

"THE STRANGER"

Temporary Draft

by

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missing p. 86

FADE IN DURING

the distant sound of a great clock telling the hour. On a white field we see the twisted silhouette of a demon. CAMERA moving down shows this to be cast from a tree from the window outside. The curtains, full of moonlight, are blowing in the wind. A beautiful girl is lying in bed (MARY) - Her eyes are open. She is counting the hours as the clock strikes. Something in the sound of it makes her wince with pain. On the sound track (filtered) breathing, like the wind itself, over the strange, light music we hear the voice of a man...

MAN'S VOICE (RANKIN'S)

It's beautiful...It's beautiful
that way...Through the woods, over
the little brook and through the
cemetery....

DISSOLVE TO

EXTERIOR LONGSTREET HOME NIGHT

The terrace is bright with moonlight. Slowly the French doors from the living room open and the girl comes out. She is fully dressed. She carries a small package under one arm. CAMERA follows her as she moves across the terrace - across the lawn and off towards the fields and woods stretching into the distance. A gust of wind blows the door shut with a loud bang.

EXTERIOR WOODS NIGHT

A ghostly figure under the moon, the girl emerges from the shadows of the trees and reaches a little stream at the edge. There is no hesitation as she crosses on the stepping stones, only grim determination. Reaching the opposite bank, she hurries on towards the church whose spire points toward the moon in the middle distance.

EXTERIOR THE CEMETERY NIGHT

Unhesitatingly the girl picks her way through the rows of tombstones. Again she hears, weirdly, through the faint complaint of the wind, a man's voice.

MAN'S VOICE (RANKIN'S)

James Longstreet, 1896-1917. Died for his country. Noah Longstreet, 1842-1863. Died for his country. William Longstreet, 1713-1794. Died for his country....

Ahead of her looms the church, its rear door plainly in view. For a moment she hesitates, then continues.

INTERIOR CHURCH NIGHT

It is full of ghostly shadows and ominous half-tones from the moonlight diffused through the stained glass windows. The girl enters the empty church. She moves down the side aisle and goes across a row of pews and goes down the center aisle toward the open door leading into the vestibule.

INTERIOR VESTIBULE NIGHT

The girl, holding her package very carefully, begins to mount toward the belfry. CAMERA stays on her as she climbs. She comes finally to a ladder. One of its rungs is missing. With her free hand the girl grasps what still stands upright and continues on - - up into the belfry.

DISSOLVE TO

A TOWN SQUARE NEW ENGLAND NIGHT

Townspeople are gathering under the moonlight -- men and women alike. They carry shotguns, rakes, baseball bats - any kind of hastily gathered weapon of protection. Some are in various stages of hasty dressing. All are moving toward the church.

EXTERIOR CHURCH NIGHT NEW ANGLE

The townspeople are converging on the church from all directions.

EXTERIOR CHURCH NIGHT STILL ANOTHER ANGLE

A piercing scream is heard.

The scream is so high that it is impossible to tell whether it was uttered by a man or woman. Dimly on the ledge below the clock we see, high above us, two figures apparently locked in a death struggle. It is difficult to see much in the shadows but it looks as though these figures are, respectively, male and female. A huge gasp breathes from the crowd below as the two figures, seeming to clutch at each other, teeter and fall toward us through the darkness. CAMERA swoops down with this but we cannot see the figures fall to earth. They are blocked off by the backs of the townspeople which now are silhouetted sharply against the sky. A low excited muttering runs through the crowd, then voices are distinguishable - New England voices.

FIRST VOICE

I didn't see it. You say they both fell?

ANOTHER VOICE

Yes, both of them. Together.

ANOTHER VOICE IN CROWD

- - Know who they were?

The murmur ceases here. There is a short pause.

ONE OF THE VOICES

I don't know anything about it. Think we'll ever hear what really happened?

STILL ANOTHER VOICE

(slowly)

I wonder... Who was he?

FADE OUT

FADE IN - MAIN TITLE -

THE STRANGER

(As the screen darkens, a sort of combination FADE OUT and DISSOLVE), there now glows out of the screen the distorted face of a grimacing demon. CAMERA races back to disclose the demon made of iron emerging through a dark portal through the side of the same massive clock we saw on the belfry. Superimposed over this is

THE MAIN TITLE

THE STRANGER

CREDIT TITLES are superimposed over the following -
The iron devil moving across the face of the clock
exits through the opposite portal as there emerges
from the first another automaton, a gilded iron angel.
Sword in hand the angel pursues the demon as the heavy
chimes within sound stridently the hour of midnight.

On the final credit

FADE OUT

FADE IN

BLUE SKY DAY

CAMERA PANS DOWN a long narrow window to reveal WILSON. His face is grim as he listens to men's voices off scene.

WILSON

Leave the cell door open, that's all there is to it - Let him escape.

FIRST VOICE

(an English accent)

In my view, it's all very irregular. It might entail the most embarrassing repercussions -

SECOND VOICE

(French accented)

Exactement. It is a responsibility of the first magnitude.

FIRST VOICE

I'm sorry, Mr. Wilson, but you must see....

Suddenly, without warning, Wilson turns on them. His voice is sharp with suddenly released rage.

WILSON

Blast all this discussion. What good are words....

(gesturing with his pipe)

I'm sick of words. Hang the repercussions and the responsibility.

If I fail...I'll be responsible.

You can threaten me with the bottom pits of hell...and still I insist.

(he pounds on the desk

for emphasis, the pipe

still in his hand)

This obscenity must be destroyed.

You understand? Destroyed!

The stem snaps and the pipe falls in two pieces on the desk.

FADE OUT

775
E.
Vicktor
Cw
Aler

FADE IN

6.

17.

EXTERIOR DECK S. S. SIMON BOLIVAR NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT: Wilson's HAND, as it writes with incredible neatness in a small notebook:

"12 October: Arrived South America. Docked 4:00 P.M."

The hand restores the notebook to a pocket and produces a pipe. A band of tape binds the fractured stem.

18.

EXTERIOR DECK NIGHT

From the top deck, CAMERA is shooting down on the lower fore-deck, which is lighted by bright searchlights, in which the sweating faces of the passengers shine in the hot tropic night. On the deck is a long table, behind which an Immigration Official and the Ship's Purser sit side by side. Opposite them are lined up the ship's passengers, as shabby looking as the ship itself.

19.

EXTERIOR LOWER DECK NIGHT

The Immigration Official reaches out and takes a passport from the man directly in front of him.

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL

(calling out the name from it)

August Popodescu.

(the Purser checks a name off his list. The Official speaks in Spanish)

Your business in this country, Senor?

(the man shrugs helplessly.)

The Official tries English)

Your business in this country, Senor?

POPODESCU

Commercial.

The Official, without further ado, stamps his passport and hands it back to him.

OFFICIAL

(wearily)

Next, please.

As the Official examines the next person, the CAMERA SWINGS SLIGHTLY to focus on MEINIKE, the next in line. His lips move in a soundless rhythm of "I am traveling for my health... I am traveling for my health..."

(CONTINUED)

OFFICIAL
(calling off name)
Helene de Vries. Your business in
this country, Senora?

MADAME DE VRIES
I am joining my husband.

OFFICIAL
(stamping the passport)
Next please.

MEINIKE shuffles the necessary step forward and extends his
passport with trembling fingers, his lips continue to move.

OFFICIAL
(with some casualness
as he opens the passport)
Stefan Polowski.

As he pronounces the name, he glances at MEINIKE. The Pursor
makes his check mark and he, too, looks up. Then the Official
turns back to the passport.

INSERT: THE PASSPORT

Bearing MEINIKE'S almost unrecognizable picture, it attests
that the bearer is Stefan Polowski, aged 45, a native of
Warsaw.

20.
BACK TO SCENE

OFFICIAL
(looking up at MEINIKE)
Your business, Senor?

MEINIKE, once again completes his silent repetition of the
phrase, then speaks it aloud.

MEINIKE
I am traveling for my health.

As he speaks the Official glances up.

21.
EXTERIOR UPPER DECK NIGHT

WILSON, leaning against a pillar, removes dead pipe with its
taped stem from between his lips and raps the inverted bowl
twice against the railing. Then he examines the pipe to
make sure it is empty.

22.
AT THE TABLE

The Official stamps MEINIKE'S passport and hands it back to
him. MEINIKE grasps the passport with a trembling hand, turns

(CONTINUED)

22 (Continued)

and hurries off with a strange shuffle, half trot. The Official's eyes follow him. Then he snaps back to the business in hand.

OFFICIAL

Next please.

DISSOLVE TO

23.
EXTERIOR DOCK NIGHT

Stovedores swing the gangplank into place. At its head, first in line of passengers waiting to debark, is MEINIKE, a worn valise clutched in either hand. The gate opened, he hurries down at a half trot.

24.
EXTERIOR DECK

WILSON, his unlighted pipe between his teeth, stands at the rail. He removes the pipe and, as before, raps the inverted bowl twice against the rail.

25.
EXTERIOR DOCK

MARVALES, an annual Argentinian with a saturnine face, turns and moves silently off after the hurrying figure of MEINIKE.

26.
EXTERIOR DECK

WILSON, refilling his pipe from a worn pouch, moves unhurriedly towards the gang plank.

DISSOLVE TO

27.
INTERIOR HOTEL ROOM NIGHT

Through the open window the harbor is visible. The door opens and WILSON enters, followed by a bellboy, carrying his luggage. The boy puts the luggage down and adjusts the window as WILSON takes off hat and coat.

BELLBOY

Anything else, Senor?

WILSON gives him a coin. The boy exits. Alone, WILSON opens one of his bags and removes therefrom a pair of well worn slippers which he puts on. Then he takes out a pound jar of smoking tobacco and a book. These he carries across to a table. Unbuttoning his vest, he refills his pipe and, seating himself, picks up the book.

28.
INSERT: THE BOOK IN HIS HAND
The title is "CLOCKS...THEIR HISTORY AND CONSTRUCTION".
His hand turns the pages to a bookmark toward the end of the volume. The telephone rings.

29.
BACK TO SCENE

WILSON picks up the telephone.

WILSON
(into phone)
Yes?

30.
INTERIOR DRUG STORE NIGHT

Beyond a crowded counter, seen through the closed door of a telephone booth, MARVALES is speaking.

31.
INTERIOR TELEPHONE BOOTH

MARVALES
(into instrument)
He has proceeded to the Farbright
Kennels. He arrived there at 9:43.
(a pause)
It is understood, Sonor.

DISSOLVE TO

32.
EXTERIOR FABRIGHT KENNELS NIGHT CLOSE SHOT

An enormous German police dog, fangs bared, leaps forward, growling. A man's forearm meets the dog's charge and the fangs close on the arm as CAMERA PULLS BACK to a trainer, within a wire cage, wrestling with the dog. In his right hand he carries a heavy whip which he cracks, driving the dog back. His arms are heavily padded and he wears a wire mask to protect his face.

In b.r., behind wire, other dogs leap high, barking wildly.

CAMERA TILTS UP to a building adjoining the cages. On its roof, lit by flood lights, is a sign which proclaims this to be the FABRIGHT KENNELS...DOGS TRAINED AND CARED FOR.

From an upper window, MEINIKÉ looks down on the scene below.

33.
INTERIOR UPPER ROOM NIGHT

The barking continues offscene. MEINIKÉ'S attention is taken from the scene below by a door opening. He turns towards the door where stands FABRIGHT. He wears breeches and boots. The two men face each other for a long pause, MEINIKÉ'S assurance fading as FABRIGHT holds him in his stare. Finally, FABRIGHT closes the door and crosses to a desk at which he seats himself. Unable to stand the strain any longer, MEINIKÉ breaks the silence which has endured save for the unceasing barking from below.

MEINIKE

I hope you remember me, sir.
I remember you.

FARBRIGHT

(coldly)

I remember.

MEINIKE bows humbly and fumbles unnecessarily with his necktie.

FARBRIGHT

How do you account for your presence here?

MEINIKE

I am seeking information as to the whereabouts of Walther Kuhn.

FARBRIGHT

Not why are you here...but how?

MEINIKE

(confused)

I obtained a passport at Cracow, using the name of Stefan Polowski. I then went to Salonika where I took ship. The voyage took eleven days.

FARBRIGHT

Why were you not hanged?

Again MEINIKE makes that futile gesture of touching his necktie.

MEINIKE

They set me free.

FARBRIGHT

(in exactly the same conversational tone)

Pardons are not granted without reason. Something was given in exchange for your life...money perhaps...Were the authorities bribed?

MEINIKE

They want only vengeance.

FARBRIGHT

(studying MEINIKE through narrowed eyes)

If that is all they want, they would certainly have hanged you.

FARBRIGHT (Cont'd)

(MEINIKE again tugs at
the knot of his tie)

How about information?

(he rises)

What did you tell them that made
them willing to give you back your
life?

MEINIKE

I told them nothing. My cell door
was left open. I walked out. It
was as simple as that.

The silence falls again. MEINIKE'S eyes can not sustain the
strain of facing his inquisitor and fall to the floor.

FARBRIGHT

I need not remind you there are
methods by which the whole truth
can be ascertained.

MEINIKE

I told them nothing. I know nothing.

DISSOLVE TO

34.

CLOSEUP OF A HYPODERMIC SYRINGE BEING PRIMED.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to include a white coated attendant who is
preparing the injection for MEINIKE, beside whom he stands.
The dog trainer stands on the other side of him. FARBRIGHT,
as usual, sits behind the desk.

MEINIKE

(a thin band of sweat
breaks out on his forehead)

Once you are convinced I speak the
truth, you will tell me where to
find Walther Kuhn?

(the men do not reply.)

The attendant sinks the
needle into MEINIKE'S arm)

It is a matter of the utmost importance.

FARBRIGHT nods to the erstwhile dog trainer, FABER.

FABER

Your name?

MEINIKE

(patiently)

Conrad Meinike.

FABER

Place of birth?

MEINIKE

Kurstin.

FABER

Date of birth?

MEINIKE

9 August, 1898.

(he pauses)

I was named after my grandfather...
my maternal grandfather..who was
postmaster until his 65th year when
he was retired. My father's name
was also Conrad Meinike.

(reciting these facts his
voice takes on a dreamy
quality, monotonous yet
loud. Over the scene there
is the sound of dogs barking)

He was originally from Harsfeld, coming
to Kurstin at thirty one years of age.
He married my mother, Maria Paasen,
soon after and I was their first child.
I had two brothers and one sister. The
eldest was killed and the other brother
is a cripple from the war. My sister,
a widow, resides in Kurstin.

FABER nods to FARBRIGHT who rises, sticking his crop in
his boot.

FARBRIGHT

When were you placed on trial for
your life?

MEINIKE

(in the same
flat monotone)

On the fifth day of April.

FARBRIGHT

Where did the trial take place?

MEINIKE

At Raba. It is near Cracow.

FARBRIGHT

You were found guilty?

MEINIKE

Yes.

FARBRIGHT

And sentenced to hang.

MEINIKE

That was the judgment of the court.

34 Cont'd.

FARBRIGHT

While you were awaiting execution, questions were put to you?

MEINIKE

Yes.

FARBRIGHT

What questions?

MEINIKE

If I know the whereabouts of those with whom I had previously been associated.

FARBRIGHT

What answers did you give?

MEINIKE

I did not answer.

FARBRIGHT

Did they not try to force answers from you?

MEINIKE

They did not use torture.

FARBRIGHT

Was a drug ever administered, as on this occasion?

MEINIKE

They did not use drugs.

FARBRIGHT

(suddenly harsh)

Why were you not hanged, Conrad Meinike? The reason! Tell it!

MEINIKE shakes his head. His voice has a hollow ring to it. He calls out his answer, as though at some distance from his questioner.

MEINIKE

I think...I think there was no human reason. I think God delivered me. I think it was one of His miracles.

FARBRIGHT

So you believe in God, do you?

MEINIKE

I believe.

34 (Continued 2.)

