous cherchez
Elba cherohent

The French lesson dies away and we hear Mrs. Lowood's voice.

MRS. LOWOOD'S VOICE
Agnes --- ! John Quincy Adams did
not follow John Adams as President.

Mary smiles. In the distance some young girl's fingers falter awkwardly over the melancholy chords of Traumerei. Mary reaches the bottom of the stairway and passes the big, fumed oak grandfather's clock which stands with majestic infinity of time, reminding all tardy students that it is later than they know. As she passes it, it rings the hour. She looks at its friendly, familiar face, and gives it a little pat of farewell. O.S. we hear a sweeping girl's voice reciting the final verse of "The Chambered Nautilus."

GIRL'S VOICE
Build thee more stately mansions,
O my soul,

As the swift seasons roll;
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than
the last
Shut thee from heaven with a dome
more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thins outgrown shell by
life's unresting sea;;

With this burst of poetic encouragement, Mary crosses the hallway, opens the door and passes out of Highcliffe Academy, closing the door behind her.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. FACTORY - LA JEUNESSE COSMETIC COMPANY - DAY

MED. CLOSEUP of a column of white powder falling from an oscillating sifter. The powder falls into a large barrel, but the column of powder and its attendant dust hide from view the three figures behind it. We hear the throaty voice of Mrs. Redi.

MRS. REDI'S VOICE

That's enough.

There is a click as the apparatus is turned off. The powder stops falling. Three people are disclosed. Mary, still in her travelling suit; Mrs. Redi, a neat, businesslike woman, with firm features and a steady eye.

Her hair is extremely well coifed. Not a strand is out of place. Her clothes are covered by a long, white surgeon's coat of immaculate linen. The third person is a workman, dressed in a white smock and wearing a long, snouted, inhalator mask, which he removes, revealing a benign and smiling face.

Mrs. Redi rubs a bit of the powder on the palm of her hand. She examines it critically.

MRS. REDI

(to Joseph)

It seems all right, Joseph.

(turning to Mary with a strained smile)

You see, we do keep up the quality of La Jeunesse products in spite of Jacqueline's absence.

She and Mary start down the line of machines toward a funnel and tube arrangement set up for filling bottles. The CAMERA DOLLYS WITH them.

MARY

(as they go, evidently
resuming a previous
discussion)

But you must know someone who has
seen or heard of my sister.

MRS. REDI

(coldly)

I'm afraid not.

They reach the bottle-filling apparatus. Mrs. Redi lifts one
of the bottles and holds it up to the light.

MRS. REDI

Your sister had many friends --but
they were not my friends. I was
only the manager of her plant.

She sets down the bottle and they move on. The CAMERA GOES
WITH them. Mary, embarrassed, looks at her. They have reached
a machine which pours luke-warm cleansing cream into great
jars. As one of the jars slides out from the machine, Mrs.
Redi picks it up, rubs a bit of cream from the top of the jar
onto the back of her hand, and judges the rapidity with which
the cream dissolves at body temperature. Evidently it meets
with her approval, for she passes on and goes toward her
office.

Mary goes with her. At the door they stop a moment.

MARY

Mrs. Redi, there's one thing --with
Jacqueline gone, how do you carry
on the business? What do you do
with the receipts? How do you sign
checks--?

MRS. REDI

(smiling)

Mary, I'm amazed. Didn't Jacqueline
tell you? She sold the business to
me at least eight months ago. It's
my business now.

MARY

I didn't know.

MRS. REDI

(still smiling)

Yes — and I must say I've done
very well with it -- perhaps even
better than Jacqueline.

They move on toward Mrs. Redi's office.

INT. SALON - LA JEUNESSE -DAY.

8Mary and Mrs. Redi come into the salon. Beauty operators are at work on patrons in several of the booths. The modernistic glass walls, some patterned with stripes, the mirrors, and the gleaming gadgets make of this ordinary room a rather fantastic and distorted place.

MARY

There's nothing you can think of -- old letters, anything, that might give me some hint as to where I might find Jacqueline?

MRS. REDI

Leave me your address, and if I find anything, I'll get in touch with you.

MARY

I'm stopping at the Chatsworth.

MRS. REDI

(with an air
of dismissal)
Thank you, my dear.

Mrs. Redi puts her hand on the knob of the door marked "OFFICE." Mary starts off.

INT. SALON - LA JEUNESSE COSMETICS, INC. - DAY

Mary passes through the salon. As she passes one booth, a young woman in the white smock of an operator comes out. This is Frances, a tense, nervous young woman, with bleached blond hair and excited, nervous eyes..

FRANCES

(with great friendliness)
Why, Mary --

MARY

Hello, Frances.

FRANCES

How's Miss Jacqueline?

MARY

I don't know. That's why I came to see Mrs. Redi. I'm trying to find her.

FRANCES

You mean Miss Jacqueline's gone, and you don't know where she is?

Mary nods. Frances beckons to Mary, and they pass through a side door into a corridor that connects the plant with the

street.

INT. CORRIDOR - LA JEUNESSE COSMETICS, INC. - DAY

It is a narrow, gloomy passage. The two girls come into it from the side door. Frances fishes a package of cigarettes from her pocket, takes one, lights it as she speaks.

FRANCES

I don't get this. Miss Jacqueline was always so fond of you -- she was always talking about you -- had your picture in her office.

MARY

I know. For the first time I'm beginning to be frightened. I almost feel as if I'd never known my sister.

FRANCES

Nothing's happened to her. It's just that I can't understand her not getting in touch with you.

MARY

I can't understand it at all.

FRANCES

Well, don't worry. I saw Miss Jacqueline only a week ago. I saw her at a little restaurant the boy friend took me to -- an Italian place down in the Village -- "The Dante."

MARY

"The Dante?"

FRANCES

It's on Peary Street. Just ask the people who run it. They'll remember her.

(with reminiscent pride)

People who see Miss Jacqueline never forget her.

MARY

I'll try there.

She starts to return to the salon, but Frances indicates to her there is a short cut to the street by means of the long hallway. The two girls smile at each other. Frances turns back into the salon and Mary starts down the corridor.

EXT DISPLAY WINDOW & SIDE ENTRANCE - LA JEUNESSE COSMETICS, INC.- DAY

Mary comes out of the side entrance and passes the display window. She looks up for a moment at the words "La Jeunesse" and at the peculiar trade-mark of the company. It is on this peculiar trade-mark, a geometric figure, that the scene

DISSOLVES

EXT. STREET CORNER - PEARY STREET - GREENWICH VILLAGE

It is after three o'clock, and the street is alive with children. A covey of them flash past on roller skates, tailed by one poor urchin with only one skate, who strives desperately to keep up with the tail end of the procession. Mary, coming around the corner, has to draw back half a step to get out of his way.

A horse-drawn laundry truck stands at the curb on the opposite side of the street, and a man is busily lifting down bundles of soiled wash. On the other side of the street is the Dante. It is an Italian restaurant, a half-flight below the street level. The name and the word "Restaurant" are written on the glass in gold letters.

In the lower left hand corner of the window is a cardboard sign, hand-lettered to read "Rooms for Rent". Above the doorway is a poly-chrome bust of Dante. Mary crosses the street to enter the Dante. A young man, Jason Hoag, comes around the corner. He is a man about thirty-five years old, and rather poorly dressed in an ordinary business suit and trench coat. Under one arm he carries a load of books. He stops and looks at Mary with interest. She continues on, going down the steps, under the Dante statue, and into the restaurant. Jason looks after her.

INT DINING ROOM - DANTE RESTAURANT - DAY

This is a fairly good-sized room, with benches along the walls and many small tables. Along one wall is a crudely painted mural, a reproduction of the famous painting which shows Dante's first meeting with Beatrice. Dante is passing along the cobbled street, and Beatrice, with two companions, large, flourishing wenches, is casting him a coy look over her shoulder in passing. Directly under the feet of the poet is a small table for one patron. On a back counter stands an enormous, shining metal coffee machine. This is a patented contraption for making coffee. The entire machine is contrived to serve only one small purpose—to make a cup of coffee by driving steam through ground coffee. Near this machine and flanking the door into the kitchen are fake palms in wooden tubs. There is a door leading to the house hallway, and through this door we can see the newel post of the stairway leading to the rooms above. On most of the tables, platters of antipasto have been arranged in readiness for the dinner hour. When Mary enters, the restaurant is empty, but echoes to the sound of a rich female voice singing with great sentimental emphasis the words of "Care Mio Ben." Mary looks

around, hesitates a moment, and then starts toward the back of the restaurant, as if following the source of the singing. At the swinging door which separates the restaurant from the kitchen Mary hesitates a moment, then knocks timidly. The singing continues, and realizing that her knock will not be heard above it, Mary shyly pushes open the door.

INT. KITCHEN - DANTE RESTAURANT - DAY

This is a cluttered, busy, steaming kitchen. In one corner at a little table Mr. Romari, the proprietor, in a waiter's uniform, is busily folding napkins. Mrs. Romari herself from whose bosom come the sounds of

"Caro Mio Ben," can be seen through a cloud of steam behind a boiling, kettle of spaghetti. She is a tall, gracious Italian of sentiment and humor. Her pet pigeon in close attendance at her feet. This bird follows her wherever she goes, hopping about the floor at her heels. As Mrs. Romari wants to lift a kettle of spaghetti from the stove and carry it to a center table, she softly kicks the pigeon out on her way with a practiced backward sweep of her slippered foot. Her turn brings her face to face with Mary as she enters. Both the Romaris look at her questioningly.

MARY

I'm worry to bother you. I want to ask you about my sister.

ROMARI

(getting up)
Yes?

MARY

I thought you might know her. She was seen here about a week ago. Her name is Jacqueline Gibson.

ROMARI

(shrugging)
I don't know no Gibson. This is a restaurant. Many people come here.

MARY

She's very beautiful.

Romari shrugs again.

MARY (CONT'D)

I wish I could tell you what she looked like -- I know you'd remember her, She is tall --with dark hair --

Romari shrugs. This all means nothing to him.

MARY

Once you'd seen my sister you'd never forget her.

MRS. ROMARI

(interrupting; to Romari)
Giacomo -- la bellisslina madonna --

ROMARI

Maybe.

MRS. ROMARI

(to Mary)
Let me look at you -- you could be her sister

MARY

(smiling)
Yes -- yes, if she made that much impression on you, I'm sure it was Jacqueline.

MRS. ROMARI

She's not been here for a long time.

MARY

But she was here?

MRS. ROMARI

Oh yes, yes. One day a beautiful car comes here. This beautiful lady in furs gets out. There is a handsome man with her, and the chauffeur The lady rents one of our upstairs rooms. The chauffeur changes the lock on the door. Then the lady never comes back --not to live, anyhow. She came back three, four times, but always alone and just to eat.

Mary shakes her head in puzzlement.

MARY

You mean she just came here, rented the room, locked it, and left?

MRS. ROMARI

Yes -- and pays the rent every month.

MARY

Could you let me see that room? If it is hers, there might be something there to help me find my sister.

ROMARI

(shaking his head)

No -- the rent is paid. The lady asked us to promise, I wouldn't open the door.

MARY

Please.

Romari shakes his head.

MARY (CONT'D)

(turning to Mrs. Romari,
pleading)

It's important

Mrs. Romari looks at her kindly.

DISSOLVE

INT. UPPER HALLWAY - DAUTE - DAY

Mary and the Romaris. It is a bleak hallway with a narrow strip of worn carpet running down the exact middle of the floor space. A picture of St. Francis of Assisi, surrounded by fluttering white birds, hangs on the wall, a little bit askew. Mrs. Romari and Mary stand near the stairway railing, with the pigeon in close attendance on Mrs. Romari. Romari, with a toolbox at his feet, is at the door, on which is the number "7". He has taken off the bottom hinge and is now striking a last few blows to remove the pin from the top hinge.

As he works, a girl -- Mimi -- crosses in the background from one hallway door to another. She is a tall, thin blonde and is wearing a faded bathrobe. She has a handkerchief over her lips, and is coughing dismally. She closes the door behind her.

ROMARI

Fo come ti pare. To desiderare
sempre di vedere che cosa c'era in
quella stanza.

MARY

(turning to Mrs. Romari)
What did he say?

MRS. ROMARI

(translating)
He says he always wanted to see the
inside of that room anyway.

The top hinge comes off. Mr. Romari opens the door, and the three press forward.

INT. JACQUELINE'S ROOM - DAY

The CAMERA IS SHOOTING OVER the shoulders and PAST the half lost profiles of Mary and the Romaris, as they look into the room. It is a room that is empty except for two objects. From a pipe overhead is suspended a hangman's noose and beneath it stands a little gilt chair. There is nothing else.

DISSOLVE

INT. DINING ROOM - DANTE - DAY

MED. SHOT of Jason Hoag. He is standing shyly beside the coffee machine while Mr. Romari draws a cup of the coffee. Jason watches Romari while he pulls the various levers, releases the clouds of steam and finally pulls out the little demi-tass and puts it on a little tray. While Jason watches, he listens to conversation going on nearby.

POLICEMAN'S VOICE

I tell you, young lady, when a thing like this comes up, you've got to go to the police. What do you think people pay taxes for? I ain't just to keep us chasing after crooks and regulating traffic. We're supposed to help everybody. You gotto go to the police about your sister, Miss.

Romari starts out of scene with the little cup of coffee. The CAMERA PANS with him as he brings the coffee to Mary who is seated with Mrs. Romari at one of the tables under the mural. A policeman stands beside them. The policeman is in a heavy blue sweater, with his coat over his arm, his uniform cap on the back of his belt and all the metal weight of his impedimenta can be seen hanging from his belt, handcuffs, revolver, billy, etc. Jason comes hesitantly into the scene. He addresses the policeman.

JASON

I've had some experience with the Bureau of Missing Persons

POLICEMAN

Yeah -- well, Mr. Hoag, lost persons are the concern of the Missing Persons Bureau.

ROMARI

You're a poet, Jason. You stick to your poetry.

JASON

In a way that makes everything my business.

MARY

(a little hesitantly to
Jason)
Were you going to make a
suggestion?

JASON
Yes. I was going to tell you to
look into your own heart -- do you
really want to find your sister?

Mary looks affronted. Mrs. Romari bursts out laughing in rich
good humor.

MRS. ROMARI
Ah, my Jason -- always laughing --
always trying to help others.
(to Mary)
He's a good boy, Miss -- he just
talks that way.

JASON
(with a little smile to
Mary)
I'm a good boy, but no one listens
to what I say.

POLICEMAN
You do what I tell you, young lady,
and go to the Missing Persons
Bureau for your sister.

MARY
(turning from Jason to the
policeman and starting to
rise)
If you'll give me the address.

INT. BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS - DAY

FULL SHOT. A long counter divides the room in half. On one
side are the filing cabinets, records, and office equipment
used by the policemen who service this heartbreak house.
Behind the desk, protected by steel wickets, sit half a dozen
policemen taking down dates.

CAMERA DOLLIES SLOWLY FORWARD parallel to the counter. As it
moves along, we hear the voice of the petitioners describing
their loved ones.

The same flat, unemotional professional voice seems to ask
the routine questions at each of the different wickets.

FIRST VOICE (A MAN)
She was only sixteen --

FIRST POLICEMAN'S VOICE
Had she ever run away before?

SECOND POLICEMAN'S VOICE
What did he have on when last seen?

SECOND VOICE (A WOMAN)
(tearfully)
He went out without his hat or his
coat. It's very cold for such an
old man --

THIRD POLICEMAN'S VOICE
Any identifying marks or
characteristics, scars,
amputations, tattoo marks, speech
impediments?

THIRD VOICE (A MAN)
No, none.

CAMERA DOLLIES UP to the last wicket where Mary stands.

POLICEMAN'S VOICE
Any further details?

MARY
She sold her business about eight
months ago to Mrs. Esther Redi.

POLICEMAN
What relation are you to the
missing person?

MARY
Sister.

POLICEMAN
Sign here.

Mary starts to sign.