FARBRIGHT

(trying a new tack)

Why do you want to see Walther
Kuhn? What is so important about it?

MEINIKE

I have a message for him.

FARBRIGHT

From whom?

MEINIKE

From the All Highest.

The three men instinctively stiffen. FARBRIGHT'S heels
actually click.

FARBRIGHT

Why did you not tell us this before?

MEINIKE

Because the message is only for
him. Walther Kuhn. First and last.

The three men exchange a swift glance. FARBRIGHT crosses to
his desk and scribbles a few words on a slip of paper.

FARBRIGHT

(as he does so)

You are sleepy perhaps, Conrad
Meinike?

MEINIKE

Yes. I have not slept in a very
long time.

FARBRIGHT

Then go to sleep. And when you
wake up,...

(handing him the note)

...take this to whom it is addressed.
He will make the necessary arrangements.

DISSOLVE TO

35.

INTERIOR WILSON'S ROOM NIGHT

On a small table in the corner a tray bears the remains of
WILSON'S dinner. Dressed in pyjamas and dressing gown,
WILSON, pipe in mouth, studies the book on clocks. He reads
a passage and then turns back a page to reread a few lines.

35 (Continued)

Satisfied, he lays the book down and turns to the playing cards, laid out in a completed but unwon game of solitaire. He mixes the cards, gathers them up, and shuffles them, preparatory to starting a new game.

The telephone rings. He picks up the instrument.

WILSON
(into phone)
Yes?

36.
INTERIOR TELEPHONE BOOTH NIGHT

Beyond the closed door of the booth, the activity of the drug-store goes on in h.c., no sound therefrom intruding on MARVALES at the instrument.

MARVALES
(into phone)
He left the kennels at 10:38. On foot. He is traveling southeast towards the waterfront. He appears to have been under the influence of a narcotic. My wife is observing.
(he pauses to hear what WILSON replies)
Understood. He will not be lost.

As he hangs up:

37.
EXTERIOR A DESERTED STREET NIGHT

MEINIKE, eyes glazed, moves down it, CAMERA trucking ahead of him. His jerky shuffle, move loose jointed than ever, speeds him forward. His hand clutches the paper given him by FARBRIGHT. His lips move ceaselessly in a soundless babble of near hysteria.

Suddenly, the darkness behind him is broken as a windowshade flies up revealing a room lighted by an unshaded lamp bulb, hanging from the ceiling. It cuts a broad path of light along the cobbled street past MEINIKE. In the window, stands a cheap and gaudy crucifix. MEINIKE stops, transfixed, his eyes staring at the ground before him.

37a.
THE STREET FROM MEINIKE'S ANGLE

Etched in the path of light is the misshapen shadow of the cross.

THE STREET, with MEINIKE staring down at the symbol of man's redemption. He stammers towards it and falls to his knees.

MEINIKE

(sobbing forth the words)

I understand. I shall not fail.
I understand.

The shade in the window is pulled down, a woman's coarse laugh breaking the silence. MEINIKE is left staring at the dark cobblestones. He shakes his head to clear it...struggles to his feet...and shuffles on, anxiously.

MEINIKE

(a ceaseless monotone)

I shall not fail. I shall not fail. I shall not fail.

DISSOLVE TO

38.

MEINIKE'S PASSPORT HELD IN A MAN'S HAND

ATTENDANT'S VOICE

Very inferior paper. And the print is much too heavy.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO FULL SHOT OF ROOM. In f.o., MEINIKE stands nervously beside an aseptically clad ATTENDANT of the city morgue in a room of shining whiteness...tile floor, white walls, steel cabinets. On his left foot, he wears a sneaker. His right foot is bare, as he has been interrupted while paring his toenails. Through the ensuing scene, he continues with the toenail business. There are no windows in the room and the hard unvarying light casts no shadow. Aside from the ATTENDANT'S desk, the only article of furniture is a metal autopsy table in background. The ATTENDANT completes his examination of the passport.

ATTENDANT (Cont'd)

All in all...a very poor job.
But no matter.

(closing the passport finally)

It has served its purpose.

(puts on right shoe, rises)

And now, Stefan Polowski, it is time for you to die.

MEINIKE recoils. The ATTENDANT laughs at his own macabre wit.

ATTENDANT

Don't be afraid. You are not to die. Only the name on the passport.
Come on.

CAMERA PRECEDES THEM as the ATTENDANT leads the way into an adjoining room, as white and aseptic as the first, with the same unshadowed light. A long lane runs the length of the room, on either side of which is a row of marble slabs, where lie lifeless figures, decently shrouded.

ATTENDANT

You're a very lucky fellow, if you only know it, Meinike. Very often days go by, sometimes weeks, while we wait for a suitable alternate.

(he stops before one slab)

This fellow must have known you were coming.

(tossing the passport on the slab)

So Dios Stefan Polowski.

(removing identification card from a metal slot on the slab itself.)

Long live Philip Campo. Born in this city. Forty four years old. Bookmaker. Unmarried.

39.

INTERIOR TELEPHONE BOOTH NIGHT

Waterfront street scene in b.g. At the telephone is SENORA MARVALES, a housewife in her middle forties, a gold band on her wedding finger her only jewelry.

SENORA MARVALES

(into phone)

He is now in the morgue, Senor. He has been there already for six minutes.

(she chuckles softly)

Do not be surprised if he remains there. From his appearance it's where he belongs.

(she pauses...then with a little laugh)

It is understood, Senor.

40.

INTERIOR MORGUE NIGHT

In the outer office, the ATTENDANT is at an open drawer of the filing cabinet. From it he produces a passport which he hands to MEINIKE.

ATTENDANT

There you are, Senor Campo. This you will find a really good job. Everything in order but the photograph.

(handing him a card)

This man is open all night. You will find his pictures have just the right degree of fuzziness.

MEINIKE

(taking the things)

Thank you.

ATTENDANT

Good luck.

He returns to his desk and picks up a magazine, the reading of which has been interrupted by HEINIKE'S visit. HEINIKE places the passport and photographer's card in an inner pocket, then buttons his coat. But still he makes no move to go. He clears his throat and wets his lips, his agitation increasing. His eyes dart back and forth between the ATTENDANT and the floor. Then, suddenly:

HEINIKE

(in a loud voice)

I wish to know the whereabouts of
Walther Kuhn.

The ATTENDANT looks up slowly, his eyes narrowing.

ATTENDANT

(slowly)

There is no Walther Kuhn. Walther
Kuhn is dead...and cremated.

HEINIKE blanches. A scar-like diagonal line shows on his forehead. His eyes now are held and angry.

HEINIKE

(shouting)

It's a command.

(his voice lowers
but its intensity
remains)

I have a message for Walther Kuhn.
From the All Highest.

ATTENDANT

(uncertainly)

It is forbidden.

HEINIKE.

(his voice high
and piercing)

I command you in the name of that
authority.

Invoking this power pulls the ATTENDANT to his foot, intimidated, but still uncertain. He moves again to the metal file and pulls open a drawer. Then hesitates. HEINIKE'S eyes, hot with excitement, are riveted on him. His voice rises.

HEINIKE

Understand. A command.

40 (Continued)

The ATTENDANT turns back to the open drawer and consults the records within. Then he scrawls something on a slip of paper.

ATTENDANT
(handing MEINIKÉ
the paper)

Memorize the name...then destroy
this.

(grudgingly)
Connecticut. In the United States.
The town of Harper.

MEINIKÉ takes the paper and reads it eagerly. His lips soundlessly repeat the name that is written thereon. Then he produces a match, lights the paper, drops it, still flaming, into an ashtray. This done, he turns swiftly and hurries out.

FADE OUT

41.
EXTERIOR HARPER CLOCK TOWER DAY

The clock's hands are stilled, pointing to twelve minutes of five. The angel, now dull iron with only a few streaks of its gilt clinging to it, stands rigid, sword in hand, almost in the center of the clock.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal the clock, incongruous in the neat austerity of a New England church tower. CAMERA NOW SWINGS AND PANS DOWN to disclose the Harper town square; fronting a green around which the township itself is clustered, cradled by the gentle slopes of the Berkshire foothills.

Directly opposite the square, wide stone gates lead into the grounds of the Harper School. The school buildings front a well kept lawn, stretching off on either side of the road running between the gates. AS CAMERA MOVES DOWN TOWARDS THE GATES, a group of boys cross the lawn towards the campus limits.

DISSOLVE THEM TO

42.
THE SCHOOL GATES. In immediate f.o., is a bronze plaque:
HARPER SCHOOL FOR BOYS
ESTABLISHED 1827.

The boys come into CAMERA RANGE and CAMERA moves with them across the street. Two of the boys, FURMAN and HOLLISTER, are about 17. The third, NOAH LONGSTREET, is two years their junior. An unruly lock of hair falls across his forehead. His eyes are bright and alert.

FURMAN

Hastings punts better than Brown...
and passes better too...but Brown is
twice as good as Hastings on the defense.

NOAH

(consulting a notepad
produced from his pocket)
He made eleven more tackles in the
first three games.

HOLLISTER

Here's the lineup as I see it.
Hastings, full back. Hope, right half.
Allen, left half. And, of course,
Russell will be quarter.

NOAH

(after a second's thought)
If Hastings is going in, wouldn't it
be sound strategy to have Brown as
left end....

They have, by now, crossed the street and are about to enter a store fronting on the square. In one window thereof is a display of pies, cakes and candies. In the other; fountain pens, stationery, school room supplies. Over the door is a sign:

P O T T E R ' S
Henry Potter Proprietor

A roadster pulls up to the curb, in b.g., and MARY LONGSTREET, a girl of 24 with a charming forthright manner, leans over the side.

MARY

Hey, Noah...

The boys all turn as she gets out of the car, followed by RED, a setter dog.

NOAH

Hello, Mary.

(punctiliously)

May I present Mr. Furman and
Mr. Hollister. My sister, Mary.

MARY

(equally gravely)

Mr. Furman. Mr. Hollister.

The two boys murmur how do you do's.

HOLLISTER

(gallantly)

We were just going in for a soda.
Would you care to join us?

MARY

Thank you. But I have some errands.
(to NOAH)

See you at dinner.

She smiles in farewell to the boys and moves on down the street. The boys look after her.

FURMAN

(the man of the world)

Very attractive...your sister...
for a girl.

They go on into the store.

43.

INTERIOR POTTER'S DAY

In the center are half a dozen tables, two of which are occupied by boys from the school, having sodas.

Down the right side of the store is a soda fountain, behind which, on counters, are home made pies, etc.

On the other side of the store, at front, is a news stand. Counters display all the items that Harper students might require, from an eraser to a catcher's mitt.

MR. POTTER, a lanky New Englander, in an immaculate white coat, and wearing a starched collar, is behind the soda fountain.

The three boys approach the counter.

NOAH

Good afternoon, Mr. Potter.

POTTER

See the judge got home.

NOAH

He arrived last night.

POTTER

Phoned in a half hour ago. Wants you to bring home a box of cigars.

NOAH

I'll be glad to.
(turning to the others)
What will you have?

FURMAN

Chocolate milk.

HOLLISTER

Same. But with malt.

NOAH

I'll have that too, please.
(pointing to table)
We'll sit over there.

They move towards table. Through the window, MARY, loaded with bundles, can be seen as she gets into her car, followed by RED.

44.
EXTERIOR POTTER'S DAY

MARY throws the car into gear and drives off. She passes two men, LUNDSTRUM and RAREIN, moving down the street.

LUNDSTRUM

(in the middle of
a sentence)
...and I told Doctor Hobson that,
in my opinion...

LUNDSTRUM (Cont'd)

(he raises his hat to MARY who waves in return. RANKIN'S head turns as his eyes follow her)

...more frequent examinations were the only solution to the problem. That's Justice Longstreet's daughter, Charming girl.

(without changing his tone)

If you agree with me, I do wish you'd mention the subject to the doctor. I do feel so keenly that it's the one way to keep the boys on the qui vive.

They've reached the entrance to Potter's.

RANKIN

Let's take it up at Faculty Meeting, shall we?

LUNDSTRUM

Excellent suggestion. Excellent. Well...I must get along home. Mrs. Lundstrum will be worried.

Nodding farewell, he hurries off. RANKIN enters POTTER'S.

45.

INTERIOR POTTER'S DAY

RANKIN enters. He greets the boys by name and they all say "good afternoon, sir".

-POTTER

Your books came today, Mr. Rankin.
(pointing)
Find 'em in that pile back there.

RANKIN

Oh...thanks very much.

He crosses towards the pile of books on a back counter.

46.

RANKIN AT COUNTER

He thumbs through the half dozen books. They are all historical or biographical. One is entitled THE GROWTH OF LEE. He looks up from it.

RANKIN

Oh...Longstreet.

In b.g., NOAH rises.

NOAH

Yes, sir.

He comes forward. There is a reluctance in his manner which might well be natural shyness.

RANKIN

Here's that book I mentioned to you.

He hands it to the boy.

NOAH

Thank you, sir. I shall return it very promptly.

RANKIN

No hurry. Any time.

(suddenly conscious of it)

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to take you away from your soda.

He nods and the boy goes back to his table. RANKIN, books under his arm, crosses past POTTER.

RANKIN

Just put these on my bill, will you, Mr. Potter?

POTTER

Already did.

RANKIN nods and exits.

MEDIUM SHOT AT NOAH'S TABLE.

FURLAN

What did he want?

NOAH

He had a book on a subject I'm very interested in. Anthropology.

HOLLISTER

Do you take history from Rankin?

(NOAH - nods)

What's he like?

NOAH

He's a very good teacher, I think.

HOLLISTER

I mean, is he a good egg?

NOAH

(after a slight hesitation)
I don't know. I suppose so.
(reverting to an
earlier discussion)
I still think that Brown should be
in the game from the start. Putney
has a very strong offense...

DISSOLVE TO

48.

ON A HIGH HILL, at the end of a tree lined driveway, the Longstreet home looks out over the entire valley.

RANKIN, driving an open roadster, pulls to a stop in front of the house and goes up to the front door and rings the bell.

It is opened by SARA, a white aproned maid who has been in the Longstreet service for more than thirty years.

49.

INTERIOR LONGSTREET HALL

RANKIN faces SARA whose back is to CAMERA.

RANKIN

Good afternoon. Is Justice Longstreet at home?

SARA

(stepping aside
for him)

If you'll come in, sir. I'll just go see.

(as she closes
the door)

Who shall I say is calling, please?

RANKIN

Mr. Rankin. I'm from the School.

SARA

(she leads the way
across the hall)

If you'll just wait in here, sir.

RANKIN

Thank you.

50.

INTERIOR LONGSTREET DRAWING ROOM DAY

RANKIN enters a room rich with well polished old panelling and mahogany, dominated by the portrait of a lovely woman. He looks around until his eyes fall on a grandfather's clock in one corner.

He crosses quickly to stand in front of it, his eyes following the pendulum's arc with almost hypnotic intensity. At the sound of quick footsteps on the terrace, he turns and crosses to the portrait. The door is thrown open to admit MARY. She wears riding clothes. RED is at her heels. She stops at discovering an unexpected visitor.

RANKIN

(turning to her)

How do you do, Miss Longstreet.
I'm Charles Rankin.

MARY

How do you do.

RANKIN

I'm waiting to see your father.

MARY

Oh...please sit down.

RANKIN

Thank you.

(but, instead, he turns to face RED, sitting immobile surveying him. He snaps his fingers at the dog. RED maintains his calm judicial poise. RANKIN smiles)

Where's Noah?

Instantly the dog springs to life, tail wagging. RANKIN laughs. He turns to MARY.

RANKIN (Cont'd)

Self defense. Nothing gives one such an inferiority complex as a setter when he assumes that judicial pose. One feels one's facing the wisdom of the ages. It's very disturbing to one's ego.

MARY laughs with him.

MARY

You know my brother?

RANKIN

Very well.

Before he can explain further, SARA appears in the doorway.

SARA

The Judge would like you to come upstairs, if you please, Mr. Rankin.

RANKIN

(to MARY)

Excuse me.

He follows SARA from the room. The clock chimes four which dispels MARY'S momentary reverie. She starts out of the room.

51.

INTERIOR HALLWAY

MARY enters as LUCY, another maid, emerges from the kitchen, carrying a tea tray.

MARY

(taking the tray from her)

Let me, Lucy.

LUCY

Oh, Miss Mary...you've got to dress. Dr. Lawrence said he'd be here at five.

MARY

(on her way upstairs)

I have time.

Halfway up, she meets SARA, on her way down. She stops.

MARY

(in a whisper)

Who is he?

SARA

(whispering too)

From the school.

MARY

Oh.

She continues on up, RED at her heels, and disappears around the curve at the head of the stairs.

52.

INTERIOR JUDGE LONGSTREET'S STUDY DAY

The room is furnished with the woods of the Judge's own New England; pine and maple and cherry. Brass student lamps and lanterns, used for generations and only wired in this one, give light by night. Personal pictures cover the walls; photographs of the family that has peopled this house. Along one wall is a cabinet, well filled with fishing rods.

The JUDGE, on vacation now, wears a worn pair of flannels and a loose tweed jacket in the lapel of which are stuck several trout flies. Like his son, he is the victim of one recalcitrant lock of hair which hangs down over his forehead.

He tilts back in an old fashioned rocking chair, listening attentively to RANKIN.

RANKIN

(in the middle of
a sentence)

...which is why I have taken the
liberty of calling on you.

The door to the room is pushed open by MARY'S foot. Then she enters, RED right behind her.

MARY -

Forgive me. I'll only be a
moment.

(putting down the
tea tray)

I shan't interrupt you.

JUDGE LONGSTREET

(rising, as does RANKIN)

Come in, Mary...Come in.
Mr. Rankin, my daughter.

MARY

We met downstairs.

JUDGE LONGSTREET

(dropping back in
his chair)

Don't run away, Mary. This is
about Noah.

(to RANKIN)

In this family we always decide
things in group assembly. It's a
corporation. Do go on, Mr. Rankin.

MARY

(pouring tea)

Milk or lemon, Mr. Rankin?

RANKIN

Neither, thank you. As it comes
from the pot.

(she hands him a cup
as he turns back to
her father)

RANKIN (cont'd)

It seems to me, Judge Longstreet, that Noah might get a better, more rounded education out of school for a year than in. After all, he's much younger than most boys about to enter college.

MARY

What would you suggest having him do in that year?

RANKIN

Travel.

(smiling)

I don't mean the grand tour on a luxury liner. I suggest he be given some moderate amount of money...say twelve hundred dollars...and turned loose with the understanding that he's on his own for a year..to see the world. If I know the boy, he wouldn't get into any trouble..and it might do him a world of good if he did.

JUDGE LONGSTREET

(very interested)

You know...this is an extraordinary suggestion coming from a pedagog.

MARY

I only wish Mr. Rankin had been on the faculty at Miss Holbrook's where I went to school.

RANKIN

The idea appeals to you, Miss Longstreet?

MARY

Very much.

RANKIN

(quickly and easily,
without ostentation)

Before the war, our great institutions of learning tried to instill in their students a veneration for the status quo. It was as though there was some vast conspiracy to make the young believe that they were living in the best of all possible worlds. That it was their moral duty to see that no change occurred, so long as they had power to prevent it.

MARY leans forward in her chair, her tea forgotten, her hand motionless on RED'S head.

RANKIN (cont'd)

The tragedy was that those heirs of power and position were never to know anything of life. So our country's destiny, for the most part, lay in the hands of men trained to resist change and who had never been exposed to the realities of life so that they could recognize the necessity for change.

(he breaks off. Then:)

I think, Judge Longstreet, that your son should know more of the world than he can see through a class room window.

JUDGE LONGSTREET

And what does Noah himself think of the idea?

RANKIN

Oh, I haven't talked to him about this, sir.

(to MARY)

I didn't want to get his hopes up if you were going to disapprove.

MARY

Well...if he didn't jump at it, that would be proof positive that he needs just such an experience.

RANKIN

(rising)

In any event, you have months in which to make a decision, Judge Longstreet.

(smiling at MARY)

You and the rest of the corporation.

JUDGE LONGSTREET

(rising and shaking hands)

Thank you very much for coming, Mr. Rankin. We're very grateful to you for your interest in Noah.

MARY

I'll take you down, Mr. Rankin.

54.

INTERIOR HALLWAY

TRAVELING SHOT, as MARY and RANKIN, followed by RED, come downstairs and cross lower hallway to front door.

MARY

How long have you been at Harper, Mr. Rankin?

RANKIN

Last year was my first.

MARY

Funny we haven't met before.

RANKIN

I stay rather close to campus.

CAMERA PANS THEM across to door.

MARY

Well...as a matter of fact, I'm
in Washington with Daddy most
of the time.

(giving him her hand)

But I hope you won't see fit to
stay so close from now on.

RANKIN

(shaking hands)

Thank you. Goodbye.

He goes out. MARY, profile to CAMERA, stands in the
doorway, watching him as he goes down the steps. Beyond
him, a coupe pulls up and DR. JEFFREY LAWRENCE alights.
He and RANKIN meet.

55.
INTERIOR DRIVEWAY RANKIN AND LAWRENCE

LAWRENCE

Hello, there. Aren't you off bounds?

RANKIN

Extra curricular activity. How are you?

LAWRENCE

Too darned busy.

RANKIN

See you Thursday, I hope.

LAWRENCE

I'm planning on it.

They nod in farewell. RANKIN moves on down driveway.
LAWRENCE, CAMERA PANNING WITH HIM, goes toward house.
He sees MARY, standing in doorway.

LAWRENCE

(calling to her)

Hey...I thought you were going to
be ready.

MARY
I am. Practically.
(giving him her hand)
Come on in.

He enters the house and MARY closes the door.

56. INTERIOR LONGSTREET LIVING ROOM

MARY leads the way into the room.

MARY
Want a drink?

LAWRENCE
Too early in the day for me.
(bending over to pat RED)
Red...how are you?

MARY
(back to him, as she
squirts some soda in
a glass)
Jeff.

LAWRENCE
Ma'am?

MARY
Who is Charles Rankin?

LAWRENCE
(promptly)
Good man. Teacher at the school.
We bowl together on Thursday nights.

MARY
He's very attractive.

LAWRENCE
(grinning)
You too?

MARY
No...really.
(quietly)
He has an extraordinary quality.
(LAWRENCE looks at her quickly)
(Her eyes are steady under his)
I've never met a person one trusts
so implicitly, so immediately.
(her eyes drop)
I'll go dress for the tea party.

LAWRENCE
(as she starts out)
Make it snappy.

MARY
(turning in doorway)
Where do you bowl, Jeff?

LAWRENCE
Over in Newton. Want to come
along on Thursday?

MARY
Yes. I'd like it.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

57.
LONG SHOT SHIP AT SEA (STOCK) NIGHT

A full moon. The ship is lit up like a Christmas tree as it plows northward through moonlit waters. The tourists are dancing on the deck to Cuban rumba music.

58.
EXTERIOR SHIP'S DECK NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT WILSON, leaning against the side of the ship. He reaches in his pocket, presumably for a match.

59.
INTERIOR UNLIGHTED PASSENGER'S CABIN NIGHT

MEINIKE, fully clad, is lying on his bunk, his hands behind his head, staring at the ceiling. A match flares at the porthole. He sees a pair of gloved hands holding a match to a bowl of a pipe. Its stem is taped.

60.
EXTERIOR DECK NIGHT

WILSON, his pipe drawing, tosses the match over the side.

61.
INTERIOR SHIP'S CABIN NIGHT

MEINIKE resumes staring at the ceiling as the ship's whistle sounds.

Rumba music continues over these scenes.

FAST FADE ON BLACK SCREEN and, under sound of the ship's whistle, we hear sound of rumba music SEGUE INTO sound of boy's choir and

FADE INTO

62.
INTERIOR CHURCH DAY

The CHOIR, in their surplices, file out of their stalls and move down the center aisle of the church as they sing the Recessional. The rector brings up the rear of the procession, which CAMERA PANS TO FOLLOW until it has passed the Longstreet pew where it remains. MARY is alone with her Father. On the same side of the church are other citizens of Harper. On the opposite side, a large section of pews are reserved for and occupied by the students of Harper School, among whom is NOAH. Behind the boys, sit the Masters. RANKIN is not present

MARY'S eyes search the congregation. As it rises, she and her father start down the aisle, CAMERA PRECEDING THEM. Her greetings to acquaintances are friendly enough, but her eyes constantly return to their search.

63. EXTERIOR CHURCH DAY

They emerge into the autumn sunlight where they meet LAWRENCE. With him is his grandmother, a very old lady with a very young spirit.

JUDGE LONGSTREET

(removing his hat)

Mrs. Lawrence...it's very nice to see you about again.

MRS. LAWRENCE

The advantage of having a doctor in the family. I'm Jeff's best advertisement.

(taking MARY'S hand)

Good to have you home again, my dear.

JUDGE LONGSTREET

Glad you think so, Mrs. Lawrence. She informs me she's staying. Sending me off to Washington alone this week.

MRS. LAWRENCE

High time, too. This is where she belongs.

MARY

Won't you come along to lunch with Jeff, Grandma Lawrence.

MRS. LAWRENCE

(patting her hand)

My dear, the great advantage of being my age is that you don't have to accept invitations to other people's houses. I only visit God's. Everyone else comes to see me.

(smiling at her)

Also, I have some very good old sherry.

MARY

Thank you. I'll come.

LAWRENCE

(taking his grandmother's arm)
I'll see you later.

MARY
Lunch is at one.

As she speaks, her eyes still search the crowd. Suddenly she smiles radiantly and bows as her search is rewarded.

64.
THE CHURCH STEPS

RANKIN, with two other masters, is coming down them. At sight of MARY and the JUDGE, he raises his hat.

65.
EXTERIOR THE CHURCH

MARY extends her hand in greeting to RANKIN

MARY
Hello, Charles.

RANKIN
(shaking hands)
How's the bowling arm?

MARY
Well...I can move it again.
(turning to
her father)
Here's Mr. Rankin,

JUDGE LONGSTREET
(shaking hands)
Hello, Rankin. Delighted to see you again. I've been giving your proposal a good deal of thought. I must say that it appeals to me. Though I have a few reservations.

MARY
Perhaps if Mr. Rankin came to lunch he could answer them.

JUDGE LONGSTREET
By all means. Do.

RANKIN
It's very kind of you, sir. But...
(he seems to
hesitate. Then:)
Thank you. I'd be delighted.

The JUDGE'S limousine, chauffeur driven, has pulled up alongside them.

JUDGE LONGSTREET
Good. Ride out with us. We'll deliver you back at school.

66 (Continued)

RANKIN

If you'll forgive me, I think I'll walk. It's such a swell day.

MARY

It is far too lovely to be riding in a closed car.

JUDGE LONGSTREET

(peremptorily)

Walk. Both of you.

He turns his back on them and gets into the car. MARY and RANKIN start down the street. CAMERA pulls ahead of them. RANKIN'S hand touches her elbow.

RANKIN

Let's go through the fields.
(MARY smiles. They start along a footpath beside side wall of church)
It's beautiful that way... beautiful. It's my favorite walk... through the woods, over the little brook and through the cemetery.

MARY

I looked for you in church.

RANKIN

I played hockey this Sunday. Indulging an old fascination.
(he looks back over his shoulder towards the clock tower above)

THE CLOCK, through RANKIN'S eyes, its bright face glinting in the sun.

BACK TO SCENE

MARY becomes conscious of RANKIN'S gaze. Her eyes turn to follow his.

MARY

(laughing)

You'll never tell time by that clock.

RANKIN

So I've discovered. I've been up in the tower...examining the works.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

The old fascination?

RANKIN

In a manner of speaking.
(he smiles)

My first impression of Harper was
the intricacy of a Gothic clock
in a Connecticut church tower.

They have passed the church and entered the graveyard.

66.

GRAVEYARD

MARY

(reciting)

Brought by sailing ship from the
shores of the Mediterranean.
Transported overland in a cart,
drawn by four oxen, it was brought
to Harper in the year 1781 by
Captain Abner Lonsstreet.

RANKIN

Born 1730. Died 1806.

(MARY looks at him in
surprise. He points
to a row of tombstones)
The Lonsstreet family history...
for all to read.

MARY

(laughing)

Are you an authority on all
Harper's families.

For answer, RANKIN closes his eyes and recites from memory.

RANKIN

James Lonsstreet, 1896-1917. Died
for his country. Noah Lonsstreet,
1842-1863. Died for his country.
Septimus Lonsstreet, 1745-1779. Died
in his bed. I've always had a great
weakness for Septimus. William
Lonsstreet 1713-1794. Died for his
country. And then there's old Abner,
himself.

MARY and RANKIN as they continue, leaving the cemetery behind.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

My great, great, great...I think I've got that right...great grandfather. Legend has it that he hated the sea and upon coming home from his last voyage he started inland...carrying with him all that he possessed...to settle down in the first village beyond sound of the sea. Harper was the village and the clock was his gift to Harper. But the clock never ran. Apparently the long voyage had been too much for it. So far as anyone knows, the hands have always pointed to twelve minutes of five.

RANKIN

(gravely)
It isn't right for a clock not to run. It's a kind of sacrilege.

MARY

(intrigued by his intensity)
Clocks are a fascination to you.

RANKIN

Yes. They are.

They round a corner, leaving the main street behind, and start moving past well kept lawns shaded by giant elms. MARY hesitates a moment before speaking again. A little smile for a moment plays about her lips.

67.
STREET

MARY

(musingly)
I wonder what the effect would be on Harper if it were to run and keep time. The whole character of the town might undergo a change. I'm sure it's not really very different from the Harper of the eighteenth century. Perhaps that's because the clock's hands have never moved.

(CONTINUED)

67 (Continued)

CAMERA STOPS as they turn off onto a path through a field and PANS TO FOLLOW THEM as they disappear.

DISSOLVE TO

68.

EXTERIOR RIVER BANK DAY

RANKIN and MARY reach a crossing. Boulders, rising above the rippling current, provide stepping stones to the opposite bank.

MARY

We'd better start back.

RANKIN

We can cross here and go home past the woods. It's quite a short cut.

MARY

(resignedly)

Well...it may as well come out now as later. You'll have to know the awful truth sometime. I'm a fearful acrophobic.

RANKIN

Really?

MARY

(seriously)

Really. I have the most dreadful fear of falling. Let's go back the long way.

RANKIN

(quietly)

You need have no fear.

(he extends his hand)

You won't fall.

She looks at him a moment, then puts her hand in his. He helps her across. On the opposite bank, they pause, look at each other, smile gravely. Then start towards home.

DISSOLVE TO

69.

INTERIOR LONGSTREET LIVING ROOM DAY

The JUDGE, LAWRENCE and NOAH are awaiting MARY and RANKIN. The two men toy with glasses of sherry.

JUDGE LONGSTREET

(in the middle
of a sentence)

Twelve hundred dollars isn't too much, of course, for a whole year...

NOAH

(earnestly)

It's plenty, Pop, really. Why, just the other day, I read an article about a man going around the world on twenty dollars.

(LAWRENCE laughs)

Laugh if you want to. It's true. I'll show you the article. It was written by the man himself.

(the JUDGE coughs into his glass as NOAH turns back to him)

It's very largely a matter of eating the same food as the people of the country. Take Italy, for instance. The Italian peasant lives for a few lira a day on mutton, goat's milk, spaghetti or macaroni, greens and fruit. A very healthy diet by any standard.

JUDGE LONGSTREET

We're to understand then, that you view the proposition with favor?

NOAH is doing his best to seem mature and not over-enthusiastic but beyond this point he simply cannot manage.