REVERSE ANGLE - on the other side of the wicket. Two men stand in the f.g., but not together. In the b.g. we see Mary's back as she signs the police report. The man in the center is Paul Radeau, a big man with iron-gray hair. He appears entirely oblivious of everything around him. The second man is Irving August, a skip-trace artist. His derby is dulled by the mists of many winters, and his dark eyes are fastened upon Mary. It is obvious that he has been listening as she made out her report. Mary finishes signing the report and turns away from the wicket. She takes scarcely more than a single step when she finds herself confronted by Irving August, who smiles at her.

AUGUST
I'm Irving August, private
investigator. I think I can help
you. Here's my card.

He produces a business card which he hands to Mary. Mary takes the card and glances at it as August continues.

AUGUST

The name may not mean anything to you, young lady, but say the word and I'll have your sister for you in forty-eight hours.

MARY

(impressed)
You can?

AUGUST

(gesturing expansively)
Look, sister', Manhattan is only nine miles long and four and one half miles wide. I ain't never been off it. I know it like you know your own back yard. You get me a small retainer --say fifty bucks, and I'll get your sister for you. I guarantee

MARY

I haven't any money but I'll get a job and --

Irving August's enthusiasm vanishes.

AUGUST

Lady, this kind of work costs money. I got to cover all the hospitals, the morgue -- that's the first place you got to go and it ain't pleasant -- the morgue --

He finishes his speech by shaking his head. Mary turns away and goes out of scene. August is standing, staring disgustedly after her when a hand touches him on the shoulder and he turns to face Paul Radeau.

RADEAU

You know who I am, August?

AUGUST

(suddenly tense
and cautious)
Sure I do.

RADEAU

Then you know that if I give you a little advice, it'll be good advice.

AUGUST

Yeah -- sure.

RADEAU

That girl was looking for
Jacqueline Gibson. I'd forget it if
I were you.

AUGUST

Okay, Mr. Radeau, it's forgot.

Radeau nods appreciatively and goes ponderously away. Irving August watches him go, his eyes sharp with avarice and suspicion. With quick steps, August crosses to the wicket where Mary had given her report.

AUGUST

Hey, Danny, get me the file on
Jacqueline Gibson, will you?

The policeman turns to the file.

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. BELLEVUE HOSPITAL MOHMJE - DAY

The bulwarks and gangplank are in the f.g. The street and wharf at river level. Beyond that there are the sidewalk and the two doors leading into the morgue. The river is not seen, although the sound of tugboat and barge whistles comes o.s. The street and sidewalk are wet, as if a drizzling rain had recently fallen. One of these doors is open and from it comes a procession of dock workers carrying cheap pine coffins. The other door is closed, Above both doors are printed the words:

NEW YORK CITY MORGUE

Over the door from which the pine boxes are being taken is another legend carved into the stone:

HE CALLETH ALL HIS CHILDREN BY THEIR NAME.

Out of the second door Mary emerges. Her face is white and drawn. With a shudder she wraps her coat about her and starts walking, bracing herself against the fresh, cold gusts of wind blowing from the river. A barge whistle sounds o.s. dismally.

DISSOLVE

INT RECEPTION ROOM - FORTESCUE, HOLLOWAY & WARD - DAY

MED. SHOT Mary Gibson and Miss Summers, the receptionist, Miss Summers wears horn-rimmed glasses and a oriijp white shirtwaist. In front of her is a plaque with the inscription:

FORTESCUE, HOLLOWAY & WARD
ADMIRALTY LAWYERS

Miss Summers is reading questions from a form reception pad and filling out the answers.

MISS SUMMERS

Whom do you wish to see?

MARY

Mr. Gregory Ward, please.

MISS SUMMERS

And what is it about, Miss Gibson?

MARY

(her voice almost a
whisper)
A personal matter — I was given
Mr. Ward's name --

MISS SUMMERS

May I ask who gave you his name?

Mary thinks a moment, and as she thinks all the horror of her trip to the morgue and what she has seen is reflected in her face and voice.

MARY

The morgue —

Miss Summers looks up at her in surprise, but already Mary is beginning to faint. As she crumples, we IRIS OUT.

INT. GREGORY WARD'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

IRIS IN on a CLOSEUP of Mary's face as seen through a

glass of water which she is sipping, Gregory Ward is holding the glass and over the shot we hear his voice.

GREGORY'S VOICE

Do you feel all right?

CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Gregory Ward seated beside Mary, who is reclining on a couch in his office. He is a man in his middle thirties, handsome and well-dressed in a quietly, professional way. He takes the glass away from Mary's lips and passes it to Miss Summers who is beside him.

MARY

I feel like an idiot — fainting in
a stranger's office.

Miss Summers, with a considerate look to see that Mary is all right, starts out of the room with the glass of water.

GREGORY

(smiling)
We're not exactly strangers, Mary.

Jacqueline spoke about you often. I suppose she told you about me,

MARY

No...At the morgue they told me a Mr. Gregory Ward had made inquiries about Jacqueline.

GREGORY

The Morgue? No wonder you fainted.
(he pauses)
I wish you had come to me first.

MARY

Then you know where Jacqueline is?

GREGORY

(shakes his head
negatively)
But I'd give a great deal to know.

MARY

(spunkily)
Why?

GREGORY

(smiling)
I love your sister, Mary. I love her very much.

There is a little silence while Mary looks at him steadily, then she half smiles. He leans over and pats her hand.

GREGORY

It's easy to understand now, isn't it?

Mary nods.

GREGORY

(speaking in a low voice,
almost as if to himself)
A man would look anywhere for her, Mary. There is something exciting and unforgettable about her -- something you never get hold of -- something that keeps a man following after her.

MARY

Because I loved Jacqueline I thought I knew her. Today I found out such strange things --frightening things. I saw a hangman's noose that she had hanging -- waiting -- I feel as if I'd never known her.

GREGORY

(smiling)

At least I can explain that, Mary. Your sister had a feeling about life — that it wasn't worth living unless one could end it. I helped her get that room.

MARY

Weren't you afraid?

GREGORY

Afraid she might commit suicide?

(he shakes his head)

People who commit suicide don't talk about it. That room made her happy in some strange way I couldn't understand. She lived in a world of her own fancy. She didn't always tell the truth. In fact — I'm afraid she didn't know what the truth was.

(he pauses for a moment,
and looks at Mary)

There were many things about Jacqueline I didn't understand, and yet, without understanding, I had to be with her — to see her — to touch her — in order to be happy. It's hard to explain to a youngster.

MARY

(a little
sharply)

I'm not a youngster. I can understand.

He looks at her.

GREGORY

The colors returning to your cheeks. You look as if you were coming back to life. Are you sure you didn't faint because you were hungry?

Mary looks astonished, and then laughs to herself.

MARY

You know...I didn't have lunch.

He looks at his wristwatch, and chuckles.

GREGORY

It's nearly six. Time for dinner,

I'd say.

He extends his hand to her to help her up. She takes it.

DISSOLVE

EXT CHATSWORTH HOTEL FOR WOMEN - NIGHT

DOLLY SHOT of Mary and Gregory Ward as they come up along the street in front of the hotel. There is a very heavy mist and Ward carries an umbrella.

MARY

Thank you. It was a lovely dinner.

GREGORY

Good.

MARY

(thoughtfully)

But I reel guilty.

It doesn't seem right for me to enjoy myself with Jacqueline gone.

Gregory looks at her.

GREGORY

You can't make it your life's work looking for Jacqueline.

(with a smile))

You'll have to do other things... live...get some enjoyment out of life. I hope you'll let me help you.

MARY

(smiling)

Thank you.. .goodnight.

GREGORY

Goodnight, Mary.

He tips his hat and turns away, as she starts in to the hotel.

TNT LOBBY CHATSWORTH HOTEL - NIGHT

It is a conventional hotel lobby. Mary comes in, and as she crosses the lobby, flrvng August rises from a straight back chair set against a pillar, and comes to meet her.

AUGUST

I've been waitin' for you Miss Gibson. I want you to know I've decided to take your case.

MARY

Mr. August, I'm not at all sure -

AUGUST

(interrupting)

Look. Don't say a word. I've taken an interest in you and I'm willin' to put up my time to help you. Besides, I think I know where to find your sister.

MARY

Where?

AUGUST

Wait a minute. This has got a lot of angles. You've got to take it easy. Do you know a Mrs. Redi?

MARY

Yes. She bought my sister's business.

AUGUST

That's what she told you. I looked it up at the Hall of Records. Your sister deeded her the business as an outright girt.

MARY

Why would Mrs. Redi lie to me?

AUGUST

That's what I tried to find out. I went to La Jeunesse —
(he mispronounces as badly as he can)
-- used a phony health inspector's badge — they let me go through the works -- all but one room. That room was locked. I'd like to see the inside of that room.

MARY

You think my sister is there?

AUGUST

You can't tell.

MARY

Can we go there now?

AUGUST

Sister, you can't just go breaking into places. There's a night watchman down there and locks on the door.

MARY

If my sister's in that room, it won't make any difference about warrants- and things, I want to go there.

AUGUST

(thoughtfully)

I don't know if I want to go with you or not.

Mary starts out and, a little reluctantly, August follows her.

EXT. STREET NEAR LA JEUNESSE - NIGHT

Mary and August come across the street and look in the windows of the cosmetic company. Only the night lights are burning in the salon. August tries the door rather perfunctorily. He shakes his head, and with Mary, moves on to the side door leading into the passageway. From his pocket he takes a bunch of keys and tries one after another. Finally one key works and the door swings open. Mary stops in ahead of August.

INT. PASSAGEWAY LA JEUNESSE - NIGHT

TWO SHOT of Mary and August. August softly closes the door behind him. The street light shines through the glass upper half of the door and invades the dark hallway for a short distance. They walk softly forward to the place where this light ends abruptly in the darkness. Here Mary pauses. August looks at her.

AUGUST

I don't like this.

MARY

Which room is it?

AUGUST

It's the last door at the end of this hall.

Mary starts forward a step or two, the shadows closing around her until only her face is still in the light. August follows her. She stops and looks off into the darkness.

AUGUST

You scared?

MARY

Yes.

AUGUST

Let's get out of here.

MARY

No.

They stand a moment in silence.

MARY

You could go on, Mr. August.
You could open the door. I'd stay
right here.

August shakes his head.

MARY

It's only a little way, Mr. August.

AUGUST

I'd like to get out of here.

MARY

No.

They stand again silently looking down the dark corridor.

AUGUST

We can't stand here all night.

MARY

You could go and open the door.

AUGUST

Listen —

Realizing the futility of argument, he breaks off what he was going to say, shrugs, and starts down the dark passage. Mary watches him and retreats a stop or two toward the street in order to have the comforting light around her again. She stands there while August's footsteps recede in the darkness.

EXT. ENTRANCE OF THE SALON - NIGHT

A night watchman, an old man wearing a worn corduroy Norfolk jacket and a battered hat, with his time clock hanging from a broad strap around his neck, comes out of a neighboring store, a flower shop. He carefully closes the door behind him and goes to the entrance of La Jeunesse. From a key ring hanging from the leather clock strap he selects one key and begins to open the door.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

Mary still stands in the patch of light near the doorway. Abreast of her is the doorway leading from the hall to the salon. Through the glass upper half of the door, she sees a gleam of light in the other room and tiptoes up to the door and looks out.

EXT. SALON LA JEUNESSE - NIGHT

From Mary's angle, shooting through the window, can be soon the night watchman, the beam of his flashlight coursing ahead of him as he makes his way to a time clock. Ho rings in his clock.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Mary, nervous and apprehensive, looks through at the night watchman. She makes a decision and starts off along the hallway to warn August. She disappears in the blackness of the unlit portion of the hallway.

REVERSE SHOT. At the far end of the hallway the illuminated square of the street door can be seen, and the little patch of light near it. Nearer the CAMERA a broad streak of light from a partially open door is between the darkness and the CAMERA. Mary comes out of the darkness and into this light. At the same moment, August comes out of the partially opened door, blocking out the light for a minute. His shadow goes ahead of him - contorted and strange. He stands a moment before Mary; both of his hands clenched tightly against his stomach. She speaks to him in a whisper.

MARY

Mr. August -- the night watchman

August makes no answer, but starts walking blindly, swaying a little, toward the street door. Mary goes with him, walking at his side, trying to peer into his face.

MARY

The night watchman -- he is in the salon.

Still August pays no attention.

MARY

Mr. August, what is it? What's the matter?

There is no answer. Ho continues to walk in the same jerky, pain-gripped fashion, slowly and unsteadily, toward the light. They are engulfed in the darkness.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - August and Mary from the street angle, as they come out of the darkness. Mary is very agitated and worried. August still continues to plod blindly forward. Mary reaches out to touch his shoulder.

MARY

Mr. August --

Her hand touches his shoulder. Almost as if unable to bear this trifling weight, he collapses suddenly at her foot. She looks down.

CLOSEUP of Irving August's arm on the floor. It is sprawled

awkwardly out The sleeve is darkly stained, and there is a widening stain of blood upon the floor. Mary's slippered foot step back so that the blood will not touch her.

Mary screams. The narrow hallway rings, echoes and reechoes with the sound.

Mary runs wildly toward the door, fumbles with the knob and pulls it brusquely open. As she does so, the beam of the night watchman's searchlight comes in from the loft. O.S. a wild bell starts to ring madly as Mary bolts in panic.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF LA JEUNESSE - NIGHT

Mary comes out of tin deer and starts running down the street. Behind her the lights of both the hall and the salon blaze. The bell rings o.s. she looks ever her shoulder and continues running.

EXT. SUBWAY ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Mary, still running, comes down the street. She looks back for a moment and then goes down the stairs to the subway.

The CAMERA REMAINS on the subway entrance a moment so that it can be clearly seen that this entrance is marked:

FOURTEENTH STREET

DISSOLVE

INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

It is late, and this particular car is almost empty. There is Mary, .sitting huddled in one corner under the map of the route which the I.R.T. so thoughtfully provides. Mary sits, still and white, obviously shaken. Her coat collar is drawn protectively against her throat. Opposite her are a pair of young lovers, their hands clasped, who look blissfully into each others eyes.

The conductor comes shambling into the car. He leeks at Mary and takes a step toward her, teetering on practiced tees, disdainig the overhead strap.

CONDUCTOR

You know where you're going, lady?

Mary nods.

CONDUCTOR

You've been to the end of the line
and back again -- hope you enjoyed
the ride.

He passes on. Mary looks after him, frightened. As he reaches the end of the car, the subway train begins to come to a

step. The two lovers get up, their hands still tightly clasped.

INSERT A SIGN reading: "14TH STREET"

BACK TO SCENE. The train comes to a stop. Mary glances up. The subway door glides open. The two lovers sidle crab-wise through it, never relinquishing their clasps on each other's hands, and through this same door come three men, three convivial drunks.

GROUP SHOT of the three drunks as they seat themselves opposite Mary. The middle drunk carries the heaviest load. The ether two support him, laughing and rearing as they make him comfortable between them. All three wear top hats and dark overcoats. The hat of tin man in the middle is tilted over one eye.

MED. CLOSE SHOT of Mary as she looks at the three men across from her. Over this shot comes the sound of the subway train stopping.

THREE SHOT of the three men. One of them leans across the supposedly drunken man between them to offer a light for the ether's cigarette. The man in the middle lolls awkwardly, swaying- between them.

CLOSEUP of Mary as she stares at the man in the middle. Some familiar chord of memory is touched in her mind.

THREE SHOT of the three men. . The car jolts and the hat slides off the middle man's head. We see that the man is Irving August, and that he is dead. One of the men quickly reaches down, picks up the hat and puts it back on August's head.

CLOSEUP of Mary. Her fear is confirmed. Looking around her cautiously, she gets up and starts down the aisle. At the end of the car she leeks back.

FULL SHOT - the three men sitting at the opposite end of the car. One of the men is whispering to the other man pointing to Mary.

FULL SHOT of Mary as she quickly opens the door and goes into the next car. She walks down the length of the car. A man is sleeping. She shakes his shoulder.

MARY

Please --- please —

The man only mutters something in his sleep. Mary continues down the car's length to where a drunken girl sits, her head lolling.

MARY

I want your help, please.

The drunken woman merely looks at her blankly. The cars are coming to a stop again. The door opens and the conductor comes through. Mary seizes his arm.

MARY

These men in there — don't let them get out.

CONDUCTOR

What's the matter now?

MARY

One of them has been murdered!

The conductor looks at her dubiously. The cars have come to a stop. He looks into the next car and then glances down at her.

CONDUCTOR

(crossly)
What men?

Mary turns and looks back toward the car she just left.

LONG SHOT of the car as Mary sees it. It is completely deserted.

TWO SHOT - Mary and the conductor. The subway train is starting to move again.

MARY

But they were there.

The conductor looks at her and merely observes.

CONDUCTOR

Yeah.

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. REVOLVING DOORS OF COOPER BUILDING - DAY

MED. CLOSE SHOT of a newspaper vender calling:

VENDOR

Wuxtra! Murder! Murder! Read all about it!

He is standing directly in front of the revolving doors and behind him, through the glass of the doorway, we can see Mary waiting, her face anxious and strained as she peers out onto the street. A constant stream of passersby goes by the building. Out of this stream Gregory Ward emerges, goes through the revolving doors, and we see him met by Mary, who begins excitedly to talk to him. He shakes his head, takes her arm and walks her off.

INT COFFEE COUNTER - DAY

This is a very small counter and stand with a few tables near the window -- the sort of restaurant that is open only for breakfast and lunch and is patronized by office workers who can content themselves with a sandwich and a cup of coffee. The scene opens on the newsboy as he comes into the restaurant and goes up to the counter. The waiter behind the counter buys a paper and brings it with an order of one cup of coffee and a glass of milk to Mary and Ward, who are sitting at a small table. The newsboy goes on outside and over the scene from time to time we hear his voice crying, "Murder! Read all about it!"

Gregory Ward takes the glass of milk and slides it down the counter in front of Mary. He opens up the paper and scans it carefully. Mary watches him anxiously, and turns to him.

GREGORY

This is about another murder -- a woman at Fifty Second Street

MARY

But you do believe me?

GREGORY

(after a little pause)
The important thing is, the police won't believe you.

MARY

I saw him on the floor. He was cut --
(indicates her own belly)
--here. The blood was running out. He was dead. I'm sure of it. Then on the subway I saw him -- white -- and the men holding him up between them.

Gregory takes a sip of his coffee and speaks gently, but unable to hide his disbelief.

GREGORY

Yes, of course -- but the police would say you'd probably had a bad dream.

MARY

He was a kind little man in his way -- and I made him go down that hall into the darkness. I made him do it.

GREGORY

Drink your milk.

Mary looks up, startled at this note of command.

MARY

I don't like to be ordered to do anything.

Gregory looks at her for a moment.

GREGORY

I'm sorry. I didn't intend to treat you like a child.

MARY

But you have treated me that way.

GREGORY

I won't do it again. We're friends. I'll never order you about again.

He puts out his hand and Mary takes it.

GREGORY

(smiling)

However, I won't say that I'll not take charge occasionally, and I'm going to take charge new. I've a job for you.

MARY

A job?

GREGORY

You told me you were pretty good with youngsters. Today I bumped into an old friend of mine, Mrs. Wheeler. She runs a settlement house down in the Village and is looking for a kindergarten teacher.

MARY

I'd like that.

GREGORY

It's not much money, but it's enough to live on. You'd have to move out of that hotel and into a furnished room.

MARY

Maybe the Romaris might have a room. They seem nice.

GREGORY

The people at the restaurant?

MARY

Yes.

Gregory starts getting up, looks at his watch.

GREGORY

If you want, I've time to take you
down to see Mrs. Wheeler right now.

Mary gets up. They stay for a moment while he gets change out
of his pocket and gives it to the counter man.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. RECEPTION ROOM - FORTESQUE, HOLLOWAY AND WARD OFFICE- DAY

A dark, handsome man with bold, insolent eyes lounges
carelessly before the reception desk. Miss Summers puts down
the phone and smiles up at him.

MISS SUMMERS

Mr. Ward will see you in just a
few minutes. Won't you wait, Dr.
Judd?

DR. JUDD

Thank you.

He takes out his cigarette case, selects a cigarette, but has
no matches. Miss Summers gives him her lighter. He lights his
cigarette and crosses the room to sit down on the waiting
room couch. Throughout the scene he toys with the lighter in
his hand. Miss Summers looks across at him for a moment, and
then, after a little hesitancy, she speaks.

MISS SUMMERS

Dr. Judd?

Judd looks up.

MISS SUMMERS

Are you Dr. Louis Judd?

DR. JUDD

Yes.

MISS SUMMERS

I read your book. The one in
which you wrote about the cure
for drinking.

DR. JUDD

You're not a dipsomaniac at your
age?

MISS SUMMERS

No. It's my father -- I wanted to talk to you -- you wrote about cures --

Judd silences her by raising his hand.

DR. JUDD

I'm sorry. I don't practice any more. I find it easier to write about mental illness and leave the cure of it to others.

The buzzer sounds and Miss Summers brings the phone receiver to her ear.

MISS SUMMERS

(looking up from the phone)

Mr. Ward is free now, Doctor.

Judd gets up and saunters toward the door.

DR. JUDD

(as he walks)

There are a number of other psychiatrists who can help your father -- dipsomania is rather sordid.

He smiles charmingly at her, and deliberately pockets her lighter.

MISS SUMMERS

(as he goes through the door, disappointment in her voice)

Thank you.

She reaches for a cigarette, then realizes that Judd has usurped her lighter. With a blank expression, she turns and looks at the closed door.

INT. GREGORY WARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Judd comes in and walks calmly across the room.

DR. JUDD

(as he crosses)

I've come from Jacqueline. She needs money.

GREGORY

I thought you told me you didn't know where she was.

DR. JUDD

(sprawling into)
(a chair)
I didn't. She came to me a few days ago. To put it delicately her care imposes a financial burden upon me. She thought you might lighten that burden.

GREGORY
If Jacqueline wants money she can come to me herself.

DR. JUDD
I'm afraid she can't do that, Ward. It would endanger her.

GREGORY
What sort of danger?

JUDD
I'd like to tell you. I would tell you, but I'm fond of Jacqueline, I don't want her to run any risks.

GREGORY
This is nonsense! Unless I know where Jacqueline is, and how she is, I won't give you any money.

DR. JUDD
(almost musingly)
You're a curious man. You're willing to jeopardize Jacqueline's life in order to satisfy your own curiosity.

GREGORY
You come to me with some wild story about her being in danger - naturally I want to know what kind of danger. I want to know where she is.

Gregory Ward rises and starts around the desk toward Dr. Judd.

GREGORY
It's not just for myself I'm asking. Her sister is here. The kid's half crazy with anxiety.

DR. JUDD
As a man, you distrust me -- perhaps you believe me as a physician.

Judd looks coolly at Gregory and Gregory nods grudgingly.

DR. JUDD

Well, then I can tell you that in addition to other dangers, there is a grave danger of Jacqueline losing her sanity. I would advise against you seeing her.

GREGORY

But why? She's been ill --erratic, but I've never heard of anything like that!

JUDD

I told you I was speaking as her physician -- not as anything else -- You can believe me or not, just as you choose.

Gregory looks at him a moment, then turns and sits down in his chair with an air of resignation.

GREGORY

(wearily)
How much does she want?

DR. JUDD

She could use a hundred dollars.

GREGORY

(making a motion toward his desk)
I'll give you a check.

DR. JUDD

(shaking his head)
She can only use cash.

Ward takes out a billfold and examines its contents.

GREGORY

I haven't got that much in cash.

DR. JUDD

How much have you got?

GREGORY

About forty-five dollars.

DR. JUDD

For the time being, I imagine that must do.

Ward, frowning, hands over the money reluctantly.

GREGORY

Tell me, how is Jacqueline?

DR. JUDD
(rising)
Oh, as beautiful as ever.

Judd starts for the door.

GREGORY
But tell me --

DR. JUDD
(shrugging)
She's nervous, naturally, under
the circumstances.

GREGORY
What circumstances?

Judd has reached the door. He turns and grins.

DR. JUDD
You know that I can't tell you.

He starts to open the door, pauses and looks back.

DR. JUDD (CONT'D)
(insolently, with the door
half open)
As her physician and I am speaking
as her friend now, too, I warn you
that it would be extremely
dangerous to attempt to see her.

The door closes behind Judd. Ward stands for a moment looking
at the closed door, then crosses resolutely to a halltree in
the corner, takes his hat and coat and strides out.

INT. DAY NURSERY CLASSROOM - DAY

It is the rest hour and the children are lying in a neat row
on the floor, each wrapped in his own little blanket. In the
middle of the row, one black-haired little girl keeps poking
up her head to watch Mary and Gregory Ward. Ward, with his
overcoat on, and hat in hand, is seated on the corner of
Mary's desk, his back to the children, talking to her. Mary
sits at her desk watching.

MARY
What brought you down here, Greg?

GREGORY
(a little evasively)
Oh, I had business with a man...
but I missed him --

MARY
Well, I'm glad you came to see me.

The little girl in the center of the room sits up.

NANCY

Can I wake up now, Miss Gibson?

MARY

You first have to go to sleep,
Nancy. Then you can wake up.

(to Gregory)

We'll have to talk quietly.

Ward turns to look around the bright, sunny room.

GREGORY

Happy here?

Mary nods.

MARY

Everything has turned out so well
for me - - I have a nice job
-- friends - - except the one thing
I came to New York for - -to find
Jacqueline --

Gregory nods.

MARY

It's not knowing that makes it so
hard. This way, whenever I walk
along the streets I think I see
her. I see some woman,
peer into her face and find a
stranger. I dream of her at
night. It's terrible to say --
but if she were dead it would
be easier. There would be
some certainty about it.

Ward patiently pats her shoulder, and looks at her with
understanding and sympathy. They face each other for a moment
In the b.g. Nancy again rises from her neat fold of blanket.

NANCY

Miss Gibson, I'm tired of resting.

MARY

Sh-h-h Nancy. The other children.

Nancy gives her a dirty look and subsides.

MARY

(turning)

(back to Ward)

What have you done about Irving
August?

GREGORY
(a little guiltily)
Oh, I'm making investigations.

MARY
You've never believed a word I
told you about Mr. August.

GREGORY
Look, Mary, now that I know you
better, I think I can be more frank
with you. I don't believe you. I
still can't understand the reason
for such a wild tale. It's like
some of Jacqueline's stories.

MARY
Greg, it isn't a wild tale. It's
true. If there were only some way --

GREGORY
There is a very simple way.
Got a telephone book?

Mary reaches into her desk drawer and pulls out the New York telephone directory. He takes it and thumbs through it rapidly, then dials. While he is doing this, Nancy pokes up her head again.

NANCY
Is it fifteen minutes yet?

MARY
No, Nancy. You've got to sleep two
more minutes.

Nancy lets herself relax on the hard floor in quiet desperation. By this time Ward has finished dialing his number. Someone has evidently answered.

GREGORY
(into phone)
May I speak to Mr. Irving August?

From the telephone comes the sound of unintelligible conversation in an explanatory note. Ward listens, frowning.

GREGORY (CONT'D)
(into phone)
I'm very sorry. Thank you..

He hangs up the receiver and turns to Mary.

GREGORY
You were right. Irving August
has been missing for three weeks.

DISSOLVE

EXT. DAY NURSERY - DAY

Mary is saying good-bye to the children. They are being called for by their mothers. Most of the women are Italian, Irish, Bohemian or Jewish New York women who collect their offspring and move out with them through the little wicket gate. The children are carrying bits of childish craft which they have manufactured during the day - paper baskets, crayola drawings. Each of the children shows off what he has done during the day to his fond mama.

CHILD

Mama, see. Miss Gibson helped me. It's a table.

MOTHER

Beautiful. We show it to papa tonight.

SECOND MOTHER

Did Michele eat her soup today?

MARY

She's been an angel.

A little boy comes running out of the building. He is the last and is late.

CHILD

(yelling)
Mama. Wait for me.

The drop seat of his little suit is hanging open. Mary runs after him.

MARY

Angelo. Wait.

She catches up with him, buttons his suit, gives him a playful pat on the bottom, and he runs after the others. Mary turns to re-enter the nursery when Mrs. Wheeler comes out. Mrs. Wheeler is a middle-aged woman with a generous, benign smile on her face.

MRS. WHEELER

Well, Mary, aren't you the popular one. You've a visitor again.

Mary turns to walk toward the building with Mrs. Wheeler.

MARY

Mr. Ward?

MRS. WHEELER

No, not this time. It's a gentleman called Judd -- Dr. Judd.

MARY

I don't know anyone by that name.

MRS. WHEELER

He asked for you, my dear.

The two women go back into the building.

TNT. DAY NURSERY CLASSROOM - DAY

Judd, wearing a dark overcoat and carrying his hat, is walking up and down. The door opens and Mary comes in.

MARY

Dr. Judd?

JUDD

Yes, Miss Gibson. I've come to take you to your sister.

Mary stops, startled, and looks at him. He smiles.

JUDD

Don't be so amazed. It's a very ordinary matter. I'm Jacqueline's physician... Mr. Ward told me you were in town and Jacqueline has sent me to bring you to her.

MARY

You know where she is?

JUDD

(smiling even more broadly)
If I didn't know where she was, could I take you to her? Get your hat and coat. We haven't much time.

He starts for the door, stumbles over a toy. Mary looks down at his feet. He catches the glance.

JUDD

It's my cloven hoof. It trips me up sometimes.

MARY

Cloven hoof?

JUDD

Yes. You know the devil and all his minions are marked that way.

Mary looks at him in astonishment as they exit through the door.

DISSOLVE

INT. FOYER FLANDERS APTS. - DAY

This is a marble, gilt, and plaster horror of the General Grant rococo period. Glass and gilt iron doors give entrance to the hallway, which is floored with soiled marble slabs. At either side of the hall twin stairs rise to the apartments above, going upward with an accompaniment of gilt iron handrails. Some mail boxes, a worn velvet bench, and moth eaten moose head complete this charming and delicate interior.

A young woman is laboriously getting a baby carriage out from under one of the stairways and stowing her infant safely in its wicker hold. She has tucked him in, steered the carriage out from behind the stairway, and is crossing the hallway when the door opens to admit Judd and Mary.

JUDD

(holding the door open for
Mary)

It's amid such marble splendors as
these that Jacqueline dwells.

Mary looks around.

JUDD

You can take either stairway --
I prefer the left -- the sinister
side.

They go toward the left and start ascending the left stairway.

INT. HALLWAY IN FRONT OF JUDD'S APT- AFTERNOON

Mary and Judd come up the stairs. Judd is fumbling for a key. He goes to his door, inserts the key, twists it and swings the door open, allowing Mary to precede him.

INT. JUDD'S APT. - LATE AFTERNOON

It is a cheap, furnished apartment. An Aubusson carpet is on the floor. The furniture is Grand Rapids Sheraton and the pictures on the wall are representative of hotel art at its worst, colored prints showing French canals, poplar trees and old towers. An incongruous picture, however, a huge chrome in an ornate fretwork frame dominates one wall. This is the famous picture of the guardian angel which shows a little child, gowned in white, who is about to fall over a precipice were it not for the benign hand of her guardian angel, a figure complete with white robe and white wings. Under this picture is a bureau. It has been converted to a writer's

needs by the simple expedient of removing one drawer and re-inserting it so that the bottom of the drawer can be used as a base for a typewriter. On this overturned drawer stand a portable typewriter, a box full of paper, some loose manuscript and a marmalade jar full of pencils. Between a pair of bookends are about four volumes with the author's name - Louis Judd - plainly evident on the dust jackets. They are the only books in the room. At the end of the room is a small, useless sort of desk. This has been made into a dressing table by putting a fitted toilet case on top and opening it. Through a double doorway, without doors, can be seen a square cubicle containing an unmade bed. Mary comes into this room and looks around anxiously. Judd follows her, carefully bolts the door behind him and puts it on the chain.

JUDD
(calling softly)
(toward bedroom)
Jacqueline.

There is no answer and he strides across the room and looks in. He turns back to Mary.

JUDD
(with genuine surprise)
She's not here. She's gone.

Mary looks around her a little apprehensive at the thought of being alone with this stranger. However, his own nervousness at Jacqueline's absence is very genuine. As Mary crosses the room to the desk he continues to talk excitedly.