NOAH

(bursting out)

It's the most wonderful idea anybody ever had. Don't you agree, Jeff?

LAWRENCE

(smiling at him)

Sounds good to me.

JUDGE LONGSTREET
Very well, son. You may start
laying your plans.

NOAH
(from the bottom
of his soul)
Oh boy!

SARA enters.

SARA
(tartly)
Judge...it's goin' on for half past.
We don't set down pretty soon, roast'll
be spoiled.

JUDGE LONGSTREET
We might give them five more...
(footsteps and voices
are heard on the terrace
outside)
..Oh...here they are now.

SARA exits as MARY, followed by RANKIN, enters from the
terrace.

JUDGE LONGSTREET
We were just about to organize a
search party for you two.

MARY
(quietly)
I'm going to be married.

There is a stunned silence. LAWRENCE involuntarily rises.

RANKIN
(finally)
I hope that you won't mind too
much, Judge Longstreet.

JUDGE LONGSTREET
I'm not sure that I shall mind at
all. But I would like a minute to
make up my mind.

LAWRENCE
Rankin...I can't possibly tell you
how fortunate you are.
(turning to her)
Mary...I don't have to tell you what
happiness I wish you.

MARY
Jeff...you were always the most
wonderful person in the world.
(she kisses him)

LAWRENCE
(anxious to be off)
I'll see you later.

MARY
(her hand on his arm)
You'll do no such thing.

JUDGE LONGSTREET
Mary...Charles...
(a little wryly)
I suppose that under the circumstances
I may call you Charles.

RANKIN
(smiling)
I should be very pleased, sir.
(more seriously)
I realize what a difficult position
this places you in. You and Mary
should be able to discuss this alone.
I can come back later...

MARY
(quickly)
But there's nothing to discuss.

JUDGE LONGSTREET
Except that you have known each
other such a short time.

MARY
Time has nothing to do with it, Dad.
Some people one can see year in and
year out, and never know. Others, one
knows right away. I know Charles from
the first.

(instinctively, the JUDGE
looks towards the picture
of his dead wife. MARY
catches his glance)
Yes. Exactly.

JUDGE LONGSTREET
(wryly)
I was afraid you'd bring that up.
(to RANKIN)
I knew her mother only three weeks
before we were married.

He smiles at MARY She looks up into his eyes.

MARY.

(gravely)

It's all right, Adam, really.

JUDGE LONGSTREET

(equally seriously. For
the moment they are quite
alone)

Quite sure, sister?

MARY

I'm twenty-four years old. Most
girls have been engaged a dozen times
by then. Or wanted to be.

LAWRENCE

You can't say you haven't had the
opportunity.

MARY

(turning to him)

And it's only now, Jeff, that I know
why I was never able to say yes. It
wasn't that I didn't love you. I do.
I always shall. But something was
missing. And I didn't know what until
I felt it.

(she puts her hand in his)

I'm glad that you can hear this, Charles.
Otherwise, I might never have been able
to tell you. But I want you to know
the kind of girl you're marrying.

LAWRENCE

(simply)

I do.

MARY

I want you to know why I love you.
Because you're the first really eligible
man I've ever known. Eligibility doesn't
mean the right clubs, or the right
manners, or the right banks. It means
suitable..and fitting. Well...it is
fitting that I should spend my years
with you...bear your children...

(she pauses)

...cleave only unto you. That's what
I did this afternoon, when you said I
need have no fear. I cleaved unto you...
and I had no fear. I knew I had taken
the first step, and there could be no
compromise...no turning back...regardless
of where the road led.

(she breaks off, embarrassed)

And let that stand as the case for Mary
Longstreet.

There is a moment of silence.

JUDGE LONGSTREET
(breaking it)
The court concurs.

LAWRENCE
I've already said my piece.

MARY
(facing him)
Well, Noah....What have you
got to say?

NOAH
(looking at
the floor)
I hope you will be very happy.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

70. INTERIOR DAY COACH DAY CLOSE SHOT MEINIKE

He sits staring out at the passing Connecticut landscape, listening to the rhythm of the wheels. They repeat an endless message: "You must not fail...you must not fail...you must not fail".

MEINIKE'S lips form the words silently several times. Then he nods, as though in response.

Presently he rises and goes towards the water cooler in the rear of the car.

MEINIKE, at cooler, fills a cup and raises it to his lips. The train lurches. Some of the water spills. He sees a gloved hand, holding a pipe, cross the pane of the door and grip the jamb. Tape binds the stem of the pipe.

MEINIKE st res at the hand, a puzzled expression in his eyes. Then the train whistles. MEINIKE lets the cup fall. He remembers now where and when he saw the gloved hand with the pipe.

The door at the opposite end of the car opens and the CONDUCTOR appears.

CONDUCTOR

(bawling it out)

Harper! Harper! Trewsdale next.
This is Harper!

MEINIKE hurries to his seat, jerks the luggage down from the rack, and moves towards door as the train comes to a stop.

DISSOLVE TO

71. EXTERIOR TOWN SQUARE DAY

MEINIKE reaches Potter's as two Harper boys come out, eating ice cream cones, and cross the street towards the school. MEINIKE looks behind him. Seeing the street empty, he sidles into the shop.

72. INTERIOR POTTER'S DAY

MEINIKE stands uncertain of his next move as one of the boys, his soda finished, goes to the counter.

BOY

(taking money from
his pocket)I'll take one of those pork pies
too, Mr. Potter.

POTTER slips the pie into a bag.

POTTER

(an unmistakeable
down easter)

Ain't you supposed to be in trainin'?

(handin' him the bag)

Eighty five cents, all told.

The boy hands him a bill and POTTER makes change from
his pocket, adding the bill to a thick roll held together
by a rubber band. CAMPBELL exits past MEINIKO who
advances to the counter.

MEINIKO

(pointing to urn
on shelf)

Coffee.

POTTER

(pouring it)

Thank you.

(he sets the cup in
front of MEINIKO)

MEINIKO

(not touching it)

Thank you.

POTTER

Cream?

MEINIKO

(ignoring this)

Those bags...I could leave them
here?

POTTER

(genially)

Don't assume no responsibility.

(he takes them from
MEINIKO and opens a
cupboard door behind
him)They'll be right here when you
want them.

MEINIKO

(his eyes searching
the room)

Thank you.

He turns from the counter. CAMERA PANS HIM to the back of the room to a telephone booth. Hanging from its wall is a directory. MENNIE turns the pages, searching for a name. In o.g., the boys at the other table rise, one of them going to the counter. There ensues a half audible conversation in which the phrases "ninety cents" and "my account" occur.

MENNIE'S face lights up as he finds the name he is seeking. CAMERA PULLS AHEAD of him as he starts past counter. The conversation now becomes audible.

BOY

My grandmother's coming up this weekend. That always means ten dollars.

POTTER

(making an entry)

All right. If you say so.

The boys hurry out as a school bell rings in the distance. POTTER stops MENNIE, about to exit.

POTTER

Here...you haven't had your coffee.

MENNIE stops...comes to counter.

MENNIE

(impatiently)

How much please.

POTTER

It's a dime.

MENNIE

Please?

POTTER

A dime.

(then, understanding
MENNIE'S question)

Ten cents.

MENNIE drops a coin on the counter and hurries out. POTTER looks after him.

POTTER

(to himself)

Queer one.

73. AMERICAN POTTER'S DAY

MENNIE starts across the street towards school grounds. Suddenly he stops, turning to look behind him.

74. THE FAR SIDE OF THE STREET

Beside Potter's MEINIKO sees another small building housing a hand laundry and clothes pressing establishment. In the window, WILSON, pipe in mouth, is talking to someone behind the counter.

75. CLOSE SHOT MEINIKO, as the panic returns to his eyes at sight of WILSON. His worst suspicions are confirmed. This is the third time he has seen the figure of WILSON behind him. He turns and hurries with his loose kneed shuffle into the school grounds.

76. EXTERIOR THE SCHOOL GROUNDS DAY

Classes are in session. The grounds are deserted except for the figure of a master just disappearing into the class room building in far b.g. MEINIKO glances from side to side seeking refuge. On his right is the largest of all the buildings on the grounds...at least a hundred feet long and proportionately wide.

MEINIKO sees this as a haven and hurries to it. He pulls open the door and exits.

The door shuts, hiding him from view as WILSON enters scene. He goes to the side of the building. Another door is in plain view. This means that the building offers more than one channel of escape. WILSON crosses to the door, opens it, and enters.

77. INTERIOR THE GYMNASIUM DAY

WILSON enters a vast room, high ceilinged, its high windows protected by wire netting. On the floor are painted markings for basketball. Horses, parallel bars, wrestling mats are in evidence. But no sign of MEINIKO.

INTERIOR THE GYMNASIUM

Looking down from the balcony which runs around the room, WILSON'S figure seems very small as he advances into the empty room...looking around for MEINIKO. His eyes start upwards towards the balcony. Through the air, an iron ring, suspended from a rope, swings down. It crashes against the side of WILSON'S head as he turns. He falls, unconscious.

78. THE BALCONY

MEINIKO stands on the railing, looking down. CAMERA MOVES UP ON HIM as his lips move.

HEINRICH
 (his crazed eyes alight)
 I called him from on high.

DISSOLVE TO

79. INTERIOR THE LIVING ROOM OF RANFEN'S HOUSE ON CAMPUS DAY

The room is charmingly furnished. Evident in it are several articles of furniture previously seen in the Longstreet home, including the grandfather's clock. MARY, in a tweed suit, is standing on a chair, hanging curtains, as the knocker on the door falls heavily, three times. She gets down and crosses eagerly towards the front door, CAMERA RANFEN to follow her. She throws the door wide and is face to face with HEINRICH.

80. INTERIOR HALLWAY

Before MARY can speak, HEINRICH has sidled past her into the hallway.

HEINRICH
 (breathlessly)
 I may come in, please.
 (MARY looks at him,
 startled. He pauses,
 then.)
 Does Mr. Charles Rankin live here?

MARY
 He's not in.

HEINRICH
 (without removing
 his hat)
 You expect him?

MARY
 (glancing at her
 watch)
 He should be here shortly.

HEINRICH
 How soon?

MARY
 Oh, ten or fifteen minutes.

HEINRICH
 I may wait?

MARY is ill at ease with this strange intense man who still wears his hat.

MARY
(having no alternative)
Of course.

She closes the door. He follows her into the living room, CAMERA FOLLOWING HER. He sits down, his hat still on, as MARY goes back to her curtains. She glances at BENJAMIN once or twice, then breaks the silence.

MARY
Are you a friend of Mr. Rankin's?

BENJAMIN
(tonelessly)
Yes....a friend.

MARY
(trying to set him
at his ease)
I'm Mary Longstreet. How do you do.

BENJAMIN makes no move to rise but simply repeats.

BENJAMIN
How do you do.

The silence sets in a tin. MARY makes another effort.

MARY
Mr. Rankin should be here now.
Sometimes he remains after class,
but today he'll be coming straight
here, I'm sure. You see, it's our
wedding day.

BENJAMIN
(looking up...with the
same tonelessness)
He's getting married?

MARY
At six o'clock.
(BENJAMIN regards her with
expressionless eyes)
I know it's most unconventional of
me, being here today. But I wanted
to see these curtains.

There is another pause, this time a very long one. Then:

BENJAMIN
When he comes...which way does
he come?

MARY
(pointing through window)
From Webster Hall...that's the big
domed building.

MEINIKE
(rises and moves
toward door)
I shall meet him.

Before MARY can answer, he is gone. Returning to the window, she watches him retreat towards the big domed building in the b.g.

81. EXTERIOR CAMPUS DAY

RANKIN comes down the steps of Webster Hall. He is surrounded by students who move off towards the gymnasium in b.g. RANKIN turns in the opposite direction.

He approaches CAMERA alone.

MEINIKE, sheltered by a giant elm, watches RANKIN approach. His eyes begin to shine and his mouth to tremble. He allows RANKIN to continue past him. Then:

MEINIKE
Walther.

TRAVELING SHOT, RANKIN. He hesitates...then stops. But he does not turn.

CLOSE SHOT MEINIKE

MEINIKE
(softly)
It's I....Walther.

MEDIUM SHOT as RANKIN turns. MEINIKE comes toward him.

RANKIN
(quietly)
Turn right...towards the woods.
I'll follow you. Keep to the
path.

MEINIKE hesitates, then obeys. RANKIN remains where he is, giving the little man a start. Then he cuts kitty-corner across the campus lawn towards the woods.

DISSOLVE TO

82. EXTERIOR WOODS DAY

Beside a rustic bridge, RANKIN stands waiting. MEINIKE crosses the bridge. As they come face to face, they embrace with awkward formality. Then RANKIN takes a step backward, still holding MEINIKE by the shoulders.

RANKIN
(exclaims)
Meinike....

MEINIKE
Yes...Meinike.

RANKIN
I thought...I thought...

MEINIKE
...that I had been hanged.
(RANKIN nods slowly)
Almost all the others have been hanged. But not I. And you know why? Because a dead man could not stand face to face with you, Walther. It was for this moment that I was not hanged.

Again they embrace. There is something strange and ritualistic about its performance beneath the bare trees of the bleak autumn woods. In b.g. a boy, wearing the track pants and singlet, runs past, leaving behind him a trail of shredded paper from a sack slung over one shoulder.

RANKIN
You are not much changed...fatter, some gray hairs. But put you back in uniform and you'd look almost the same.

MEINIKE
(gravely)
I am a different man, Walther, than before.

RANKIN
Not different like Hitler. Not different like Ley and Goebbels. Not different like Him. To be dead is really to be different, eh, Conrad?
(he laughs)

CAMERA PULLS AHEAD OF THEM as they advance through the woods.

RANKIN (cont'd)
Providence has been kind to us, Conrad. Not to say that it was Providence alone. You know how I gathered and destroyed every single item in Germany and Poland that might have served as a clue to my identity.

RANKIN (cont'd)

Only my heart knows who I am...and you, Conrad, who of all the people in the world is nearest to it.

(he laughs)

Ah, Conrad, this is a day to remember... ..and for more reasons than one.

Guess what I shall be doing at six o'clock. I shall be standing before a minister of the Gospel with a woman's hand in mine. She is the daughter of a Justice of the United States Supreme Court, a famous liberal.

(again he laughs)

And among all the things recommending this marriage, she is even good to look at.

(his face sobers)

Yes.. I've done well, Meinike. The camouflage is perfect. I am well hidden. Who would look for Walther Kuhn in the sacred precincts of the Harper School, surrounded by the sons of America's first families. And hidden I shall remain until it is time to emerge. Until the day when we strike again.

MEINIKE

(stopping)

You think there will be another war?

RANKIN

Of course.

MEINIKE

(shaking his head)

No, Walther.

RANKIN

What do you mean?

MEINIKE

"War is an abomination", saith the Lord.

RANKIN looks at MEINIKE keenly. The little man's face is aglow. In the distance, high excited boys' voices rise and fade as they pursue the paper trail.

MEINIKE (cont'd)

It is to tell you this that I am here. He set me free that I might come here and say these things.

RANKIN
(sharply)
Who set you free?

MEINIKE
(trembling with
excitement)
The All Highest...

RANKIN
You don't mean - ?

MEINIKE
I mean God. You don't know me,
Walther. I am a new man since
I have found Him.

RANKIN
I never thought to see you,
Conrad, a religious -

MEINIKE
You don't believe, Walther, -
But look, I am here - free -
it was one of His miracles.

RANKIN
You didn't escape?

MEINIKE
The guard came and opened my
cell. I walked out into the
corridor. He pointed the way.
As I went down the corridor, all
doors were open to me. It was
one of God's miracles.

RANKIN
You fool...don't you know what
they have done? They freed you
so that you would lead them to me.
(intently)
Have you been followed?
(Meinike nods)
Were you followed here?

MEINIKE
(hissing)
Yes.

RANKIN

Who followed you?