JUDD
I don't know why she left. She
knows she shouldn't have.

Mary takes a hand mirror out of the fitted case and holds it up. A big swirling monogram on the back is immediately visible. The letters are: "J. G." Mary puts it down. In a little ash tray beside the dressing case a cigarette is smoldering. Mary points to it. Judd looks at it, then quickly crosses the room to a door obviously leading to a bathroom. He knocks, and receiving no answer, opens it and turns back to the room.

JUDD
She's gone. She's left me to
meet them alone. I can't.

Mary stands looking at him, amazed at this sudden transition: the almost palpable fear of this smooth, easy, sneering man.

MARY
(softly)
What makes you so nervous, Dr.
Judd. Who are they?

Judd pays no attention to her. He walks quickly to the other end of the room, then turns to face her.

JUDD

I can't stay here. I'll have
to leave you.

Without any further word he strides quickly to the entrance door, fumbles furiously with the chain and lock; opens it and goes out, closing the door behind him.

Mary stands in the center of the room, completely at a loss. She turns back to the desk and snuffs out the cigarette thoughtfully. Again she examines the mirror or some other article in the dressing case, As she stands there, looking at her sister's initials, there is a soft knock at the door. Mary crosses the room quickly and opens it.

TNT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE JUDD'S APT. - LATE AFTERNOON

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Jacqueline Gibson, dressed for the street in a mink coat and a smart fur toque to match; an impressive, beautiful, unforgettable woman, stands in this mean hallway.

TWO SHOT - Mary and Jacqueline in doorway.

MARY

(from doorway)
Jacqueline!

Jacqueline lifts her hand and puts her forefinger stealthily across her lips to indicate silence. They stand facing each other this way for a single, breathing moment. Then suddenly Jacqueline pulls the door shut.

TNT. JUDD'S APT. - LATE AFTERNOON

CLOSE SHOT of Mary, surprised and shocked by this sudden move, stands stock-still for half a second. Then she rouses herself. She starts tugging at the door. She gets it open and starts out.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE JUDD'S APT. - LATE AFTERNOON

Mary comes out into the hall, looks first toward the left stairway. There is no one there.

REVERSE SHOT. Apparently Mary looks to the right and again sees that the hallway and the head of the second flight of stairs is empty. She hesitates for a moment and then starts off to the right.

TNT. FLANDERS APT. STAIRWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

Mary runs down the stairs.

TNT. FOYER - FLANDERS APT. - LATE AFTERNOON

Mary comes down the stairs. The foyer is empty. She crosses to the other stairs and looks up, sees no one, turns and goes out the street door.

EXT. FLANDERS APT. - LATE AFTERNOON

Mary comes out and looks up and down the street. The street is empty except for a few men passing by. She stands for a moment, the wind blowing her skirt against her legs and tugging at her hair. She turns and goes back into the building.

INT. FOYER - FLANDERS APT. - LATE AFTERNOON

Mary comes in and starts to mount the stairs.

DISSOLVE

INT. HALLWAY IN FRONT OF JUDD' S APT. LATE AFTERNOON

Mary comes up to the hallway. The door of the apartment is still open. She turns and enters.

INT. JUDD'S APT. - LATE AFTERNOON

Mary re-enters the room. She goes over to the dressing table where she had left her purse and picks it up. As she does this something in the mirror attracts her attention, and a look of terror comes into her face. In the mirror can be seen the back of a large chair near the bureau. Over the top of this chair floats a rising column of cigar smoke. Mary turns.

ANOTHER ANGLE. A man enters from the left of the scene and seizes Mary's arm. From the armchair another man rises. It is Paul Radeau, the man with Irving August at the Missing Persons Bureau.

MAN

(to Radeau)
Is this her?

RADEAU

Nope.
(turning to Mary, removing
his cigar from his mouth)
Where's Jacqueline Gibson?

MARY

(frightened)
I don't know.

RADEAU

She was just here. Where's she gone?

MARY

I tell you I don't know.

RADEAU

That's funny. You went out with her, came back alone, and don't know where she went.

MARY

I don't know.

There is a pause while Radeau studies her and Mary's courage comes back to her.

MARY

Why do you want Jacqueline? What right have you to question me?

Radeau pulls an official looking document from his pocket.

RADEAU

Young lady, I've got all the right in the world. I'm Paul Radeau, private investigator, and I have been hired to find your sister by her husband, Gregory Ward.

CLOSEUP of Mary's face as the full realization of what he has said comes to her.

MARY

(almost in a whisper)
Husband --

DISSOLVE

INT. DINING ROOM - DANTE - NIGHT

The restaurant is full, cheerful and noisy with the merry sound of people eating, drinking and talking.

MED. CLOSE SHOT of Jason Hoag seated at the feet of Dante. A small quarto volume is opened at his left hand and he is reading as he eats his antipasto. Without looking he takes the last forkful from the plate scrabbles about with his fork for another forkful but finds only emptiness, and he turns his attention from his book to his plate. He puts down his fork and looks off beyond the camera, calling out at the same time.

JASON

(in Italian)
What ho, wench! Would you keep
a benighted traveller waiting?

REVERSE SHOT - kitchen door. Mrs. Romari, a beaming smile on her face, comes from the kitchen bearing an enormous platter of spaghetti. She weaves her way through the tables, holding

the platter high over the heads of the customers. She passes a table at which Mary is seated with Gregory Ward. As it is a wall table, they sit side by side. Both look miserable, their faces averted, Gregory is talking eagerly to Mary's turned-away profile. Mrs. Romari passes them and advances toward the table where Jason sits.

into
MED. CLOSE SHOT - Jason at his table. Mrs. Romari comes
the scene beaming, puts the platter on the table before
Jason.

MRS. ROMARI
(in Italian)
Jason, my pet —

JASON
Bella Romari If I were not
seated, I would embrace you in
three movements like a sonata.
(in very bad Italian)
Ah, my wonderful one. Fly with me
tonight. We will take your coffee
machine and live with the gypsies.

Mrs. Romari giggles with delight and translates Jason's atrocious Italian to two maiden ladies who are gawking at this unrestrained conversation.

MRS. ROMARI
(in Italian)
Oh, this funny man.
(in English)
He is a very funny man, but I
love him.

While she is talking, Jason has been appreciatively sniffing the aroma of the spaghetti. As she turns back to him, he points to his wine glass.

JASON
What are you thinking of, Bella?
Can I eat dry?

MRS. ROMARI
Oh, the wine. I have forgotten
the wine.

Mrs. Romari goes toward the kitchen.

The CAMERA DOLLIES WITH her. As she passes the table where Gregory and Mary are sitting, the CAMERA STOPS, FOCUSING on them.

GREGORY
Look, Mary, just because I kept a
secret from you doesn't make me a

monster. Please look at me, Mary.

Mary pays no attention, but busies herself by taking a sip of water and pretends to be very interested in Mrs. Romari's further progress through the dining room.

GREGORY

Can't I make you understand? The secret wasn't mine in the first place. It was Jacqueline's. I don't know why. She never wanted anything from me -- not even my name —

Mary still looks obstinately away. Gregory shakes his head, pauses, and then goes on.

GREGORY

Please -- I can't explain things like this to your right ear.

MARY

Last night in this very restaurant Mr. Jason Hoag paid a very pretty compliment to my right ear.

GREGORY

(exasperated)
Who the devil is he?

MARY

A poet. He's sitting right over there. That's his table — the one at the feet of Dante.

She half turns to indicate Jason's position.

MED. CLOSE SHOT of Jason. He sees Mary looking toward him. He smiles and nods to her.

MED. CLOSE SHOT of Mary and Gregory. Mary nods back to Jason.

GREGORY

(looking off at Jason)
He seems all right.
(then resuming his former conversation)
Look, Mary. It was something I couldn't tell you. Remember how you came to my office that first day, frightened and broken up? I asked you if she had spoken about me. You said "no." Then how could I tell you that we were married -- and afterwards -- I couldn't tell you because --

Mrs. Romari comes past them.. She is carrying a bottle of

Chianti. She smiles at Mary as she passes, but Mary is too absorbed in her own thoughts to see her.

The CAMERA DOLLIES WITH Mrs. Romari.

MED. CLOSE SHOT of Jason. Mrs. Romari comes into the scene and starts pouring a glass of wine.

JASON
(in bad Italian)
Why do you bring me wine,
beautiful ones when you yourself
are intoxicating.

Mrs Romari laughs heartily.

JASON
(in English)
You're my favorite audience, Bella.

Mrs. Romari has finished pouring the wine. She puts the wine bottle on the table and is about to start off toward the kitchen when she catches a glimpse of Gregory and Mary.

Mary's face is still averted from Gregory and both of them look dreadfully unhappy.

MED. SHOT of Jason and Mrs. Romari.

MRS. ROMARI
Why can't everyone be happy like we
are -- laugh and have good times.
Look at that poor little one -- so
sad because she can't find her
sister. And that man with her -- he
doesn't make her laugh -- he just
sits and talks.

JASON
(almost seriously)
We are happy, Mrs. Romari, because
you have everything -- and I am
happy because I have nothing to
lose.

MRS. ROMARI
But you should make her laugh,
Jason. Come, make jokes for her.
I'll bring your food to their
table.

Before Jason can protest she has leaned over and taken his plate.

MED. SHOT - Mary and Gregory. Their relative positions have not changed.

MARY

You could have told me any time
you were Jacqueline's husband.

GREGORY

Things changed, Mary. The reasons
for finding Jacqueline changed. I
want to find Jacqueline to settle
things.

MARY

(startled, turns for the
first time to Ward)
What things? Why?

It is at this moment and before he can answer that Mrs.
Romari comes into the scene leading Jason.

MRS. ROMARI

You two are so sad. Your food will
not digest, and your wine will
sour. You must laugh to eat well. I
have brought Jason to make you
laugh.

Mary looks at Ward. He is obviously annoyed at this
interruption. She, too, wishes that Mrs. Romari and Jason had
not interrupted, but feels it incumbent upon her to be
gracious.

MARY

Mr. Hoag, this is Mr. Ward.

The two men shake hands. Ward with the air of one making an
empty invitation, hoping that Jason will not accept,
indicates the chair on the opposite side of the table.

Jason stands smiling for a moment, completely aware of the
situation and uncertain as to whether to accept or take
himself off. Mrs. Romari settles the matter by pulling out
the chair and forcing him to seat himself.

MRS ROMARI

Sit down. I'll get the rest of your
dinner.

JASON

I'm under orders to make you laugh.
In Mrs. Romari's mind my poetry and
humor have some strange affinity
which they don't have in fact. She
wants me to play the fool for you,
and suddenly, Miss Gibson, I feel
as sad as you do.

MARY

(smiling)

Well, then I have spoiled your dinner -- "your food won't digest, and your wine will sour."

JASON

You will have to make all the jokes, because I'm going to be very serious.

He pauses, and the two look rather questioningly at him after this preamble. He looks first at one and then at the other before speaking.

JASON

I'm going to find your sister.

GREGORY

I don't think that's a good subject for jokes, Mr. Hoag.

JASON

But I'm not joking.

GREGORY

Don't be ridiculous. For months I've had the best private detective in New York looking for Miss Gibson.

JASON

But I'm better than a detective. I have an understanding of people - and a love of them -- an understanding of the city - -

GREGORY

You don't even know Jacqueline Gibson.

JASON

But I understand her. That may be more important.

GREGORY

It may make very fine poetry, Mr. Hoag, but it doesn't make good sense.

Jason turns to Mary.

JASON

Mary, when you first came here, I told you to look into your heart. You didn't listen to me. You listened to the policeman instead. You didn't find your sister, did you?

GREGORY

(protesting)

Look here, just because Mrs. Romari asked you to amuse us.

Jason rises and takes Mary's hand.

JASON

This city is my world. I know every rat-infested corner of my world and every starlit chamber of its purity and greatness.

He half draws Mary to her feet.

GREGORY

You don't even know where to start -
-

Jason takes Mary along with him, starting for the door.

JASON

One starts by beginning.
Beginnings lead to an end.

Ward is forced to rise and go with them.

DISSOLVE

EXT. STREET WASHINGTON MEWS - NIGHT

Jason and Ward with Mary between them, cross the street toward the north side of Washington Mews. To their right is the mews, the little houses one next to the other in an orderly row. They stop for a moment at the street corner.

GREGORY

Well?

JASON

(disregarding his question)

This is the part of New York I love. It is old. It has memories. If you listen, the houses will speak to you. Walt Whitman...Edna St. Vincent Millay... Eugene O'Neill...in their time they've all lived here.

He goes on to the next house and they follow. The CAMERA DOLLIES WITH them.

GREGORY

All very nice but, what are you going to do - listen at every house

in New York for Jacqueline's voice?

JASON

(as if it explained
everything)
I'm looking for a party -- a merry
party.

GREGORY

Well, that's illuminating.

Even Mary looks concerned and puzzled. They have stopped
before the next house and again Jason has taken the attitude
of one listening. The sound of a violin can be heard playing
Abenlied.

JASON

Only music. It leads, but we cannot
follow.

He starts off again. Ward and Mary follow him.

GREGORY

(shaking his head)
Riddles now.

By this time they have come to the third house and again
Jason has paused.

JASON

Wait. This is a party.

WOMAN'S VOICE

(from interior of house)
Now, if you'll all take your seats,
Miss Randall will show us the
slides she took of Woods Hole
Marine Institute this summer.

JASON

Sounds dull, doesn't it? My ear is
perfectly trained. I can tell the
brand of liquor and the quality of
the guests from the noise they
make.

From the next house comes the sound of revelry, laughter and
a burst of jazz music from a phonograph which obscures the
milder noises of the house in front of which they stand.

JASON

(excitedly)
That sounds more like it. Come on.

He grabs hold of Mary's hand and draws her along. They go up
to the door. Ward follows them.

INT. NATALIE CORTEZ' HOUSE - NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT of Natalie Cortez. She is seated at a small card table, shuffling a pack of cards with one hand, and surrounded by a small group of her guests in evening clothes. Natalie is a very beautiful woman of early middle age. It is apparent why she uses only one hand to shuffle her cards. She has but one arm. A little cape of gold lame covers her shoulders and hangs down over the missing arm.

JUDD'S VOICE

Shuffle the cards well, Natalie.
This is a trick of telepathy not
card manipulation

ANOTHER SHOT of the same group to include Judd, who stands a little distance away with his back purposely turned to the card table. Mrs. Cortez is finishing shuffling the cards. The door knocker sounds.

JUDD

Now pass me the cards.

The knocker sounds again and Mrs. Cortez hands the cards to Gladys, a big, gushy girl, full of hormones and cocktail gin.

MRS. CORTEZ

(rising)
Gladys, you hand the deck to Louis
while I answer the door.

Gladys takes the cards and crosses to Judd, who still stands with his back to his audience, while Mrs. Cortez turns and walks in the other direction.

REVERSE SHOT - toward the door. For the first time Mrs. Cortez' living quarters can be seen. The house was formerly a stable on the Mews and in remodeling it for living purposes Mrs. Cortez has allowed the stalls and general architecture of the stable to remain. She uses one of the two stalls as a little dining nook, although above it the name of the horse, "Apocalypse" is still printed on a placard. The next stall has been converted into a little escritorio, and over this stall is the name "Morning Star." The place is lit with electrified stable and carriage lamps and furnished with harness and horse adornments which contrast with the rich piled carpet, the lovely square piano of rosewood and the beautiful modern prints with plain wood frames. Book shelves cover the largest portion of the walls.

Mrs. Cortez wends her way through little groups of her guests and goes to the door.

MED. CLOSE SHOT of the door as Mrs. Cortez opens it revealing Mary, Ward and Jason on the threshold.

MRS. CORTEZ

Jason! How nice to see you.

JASON

(taking her hand)
I have brought some friends,
Natalie. May we all come to your
party?

MRS. CORTEZ

Of course.

JASON

Mrs.,. Cortez, Mary Gibson and Mr.
Ward.

MRS. CORTEZ

(to Mary)
It's so nice to meet you.

Jason has been looking about trying to peer over the heads of various other guests. Suddenly he turns back to Mrs. Cortez and Mary.

JASON

You'll have to excuse me.

ANOTHER ANGLE - Jason emerges between two groups of people. The CAMERA PICKS him up and DOLLIES WITH him up to the group around Judd. Judd has turned and is facing them with the cards in his hands.

JUDD

Mrs. Freeman, yours was the Jack of
Spades. Gladys, yours was the Seven
of Diamonds, and Mrs. Gosden, the
Queen of Hearts --

There is a murmur of admiration from the little group.

GLADYS

How do you ever do it, Louis?

Jason makes his way through the group and faces Judd.

JUDD

Hello, Jason.

Jason takes his arm and draws him away a few feet from the group.

JASON

(sotto voce)
Where is Jacqueline Gibson?

JUDD

(smiling)
What a peculiar question.

JASON

I saw you with her last week. I knew you'd be here tonight. Where is she?

JUDD

My dear fellow, it's neither your business to ask, nor mine to tell.

He tries to move away. Jason takes his arm again.

JASON

Wait. Look over there.

He half turns so that Judd faces the door.

JASON

See that girl? That's Jacqueline's sister. It's because of her I ask.

JUDD

But why come to me?

JASON

Because there was another girl— years ago -- a nice girl. She lived on Barrow Street. I saw her with you once -- I saw her with you twice and then I never saw her again. That's why.

JUDD

She was my patient.

He pauses.

JUDD

What was she to you?

JASON

I don't think that you would understand if I told you.

JUDD

I think I understand without your telling me. I know something of your history, Jason. I know that you haven't written for ten years.

JASON

I've lost my knack.

JUDD

After that wonderful first book -- after all the adulation and the good reviews?

Jason looks away.

JUDD

I would have given anything if I could have written that book. You had all my admiration and respect — once.

MED. SHOT - Mary, Mrs. Cortez and Ward.

MRS. CORTEZ

Now that you know me, you must feel free to come often.

Over this shot comes the sound of Jason's voice calling Mary. Mary smiles at Mrs. Cortez and looks off.

LONG SHOT from Mary's ANGLE of the group around Judd and Jason. Jason is beckoning to her.

THREE SHOT - Mary, Mrs. Cortez and Ward. Mary gives Mrs. Cortez a smile of apology and starts toward Jason. Ward takes her arm to lead her through the party throng.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - the group around Jason and Judd as Mary and Ward come in.

JUDD

(imperturbably)
Hello, Ward.

He makes a half bow to Mary.

JUDD

My dear Miss Gibson --

It is at this point that Gladys comes bursting back. She picks up the name "Gibson" and rushes ever to Mary.

GLADYS

Gibson? Are you Jacqueline's sister?

MARY

Yes. Do you --

GLADYS

(not letting her finish)
Know her! My dear, we were intimate! The times we used to have together! I bet she never told you about that -- you're too young.

GREGORY

I'm afraid you don't understand.
Miss Gibson's sister is missing —

GLADYS

Missing? Well, no wonder. When she took up with Louis Judd she went out of circulation, like that!

She snaps her fingers. Mary looks from Judd to Ward.

The two men stare fixedly at each other.

GLADYS

(to Mary)

My dear, have I said something?

JASON

(to Gladys in a low voice)

No. You've just turned the dagger in the wound - - a beautiful job.

He looks quickly over to Mary, sees tears coming to her eyes, takes her elbow and leads her to another part of the room. Gladys' attention is attracted by laughter from another group of the party and she drifts off. Ward and Judd are left together.

JUDD

(to Ward)

There are too many people here. I think Jacqueline may be lonely --? for me.

Judd grins. He wanders off. Gregory stands scowling after him.

TWO SHOT - Jason and Mary. They have seated themselves in the little breakfast nook built in the horses' stall.

JASON

You see, Mary, I'm not quite a fool.

Mary nods.

MARY

At least you knew about Dr. Judd.

JASON

Yes.

MARY

And you knew he'd be here.

JASON

Yes. And now that I've shown you that I know that much, and can guess more -- will you trust me to look for Jacqueline?

MARY

I want you to look for Jacqueline.

He takes her hand across the table and holds it firmly.

JASON

I'm a terrible failure, Mary, -- a book clerk by day and a poet by night, and not a very good one -- but if you'll trust me -- at this one thing I won't fail --I'll find your sister.

DISSOLVE

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

CLOSE SHOT of Jason leaning on a file counter in the library. Beside him is an enormous file of cards and right under his nose, two pretty white hands ruffle the cards.

JASON

(admiringly)

You have such lovely hands, Miss Gottschalk. So slim and capable --

The CAMERA PULLS BACK to show us Miss Gottschalk. The face doesn't match the hands.

MISS GOTTSCHALK

(gurgling)

Oh, Mr. Jason. I really shouldn't be doing this, you know. It's against the rules.

(curiously)

When did you say you wanted them?

JASON

I want to see what they read so I'll know what kind of books to give my friends as presents. There's nothing nicer for a gift than a book.

MISS GOTTSCHALK

Who was the first one -- Mrs. Redi?

Jason nods.

MISS GOTTSCHALK

(ruffling through the cards)

N - o - p - q - r - r - Redi.
Here it is.

She takes the card out of the file and hands it to Jason.

MISS GOTTSCHALK
And the other was Judd?

JASON
Yes, Dr. Louis Judd.

MISS GOTTSCHALK
It's here, too.

She hands it over to Jason.

JASON
Would it be asking too much, Miss
Gottschalk, for you to get me these
books?

MISS GOTTSCHALK
(gurgling again)
No, not at all, Mr. Jason.

She takes the cards and glances at the numbers and stops.

MISS GOTTSCHALK
(coyly)
Why, Mr. Jason. Most of these books
are on the closed shelf. You have
to get permission.

JASON
(using Miss Gottschalk's
tone)
I wouldn't want to take them out. I
just want to look at them.

MISS GOTTSCHALK
(relenting)
Well, since, you're over twenty
one—

Giggling, she turns to go.

DISSOLVE

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY- DANTE - DAY

Jason comes up the stairs whistling. As he reaches the
landing, Mimi comes out of her door at the end of the
corridor and goes across to the bathroom. She is in her
soiled dressing gown, her hair lank about her shoulders. She
carries a towel over one arm.

JASON
(waving to her)
Mimi!

She turns toward him and is about to speak when a fit of

coughing takes her. She passes on, goes through the doorway to the bath. Jason goes on to a door halfway down the hall, #10. He knocks on the door. Mary's voice can be heard bidding him enter.

MARY'S VOICE

Come in.

Jason turns the knob and throws the door open. Through the open door Mary's room can be seen. It is a small, dismal cubicle like the room with the noose. There is a day bed, a dresser, a little desk, an armchair, an old-fashioned rocker and light curtains at the window. There are a few odd-shaped pillows on the day bed and some other evidences of Mary's attempts to make this place bright and livable. On the dresser top stands a large framed photograph of Jacqueline.

As the door opens, Mary can be seen washing a pair of white gloves in a little basin set in the corner of the room.

As the scene progresses,, she can be seen washing the gloves on her hands, removing them, rinsing out the soap and then tacking them up on the open window sash to dry. Jason pulls a rose from his pocket. A withered blossom. He offers it. Mary holds up her white-gloved hands to indicate that she can't take the flower. He picks up a tumbler, fills it with water, puts the rose in it, and sets the whole mess on the window sill.

MARY

It's terribly sweet of you, Jason.

JASON

I have something even better.

He fishes through his pockets and brings out a ragged worn piece of paper; crossing over to her he carefully smooths out this paper beside the wash basin.

MARY

(puzzled)

What is it?

INSERT THE PARALLELOGRAM traced on thin paper.

JASON'S VOICE

A parallelogram with a split triangle in its very center.

BACK TO SCENE:

MARY

But for what, Jason?

JASON

To unlock mysteries -- to unravel the thread that leads to

Jacqueline.

Mary looks helpless and bewildered.

JASON

(with mock patience)

I suppose I'll have to explain. Go on with your washing.

He seats himself on the edge of the day bed.

JASON

I have been at the library.

MARY

But you're always at the library.

JASON

I went as a detective. I found out that Mrs. Redi reads the same books as Dr. Judd.

MARY

I don't think that's so revealing.

JASON

But who is Judd, a psychiatrist. It's quite natural that he should read books on the history of old religious societies. But why should Mrs. Redi, a woman with a beauty parlor --?

MARY

I don't know.

JASON

That's it. And this figure --she traced it. The book I saw at the library had been marked "perfect" by the library inspector in March. Mrs. Redi had it out in April. No one else had read it since.

MARY

(laughing)

I'm at sea, Jason.

JASON

(with even more patience)

Such a simple matter. This figure is the symbol of the Palladists.

MARY

(lightly mocking)

It's all clear to me now -- so clear.

JASON

I thought it would be, but just to be sure, I'll tell you that the Palladists are a society of Devil worshippers --

MARY

Devil worshippers!

She bursts out laughing.

JASON

Look. I'm serious. It's a real and vary earnest society -- a dangerous society...

MARY

(still laughing)
I can imagine.

JASON

Some time before those nice white gloves are dry you're going to go and find out a few things about Mrs. Redi.

Mary chuckles to herself and, taking up one of the gloves, blows into it, laughing in spite of herself as she does so. In a playful mood, she brushes the blown-up glove against the back of Jason's neck. He starts nervously. Like a young child, Mary is thrown into a fit of laughter.

MARY

Oh, Jason, I scared you. Maybe I could scare some information out of Mrs. Redi or perhaps Frances.

She laughs gaily.

DISSOLVE

BOOTH AT LA JEUNESSE COSMETICS, INC. - DAY

This is a mirror shot. In the glass Mary can be seen seated in the chair with Frances Fallon behind her brushing her hair.

FRANCES

I can't see much fun in teaching school. Why don't you go into the beauty business.

MARY

But I like teaching school.

FRANCES

Well, if it's fun for you, it's all right. I get a kick out of my work when the customers aren't too crabby.

MARY

Is Mrs. Redi nice to work for?

FRANCES

Redi's all right.

MARY

She seems rather an odd woman to me.

FRANCES

She's a pretty good sort.

MARY

What does she do with herself after business hours?

Frances shrugs.

MARY

It always seemed to me she was sort of lonely and unhappy.

FRANCES

I guess most people are.

Frances finishes brushing her hair and pats it into place.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

Well, that's it.

While Mary gets up and collects her handbag and other belongings, Frances makes out the check and hands it to Mary.

FRANCES

In the old days, it would have been on the house.

Mary hands her a coin which Frances refuses, pushing her hand away.

FRANCES

The tip is, anyhow. I like to work on your hair.

MARY

Thank you.

Mary takes a piece of paper from her bag and shows it to Frances.

MARY

Do you know what this is, Frances?

FRANCES
(smiling broadly)
I ought to know.

MARY
What is it?

Frances reaches back of her, takes a bottle of La Jeunesse perfume and holds it up to Mary.

INSERT BOTTLE OF LA JEUNESSE PERFUME. On the front of it is the parallelogram with split triangle.

FRANCES' VOICE
(over shot)
It's Mrs. Redi's new trademark.

BACK TO SCENE:

MARY
Of course, I should have known.
That figure has been puzzling me.

She passes into the main portion of the salon and Frances follows her. Mrs. Redi, passing by, stops.

MRS. REDI
Hello, Mary. It's nice to see you.
No news of Jacqueline?

Mary shakes her head.

MARY
I'm afraid not.

MRS. REDI
That's too bad.

Mary goes on toward the cashier's desk, and pays her check, As Mrs. Redi and Frances stand talking, Mary gets her change and leaves in the background.

MRS. REDI
What did she want?

FRANCES
I did her hair.

MRS. REDI
What were you talking about?

FRANCES
Nothing.

MRS. REDI

Nothing! That's absurd. I heard you laughing and talking, She was asking questions.

FRANCES

She was just asking about you - Whether it was nice to work for you or not.

MRS. REDI

And that was all?

FRANCES

No. She asked about the trademark.

MRS. REDI

What did she want to know?

FRANCES

She showed me a drawing.

MRS. REDI

(in anger)

You fool! That symbol is us -- us. She was asking about us.

She looks off toward the door opening on the street.

MRS. REDI

But I'll stop her questions —

DISSOLVE

INT. FLANDERS ARMS - JUDD'S APARTMENT - DAY

Judd, dressed in a dressing gown, is seated on the straight chair before the makeshift desk, talking with Mrs. Cortez who is dressed in street clothes and who has perched herself on the arm of a large, overstuffed chair. They have evidently been talking for some time. The scene opens with a slight lull in the conversation, while Judd takes a cigarette and lights it, blows out the first inhalation of smoke and looks squarely at Mrs. Cortez.

JUDD

I know the others -- Redi, Fallon, Leo, Bruns. But I would never have guessed it of you, Natalie.

MRS. CORTEZ

(airily)

One believes -- it's like any other religion...

JUDD

I'd hardly describe It that way -- The worship of evil is a pretty

dreadful and special thing.

MRS. CORTEZ

It seems right to us.

JUDD

I know the theory behind the movement. If one believes in good one believes in evil. If one believes in God, one must believe in the devil. And an intelligent person can make his own choice — that's it, isn't it?

MRS. CORTEZ

Because you are intelligent -- that's why they sent me to you --

JUDD

I think I can give you a more practical reason for your kind invitation. I know too much. I was Jacqueline's psycho-analyst.

MRS. CORTEZ

I always thought it was a more intimate relationship.

Judd shrugs.

JUDD

Perhaps, Natalie, this is a bargain you're offering me --I am being allowed to join -- to buy safety by betraying Jacqueline -- is that it?

MRS. CORTEZ

I haven't said anything of the sort.

JUDD

But you would like to know where she is?

MRS. CORTEZ

Yes. There are certain punitive measures...

JUDD

I can imagine. But you did say you came to me as my friend --that you were concerned for me.

Natalie nods.

MRS. CORTEZ

I'm afraid you have mistaken my

motive, Louis. I thought you might understand and sympathize.

JUDD

I have no sympathy for either good or evil. I have only curiosity -- a professional curiosity. What unhappy people most of you are!

MRS. CORTEZ

Are we? I thought I was very gay.

JUDD

A gay lot -- Redi, for instance. I don't know what her sorrow is, but her life's an empty one. She's had to have this to cling to. Frances Fallon, with her worship of Jacqueline, has had to follow like a sheep. And Bruns, the fanatic. And you...

He looks at her empty sleeve. She looks down, and her mouth twists in a smile.

MRS. CORTEZ

I was a great dancer...

JUDD

A strange collection. You're like the false god you worship... fallen angels, all of you.

MRS. CORTEZ

Life has betrayed us. We've found there is no heaven on earth, so we must worship evil for evil's own sake. We're not wicked. We commit no violence, unless...

JUDD

(smiling, close to her)
Unless what?

MRS. CORTEZ

(a pause, then smiling, sure of herself)
No, you draw no secrets from me, as you drew them from Jacqueline. You are not one of us yet. You're clever, Louis, but I recognize your interest in me for what it is worth. You are only curious. You have never loved a woman who had but one arm.

JUDD

It would be a charming experience.
She might only protest half as
much.

MRS. CORTEZ
(rising)
You're very flippant and perhaps
wise, but not wise enough to see
the truth, Louis.

Judd walks with Mrs. Cortez to the door.

JUDD
(very sincerely)
What is truth?

Mrs. Cortez looks at him from the doorway in surprise.

MRS. CORTEZ
Those are the first words I have
ever heard you say without mockery
and contempt.

Judd smiles.

DISSOLVE

INT. KITCHEN - DANTE - DAY

Mrs. Romari, with the pigeon on the table in front of her, is
shelling beans. As she shells them she sings an Italian song,
her voice ringing out merrily.

QUICK WIPE UP TO:

INT. MARY'S BATHROOM - DAY

Mary is in the shower. It is an old-fashioned affair in a tub
with a round pipe rail above it from which a translucent
curtain is hanging to keep the water from splashing. Mary's
head, neck, shoulders and a portion of her back can be seen.
She is wearing a shower cap. The warm water is streaming over
her, making a comfortable fog of steam. Mary is humming or
whistling the song that Mrs. Romari was singing downstairs.
She lifts her hand to soap the back of her neck. A dark and
threatening shadow falls athwart the curtain, and through the
steam and water a figure can be dimly seen standing there. It
is a moment or two before this figure speaks.