MEINIKE

The Evil One. He was dressed like any man. He even smoked a pipe. But I recognized him through his disguise. So I killed him.... striking down from above. God's will be done.

(he takes a Bible
from his pocket)

You must be brought to salvation. Confess your sins, Walther, as I have confessed mine. Salvation shall be yours. Proclaim your guilt...proclaim it from the rooftops...in an awful voice that can be heard in the earth's far corners... Only thus can you attain salvation. It will take strength. Such strength as can come only from God. Kneel by me, Walther...and together we will pray to Him to give you strength.

MEINIKE (cont'd)

(he kneels, palms together,
eyes closed)

"I have sinned against Heaven and
before Thee. I am not worthy to
be called Thy son." Say the words
after me. "I despair of my sins".

All expression leaves RANKIN'S face. His eyes dull, his
mouth hangs slightly open.

RANKIN

(repenting as he falls
to his knees...eyes
fixed on MEINIKE)

"I despair of my sins..."

MEINIKE

"Oh God of all goodness, how could
I ever have offended Thee"...

RANKIN

"Oh God of all goodness..."

(his hands close
around MEINIKE'S
throat)

His hands close around MEINIKE'S throat. At first the
smaller man's arms thresh the ground but presently his
body goes limp. RANKIN'S hands grow tired. He takes
them away and MEINIKE'S body falls backwards so that he
lies with legs bent frogwise. After an interval, RANKIN
kneels beside MEINIKE'S body and again takes it by the
throat. This time his hands remain, vice like, until
there is no longer any question that MEINIKE is dead.

Over scene, the sound of the paper chase is heard, grow-
ing louder. RANKIN listens. Then he moves quickly to
cover the body with leaves. But time does not permit.

The voices are growing louder every moment. His eyes
search the ground to see if, by any chance, the trail
runs nearby. Telltale scraps of paper show that it does.
Now, through the bare trees he sees the runners approach-
ing.

RANKIN stoops quickly and picks up the Bible where it
fell from MEINIKE'S hand. Tearing pages from it, he
runs in a wide arc, establishing a new trail to carry
the chase away from MEINIKE'S body.

Out of breath, he returns to stand guard. His eyes
watch the chase as it branches off to follow the new
trail. The boys disappear in the distance.

RANKIN looks down at MEINIKE'S lifeless body and begins
to kick leaves over it. He dry washes his hands.

83.
CLOSE SHOT RANKIN'S HAND, holding MARY'S, glove rolled to wrist. Over scene, the voice of the RECTOR

RECTOR'S VOICE
"Dearly Beloved...we are gathered here together...."

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO

84.
INTERIOR CHURCH NIGHT

RANKIN and MARY stand before the altar. The JUDGE is at her elbow. DR. LAWRENCE at RANKIN'S. NOAH is in the Longstreet pew.

RECTOR
"...in the sight of God and man to join this man and this woman..."

As he continues the words of the ritual...

DISSOLVE TO

85.
INTERIOR GYMNASIUM NIGHT

Bright moonlight streams through the high wired windows, throwing broad streaks across the floor. WILSON lies as he fell. CAMERA MOVES UP ON HIM as he raises his eyelids. He looks out through dazed eyes. Slowly, memory returns to him. He struggles to his feet, sways drunkenly. His hand reaches for a wall to steady him. He looks down to see his hat and pipe lying on the floor. With difficulty, he regains them. Then he staggers out into the night.

DISSOLVE TO

86.
INTERIOR POTTER'S NIGHT

WILSON, hat on, enters and crosses to the counter behind which POTTER stands.

WILSON
A bottle of aspirin, please.

As POTTER produces it, WILSON looks around for LEINIKÉ'S luggage. It is not in view.

WILSON (Cont'd)
And a glass of water.
(POTTER pours it. WILSON swallows a few of the pellets. POTTER watches him, interested. WILSON sees the coffee urn)

WILSON (Cont'd)

Some coffee, tea, please.

(POTTER pours it. Through window in P.C., WILSON sees the bridal party leaving the church)

Wedding?

POTTER

Yep. Judge Longstreet's daughter. Marryin' up. To one o' the School teachers. I issued the license.

WILSON

(interestedly)

Oh.

POTTER

Yep. I'm town clerk.

He eyes WILSON to see if this has impressed him. It has.

WILSON

That must be quite a responsibility.

POTTER

Town Clerk runs the town, you might say.

WILSON

You must know just about everybody in Harper?

POTTER

Not just about. Know everybody.

(his tone changing)

Here on business?

(WILSON nods)

School business?

(WILSON shakes his aching head)

Sellin' somethin'?

(again WILSON shakes his head)

Buyin'?

WILSON'S eyes search the room. They see a sign. It announces a sale of antiques. WILSON points to it.

(CONTINUED)

POTTER (Cont'd)

Oh...antique dealer. They all
come to Harper.

(Wilson nods)

He takes out his handkerchief with which he casually
touches his head below the hat brim. Then he folds
the handkerchief to conceal the telltale spot of blood.

POTTER (Cont'd)

Judge Longstreet's got the best
collection in these parts.

Wouldn't do you no good though.

WILSON

No. I don't suppose he'd sell.
(casually)

Happen to know if there are any
other out of town buyers here?

POTTER

Mebbe...mebbe not. I can generally spot 'em a mile away. Like I did you. They got that bird dog look. But, about this feller, I just ain't certain. He wasn't in here but a minute. Didn't even drink his coffee. Just looked in the telephone book.

WILSON

Wonder who he could have been calling?

POTTER

Didn't call nobody. Just looked and skedaddled.

(opening closet door)

He'll be back though. Left his suitcases. Middle-sized feller... kind of fattish...with gray hair.

WILSON

(the conspirator)

I wonder if you'd do me a favor, Mr. Potter?

(POTTER leans towards him)

Let me know when and if he comes back for his luggage?
(he winks broadly)

POTTER

(returning the wink)

Don't see why not. That'll be thirty five cents.

As WILSON reaches for the change

DISSOLVE TO

87.

INTERIOR LONGSTREET HOME NIGHT

The wedding reception is in progress. Most of Harper is present, both school and town, as well as representative Washington.

CAMERA MOVES THROUGH THE CROWD to where MARY stands, in front of the fireplace, still carrying her bridal bouquet. Old MRS. LAWRENCE faces her, her grandson at her elbow.

MRS. LAWRENCE

It's wonderful to see you
so happy. Don't ever stop
being.

MARY

Goodnight, Grandma Lawrence.
Charles will see you to your car.
(she turns to call him.
He is not in sight.
NOAH... is on the other
side of the hearth)
Stephen...where's Charles?

NOAH :

(looking around)
I don't know, Mary.

MRS. LAWRENCE

You say good night for me, my
dear. Jeff here will see me off.

Her arm in her grandson's, she moves towards door, CAMERA
PRECEDING THEM.

MRS. LAWRENCE (Cont'd)

I won't pretend I'm not
disappointed, Jeffrey. I
always thought Mary would
make a very satisfactory
granddaughter.

LAWRENCE

(simply)
Want me to tell you something,
Kate? I'm a little disappointed
myself.

They exit into hallway.

88.

INTERIOR LIVING ROOM ANOTHER ANGLE

MARY comes to a group surrounding her father.

MARY

Has anyone seen my brand new
husband?

JUDGE LONGSTREET

Don't tell me he's deserted
you already.

MARY
 (pushing back his
 lock of hair)
 Looks as if. The brute.
 (she turns to find
 RED at her heels)
 Red...where's Charles?

DISSOLVE TO

89.
 EXTERIOR WOODS NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT...A SPADE as it is driven into the earth, a man's patent leather shod foot pressing down on it. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO A WIDER ANGLE. RANKIN has dug a deep pit beneath the trees, in which he now stands. The moonlight, shining through the branches, throws dancing shadows over the scene. Satisfied with its width and depth, RANKIN scrambles out of the grave. He drops his spade and goes to LEINIKE'S body, a few feet away and drags it to the graveside, tumbling it in face downwards. Then, hurriedly, he begins piling in the earth over it.

DISSOLVE TO

90.
 EXTERIOR WOODS NIGHT

The grave filled, RANKIN, on his hands and knees, meticulously arranges dead leaves over it. Straightening up, he allows himself to relax for a moment. He fumbles through his pockets until he finds a cigarette.

DISSOLVE TO

91.
 INTERIOR LONGSTREET HOME NIGHT

NOAH is reporting to MARY who stands beside LAWRENCE.

NOAH
 I've looked everywhere, Mary.
 And I can't find him.

MARY
 (to LAWRENCE....
 concealing real
 anxiety)
 But where could he be? I'm
 getting worried.

RANKIN'S VOICE IS HEARD

RANKIN'S VOICE (Over Scene)
 . Are you, darling? What about?

CAMERA PULLS BACK to include him as he reaches her side.
 He wears a slack suit.

MARY
 Oh...you've changed.

RANKIN
 Don't you think you'd better?
 Weren't we supposed to go on a
 honeymoon, or something?

MARY
 Give me five minutes.

DISSOLVE TO

92.

EXTERIOR HARPER MAIN STREET NIGHT

RANKIN'S roadster, top down, RANKIN at the wheel and MARY beside him, speeds through the sleeping street and out onto the main highway. As it passes the Harper Inn, established 1797, one window is lighted though neither RANKIN or MARY notices it.

CAMERA MOVES UP TOWARDS IT. In the room beyond, WILSON, in pyjamas and dressing gown, a cold towel around his throbbing temple, sits at the telephone.

93.

INTERIOR WILSON'S ROOM NIGHT

WILSON
 (into phone)
 The plain truth is that I got
 over-anxious and behaved like
 a gum shoe detective...
 (bitterly)
 The result is that, after
 following him for twelve
 thousand miles, I've lost him.
 (he pauses)
 By all means. Put the F.B.I.
 in. But no broadcasts. No
 circulars. Nothing to get the
 wind up in Kuhn.
 (he pauses again)
 I haven't the faintest idea.
 But I'll stake my life that
 he's in Harper.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

94.

INTERIOR TOWN CLERK'S OFFICE DAY

POTTER, his white coat changed to blue serge, is seated on a high stool at an old fashioned desk, copying records. He wears a green eye shade and alpaca sleeve protectors. At the sound of a door opening, he looks up to face WILSON.

WILSON

(looking around)

So this is where the town of Harpor is run.

POTTER

That's right.

(returning to
the files)

Tax records..voting lists...
birth and marriage licenses...
huntin' and fishin'...dogs...
deaths. Everything in its right
place.

WILSON

I'm afraid I'm interrupting you.

POTTER

Just copyin' out the votin'
lists. What happened to your
head?

WILSON

(wryly, as he touches
the dressing on it)

I was so anxious to see someone
that I didn't stop to open a
door. Walked bang into it.

(glancing over
POTTER'S shoulder)

Can't I help?

POTTER

Be done in an hour.

WILSON

(picking up a pen)

Two of us could be done in half
an hour then.

(reassuringly)

My handwriting is very legible.

POTTER

(delighted to lose
some of the work
load)

Well...if you feel like it.
(showing him
a page)

This column's the list from
two years ago...next one's
them's as died in the interim...
next one, them's as has qualified.

WILSON

That would mean all new arrivals
in the town?

POTTER

They're marked with a star.
Other's is them's as come of age.

WILSON

I see.
(starting to work)
Excellent system.

DISSOLVE TO

95.

INTERIOR WILSON'S ROOM AT PIT HARPER INN AFTERNOON

WILSON, at the table, makes entries on a page.

96.

INSERT THE PAGE

It is headed:

NEW ARRIVALS IN HARPER

Beneath this are eight names, through the top six of which
a thin line has been drawn.

The seventh and eighth names on the page are SAUNDERS
SCUDDER and CHARLES RANKIN. An entry after the names
establishes their occupations as teachers at the Harper
School.

WILSON'S pencil draws the same thin line through their
names. Then drops the pencil on the table.

97.

BACK TO SCENE

WILSON tilts back in his chair, frowning thoughtfully. He
has come to the end of the road. His eyes wander out the
window. What he sees jerks him upright.

98.
THE VILLAGE SQUARE

WILSON is looking straight across at the clock tower. The hands of the clock move...stop...move again...and stop.

99.
INTERIOR WILSON'S ROOM

WILSON whirls from the window, shoves the papers on table into his pocket, snatches up his hat, and exits.

DISSOLVE TO

100.
EXTERIOR VILLAGE SQUARE

WILSON hurries across it and enters the church.

101.
INTERIOR CHURCH

WILSON, removing hat, starts up the stairs leading into the belfry.

102.
INTERIOR BELFRY

WILSON ascends into it. There is a solid flooring over the section of belfry beneath the bell ropes. Beyond it, however, there is an empty space with rafters showing and beyond them, far below, the church itself. Over this gaping hole a ladder leads to another story in which the workings of the clock are housed. WILSON takes hold of the ladder. It is old and none too safe. He starts to climb it.

103.
INTERIOR LANDING

WILSON jets off the ladder, takes one step to an open door leading into the clock tower itself. He pauses, surprised.

104.
INTERIOR THE CLOCK TOWER

WILSON sees NOAH, back turned, wiping the clock's works with a cloth. WILSON comes forward as NOAH, surprised at the interruption, faces him.

WILSON

Hello there.

NOAH

(politely)

Hello.

WILSON

(with a smile, he gestures behind him)

That ladder's not too safe for your weight, let alone mine.

NOAH

It's not used much.

WILSON
(examining the works)
Trying to make it run?

NOAH ...
No, sir. I'm just cleaning
around it.

WILSON
(examining the works
more closely)
Quite a clock, isn't it?
(casually)
Oh, by the way, my name's Wilson.

NOAH
I'm Noah Longstreet.

WILSON
(betraying no interest in
the name as he peers into
the clock's works)
Late Sixteenth Century, I'd guess.
Probably by Hobeucht of Strasbourg.

NOAH ...
I wouldn't know. My brother in law
plans to work on it.

WILSON
Oh.
(he busies himself,
filling his pipe)
Is he an expert?

NOAH ...
(shrugging)
I guess so. My sister says he wants
to work on it as soon as they get
back from their honeymoon.
(WILSON lights his pipe,
drawing on it carefully.
NOAH has no alternative
but to continue)
They have to be back on Friday because
of examinations. He's one of the
teachers at the school. His name is
Rankin.

WILSON
Oh.

He continues drawing on his pipe.

DISSOLVE TO

WILSON is in the telephone booth, beyond the closed door of which the activity of the store goes on. WILSON listens to a voice at the other end of the wire.

WILSON

(into phone)

~~Hummm...Hummm...Hummmmm.....~~

(suddenly lashing out)

I don't care who wants explanations. I'm not coming down to Washington or anywhere else until I'm sure there's no further use in my staying here.

(he pauses)

That's right. And in the meantime, I want to be invited to Judge Longstreet's home on Thursday night... preferably for dinner.

(another pause)

Exactly. In spite of your clean bill of health I want to meet his son in law.

DISSOLVE TO
106.

INTERIOR LONGSTREET LIVING ROOM NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT: A POTTER INK STAND. CAMERA PULLS BACK to include a table on which it stands, a glass of sherry beside it. CAMERA CONTINUES BACK. WILSON, pipe in mouth, sits examining the stand meticulously. JUDGE LONGSTREET, toying with a glass of sherry, looks down contentedly. In b.g., NOAH sits in a big chair, intent on a list he is working on. WILSON picks up the stand and moves with it to a better light. The JUDGE stays with him. The JUDGE lightly touches the filigreed edge, as though afraid WILSON won't note it. WILSON looks up and smiles. Then turns the stand over. Holding it in one hand, he points with his pipe stem towards the hall mark. The JUDGE nods. Their enjoyment of the antique is interrupted by a door slamming offscene.

NOAH

There's Mary now.

He rises eagerly. WILSON stiffens slightly in anticipation of his meeting with RANKIN. He carefully restores the ink stand to its place on the desk. He has noted NOAH'S eagerness to see his sister. The door opens. It is not the expected couple but DR. LAWRENCE.