MRS. REDI'S VOICE
Mary.

Mary looks toward the shower curtain and sees the grim
indeterminate bulk of someone standing there. She brings her
hands and arms up protectively huddling all her forces
together in embarrassment.

MARY
(her voice weak and
embarrassed)
Yes.

MRS. REDI
This is Mrs. Redi, Mary.

MARY
(reaching for the faucet)
I'll be out in a minute.

MRS. REDI
That won't be necessary. I haven't
much to say.

Mary turns the water off and stands listening.

MRS. REDI
If I were you, Mary -- I'd go back
to school. I'd make no further
attempt to find Jacqueline.

MARY
Why?

MRS. REDI
It will make you unhappy to find
Jacqueline. It would put her in
danger --- great danger --

There is a little silence.

MRS. REDI
I can almost feel your doubt about
what I'm saying, Mary.

MARY
I can't give up looking for her,
Mrs. Redi, no matter what you're
hinting at.

MRS. REDI
I have no intention whatsoever of
hinting. Your sister, Mary, is a
murderess. She killed Irving August
-- stabbed him out of fright when
he discovered where she was hiding.

MARY
I don't believe it.

MRS. REDI
I had to help get rid of the body.
You saw it on the subway. And I
warn you, Mary -- go back -- you
don't know what you're doing, or

what dreadful things you might
bring about by looking for your
sister. You go back to school - -
go back and forget Jacqueline.

The shadow of Mrs. Redi's figure leaves the curtain. The door
clicks shut behind her. Mary moves her hand out to part the
curtain.

CLOSE UP of Mary's face as seen from the other side of the
shower curtain as she opens it. She is looking off at the
door through which Mrs. Redi has passed.

DISSOLVE

INT. NATALIE CORTEZ' APT. - LATE EVENING

LONG SHOT There is a fire burning in the fireplace. The
lamps have been lit, although outdoors there is still a gray,
cold light in the street. The room looks bright and warm.
There are about a dozen people who are standing and sitting,
smoking and chatting. Before the sofa a tea service has been
set on the coffee table. An alcohol stove keeps the tea water
hot and a slight steam rises from the tea kettle.

Among the guests can be seen certain familiar faces. Frances
Fallon stands near the door talking with a young man, Mr.
Durk, who can be recognized as one of the two drunks who
supported the body of Irving August on the subway. The other
of the two drunks, Mr. Leo, is seated by himself in an
armchair looking through a record album. In his street
clothes, chatting with a very lovely, white-haired woman, is
Joseph, the workman at La Jeunesse.

Mrs. Cortez is opening the door, as the scene opens, to admit
Mrs. Redi, who is dressed in exactly the same clothes she
wore in the previous scene.

MRS. REDI

(starting to remove her
furs)
I'm sorry to be late, Natalie.

MRS. CORTEZ

(taking the furs and
hanging them over the
back of a chair)
We haven't even begun tea yet.

The two women cross to the sofa and sit down. On the way
across the room, Mrs. Redi nods to several of the people
standing about. She and Mrs. Cortez seat themselves.

MRS. CORTEZ

Won't you pour, Mrs. Redi?

Mrs. Redi pours out a cup of tea. Her hand trembles and she

moves rather awkwardly.

MRS. REDI

Sorry. I'm nervous. This is very trying for me.

MRS. CORTEZ

I know. You introduced Jacqueline to us -- but how could you tell --

MRS. REDI

I should have known. She had no sincerity -- no real belief.

Mrs. Cortez pats Mrs. Redi's hand comfortingly, then turns and calls out,

MRS. CORTEZ

Cream or lemon, Frances?

FRANCES

Lemon.

Frances comes forward and Mr. Durk comes with her. They stand beside the sofa near Mrs. Redi. Mrs. Redi pours another cup of tea. Mrs. Cortez poises the cream pitcher over it. She turns to a tall dark-haired woman who is standing near the window.

MRS. CORTEZ

Miss Rowan, do you take cream?

Miss Rowan, without bothering to answer, strides across the room and takes the teacup from her hand. She seats herself in a small chair facing the sofa. Mrs. Redi starts to pour another cup of tea, but has a slight mishap. There is a clatter.

MRS. REDI

Please, Natalie, would you mind pouring?

Mrs. Cortez takes the teapot in her hand and begins pouring.

MISS ROWAN

You shouldn't be nervous. There is nothing personal or vengeful in what we are about to do. We have only to make a decision.

A tall quiet woman has come up to the table. She speaks to Mrs. Cortez.

MRS. SWIFT

But it can be such a horrible decision. I found peace here. I know that a large portion of that

peace came because we are all
pledged to non-violence. Now this --

MISS ROWAN

Our founder must have known when he
wrote these seemingly contradictory
rules -- the rule of non-violence
and the law that whoever betrays us
must die -- he must have known.

FRANCES

But I can't understand it.

Mrs. Redi turns to her.

MRS. REDI

Some of us, Frances, must believe
without understanding.

FRANCES

Yes.

As she speaks, a mature, handsome, forceful man dressed in a
dark business suit, Mr. Bruns, comes forward.

MRS. REDI

I went back through the history
last night. I read about Johann
Rozenquartz -- I read what he
wrote --

MR. BRUNS

I can quote it fully, Mrs. Redi.
"We will avoid violence. For once
undertaken, violence becomes its
own master and can lead to either
good or evil."

MRS. REDI

But he also wrote --

MR. BRUNS

(interrupting)

I can quote that too; "Those who
shall go out into the market place
and let their tongues speak of us,
and give knowledge of our being and
our deeds, whom-so-ever doeth this
shall die."

MRS. SWIFT

Since the founding of our order
there have been six betrayals and
six deaths. And now there is
Jacqueline — she is the seventh.

FRANCES

You can't do anything to her--
you mustn't hurt her!

MRS. CORTEZ

But she betrayed us, Frances.

FRANCES

She never betrayed us. She was only
going to a doctor -- a
psychiatrist.

MRS. REDI

But she told him, Frances. She told
him about us.

MR. BRUNS

(to Frances)

I know this is difficult for you. I
know that you love her.

FRANCES

She didn't betray us!

MR. BRUNS

Even if I believed that, I would
still consider her dangerous. There
is the matter of Irving August's
death. Without consulting me, Mrs.
Redi was ill-advised enough to have
the body removed by Leo and Durk.
This makes us all a party to the
crime. What if there is a trial?
What if Jacqueline is asked how the
body was removed? Do you think,
Frances, she would keep silent?

There is a long pause. He looks around the circle.

MR. BRUNS

It is a very real danger and one
which forces our decision.

MRS. REDI

What about Judd -- he knows about
us.

MRS. CORTEZ

He will come to us of himself --
the man is evil.

MR. BRUNS

And Jacqueline's sister?

MRS. REDI

I have taken care of Mary. I've
spoken to her. She's going back to
school.

MR. BRUNS

Then it is decided. Leo and Durk
and I will make our plans.

Frances Fallen begins to cry. Outside the streetlights go on.

INT. JASON'S ROOM - NIGHT

It is a small room with a skylight. There are no curtain on the skylight. Behind it the night sky can be seen, and occasionally the beam of a searchlight cuts across. There is a bed, an easy chair and a desk with a typewriter stand beside it. The walls of the room are almost hidden by bookcases and books, and even the mantel bears a burden of numerous volumes. Jason is seated at his desk, turned toward the typewriter. He types a line, reads it inaudibly and at the same time beats out the rhythm with his left hand on the desk top. Evidently it scans, because he types another line and is about to repeat the rhythmic test on it, when there is a small knock on the door. He gets up, crosses the room and opens the door. Mary stands outside. She is dressed in the little traveling suit she wore in the first sequence and wears a hat.

JASON

(pulling her into the
room)

Mary!

He shuts the door behind her, then stands to watch her as she looks around the room. He smiles happily.

JASON

Mary This is so wonderful!

Mary looks at him questioningly.

JASON

Your being here -- your coming so
unexpectedly -- it's a wish come
true --

He takes her hand and leads her further into the room.

JASON

I want you to see my room. I want
you to see all of it.

MARY

(smiling)

But it's a small room, Jason.

JASON

It's grown big with time -- I've
lived here with the Romari's for
ten years -- the room's become part

of me. I want you to see it — to
know me better.

He waves at the bookcase.

JASON
My books --

He leads forward a step and bends down to touch a battered
little tavern table of old maple wood.

JASON
My furniture --

He draws her forward still another step toward the desk and
points to the window.

JASON
My window - - through which I see
the world.

MARY
(looking toward the night
sky)
It's beautiful -- that searchlight
- the stars --

JASON
It's not a searchlight — it's a
sword blade cutting the blue cloak
of a prince -- not stars --

MARY
(interrupting; turning to
face him)
Jason, I'm going back to
Highcliffe. I came to say good-by.

Jason looks at her. He is silent, but his face shows her his
concern.

JASON
(smiling)
I thought your coming up here to
the third floor to see me --that it
was your advent into my world. It
turns out to be good-by. Why?

MARY
I have to go --

JASON
But you're happy here -- you like
your work --

He suddenly senses the compulsion that had been in her words.

JASON

It isn't that -- you said, "have to go." What could compel you --

MARY

Don't make me tell you, Jason.

JASON

I thought myself your friend, Mary. Just good-bye isn't enough for a friend.

Mary turns away, close to tears. Jason stands looking at her.

JASON

(in a low voice)

I had begun to write again --that's what I was doing when you came in.

MARY

It's because of Jacqueline -- I can't go on looking for her --

JASON

You went to see Mrs. Redi... She told you something -- what was it?

MARY

Jacqueline is a murderess she killed a man.

JASON

(incredulous)

And you believe that?

MARY

I have to. It was Irving August -- everything Mrs. Redi said -- it fits in with what I saw -- she even knew I'd seen his body on the subway.

Jason thinks for a moment.

JASON

If it is true -- there's all the more reason for you to find Jacqueline.

MARY

And Gregory -- he loves her.

JASON

He loves you, Mary, and you'll have to tell him.

MARY

He's Jacqueline's husband. I can't

She begins to cry. Jason puts his arm about her shoulders.

JASON

You can't tell him -- you can't even dream of loving him -- you feel guilty for not having had love enough for Jacqueline to save her from whatever it was that took her away -- I know that feeling.

They stand for a moment silently.

JASON

But you've got to tell him about Jacqueline -- if only for the practical reason that he's a lawyer and will know what to do. I'm going to phone him.

Jason drops his arms from her shoulder and starts for the phone.

DISSOLVE

INT. JASON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Gregory Ward is striding up and down the room. He seems greatly perturbed. He speaks and the CAMERA PULLS BACK to show Mary and Jason, both seated and both watching him as he strides.

GREGORY

She's got to be found. That's the first step. She's got to be found so that she can give herself up to the police.

MARY

We've tried so long to find her.

JASON

Judd could tell us -- if he would.

Gregory stops in front of Jason.

GREGORY

Do you think he knows about this?

JASON

(shaking his head)
I don't know.

GREGORY

He's clever and he's cautious in his way. If he knew I think he'd

advise her to do what I want --
surrender herself to the police --
stand trial -- I don't think he
knows.

JASON
We could tell him.

Gregory strides on again to the end of the room, then turns
to Jason.

GREGORY
Could you find him?

JASON
I suppose so. I can pick him up
somewhere.

Jason picks up his overcoat from the foot of the bed, and
takes his hat in his hand.

MARY
Jason, I sometimes wonder --you're
so sweet to me -- so kind and
sympathetic -- I don't know how I
can ever thank you.

Jason looks at her for a moment.

JASON
Thank me? You don't need to thank
me.

He looks at her again and then at Gregory Ward. Evidently
some idea has passed through his mind, because he turns from
Mary, crosses to the table, picks up a manuscript and puts it
into a large Manila envelope.

GREGORY
(pointing)
What's that?

JASON
(with a smile)
Verse -- verse that I wrote. I need
it.

He puts the envelope under his arm and starts toward the
door.

DISSOLVE

EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE STREET - NIGHT

Judd walks along unconcerned and seemingly unaware that on
the opposite side of the street Jason is patiently following
him. He sees his image reflected in a weighing machine mirror

and turns to him. The two men wave a friendly "hello." Jason ducks out of sight around a corner for a moment and then takes up Judd's trail again. Judd passes into a small apartment house. Jason follows a moment later.

INT. APARTMENT HOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

There is a self-service elevator. Jason comes in and sees that the elevator is in use and the sign "in use" is glowing, and the fourth floor button is red. He waits patiently for the elevator to stop and presses the "down" button. When it returns to the first floor he opens the outer door, then the inner grill, and is about to step in when Judd suddenly appears from the other side of the elevator, reaches in and taps him on the shoulder. Jason turns around, surprised.

JUDD

(smiling)

Don't bother going up. I can do this all night, Jason. Watch.

He draws Jason out of the elevator, lets the grill door slide shut, passes his hand through the grillwork, pushes the button and sends the elevator up empty. Jason grins and

shakes

his head. Judd takes a cigarette packet from his pocket and passes it to Jason.

JUDD

Following me to find Jacqueline?

JASON

(grinning)

Uh-huh.

JUDD

Well, it won't work. Love and understanding won't make a good detective out of a recalcitrant poet.

JASON

(smiling)

Actually I want to ask two favors of you -- one as a poet -- one as a detective.

JUDD

It sounds strange, and I'm going to be very wary.

Jason reaches into his overcoat pocket and pulls out the Manila envelope containing the manuscript.

JASON

Some time ago you spoke about my writing again. I want your help.

I'd like you to bring this to your publisher.

Judd takes the envelope and starts to open it, looking up at Jason.

JUDD

This is curious, Jason. Half the time you talk as if Shakespeare were not fit to tie your shoe-laces; now this sudden humility.

JASON

I should like people to read what I've written.

Judd looks at him and taps the envelope.

JUDD

And this poetry — like the poetry you wrote before extols the passion and beauty of life?

JASON

It goes beyond that. It praises the goodness of God and the greatness of all His works.

JUDD

(looking at him quizzically)

I hope it finds as much favor as your other book -- but somehow I doubt it -- the time is out of tune.

JASON

Why not let your publisher judge that?

Judd starts for the door, but Jason takes a quick step after him and lays hold of his arm.

JASON

Wait -- there is that other favor.

JUDD

I'd forgotten.

JASON

Tell me where Jacqueline is -- we've got to find her.

JUDD

(grinning)

You don't expect me to do that do you?

JASON
Yes. When I tell you.

JUDD
(scornfully interrupting)
Tell me what?

JASON
You'll have good enough sense to tell us where she is -- when you know she's a murderess. She killed a man.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. STREET - CHERRY LANE - NIGHT

Mary, Gregory, Jason and Judd come around the corner and start up the lane. Gregory and Mary walk together and Judd walks with Jason behind them. Mary and Gregory go past the camera.

As Judd and Jason come abreast of the CAMERA IT DOLLIES WITH them.

JUDD
Tell me, why this sudden desire to publish -- to awaken like Byron and find yourself famous.

JASON
I think it's time.

JUDD
No other reason -- no woman -- not the little Miss Gibson?

Jason walks on without answering.

JASON
Perhaps.

JUDD
(very sincerely)
I'll do all I can to help. I'll go to my publisher tomorrow.

EXT. HOUSE IN CHERRY LANE - NIGHT

The little group of people come up to it. It is a mean little house. Mary looks up at the dark windows, glances at the garbage can full of refuse near the door, and shudders.

Dr. Judd takes a key from his pocket and opens the front door. The hallway is dimly lit by a bare electric bulb. At the back can be seen an angular stairway.

JUDD

Wait. I'll call her.

He goes into the house and the rest stand together on the stoop looking in through the open door. Judd crosses the hall and standing at the front of the stairs, calls up to Jacqueline.

JUDD

Jacqueline, this is Judd.

There is no answer. He waits a moment, then calls again.

JUDD

Jacqueline.

There is a frightened strained voice, that answers; a voice that seems to have come up through layers of heavy sleep, emerging only to be frightened.

JACQUELINE'S VOICE

Who is it?

JUDD

Judd. I'm here with your sister.
Come on down.

Judd goes forward and stands by the banister. Mary stands at one side with Jason, and Gregory at the other side. They wait.

Very slowly Jacqueline comes down the stairs. She has on her nightgown and over it a fur coat. Her hair is loose about her shoulders, her eyes are wide and apprehensive. Judd puts out his hand to help her down the last few steps. Mary goes into the lighted hall. The two sisters look at each other for a moment, then go into each others arms. Judd leans against the banister, watching. Finally, they break from their embrace. Mary is crying and Jacqueline is half-laughing, half-crying. She holds Mary off at arm's length, looking at her.

JACQUELINE

Mary!

She sees the two men in the doorway, and starts back fearfully. Gregory steps forward.

GREGORY

Jacqueline.

She stands quite still, looking at him nervously.

GREGORY

It's all right.

Jacqueline turns back to Judd and moves a little in his direction. Judd continues to lean against the banister, smiling.

GREGORY

You're safe. Nothing is going to hurt you.

JUDD

Your husband seems very sure of that.

Again she looks from one to the other.

GREGORY

Yes. I'm very sure there's only one way to protect you -- to help you you've got to come with us-- let me do all that I can as a lawyer to straighten out Irving August's death.

JACQUELINE

You know?

GREGORY

Yes.

MARY

You must come with us, darling. You must let us help you.

Mary extends her arms to her sister and Jacqueline goes into them.

JUDD

(to Jason)

For me -- this seems to be the end of a delightful relationship.

Judd smiles and shrugs his shoulders.

DISSOLVE

INT. JASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

There is a bright fire in the fireplace. Jason is crouched before the fire. He has a coffee pot set up on the edges of three bricks inside the fireplace, and on the hearth is a reflector baker with biscuits baking in it. A bottle of cream and other oddments and endments of his culinary art are strewn about on the hearth.

Jacqueline is seated before the fire in an armchair with Mary

at her feet. Mary's head is resting against Jacqueline's knee. Gregory sits on a straight chair, a little uncomfortable, and facing them from the other side of the fire. Judd lounges on the bed.

Jason wraps a tea towel around his hand and reaches in the fireplace for the coffee pot. He pours out a cup of coffee and then with the same wrapped hand snatches a biscuit from the baker, and puts it on the edge of the coffee saucer. He hands it to Jacqueline. Her hand trembles as she takes it.

JASON

(as he passes the coffee)
Here, this will put some life into you.

JACQUELINE

(looking fixedly into the fire)
It's like coming back to life.

GREGORY

Jacqueline, it would be so much easier if you would tell me just what happened. I'd know what to do for you.

Jacqueline shakes her head,

MARY

Please, Jacqueline.

JACQUELINE

You know about the Palladists -- you know who they are -- what they are. I was one of them.

She pauses, and Judd in moving from his place on the bed, speaks.

JUDD

Jacqueline was always a sensationalist, trying to seize onto something -- anything -- in order to find happiness. Through Mrs. Redi she stumbled onto the Palladist movement -- it appealed to her.

JACQUELINE

(shuddering)
I wasn't happy with them -- wanted to break away -- was miserable. I went to Louis for help. They felt that I had betrayed them. They wanted me to die -- to kill myself. They kept me locked up at La

Jeunesse. I was there such a long time.

She stops.

JUDD

You can Imagine the effect of such imprisonment on Jacqueline.

JACQUELINE

I was terrified. The darkness in the corners of the room --the little noises. Then one night the door opened -- a man came in -- tip-toeing in. I had a scissors in my hand -- I struck at him, I ran away. He was lying in the hall with the blood around him.

She shudders.

MARY

(comforting her)

Don't. We know what happened. Don't go on.

GREGORY

Any court in the land would understand. We'll wait a few days -- let you rest -- then we'll go to the police.

MARY

It will all be over in such a little while, Jacqueline, and everything will be all right again. Drink your coffee.

Jacqueline raises the cup to her lips and sips. Jason busies himself at the fire again.

GREGORY

I thought I might close up the apartment -- maybe get a place in Connecticut.

MARY

You'd love that, Jackie. Remember that last summer with Mother in the Berkshires? You used to help the gardener.

JUDD

Yes. You could become a country wife -- fool around with petunias and pullets.

MARY

It will be fun meeting Gregory
every night at the station.

Jason looks at her.

JACQUELINE

No.

GREGORY

All right Jacqueline, I thought
you'd like it. We could just stay
on at the apartment.

JACQUELINE

I never liked the apartment.

JASON

I like it. I've always loved the
story -- man, knowing that he
couldn't have the woman he
loved and wooing her for his
friend. We're friends, aren't we,
Gregory?

Gregory turns away self-consciously. Jacqueline continues to
look into the fire without answering. Judd looks over at
Jason. He sees what plan lies in the poet's mind. Getting to
his feet, he crosses to Jacqueline and Mary.

JUDD

It's been a hard evening for both
of you. Perhaps you'd better take
Jacqueline to your room, Mary.

She takes the cup from Jacqueline's hand and puts it on the
mantel. Jacqueline rises; Mary puts her arm around her waist,
and they start for the door.

GREGORY

Good night, Jacqueline -- good
night, Mary.

MARY

Good night.

Jacqueline does not answer. The two girls pass out of the
door, and Mary closes the door behind her.

JUDD

(turning to Jason)
I'm afraid this is no time to play
Cyrano, my friend. What was in your
mind?

JASON

I wanted to get things clear for

Jacqueline. Let her know --

GREGORY
Let her know what?

JASON
That you love Mary.

Gregory shakes his head.

JASON
She'll have to know some time.

GREGORY
Not from me.

He moves off toward the door. Judd lingers for a moment.

JUDD
I suppose, Jason, that you'll speak
for your friend --
(indicating Gregory)
-- and your poetry will speak for
you.

JASON
Perhaps

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. DANTE RESTAURANT - MORNING

The house door opens, and Mary comes out onto the stoop dressed for the street. Jacqueline is with her, but remains in the doorway. Jacqueline is dressed in a negligee.

Mary steps into the bright morning sunlight. Somewhere down the street a hurdy-gurdy is playing, and along the sidewalk pass children on their way to school, their faces fresh scrubbed, books under their arms. Mary kisses Jacqueline.

MARY
Good-bye, darling. I'll only be
gone until three.

JACQUELINE
Good-bye.

MARY
If you get lonely, go down and see
Mrs. Romari. I told her you were
staying with me.

JACQUELINE
I won't get lonely.

Mary runs down the stairs. At the foot of the stairs she turns to smile at Jacqueline. Jacqueline smiles back sadly. Mary turns, walks off a few steps, then turns back again.

MARY

You'll be all right?

JACQUELINE

Yes.

Mary waves and goes off.

DISSOLVE

INT. MRS. CORTEZ' APARTMENT - MORNING

The CAMERA IS FIXED at the spot in the apartment where the Palladists had grouped themselves during the meeting. There is no one present, but the chairs are still in the same disorderly pattern to which they had been pulled during the meeting.

There is the sound of a door buzzer, and the light tread of feet as someone crosses the room at the other end and answers the door. The door can be heard opening.

MRS. CORTEZ' VOICE

Louis Judd! I'm amazed to see you.

JUDD'S VOICE

I'm sorry, Natalie. I wouldn't have disturbed you if it weren't for a matter of grave concern to me.

Mrs. Cortez and Judd come into the scene. She is in negligee. He is dressed in street clothes with his overcoat over his arm and hat in hand. He stops and looks moodily at the oddly spaced collection of chairs. Mrs. Cortez seats herself on the arm of the sofa.

MRS. CORTEZ

(smiling)

I thought nothing concerned you, Louis.

He stands silently staring.

MRS. CORTEZ

Is it about Jacqueline?

JUDD

(with the air of one who dismisses a trivial matter)

No. She's no longer under my care.

Mrs. Cortez looks at him in astonishment. He is too absorbed to notice this start on her part.

JUDD

I don't know how to begin this, Natalie. Perhaps it's best to just plunge in. I want to join you.

MRS. CORTEZ

(smiling)
We always knew you'd come to us, Louis.

JUDD

But I'm not coming to you out of deep conviction, I'm coming to you out of loss. I no longer can believe in the power and the rightness of things that are called good.

MRS. CORTEZ

I never thought you did.

JUDD

I've talked nonsense. I've scoffed and hooted -- but somewhere very deep down in me, I always felt that good held the balance of power.

MRS. CORTEZ

You're even sentimental about it. What made you change your mind?

Judd holds up a large Manila envelope.

JUDD

These. They're Jason's poems, and they've been rejected by my publisher.

Mrs. Cortez laughs.

MRS. CORTEZ

This is incredible. It must be some sort of a joke.

JUDD

I'm very, very serious.

MRS. CORTEZ

(quite seriously)
But you have never liked Jason. You always laughed at him -- quarreled with him --

JUDD

And I love and admire him more than any man I ever knew. I read these poems. He's lost his talent and his was a really great gift. What I have to do today -- to bring him this rejected manuscript --will be the most disheartening thing I have ever done and the most disillusioning.

Judd starts for the door. Mrs. Cortez goes with him.

MRS. CORTEZ
(smiling, still quite social)

This is the most amusing thing I have ever heard and with a bit of gossip to season it -- your failure with Jacqueline. Has she returned to her husband?

JUDD
(carelessly)
No, she's with her sister,

Judd leaves. Mrs. Cortez watches him go.

DISSOLVE

INT. KINDERGARTEN CLASSROOM - DAY

Mary is seated on a straight-back chair, and the children around her in a circle, some seated on the floor, some standing in the second row. They are singing.

MARY AND CHILDREN'S VOICES
Oranges and lemons
Say the bells of St. Clemens
You owe me five farthings
Say the bells of St. Martin
When will you pay me
Say the bells of St. Bailey
That I don't know
Says the great bell of Bow.

The children laugh delightedly and are so busy with their mirth that they forget to sing the next verse. Mary, smiling at their glee, goes on alone. The telephone at her desk rings.

MARY
Here comes a candle
To light you to bed
Here comes a chopper
To chop off your head.

Mary, still singing, crosses the room and mimics the chopping

gesture of the last phrase as she reaches for the phone.

MARY
(into phone)
Yes, this is Mary...

She listens.

MARY
But she couldn't have gone out. No.
Are you sure it wasn't Jason she
went with, or Mr. Ward? Two men?
No.

As she speaks, it can be seen she is greatly excited. She
listens a moment.

MARY
I'll get home as soon as I can, Mr.
Romari.

She puts down the telephone and crosses over to where the
children are grouped.

MARY
Children, I want you to be very
good and very quiet while I see
Mrs. Wheeler a moment. She's going
to take over this class for a
while.

NANCY
Why

MARY
Because I have something very
important to do.

NANCY
What?

MARY
I'll be right back with Mrs.
Wheeler.

NANCY
When?

Mary goes out the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MRS. CORTEZ' APARTMENT - NOON

Jacqueline is seated in a high-backed chair. The light
from the window shines directly into her face. Before her is
a little tabouret on which stands a single glass containing

some colorless liquid. Her face is very white.

Around her, some seated, and some standing, are the Palladists. Bruns stands near her chair, looking down at her.

BRUNS

The acceptance of a secret is an obligation and in this case my dear, the obligation carried with it the necessity of dying if one betrayed that secret. You understand that don't you?

JACQUELINE

Yes, I understand.

BRUNS

Then, you also understand that you must die.

JACQUELINE

No.

Bruns shrugs.

MRS. CORTEZ

Jacqueline, you have spoken so often of ending it all, I can't understand why this should be so difficult for you. You have only to drink a little.

MRS. REDI

Yes, Jacqueline. You were always talking suicide - - of ending your life when you wanted to.

JACQUELINE

When I wanted to.

BRUNS

It doesn't matter. You want to now. You should want to. It's your obligation, your duty.

MRS. REDI

You have only to stretch out your hand, take up the glass and drink a little.

MRS. CORTEZ

It won't hurt.

JACQUELINE

(firmly spacing her words;
evenly but not
hysterically)

No. No. No.

TNT. JASON'S APARTMENT - EARLY EVENING

Jason stares at the window looking at the darkening sky. Judd is still wearing his overcoat and sitting on the bed, staring at him.

JUDD

Both Harrison and Conroy read your stuff. They felt as I did --old fashioned sentiment -- weak --

The two men are silent for a moment.

JUDD

You take this all very well, Jason. I thought you'd be much more bitter, but tell me -- why is it you were suddenly moved to publish? You wanted to bring fame to lay at her feet. And now?

Jason shrugs.

JUDD

I don't suppose you'll ever tell her, will you?

JASON

She is very young -- I have an old habit of failure. It would be a bad habit to bring to a marriage.

JUDD

A book of successful verse might have changed that, eh?

JASON

It might have.

There is a long silence.

JUDD

You have a strange kind of courage, Jason. Perhaps you have courage enough to hear what I have been keeping from you all these years.

Jason looks up.

JUDD

That girl you loved -- that other patient of mine -- she didn't disappear. She's in an asylum --a horrible, raving thing. I never wanted you to know.

Jason looks at him for a long moment.

JASON

—and all the while you've been my friend.

Judd nods.

DISSOLVE

INT. MRS. CORTEZ' APARTMENT - LATE EVENING

The room is almost dark. The lamps have not yet been lighted. Only Jacqueline's white and tortured features catch the last cold light from the window. The rest of the Palladists are in darkness. At the piano someone sits playing. It is Mrs. Cortez. She plays with only one hand, with a deadly monotony and a curious unevenness.

JACQUELINE

(who is weak and tired)
May I have some water? I'm thirsty.

BRUNS

Drink.

JACQUELINE

No.

BRUNS

You won't get any water and you won't get any rest. You may as well drink.

Jacqueline makes no answer.

MRS. REDI

There's nothing to live for.
Jacqueline. Remember — you gave me La Jeunesse.

JACQUELINE

Yes.

MRS. CORTEZ

It may not mean anything to you, Jacqueline but what about your youth, your beauty? It's all going, and you were proud. Prouder than I ever was of my dancing Jacqueline. I remember when this happened —
(touches her arm)
This robbed me of my dancing —robbed me of my skill. I remember how lost I was until I found peace. You have lost that peace,

Jacqueline. You have betrayed evil.
There's nothing left.

JACQUELINE
There's my husband.

MRS. REDI
(laughing)
Little you care about him.

Jacqueline shudders. Mrs. Redi bends over the little tabouret and pushes the glass of poison closer to Jacqueline. Jacqueline shrinks away, screaming hysterically.

JACQUELINE
No. No.

Mrs. Cortez turns back to play the piano and drown her out.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DANTE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jason and Judd come out of the house and start down the stairs. When they are midway down the stairs the restaurant door opens and Mary comes out and goes across the little open space toward the street steps. Judd and Jason are talking as they go.

JUDD
If you like, I'll go with you to dinner.

JASON
I'd like that.

Mary hears his voice and looks up.

MARY
Jason.

The two men turn toward the stair rail and bend over it toward Mary.

MARY
I can't find Gregory. I've been trying to find him.

JASON
What's wrong, Mary?

MARY
Jacqueline. Mr. Romari phoned me. She went out this afternoon with two men he'd never seen before.

JASON

They may have been friends of hers.

JUDD

No, She wouldn't have gone with anyone unless she were compelled. All these months of hiding have made her frightened of the streets and people. I wonder --

Jason comes down to the street level and takes Mary's hand comfortingly.

JASON

What?

JUDD

They may have found her.
(he thinks a minute)
Mrs. Cortez -- this morning I told her Jacqueline was no longer under my care.

MARY

Would they hurt her?

JUDD

I don't know.

JASON

You'd better go to your room, Mary and wait for us.

He takes Mary's arm and turns her toward the stairs.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN:

INT. MRS. CORTEZ' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Only two lamps are lit, one a small table lamp and the other a tall standing lamp which throws a pool of light around Jacqueline. The beams of the other lamp gleam on the eyes in the dark faces around her. There is a deep silence in the apartment. After a moment, Bruns' voice, grown hoarse, can be heard speaking from the shadows.