LAWRENCE

(casily)

Good evening, Judge. Hello Stephen.

JUDGE LONGSTREET

(shaking hands)

Evening Jeff. Dr. Lawrence..Mr. Wilson.

LAWRENCE

(shaking hands)
Oh, we've met. How's the head?

WILSON

Much improved, Doctor, thanks to you.

LAWRENCE

(accepting a glass from the JUDGE)
Thank you, Judge. Mary back? I mean Mary and Charles.

WILSON

(tasting his own sherry)
Excellent, Judge Longstreet. Excellent.

LAWRENCE

Well, Noah, . . . how are the plans progressing for your trip?

The JUDGE beckons WILSON with a gesture of his head. Obediently, WILSON follows him to look at another piece of pewter on the mantel. But his attention now is more on the conversation between LAWRENCE and NOAH.

NOAH

(quickly)
Would you like to see my itinerary?

LAWRENCE

You bet.

NOAH produces it instantly from a pocket.

LAWRENCE

(scanning it)
What do the figures alongside mean?

NOAH

How much I'm to spend in each country.

LAWRENCE

How did you arrive at \$32.50 for the Irish Free State?

WILSON nods his approval of the piece of pewter and escapes to look at the list over LAWRENCE'S shoulder.

NOAH

That's exactly eight pounds in their currency.

WILSON

Have you thought of taking your bicycle along?

NOAH
Why, no...I hadn't.

WILSON
It's the best way to see England,
for instance. And the Low Countries.

NOAH
Swell idea.

WILSON
And when you want to get rid of it,
you can sell it for a much better
price than you could get here...enough
to buy a new bike when you get home.

NOAH
Would it be asking too much, Mr. Wilson,
for you to go over my maps with me
after dinner?

WILSON
I'd like nothing better.

NOAH has been so engrossed that he has not heard the
outer door open. Now, suddenly, MARY is in the room, her
arms around her father. She kisses him, then embraces
NOAH, extending her free hand to LAWRENCE. WILSON,
glass in hand, looks on, smiling.

LAWRENCE
No need to ask how you are.

JUDGE LONGSTREET
Mary, my dear...this is..

But before he can complete WILSON'S introduction, RANKIN,
also dinner jacketed, appears in the doorway.

RANKIN
Good evening.

JUDGE LONGSTREET
Welcome home, Charles.

RANKIN
Thank you, sir. Noah: Jeff.

WILSON sets down the glass of cherry to conceal his
trembling hand.

JUDGE LONGSTREET
Mr. Wilson..my daughter, Mary...
my son in law, Charles Rankin.

MARY
How do you do, Mr. Wilson. You
must forgive me.

RANKIN
(shaking hands with him)
How do you do, sir.

WILSON
(in complete control
of himself)
I hope you won't mind my intruding
on your homecoming.

JUDGE LONGSTREET
(pouring sherry
for them)
How were the mountains?

MARY
Perfect. And you ought to see
Charles on skis. I was good,
too, wasn't I, Charles...for a
beginner?

RANKIN
Very.

NOAH
Did you remember to keep your knees
together and your apparatus in.

SARA
(in door way)
Dinner is served.

MARY
(making a moue
at NOAH)
Yes....I remembered.
(to SARA'S embarrassed
delight, she embraces her)
Hello, Sara.

SARA
(squirring)
Welcome home, Miss Mary.

107.
CAMERA MOVES AHEAD OF THEM as they cross the hall into the
dining room.

JUDGE LONGSTREET
Mr. Wilson here is compiling a
catalogue of Paul Revere pewter.

MARY
What fun. Won't you sit here,
Mr. Wilson?

She seats him between her father, in his accustomed place,
and LAWRENCE. Then sits between NOAH and her husband.

NOAH

(to RANKIN)
Mr. Wilson is also an authority
on clocks.

RANKIN, his glass of water halfway to his lips, pauses.

MARY

Really! Why, that's Charles' hobby.

WILSON

So your brother informs me.
(turning to RANKIN)
I understand you're going to fix
the one in the church tower?

RANKIN

I may try.

WILSON

Quite an undertaking.

MARY

To show the kind of wife I am, I
hope he fails. I like Harper as it
is...even to the clock that doesn't
run.

As the scene progresses, SARA moves around the table, serving
dinner. RED, the setter dog, has followed them into the room
and settled himself beside MARY.

RANKIN

How long have you been in Harper,
Mr. Wilson?

WILSON hesitates. Perhaps RANKIN'S questioning is not idle.
If this is KUEHN, KEINKE is sure to have told him he was
followed.

WILSON

Since Friday, a week ago.

LAWRENCE

(looking up quickly)
You've lost a day. I patched you
up on Friday. You were hurt on
Thursday. The day of the wedding.

RANKIN'S fork poises, midway to its destination.

WILSON

(if this is KUEHN, the
cat is now out of the
bag)
That's right. Wednesday I left
Bangor.

RANKIN

You were hurt, Mr. Wilson?

WILSON

Nothing serious.

LAWRENCE

Serious enough to raise a bump on his head the size of a billiard ball.

RANKIN'S last doubts are removed. This is the Devil that pursued HEINICH to Harper.

WILSON

(to the table at large)
The usual door.

RED raises up on his haunches and puts his head on MARY'S lap.

JUDGE LONGSTREET

Good thing you're back, Sister.
That dog of yours has been inconsolable.

MARY

(licking a scrap of
meat from her plate)
That's for missing me, Red.
(she turns to
her father)
How was your meeting, Roger?

JUDGE LONGSTREET

Irritating...
(explaining to WILSON)
The Foreign Policy Association.

FOAL

I read Mr. Standish's report.
I think he's full of prunes.

JUDGE LONGSTREET

That's the way we used to talk in the 1930's, Stephen.

LAWRENCE

Standish?

WILSON

The London Times man in Berlin.

JUDGE LONGSTREET

Of course, he quoted rumors, mostly.
Men drilling by night...underground
meeting places...pagan rituals.

WILSON glances at RANKIN for a reaction. There is none.

NOAH

Do you believe them, Pop?

JUDGE LONGSTREET

It's possible. Anything is possible.

LAWRENCE

It's ridiculous. In 1918, the Germans lost a war but they weren't really beaten. This time it was different. Their country was invaded, their cities laid waste, and the guilty ones made to pay with their lives. Perhaps there are some still to be uncovered fanatics, but no German in his right mind can have any taste for war.

WILSON

Were you overseas, Doctor?

LAWRENCE

My unit was attached to Patton's Third Army.

WILSON

Then your opinion was formed at close range. Do you know Germany, Mr. Rankin?

RANKIN

(casily)

I'd better keep out of this. I've a way of making myself very unpopular when I start on Germany.

WILSON

We shall consider it the objective opinion of an objective historian.

RANKIN

A psychologist could better explain it than an historian...however! The German sees himself as the innocent victim of world envy and hatred...conspired against, set upon, and ravaged by the inferior peoples of inferior nations.

(WILSON is fascinated; MARY and her father, surprised; LAWRENCE skeptical; only

NOAH continues his dinner)

Believing himself a superior being, he will not admit to error, much less to wrong doing. The good people of Coventry knew full well that their Cathedral was made rubble because they chose to ignore Ethiopia and Spain. In reading our own casualty lists, we Americans learned the price of looking the other way when an innocent minority was pilloried.

RANKIN (Cont'd)

Men of truth came to know for whom the bell tolled. But not the German. He has no understanding of cause and effect. There is no connection in his mind between the rubble of Coventry and the bombing of Leipzig...no connection between the thirty million Allied dead and the ten million German. He is quite incapable of facing reality. His world is a mystical world, peopled with warrior gods, marching to Wagnerian strains, their eyes fixed upon the fiery sword of Siegfried.

(he pauses, glances from one face to the other, ending on WILSON)

In those subterranean meeting places... that you do not believe in...his dream world comes alive, and he takes his place in shining armor beneath the banners of the Teutonic Knights. The world awaits the Messiah. And so does the German. But not the Prince of Peace. Instead, another Siegfried, another Barbarossa, another Hitler. A new god breathing fire and promising vengeance.

JUDGE LONGSTREET

Great heavens, Charles...if we concede your argument...there is no solution.

RANKIN

Once again, I differ.

WILSON

What is it, then?

RANKIN

Annihilation...down to the last babe in arms.

WILSON lowers his fork. He has come to a final dead end.

MARY

(disturbed)

I can't imagine you advocating a Carthaginian peace, Charles.

RANKIN

(smiling)

Well, as an historian, I must tell you the world hasn't had any trouble with Carthage in a good many hundreds of years.

WILSON

Then you have no faith, Mr. Rankin, in the reforms that are being effected in Germany.

RANKIN

Wishful thinking, Mr. Wilson. The type of government has been changed... the educational system has been changed... but the people are unchanged. You can't reform a people from without. That must come from within. Basic principles of equality and freedom never have and never will take root in Germany. The will to freedom has been voiced in every tongue... except the German. "All men are created equal". "Liberte, egalite, fraternite." But in German...

NOAE

(interrupting quietly)

"Proletarians, unite. You have nothing to lose but your chains."

RANKIN

(dismissing this with a gesture)

Marx wasn't a German. Marx was a Jew.
(he breaks off)

Forgive my long windedness.
(very seriously)

But I feel this very deeply. Standing before my classes, I am made genuinely unhappy by the conviction that a certain large percentage of the students sitting there will be denied the privilege of being useful citizens. Instead, they must die, all because of one nation's warped mentality. Again, I apologize.

DISSOLVE TO

108.

EXTERIOR THE HARPER INN NIGHT

RANKIN, MARY and WILSON in the front seat beside him, pulls his car to a stop in front of the hotel. RED sits in the back in solitary grandeur.

WILSON

(getting out)

It's most kind of you to drop me.

RANKIN

It's right on our way home.

MARY

Will you come to tea with us on Tuesday, Mr. Wilson. It's our reception for the faculty. You'd be a very welcome addition.

WILSON

I wish I could. But my work here is finished. I shall be leaving Harper tomorrow.

RANKIN

(shaking hands)
Well, pleasant journey.

WILSON

Thank you.

RANKIN drives the car off, WILSON looking after them.

DISSOLVE TO

109.

INTERIOR WILSON'S BEDROOM NIGHT

WILSON

(into telephone)
I'll be in Washington tomorrow afternoon. You were quite right about Rankin. He's above suspicion.

DISSOLVE TO

110.

INTERIOR RANKIN LIVING ROOM NIGHT

RANKIN, preoccupied, is pacing the floor.

MARY

(dawdling with a glass of milk)
Extraordinary, isn't it... clocks being his hobby too?

RANKIN

Very.

MARY

(noticing his pacing)
What's the matter, dear? Are you restless?

RANKIN

(quickly)
Not at all.

MARY stoops to pat RED who has been exploring the room.

MARY

Well, Red, like your new home?
(RED wags his tail)
He says he likes it.
(she rises, yawning)
I'm going to bed.

RANKIN

(quickly)
I'll take Red out.

110 (Continued)

MARY

Just let him out. He won't run
off.

RANKIN

I'd like a walk. Come along, Red.

In the doorway to the hall, she leans against him.

Love me?

MARY

Yes, my darling.

RANKIN

He kisses her. She lays her head against his chest and he holds her briefly in his arms. Then she turns and starts up the stairs. RANKIN snaps his fingers for RED and goes out the door.

111.

EXTERIOR THE RANKIN HOUSE NIGHT

RANKIN comes out, closing the door behind him. Then, with long, hurried strides, moves unhesitatingly towards the woods, RED follows him.

112.

EXTERIOR THE WOODS NIGHT

RANKIN enters and, as he finds MEINIKE'S grave undisturbed, his face lights up with relief. He fishes a cigarette from his pocket and lights it, as he looks down at the leaf-strewn mound of earth. Then, CAMERA MOVING AHEAD OF HIM, he turns and starts for home. After a few paces, he realizes that RED is not at his heels. He turns and snaps his fingers. When RED fails to appear, he whistles. Then:

RANKIN

Here, Red....here, boy....

He waits a moment. RED does not appear. He starts back whence he came.

113.

BESIDE MEINIKE'S GRAVE

RANKIN reenters and looks towards the grave. His eyes narrow.

114.

MEINIKE'S GRAVE

RANKIN sees RED, his forepaws industriously digging into the already frozen earth, the leaves scattered in all directions.

115.

BESIDE THE GRAVE

RED continues his digging as RANKIN watches him. Suddenly, without warning, RANKIN kicks out with all his strength, hitting RED in the ribs. At the moment of contact:

116.

INTERIOR WILSON'S ROOM NIGHT

WILSON, lying in bed, suddenly sits bolt upright as though awakened by RANKIN'S kick.

He switches on a light and gets to his feet. Then hurries to the desk and pulls out his diary. Seating himself he begins to write therein.

117.
INSERT THE PAGE, as WILSON writes:

• RANKIN IS KUHN! Who but a Nazi would deny
Marx as a German because he was a Jew.

118.
BACK TO SCENE

WILSON shoves the diary away and picks up his pipe. He is
very thoughtful as he starts filling it.

DISSOLVE TO

119.
INTERIOR RANKIN BEDROOM NIGHT

RANKIN, in pyjamas and dressing gown, emerges from the
dressing room. He stands for a second, looking down at the
sleeping figure of his wife. The lights, from the room
beside him, shine across her bed. In her sleep, she stirs
fitfully and whimpers, childlike. Suddenly her body jerks
spasmodically and she is awake. She stares up at her
husband, frightened.

RANKIN

What is it, darling?

MARY

(dazedly)

I was dreaming.

(brushing her hand
across her eyes)

That little man.

RANKIN

(sitting beside her)

What little man?

MARY

I told you about him...he came
here...the day we were married....

(she shakes her head)

Give me a cigarette.

RANKIN

(lighting one for her)

Oh...yes. I remember.

He hands her the lighted cigarette. She puffs on it
gratefully.

MARY

I never had a dream like it before.
The little man was walking, all by
himself, across a deserted city square.
Wherever he moved, he threw a shadow.
And the shadow remained on the ground
after he had passed, stretching out
behind him like an endless carpet.

MARY (Cont'd)

(she stops and takes
another puff on the cigarette)
It doesn't sound so bad...telling
it...but in the dream it was
terrifying.

RANKIN

(smoothing her hair
with his hand)
You're over tired, dear.

MARY

I wish you could think who he might
have been, Charles.

RANKIN

It disturbs you to think about him,
dear. So don't any more.

MARY

(smiling at him)
All right. It's silly of me.
(she starts to put out
her cigarette. There is
the howl of a dog, long,
drawn out, ghostly.
She starts in surprise)

What was that?

(RANKIN doesn't answer)

(the howl is heard again)

It must be Red.

(she starts getting
out of bed)

What in the world....

RANKIN

(quietly)

I put him in the cellar.

MARY

(startled)

No wonder he's howling. He's
never been locked up in his life.

RANKIN

This is a new place to him. If
he got out, he might run off and
get lost.

RED howls again, the sound dying away in a moan.

MARY

(her feet fumbling for
the mules beside the bed)
Red got lost? In Harper? Why, he
knows every inch of the country for
miles around. Poor Red, let him
out quickly.

RANKIN

(quietly)
No, Mary.

MARY

Silly! Then I shall.
(she starts
towards the door)

RANKIN

(intercepting her)
Mary, if Red is to live with us,
he must be trained. At night he
will sleep in the cellar. In the
daytime he will be kept on a leash.

MARY

Charles...this is ridiculous.

She starts to pass him. He puts his hands on her arms,
restraining her.

RANKIN

I forbid you, Mary.

MARY

(facing him)
But I don't believe in dogs being
treated like prisoners. And Red
is my dog.

RANKIN

(gently)
And you're my wife, Mary....Please,
darling - I know what's best....