BRUNS' VOICE

Go ahead, Jacqueline Go ahead!

The words drop into the silence like stones in a pool of still water, and the silence closes over them, Jacqueline moves her position a little bit. Her movements are slow and she moves without disturbing the stillness of the room. Mrs. Cortez' light voice comes in.

MRS. CORTEZ

It is late --

Again there is silence, and again Jacqueline shifts her position just a little bit. Suddenly the stillness of the scene, the almost tableau arrangement of the character, is shattered. Frances Fallon jumps hysterically to her feet.

FRANCES

(hysterically; completely
unnerved)

Drink Jacqueline! Drink! You've got
to drink. There's nothing else.
Drink! Drink! Drink! I can't stand
this. You've got to.

Very slowly Jacqueline's hand goes forward and seizes the stem of the glass. Slowly she brings it up to her lips. Frances, suddenly, knocks the glass from her hand. It goes crashing to the floor. Frances, sobbing, falls at Jacqueline's feet, embracing her knees and weeping bitterly.

FRANCES

(sobbing)

No, no. I couldn't see you die. You
were so good to me -- so good to
me. I was never happier than when I
worked for you -- never.

Mrs Cortez reaches back of her and snaps on the wall lights. The whole room is filled with a hard, white light. Jacqueline has not moved. Frances continues to sob at her knee. The rest get up stiffly and move awkwardly about. Bruns and Leo whisper together. Bruns comes over to Jacqueline and stands before her.

BRUNS

You can go. The decision was
against violence. There may be
another decision -- today -
-tomorrow -- and we will find you,
but now you can go.

Jacqueline makes no move to rise, but continues to sit with a dead, set face, looking ahead of her, with Frances still weeping at her knee. Bruns takes her arm roughly and pulls her to her feet. In the background Leo can be seen going out of the room.

BRUNS

I told you you could go.

She seems to be aware of what he has said for the first time. She starts for the door, almost stumbling as she walks. Jacqueline goes through the front door without looking back and without closing the door behind her. Mrs. Cortez walks forward and shuts the door.

DISSOLVE

EXT. WASHINGTON NEWS - NIGHT

Jacqueline comes out of Mrs. Cortez' apartment and stands for a moment in a broad patch of light thrown by the open door. Behind her this door closes and she is suddenly in darkness. She looks apprehensively into the shadows and then quite hesitantly begins to walk to the right. At the end of the street the brighter lights of Fifth Avenue can be seen. Washington News, itself, is full of dark shadows.

She is exhausted and unnerved. She walks slowly. She passes one place where the out-jutting of the building casts a deeper shadow on the sidewalk. A garbage can is set behind the out-jutting, this and the bough of an old ailanthus combine to cast a man-like shadow beside the shadow of the building. Jacqueline pauses, peers intently into the shadow, then summons up courage enough to pass. She walks quickly past the out-jutting building. Somewhat relieved, she walks a little bit more confidently. Suddenly, there is a clatter and bang of metal behind her. She gasps, startled, and whirls around

A white dog with a long bony tail slinks away from a garbage can. The lid of this can is still oscillating from its fall and roll.

Jacqueline draws her coat more closely about her and goes on. Ahead of her, thrown by the thin light from a transom above a door, is the enormously long shadow of a man across the sidewalk and across the street. She hesitates then starts to cross the street diagonally, looking back all the while at the doorway. From the center of the street it can be seen that a man stands there. With him stands a woman, her figure somewhat lost in the doorway. They are saying good night. On the opposite side of the street, Jacqueline hurries toward the Avenue.

EXT. THE AVENUE - NIGHT

With evident relief, Jacqueline comes out of the darkness of Washington News to the more brightly lighted avenue. Traffic is passing and people are all about her. She starts off up the avenue with confidence. Then some premonition makes her turn. Only a few paces behind her is Leo, and there is a grin on his lean, satyr-like face.

She hurries her step. Behind her Leo quickens his pace. It She peers into the faces of passers-by, seeking some unpreoccupied person who might be sympathetic and helpful. People pass her, intent on their own business and without concern. She begins to run. Leo merely lengthens his stride. It is easy for him to keep up with her. A few people turn their heads to watch her run, but Leo's long strides attract no attention. Suddenly, in desperation, she dashes across the street. A cab narrowly misses hitting her and a bus, coming

from the other direction, has to stop with an appalling scream and roar of brakes.

Jacqueline, shaken, out of breath and trembling, reaches the other corner of the street. She pauses for a moment to take a deep breath. She looks back of her. There is no sign of Leo. Again she starts on and from the shadow of a light standard a deeper shadow detaches itself and steps out behind her. It is Leo and he is grinning. She sees him and begins to run down the cross street. She runs wildly. Leo, at first lengthens his stride, and then suddenly breaks into a lope -- a lope that will bring him up to her within an instant.

She ducks into an alley and is lost in the darkness. She hides in a corner amid some debris, crouching back out of the light. Leo plunges ahead in pursuit. Jacqueline stands a moment as the sound of his footsteps diminish, then turns back and begins running down the street. Ahead of her, a dark slim figure, not unlike Leo's, is walking up the street toward her.

She dodges into the next alley. This is an alley behind a theatre. It is cluttered with all sorts of strange impedimenta; flats, crates, etc. There is an overhead lamp burning in the center of the alley, but the periphery of the light beneath it, does not extend to the walls of the alley. The area immediately adjacent to these walls is heavy with darkness and strange shadows. Jacqueline stands in the middle of the pool of light and listens. It seems to her that she can hear in the darkness the soft tap-tap of someone walking on his toes. She shrinks back from the bright light into the darkness and begins to grope her way along the wall, She is going from left to right. A sound at her right attracts her attention and she looks off, but continues to grope her way along the wall to the left. Her hand passes from the roughness of the wall to the smoothness of cloth and a split second later, Leo, whom she has touched, grins as he seizes her wrist. She screams and then silently struggles to free herself. Still smiling he holds her firmly with his right hand. With his left hand he draws something from his pocket. He presses a button on this and a four-and-a-half inch knife blade flashes out. Jacqueline stands stock still with fright. Leo's hand goes back for the blow.

At the opposite side of the alley a door is suddenly thrown wide open and a great patch of light is thrown on Jacqueline and Leo. He puts the knife behind his back.

Out of the door come half a dozen people in costumes. They are members of a ballet company performing in the theatre. Also there emerges the sound of loud and merry music.

The actors are in a gay mood laughing and shouting. One of them breaks into a half dance step. It is infectious and the rest join in, making a sort of Carmagnole that sweeps down the alley. Jacqueline breaks from Leo's hand-hold on her wrist and runs in among them.

One of the dancers is an enormous man dressed in Roman half armor to represent the god Gambrinus, with gilded hop blooms as a garland about his shoulders and wearing a papier mache mask, surmounted by crown of similarly gilded hop leaves and wheat. The face of the mask is a grinning, jolly, rubicund visage. It is next to this enormous man that Jacqueline finds herself. In sportive mood the giant dancer sweeps her up with one arm, forcing her to dance his grotesque steps.

JACQUELINE

Please. Please. Let me down.
There's a man following me.

DANCER

(in a booming voice)
I shouldn't wonder, Babe. I
shouldn't wonder.

JACQUELINE

I'm serious — help me.

DANCER

I'll help you to a beer and a
sandwich. Come along, babe, come
along.

The whole party of dancers with Jacqueline among them, go roaring out of the alley.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

On the street corner is a beer saloon. The dancers, some of them still skipping and dancing, come around and go into the brilliantly lit saloon. The dancer with Jacqueline tries to pull her into the saloon. She fights away from him. Laughing and slapping his thigh in mirth, he leaves her and passes into the saloon. She is left alone in the street. She makes a half-hearted movement to adjust her disarranged clothing. Slowly, with great weariness, she begins to walk away from the saloon, going further and further into the darkness. She looks around. The darkness frightens her. She looks back. There is the warm glow of light from the saloon windows. She starts to go back. From the lighted end of the street a man crosses to the same side of the street as Jacqueline. His silhouette somewhat resembles the silhouette of Leo. She turns, runs and is lost in the darkness.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. MRS. CORTEZ' APARTMENT - NIGHT

The Palladists, with the exception of Leo, are all here and all seated. Judd, still wearing his overcoat, is seated in a small chair facing them and beside him stands Jason.

JUDD

Now that you've hounded and worried
her half to death, you don't even
know where she is. At least tell
me, has she been here?

MR. BRUNS

She was here for a little while.

JUDD

And what happened?

MR. BRUNS

Nothing. She left here an hour or
so ago. She may even be home now.
Why don't you try it?

JUDD

All right, Jason.

Judd gets up and they start for the door. Half-way to the
door, Jason stops and turns around. Judd also turns.

JASON

(looking around the room
and peering at each
person in turn)
The devil worshipers -- the lovers
off evil. It's a joke--a pathetic
little joke.

MR. BRUNS

We've not asked your opinion.

JASON

I propose to give it to you anyway.
You're a poor, wretched group of
people who have taken the wrong
turning.

MR. BRUNS

Wrong? Who knows what is right or
wrong?

JASON

I can prove you wrong so simply
Listen:
(he bows his head and
recites very quietly)
Our father who art in heaven
Hallowed be thy name
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done
On earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day, our daily bread
Forgive us our trespasses as we
Forgive those who trespass against

us.
Lead us not into temptation
But deliver us from evil
For thine is the kingdom, the power
And the glory forever. Amen.

As he prays, the CAMERA MOVES FROM one off the Palladists to another. Tears form in Frances Fallon's eyes. Mrs. Redi turns her head. Even Bruns, the ardent and fanatical believer, chokes back a sob.

Both men turn and go. The CAMERA HOLDS ON the Palladist group.

DISSOLVE

EXT. DANTE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jacqueline, still running, comes into the scene and goes up the steps. She opens the front door and lets herself in.

INT. UPPER STAIRS - HALLWAY - DANTE - NIGHT

The gas light has been turned down so that there is only a tiny flame to illuminate the hall. The draft in the hallway stirs this little flame and the shadows move with it. Jacqueline comes up the stairs. Now that she can be seen more closely, it can be seen also that she is exhausted, her eyes wild, her hair in disorder. She almost staggers as she reaches the landing and goes slowly supporting herself on the banisters, toward Mary's door. Her way brings her past Room #7, the room with the noose. For a moment she stands weakly staring at the door, then goes on. She has reached Mary's room, has crossed the narrow hallway and her hand is almost on the knob when Mimi's door opens and Mimi, white night-gowned, comes out into the eerie gas light. Jacqueline looks at her face which is distorted and horrible in the moving shadows and flickering light. She stifles a scream. The other girl is also frightened. The two stand staring at each other for a moment.

JACQUELINE
(weakly)
Who are you?

MIMI
I'm Mimi -- I'm dying.

JACQUELINE
No!

MIMI
Yes. It's been quiet, oh ever so quiet. I hardly move, yet it keeps coming all the time --closer and closer. I rest and rest and yet I am dying.

JACQUELINE

And you don't want to die. I've
always wanted to die -- always.

MIMI

I'm afraid.

Jacqueline shakes her head.

MIMI (CONT'D)

I'm tired of being afraid -- of
waiting.

JACQUELINE

Why wait?

MIMI

(with sudden
determination)

I'm not going to wait. I'm going
out -- laugh, dance --do all the
things I used to do.

JACQUELINE

And then?

MIMI

I don't know.

JACQUELINE

(very softly end almost
with envy)

You will die.

But Mimi has already turned back into her room. Jacqueline stands watching until the light snaps on in Mimi's room and then the door closing, plunges the hall into weird half light again. In this semi-darkness, she turns away from Mary's door and walks down the hall toward room #7. She opens the door and goes in. For a brief moment the light from the hall casts the shadow of a noose against the further wall of the room and then the door closes behind her.

INT. MARY'S ROOM - NIGHT

The room is lit by a single little lamp on the dressing table -- Mary herself stands near the window, looking out. Gregory is talking over the telephone. From downstairs we hear Mrs. Romari singing. The song comes faintly to this upper story. She is singing an Italian song. The words are Dante's:

MRS. ROMARI'S VOICE

(singing)

Death, why hast thou made life so
hard to bear,
Taking my lady hence? East thou

no whit or shame?
The youngest flowers and the most
fair
Thou hast pluck'd. away and the
world wanteth it.

Gregory puts down the telephone and crosses to the window.

GREGORY

That was Dr. Judd. He was phoning
to say that, Jacqueline is on her
way here -

MARY

Gregory —
(pauses then goes on)
you'd better take Jacqueline with
you tonight.

GREGORY

It's what I should have done
yesterday. I'll take her away
somewhere where she can rest.

Mary turns back toward the window. Gregory stands watching
her.

GREGORY

Mary.

She turns toward him. He puts his hands on her shoulders and
turns her back to the window.

GREGORY

No. Stay that way. I want to talk
to you. I love you -- you know
that?

MARY

(in a choked voice)
Yes.

GREGORY

Perhaps, later, when things are
settled, when Jacqueline's well
again -- maybe we can arrange
things differently.

Mary turns and faces him.

MARY

I've never loved any one before,
Gregory, and I do love you -- you
must know it -- but Jacqueline's my
sister -- whom I had lost and have
found again....

(breaks off,)

(shaking her)
(head)

GREGORY

I know — I shouldn't have told
you—

MARY

No, I'm glad....at least I've heard
you say it...

Mary shakes her head, turns back toward the window. They stand together for a moment. From below comes the sound of Mrs. Romari's singing.

DISSOLVE

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALL - DANTE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The CAMERA IS LEVELED on the empty hall. From downstairs can be heard the sound of Mrs. Romari singing. Then Mimi's door opens and Mimi sweeps out, dressed in a black dress, gleaming with sequins, her hair piled high, her walk proud and steady. She comes down the hall toward the camera. Just as she reaches the door of #7, there is the sound of an over-turned chair falling. She pauses and looks toward the door. There is the creaking sound of the rope. She listens for an instant, and failing to comprehend, sweeps on past the camera.

INT. DANTE RESTAURANT - MORNING

It is a bright day and the sunlit street can be seen through the windows. Children are hurrying by on their way to school, At a table near the window Mary sits with Gregory. She has been crying and has her sodden handkerchief in her hand. Gregory has a pre-occupied air and is tracing figures on the table cloth with his fork.

Jason comes in bearing a small tray with three tiny cups of coffee on it. He puts a cup in front of each of them and keeps one for himself. He sips his coffee. Neither Mary nor Gregory touch theirs Jason pushes Mary's cup toward her to attract her attention, She picks it up and brings it to her lips.

JASON

I hate people who try to peddle
comfort. But, Mary, you shouldn't
mourn for Jacqueline. Life for her
was full of the agony of a
disordered mind. It's better this
way.

MARY

I keep telling myself that.

GREGORY

Well, tell yourself, Mary, that
this is a world that doesn't pass
with the passing of any one of us.
All three of us are going to start
afresh.

He looks up and across at Jason with a meaningful glance at
Mary.

GREGORY

You and I have new hopes — and new
plans can come from them —

Jason looks at him across Mary and shakes his head.

JASON

Not I -- I am alive, yet every hope
I had is dead,
(turns to Mary)
Death can be good. Death can be
happy.. If I were really dying I
could speak like Cyrano -- "My
courage like a white plume" -- and
all the other lovely words with
which he greeted death. Then
perhaps you might understand,

MARY

(reaching over to touch
(his band)
I understand.

JASON

(suddenly)
Good. We all understand each other.
You, Gregory and I. We all know.
There is sunlight in the streets
and work to do. Both of you --
you're off to work.

He gets up and takes Mary's arm, helping her to rise.

JASON

Off with you. You can't sit here in
this cellar with the sun shining.

He hustles her toward the door and Gregory follows. Mary and
Gregory ascend the steps to the street level.

Jason steps back a pace or two so that he is backgrounded by
the mural of Dante. He stands there, and the smile leaves his
face. His whole body reflects his hopelessness and despair.
It is at this moment that Mrs. Romari comes hustling in from
the kitchen.

MRS. ROMARI

Ah! Good! They have all gone! Now
you and I can laugh and joke again.

He turns to her, forcing a smile.

FADE OUT

THE END