Their eyes stay met for a long moment. Finally, a
decision reached, Mary turns away. Rankin's eyes
follow her as she moves back towards the bed. Red's
unhappy wail rises over the scene.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

120

EXTERIOR THE LONGSTREET HOME NEXT MORNING

NOAH, enroute to school, bicycles down the driveway and out onto the road. RED trots alongside CAMERA PANS with them until they overtake the walking figure of WILSON.

121.

EXTERIOR ROAD DAY

NOAH'S face lights up with pleasure as he meets WILSON.

NOAH

(his bicycle wavering as he slows it)

Hello, Mr. Wilson. I thought you'd be gone by now.

WILSON

(gravely)

Looks as though I'd be staying on for a time.

NOAH drops off the bicycle and wheels it beside WILSON, CAMERA PANS TO LEFT. WILSON bends over to pat RED.

WILSON (Cont'd)

Thought you'd gone to live with your mistress.

NOAH

Mary brought him home this morning. Said he howled all night.

(getting down to business)

Tell me, Mr. Wilson. After Spain, should I double back and do the rest of Europe, or keep on going and do Morocco and Tunisia and then come back to Europe through Sicily?

WILSON

(after a pause)

I should think the latter. But plans are made to be broken.... particularly by travelers.

NOAH

I guess you've been just about everywhere, haven't you, Mr. Wilson?

WILSON

Never to darkest Africa, or the Himalayas, or the Polar regions. My kind of hunting has always been in the jungles of the cities.

NOAH
Antiques, Mr. Wilson?

WILSON doesn't answer. NOAH glances at him. WILSON is frowning. They cross a short bridge. WILSON pauses to knock the bowl of his pipe against the railing. The boy starts to say something but changes his mind. WILSON'S gravity has made him suddenly shy and embarrassed.

WILSON
Young man, can you keep a secret?

NOAH
(surprised)
Why...yes, sir...I think so.

WILSON
I need your help very badly.

NOAH
(more mystified)
Mine?

WILSON
(giving him one of
his rare smiles)
As a matter of fact, you're the only
one can help me.
(he pauses. NOAH
looks up at him)
I walked out here this morning in
the hopes of meeting you...and
having this talk.
(again he pauses. Then:)
Noah...your sister may be in great
trouble.

NOAH
Mary!
(WILSON nods)
What kind of trouble?

WILSON
The truth is I'm not really an
antique dealer, Noah. My kind of
hunting is for men.
(he pauses. NOAH
doesn't understand.
He goes on, very simply)
I'm sort of a detective.

NOAH
(involuntarily)
Oh, that's crazy, Mr. Wilson. Mary
wouldn't be mixed up in anything wrong.

(CONTINUED)

WILSON

I'm sure she wouldn't.

(he smiles reassuringly)

I came to Harper, Noah, looking for a very evil man...a man for whom I've been searching a long time. I got myself invited to your house last night so I could meet your brother-in-law without arousing his suspicions.

NOAH

(aghast)

You think Charles is some sort of a criminal?

WILSON

I think so. And I have to be sure.

NOAH

(after a pause...)

very grimly)

So must I. I'd have to know that Mary was all right.

(looking up at him)

What do you want me to do, Mr. Wilson?

WILSON

Noah...I want to know every move Charles Rankin made on the day of his wedding. Up to the time of the ceremony itself.

NOAH

(frowning)

I should be able...

(a new thought)

...unless Charles realizes what I'm doing.

WILSON

I'll keep him busy this afternoon.

They continue for a moment in silence. Then:

NOAH

(incredulity reasserting itself)

Gee, Mr. Wilson, you must be wrong. Mary would never fall in love with a criminal.

WILSON

I hope I'm wrong, Noah. But unfortunately people can't help who they fall in love with.

DISSOLVE TO

INTERIOR CLOCK TOWER AFTERNOON

The cast iron ANGEL stands in one corner as MARY, a smock covering her, finishes gilding it. The floor is strewn with gears and meshes and RANKIN, lying on the floor, is adjusting the works of the clock below him. The door opens and WILSON enters.

MARY

(surprised)

Why, Mr. Wilson.

WILSON

Good afternoon.

RANKIN, pliers in hand, rises to his feet.

MARY

So you didn't leave?

WILSON

I'm due for a vacation and it occurred to me that the most pleasant one I could spend would be here...

(to RANKIN)

...working with you, on the clock... if you permit it...

(he pauses)

RANKIN

(finally)

I'm delighted.

WILSON

(doing so)

In that case, I'll take off my coat.

RANKIN

You'd like to have a look at the plan, perhaps.

(gesturing towards

drawing on bench)

Mary, show him.

She hands the drawing to WILSON who studies it.

WILSON

It's a Hebrecht, I feel certain.

RANKIN

I wouldn't know. My interest in clocks is purely mechanical.

MARY

One wouldn't think so, to hear him hold forth on the subject. Before you appeared, he was describing the ideal social system in terms of a clock.

(CONTINUED)

WILSON

How interesting.

MARY

(resuming her painting)

Tell Mr. Wilson, Charles.

RANKIN

It's a man's prerogative to bore his wife, but not an acquaintance.

(turning to her as she is about to paint the sword)

Don't paint that, Mary. We'll clean it. It's Toledo steel.

WILSON

Suppose you tell me, Mrs. Rankin.

MARY

Well...as much as I remember. Let's see...the force that runs the clock, the spring, or the weight, or whatever it is, is the head of the State. The pendulum is his government which transforms his inspiration into law. How am I doing, Charles?

RANKIN

Well....

WILSON

(to MARY)

It's most ingenious. Please go on.

MARY

Now, it gets more complicated. The train of gears are the working masses...formed into economic units which engage each other without friction.

(picking up a gear to illustrate)

The teeth are the individuals. And just as these are of flawless metal, well ground and polished, so must the individual be of good blood, trained and fit physically. Well, that's the idea in general.

(smiling at him)

Charles explains it in far greater detail, of course.

WILSON

And what about the hands?

MARY

You forgot about the hands, Charles.

RANKIN

(after a pause)

The hands stand for progress, which would not occur by fits and starts, but according to the laws of harmonic motion.

WILSON

(smiling)

It's plain to see that you're no admirer of democracy, Mr. Rankin, in which progressive ideas are forged in the heat of friction.

RANKIN

On the contrary, I'm a complete democrat as of this year of our Lord. What Mary was telling you has to do with the year 3000.

WILSON

(after a pause)

Oh.

EXTERIOR STREET NIGHT

Wilson and Noah walk towards Potter's, Noah pushing his bicycle with one hand. In the other he holds a notebook to which he refers.

NOAH

Then he went to a fifth form class which he dismissed, as usual, at half past three. After that...until five o'clock...there's a gap I can't account for. He left Webster Hall and crossed towards Faculty Row, as if he was going home. But he didn't arrive there for more than an hour.

WILSON

What time did he get there?

NOAH

I don't know exactly, Mr. Wilson. But he was there at five o'clock when Jeff came to pick him up for the wedding.

WILSON

Jeff?

NOAH

That's Dr. Lawrence.

WILSON

Are Dr. Lawrence and Mr. Rankin good friends?

NOAH

Jeff's our friend. Has been all our lives.

(he pauses..then blurts out)

He and Mary...We thought some day they'd get married.

WILSON

I don't know.

POTTER

Well...reckon it don't make much
difference 'mongst angels.

(without pausing as one
of the boys comes to
the counter)

That'll be eighty-five cents.

The boy pays and he and his fellows go out as WILSON
glances at his watch.

WILSON

Mr. Rankin been in yet this
evening?

POTTER

Not yet. Generally comes down
for his papers 'bout now.

WILSON

Yes...I know.

(casually)

By the way, Mr. Potter, our little
friend never did come back for his
suitcases, did he?

POTTER

Nope.

WILSON

Strange.

POTTER

Ain't it, though?

(he pauses, then:)

Been tempted once or twice to take
a look and see what's inside 'em.

(he looks hopefully
at WILSON)

They ain't even locked.

WILSON

Seems to me that, under the circumstances,
you have a perfect right.

POTTER

(grabbing the bait)

Think so?

(WILSON nods. POTTER'S
timidity asserts itself)

Wouldn't want to do it without a
witness.

WIISON

Oh. Noah...A...how do you know Rankin didn't get home for more than an hour after his last class?

NOAH

Because Mary was there, waiting for him, and he didn't show up.

WIISON

How long was your sister there?

NOAH

Oh, from about three o'clock on. She was hanging curtains or something, so that the place would be ready when they got back from their honeymoon.

WIISON

Then your sister was there until some time after four?

(.NOAH nods)

And if Meinike went to Rankin's house, your sister would have seen him?

NOAH mounts his bicycle.

NOAH

Meinike? Who's Meinike?

WIISON

A little man who isn't here.

They have reached the entrance to POTTER'S. WIISON stops, nods goodnight to NOAH who pedals off. WIISON enters POTTER'S.

124.
INTERIOR POTTER'S NIGHT

Four Harper boys enjoy their sodas at a table. WIISON goes to the fountain. POTTER instantly starts pouring coffee for him.

POTTER

Hear you and Perfesser Rankin aim to fix the clock.

(WIISON nods)

Figure it'll tell time rightly?

(WIISON nods again)

And strike the hour?

(another nod)

And will the angel circle round the belfry?

(another nod)

Is that a man or a woman angel, Mr. Wilson?

RANKIN now knows these are MEINIKE'S suitcases. He moves over to stand on the opposite side of MARY from WILSON.

MARY

(with normal interest)

Did he tell you what he was doing in Harper?

POTTER

Nope. Ordered coffee. Didn't drink it. Looked in the phone book. Didn't telephone. Kind of funny looking he was. Short and fat. Walked funny...like any second he might break into a run.

MARY

(with sudden excitement)

Did he have a foreign accent?

Beneath the counter, RANKIN'S hand closes like a vise on her wrist. She turns to face him as POTTER replies. Their eyes meet, warning in RANKIN'S. WILSON observes this by play.

POTTER

Why, yes, he did. Not so much of an accent...as a foreign way of talking. You know. Words in the wrong places.

RANKIN'S eyes, fixed on MARY'S, glare briefly. Then, conscious of WILSON'S interest, he looks down at the counter. But his hand on her wrist increases its pressure.

WILSON

Do you know who he could be, Mrs. Rankin?

MARY

(forces a laugh)

Why...no. I was..how should I... I was just trying to make your mystery complete. Shouldn't all mysterious strangers have foreign accents?

RANKIN looses his grip. They all turn towards the door as it opens and NOAH rushes in. He ignores their greetings.

NOAH

Mary, have you seen Red?

MARY

Not since I took him home this morning.

NOAH

I've looked all over for him.

RANKIN

(he alone knows
where the dog is)
I thought last night you told me
he never ran off.

NOAH

(answering for MARY)
He never did.

MARY

That's why Noah's anxious.
(slips down from
her stool)
Come on, Charles, we'll go see.
I'll telephone you, Noah, if
he's at our place or not.

She leads the way out, RANKIN at her heels.

WILSON

How about a soda, Noah? .9

NOAH

No, thank you, sir...I think
I'll go look some more.

WILSON

I'll join you.
(nodding)
Good night, Mr. Potter.

127

EXTERIOR POTTER'S NIGHT

WILSON and NOAH come out and see the RANKIN roadster
disappearing down the street. NOAH looks after it.

NOAH

Were you able to find out anything?

WILSON

(nodding)
Meinike did go to Rankin's house.
And your sister did see him.

They move down the street, CAMERA PRECEDING THEM.

NOAH

Did Mary say so?

WILSON

She started to. But when she
realized that he didn't want her
to tell, she stopped. That sister
of yours is a nice girl, Noah.

NOAH

What's the next step, sir?

WILSON

Mary must learn what manner of man she's married to.

NOAH

You don't know Mary. She wouldn't listen to anything against him... much less believe.

WILSON

We must arrange things, Noah, so that she finds out for herself.

(rubs his chin reflectively)

One thing sure, she knows nothing now...nothing at all...except that he didn't want her to admit having seen someone she saw. I'd give something to know what explanation he's making right now.

DISSOLVE TO

128.

TRAVELING SHOT RANKIN'S CAR NIGHT

RANKIN, driving at high speed, passes a car on a curve. His wheels skid. MARY gasps involuntarily.

RANKIN

I was a student at Geneva. There was a girl...The night before I was to leave, we went out on the lake together. She said she would never return to shore unless I promised to marry her. I thought she was joking. She wasn't. Before I could stop her, she'd stood up in the boat and made her threat good. I dived after her, but she was gone.

(he pauses)

Only one person knew we had gone out on that lake together. Her brother. I told him what had happened. He pretended not to believe me. Accused me of her murder. Then he seemed to relent. Perhaps it had been an accident. If I were willing to compensate him for the loss of his sister, perhaps there might be no need of an investigation. I gave him what money I had and the next day left Switzerland. Gradually, as the years went by, I allowed myself to believe that the dead past really was dead.

RANKIN (Cont'd)

(again he pauses)
Then, on our wedding day, Mary, he
appeared again. Well, I'd once
bought ten years of silence. Perhaps
now I could buy another. Anything
rather than risk losing you. I gave
him all the money I had in the world..
...and he went away.

He stops the car in front of the house and turns towards her.

MARY

You should have told me...not
carried this awful thing all by
yourself.

RANKIN

Mary...you're very wonderful.
(he kisses
her tenderly)
And I love you very much.

He pushes open the door of the car. She starts to get out.
Stops.

MARY

Charles...
(he looks at her
inquiringly)
...why didn't he go back for his
things?

RANKIN

(after a pause)
Once he had money, I suppose he
could afford better. You run on
in. I'll put the car away.

She gets out. As she goes into the house, he spins the
car towards the garage.

DISSOLVE TO

129.

EXTERIOR MEINIKE'S GRAVE NIGHT

RED'S forepaws plow into the hard earth, scooping it up
behind him. CAMERA PULLS BACK to include RANKIN, immobile,
watching the dog. He takes a cautious step forward. His
foot snaps a dried branch. Instantly, RED freezes, head
raised to face the intruder. RANKIN, his chance of surprise
gone, holds out his hand in a reassuring gesture.

RANKIN

(softly)
Here, Red. Here, boy.

He moves forward gently, hoping not to frighten the dog before he can reach his collar. As his hand almost touches, RED leaps aside, and takes a new position. Again RANKIN attempts to reach him without alarming him. Again the dog evades him. Through the naked trees, the pursuit continues; RANKIN by turns threatening and cajoling.

Finally, RANKIN makes a sudden grab for the dog. RED snaps at him. The two stand staring at each other for a moment. Then, his face grim, RANKIN begins filling the hole RED has dug. The dog stands immobile, watching him.

FADE OUT

130.
 INTERIOR CLASS ROOM NEXT AFTERNOON

NOAH'S desk is empty. RANKIN, a new tension in his manner, is lecturing.

RANKIN

...He lived dangerously...and he was prepared to die dangerously. During the greater part of his reign, Frederick always carried a vial of poison on his person. He never had to use it.

(his eyes are drawn to NOAH'S empty desk. He pauses...then catches himself)

Where was I, Heathcote?

HEATHCOTE

(rising)

You said Frederick didn't use his poison, sir.

RANKIN

(nodding)

Unlike many of his successors in ruling Germany, Frederick won his battles...and was allowed to die at his appointed time. Had he lived longer, it might have...

(a bell rings.

He doesn't finish the sentence)

Time, gentlemen. Until tomorrow.

He turns back to his desk and gathers up his papers hurriedly as the boys exit into the hallway. As he straightens up, he stops FURMAN.

RANKIN

Oh, Furman?

FURMAN

(coming to him)

Yes, sir.

RANKIN

Seen Longstreet?

FURMAN

No, sir. He hasn't been in any of his classes today.

RANKIN

(nodding)
Thank you. I just wondered.

DISSOLVE TO

131.

EXTERIOR THE WOODS AFTERNOON

Beside a small bridge crossing a shallow gully, NOAH and WILSON stand beside the dead body of RED.

NOAH

(pointing across
the bridge)

I came by just over there...
whistling for him. I bet he was
trying to get to me. Yes, sir...
poor old Red...that's what he was
trying to do. He heard my whistle,
I bet, but he couldn't bark or
anything. He crawled this far and
just died. If only I'd come down
this path, I'd have seen him and
maybe I could have done something.
Anyway...he wouldn't have died...
all alone.

(his lips tremble
threateningly. To cover
his emotion, he bends over
and pets the dead dog's
head very gently)

Poor old Red...he was an awfully
good dog.

(he straightens up)
Well...guess I'd better go home and
get a spade so I can go about burying
him.

He turns towards home. But WILSON only leans against the
bridge and methodically begins filling his pipe.

WILSON

What do you imagine caused Red's
death, Stephen?

NOAH

I guess he just got sick and....
(the thought suddenly
strikes him)

..you don't suppose he could have
been poisoned; do you, Mr. Wilson?
(WILSON, filling his
pipe, frowns)

But who would do a thing like that
to Red?

WILSON

Probably no one. And yet..well..
if it were not a dog but a human
being, there'd be an autopsy.

DISSOLVE TO

132.

INTERIOR DR. LAWRENCE'S EXAMINING ROOM

A bright overhead light shines down on a steel examination table on which lies the sheeted body of RED. WILSON and NOAH stand watching DR. LAWRENCE as he heats a test tube over the flame of a bunsen burner. The contents of the tube boil up. LAWRENCE studies it.

LAWRENCE

There's enough cyanide in his
stomach to kill a horse, let
alone a dog.

NOAH

(violently)
We'll find out who did it, won't
we, Mr. Wilson? We'll never stop
until we do find out. And then I'll
kill him.

During this, WILSON has broken off a little piece of mud from one of Red's forepaws.

WILSON

How long could the dog have lived
with that amount of cyanide in him?

LAWRENCE

Not more than a minute or so,
I'd say.

NOAH

What does the law say about this kind
of murder? Is the penalty the same
as for killing a man? It ought to be.
It's just as bad.

WILSON

Then he must have been poisoned within
a few hundred yards of where Noah
found him. And the latter part of that
distance he must have been moving more
and more slowly.

(abruptly)

Thank you very much, Dr. Lawrence.

NOAH

Yes...thanks, Jeff.

They put RED'S body into a sack. The boy puts it over his shoulder. They go out. CAMERA TRUCKS AHEAD OF THEM as they move down the darkening streets.

WILSON

(showing NOAH the
piece of dried mud
in his hand)

Forepaws muddy....No mud on hind.

(he crumbles it
and looks at it)

Dry leaves mixed with the mud.
Red must have been digging somewhere
in the woods.

NOAH

Have you got any idea what for,
Mr. Wilson?

WILSON

(nodding)

A body, I think....Meinike's.

NOAH

(in horror)

The little man....

(WILSON nods)

Then....

(the thought is too
monstrous for words)

...you mean....Charles....the
little man.....

On - NOAH'S horrified face:

FADE OUT

FADE IN

133.

EXTERIOR STREET DAY

RANKIN, in shirt sleeves, emerges from the church and crosses to POTTER'S. The door to the shop is closed. RANKIN tries it. It is locked. POTTER, in coat and hat, and carrying a spade appears and unlocks it. He opens the door to admit RANKIN. CAMERA follows him in.

POTTER

You just caught me.

RANKIN

Anything wrong?

POTTER

Wrong? Oh...you mean, closin' up like this?

(RANKIN nods)

Just goin' on the search. What were you after?

RANKIN

A can of oil, please.

(as POTTER gets it)

What search?

POTTER

For the body.

(RANKIN stiffens)

State police've deputized half the town.

RANKIN

(forcing himself to be casual)

One misses the news...up in the clock tower. What body are they searching for?

POTTER

They don't rightly know. But my bet is it's the feller that left his bags here.

(handing him the oil)

Fifteen cents. I'll put it on your account. They're goin' to search the woods. Want to come along?

RANKIN

(starting out)

No. I have something to attend to.

He hurries out. POTTER follows him and locks the door on the outside.

DISSOLVE TO

134.
INTERIOR RANKIN HOUSE DAY

RANKIN, in the hallway, hangs up his coat and hat. SARA enters from the kitchen.

SARA
Oh, it's you, sir. I thought perhaps it was Miss Mary....I mean, Mrs. Rankin.

RANKIN
(shortly)
She's out?

SARA
Yes, sir. She said she'd be back shortly.

RANKIN nods and starts upstairs.

DISSOLVE TO

135.
INTERIOR RANKIN BEDROOM DAY

On the bed, an open suitcase is half packed with RANKIN'S clothes. Shirts and underwear, ready for packing, are stacked beside it. CAMERA PANS OVER TO RANKIN, seated in an armchair beside the window. He is smoking a cigarette and his fingers beat a nervous tattoo upon the arms of the chair. His eyes never move from the window. Suddenly he tenses.

136.
EXTERIOR RANKIN GROUNDS

Through the window, RANKIN sees MARY drive up to the house and stop the car in front of the door.

137.
INTERIOR RANKIN BEDROOM

RANKIN instantly rises, butts his cigarette, and resumes his packing. He pays no attention to the murmur of MARY'S and SARA'S voices from below, nor the sound of MARY'S heels as she runs up the stairs. She opens the door and comes into the room, apparently surprising him.

MARY
(entering)
Sara told me you were....
(she breaks off,
seeing him packing)
Why are you packing? Are we going somewhere?

He straightens up and looks at her for a moment in silence. Then slowly goes to the door and closes it. He turns back to MARY and takes her hands in his. He kisses first one, then the other.

RANKIN

We aren't, my dearest...I am.

MARY

What are you talking about?

RANKIN

As a rule, men leave their wives because they don't love them, but I...

(he falters...regains his self-control)

I must leave you because I do.

(she starts to speak
He stops her)

Oh, you'll make no objection once you know the kind of man you married.

MARY

You are the man I married. That's all that matters. I meant what I said... for better...for worse.

RANKIN

(harshly)

Even to killing Red?

MARY recoils instantly. RANKIN watches narrowly for her reaction.

MARY

(astast)

You couldn't have.

RANKIN

And yet...I did.

MARY

It was an accident.

RANKIN

No. I meant to kill him.

MARY

I can't believe...you know how much I loved him.

RANKIN

Oh, there was reason enough. Murder can be a chain, Mary. One link leading to another until it circles your neck.

(he turns away from her.

Her stricken eyes follow him to the window)

Red was digging at the grave of a man I killed. Yes...your little man...

MARY

(in a whisper)

You killed him?

RANKIN

With these hands.

(he holds them
out to her)

The same hands that have held you
close to me.

(again harshly)

Now are you satisfied to let me go?

MARY

(in an agonized voice)

Why did you do it?

RANKIN

I'd have given him all I had....
but his dreams were far grander.
He knew that your father is wealthy...
Did you ever stop to think I was
making a very good match in
marrying you?

MARY

Stop torturing me.

RANKIN

He was sure that Justice Longstreet
would be glad to protect his daughter
against scandal by paying a few
thousand dollars.

(turns back to face her)

Oh, Mary, I should have gone away and
lost myself in a world where Meinike
could never find me. That's what I
should have done. Instead...

(he looks at her

for a long moment)

I loved you and I was weak.

(he turns back

toward the window)

MARY

(she comes to his
side, then softly)

Charles...if one of us goes, we
both go.

(she manages a
tremulous smile)

You would have shared half my
trouble, Charles, if I'd had any.

RANKIN

Mary.

(he seems about to yield,
then his body stiffens and
his face becomes grim)

No....I won't let you.

MARY

Tell me, Charles...
 (she hesitates. Then:)
 What is there to connect you with
 that man?

RANKIN

(the victor)
 Nothing, actually. You're the
 only one who knows I knew him.

MARY

Then what have you to fear...if
 I'm the only one who can speak?

RANKIN

But in failing to speak you become
 a part of the crime.

MARY

I'm a part of it anyway because
 I'm a part of you.

For the first time, RANKIN feels completely secure. He starts to sweep her into his arms. She yields herself willingly to him. Then some instinctive reaction that she herself doesn't understand makes her body tremble. RANKIN instantly pulls back...only his hands remaining on her arms.

RANKIN

And yet you shudder at the first
 touch of my hands...as though it
 was the touch of death.

MARY

(shaking her head)
 It's nothing. Nerves.
 (forcing herself)
 Hold me close, Charles.

She raises her lips to him. Watching her intently, he kisses her. She forces herself to respond. Then, suddenly, she slumps in his arms. She has fainted. Again, all expression falls from his face. His eyes grow dull and his mouth hangs slightly open. He picks her up and carries her to the bed. He lays her down and stands looking down at her. Unconsciously, his fingers flex themselves. He knows now that she, too, must die.

During this, over scene, there has arisen the excited shouts of boys running past the house. He becomes conscious of the sound. Its meaning is obvious. He is himself again as he crosses to the window.

EXTERIOR RANKIN HOUSE

Through the window, RANKIN sees boys running to and fro, shouting excitedly to each other, their words lost in the wind.

139.

INTERIOR RANKIN BEDROOM

RANKIN throws open the window and leans out.

RANKIN

(calling)

Fulbright...Walker...what's happened?

BOY'S VOICE

They've found the grave, sir.
They're digging now.

Without answering, RANKIN shuts the window again. Then turns back to MARY as she begins to stir.

140.

EXTERIOR THE WOODS AFTERNOON

MEINIKE'S grave has been opened and a rope has been strung on stakes around it to keep the crowd from trampling around it. The exhumed body lies, under canvas, beside the grave. Uniformed state patrolmen are snapping pictures of the scene. POTTER, sweat stained from the exertion of digging, is talking to two men in f.g.

POTTER

Know darned well it was the same feller. 'Course he's changed some. Bein' buried in the earth does it.

CAMERA swings away to WILSON and NOAH standing on a little knoll, looking down at the scene.

NOAH

What'll we do about Mary? We can't leave her alone with him... now that we know?

WILSON

(smokes his pipe
in silence. Then:)

She realizes now that whatever story he told her about Meinike was false.

(he pauses)

Noah, I think your sister should be ready to hear the truth.

141.
 INTERIOR RANKIN DINING ROOM NIGHT

MARY and RANKIN are dining by candlelight. The food on her plate is v-tually ignored. RANKIN is forcing himself to eat.

RANKIN
 (breaking the silence)
 You must eat, darling.

Like an obedient child, MARY picks up her fork and puts some food into her mouth. She takes a sip of water to help her swallow.

MARY
 Charles...they won't make me
 look at the body, will they?

RANKIN
 I shouldn't think so.

MARY
 I couldn't do it. At least, I
 don't think I could. I never saw
 a dead person...

She breaks off as SARA enters, vegetable dish in hand.

RANKIN
 How many are you having at your tea?

MARY
 Twenty-eight, all together.
 (to SARA..at her elbow)
 No more, thank you, Sara.

SARA
 You don't eat more than that,
 you'll be fainting again.

RANKIN
 (to MARY)
 Isn't that too many for just you
 and Sara?
 (to SARA, at his elbow)
 No more for me either, thank you.

SARA
 We'll manage all right.

She exits into kitchen.

MARY
 (in a low
 urgent voice)
 Must we, Charles?

RANKIN
(almost fiercely)
Hush. Of course we must.

MARY
But what if I should...

RANKIN
Should what?

MARY
(numbly)
I don't know. I only know that
I'm terrified of seeing anybody...
of being seen.

RANKIN
(voice level)
You must keep tight hold of yourself,
Mary. If you're really going through
with this you must know beforehand
what you are going to say...and do.
Yet you must give the impression of
absolute naturalness.
(without a break as
SARA reenters to
clear away)
Dr. Hobson may not be able to come.
He has a meeting on Tuesday morning in
Boston. Unless he makes perfect
connections....

(a telephone rings
offscene as SARA exits)
...Above all, you must give the
impression of absolute naturalness at
all times. I'm prepared to face the
police or...

(again he interrupts
himself as SARA enters)

SARA
It's your father, Miss Mary. He
wants to talk to you.

MARY slips from her chair and goes to the telephone in hall
just outside dining room.

MARY
(into phone)
Hello.
(pause)
Why, yes, I think so...
(again a pause)
Just wait one second. I'll see.

She sets the receiver down on the table and comes back to
the doorway. Panic is in her tone.

MARY (Cont'd)

He wants me to come over.

RANKIN

(levelly)

Did he ask me too?

MARY

(shaking her head)

He said he wanted to see me alone.
I'm frightened, Charles.

RANKIN

There's nothing unusual in a father
wanting to see his daughter. You
must go.

She looks at him, then her eyes drop as she turns back to
the phone. RANKIN rises from the table and follows her into
the hall, CAMERA PANNING WITH HIM.

MARY

(at phone)

All right, Adam. I'll be along
in a few minutes.

She hangs up and looks at her husband.

RANKIN

(reassuringly)

You can drop me off at the church.
I'll work on the clock while you're
with your father. When you're
through, you can join me there.

MARY

Charles...I'm afraid. It was so
pointed...his wanting to see me
alone. And his voice, it sounded
different.

RANKIN

(his hand on
her hair)

You know what you're going to say,
don't you, Mary? You know you hold
my life in your hands?

Looking up at him, she nods slowly.

DISSOLVE TO

142.

INTERIOR UPPER HALLWAY LONGSTREET HOME NIGHT

MARY, visibly braced for any emergency, crosses to the
entrance of her father's study. She hesitates a moment.
Then throws open the door.

143.
 INTERIOR JUDGE LONGSTREET'S STUDY NIGHT

MARY, silhouetted in the light from the hallway behind her, stands on the threshold of a dark room. There is no sound except a faint metallic murmur, not instantly identifiable. The sound stops and the room is suddenly lighted.

144.
 THE ROOM FROM MARY'S ANGLE

WILSON stands beside the JUDGE'S desk on which is mounted a sixteen millimetre projector, a reel of film half run. At the opposite end of the room, a portable screen masks the bookcases. The JUDGE, his face lined, rises from his rocker which has been moved to face the screen.

JUDGE LONGSTREET

(gravely)
 Come in, Mary.
 (he closes the door
 behind her, smiles at
 her reassuringly)
 Sit down, my dear.

MARY

(looks from her father
 to WILSON and back to
 her father again)
 Is something wrong?

JUDGE LONGSTREET

Mary...Mr. Wilson is here on a very serious matter and we must try to help him in every way possible. He wants to ask some questions of you.

MARY

What is it you wish to know, Mr. Wilson?

WILSON

You know about the body that was discovered yesterday?

(MARY nods)

Did you ever meet the deceased, Mrs. Rankin?

MARY

No, Mr. Wilson, I didn't.

WILSON

Have you seen the body, Mrs. Rankin?

MARY

No....

WILSON

Then how can you be sure you never met?

MARY

(hesitates)
..Of course I can't be sure.

WILSON

(produces a photograph -
hands it to MARY)
Does this photograph serve to
refresh your memory, Mrs. Rankin?
(holding it, MARY tries
to keep her hand from
trembling. She shakes
her head)

145.

INSERT: Picture of MEINIKE, in civilian clothes, in MARY'S
trembling hand.

WILSON'S VOICE

Are you sure you don't recognize him?

146.

BACK TO SCENE

MARY

(masking fear with
a show of anger)
Of course I'm sure. Do you suspect
me of something. If so, what?

WILSON

Of shielding a murderer.

MARY half rises from her chair. Her knees buckle and she
sinks back.

WILSON (Cont'd)

Mrs. Rankin, I'm on the Allied
Commission for the punishment of
war criminals. It's my job to
bring escaped Nazis to justice.
It is that job that brought me
to Harper.

MARY

Surely you don't think...I've never
so much as known a Nazi, Mr. Wilson.

WILSON

You might, without realizing it.
They look like other people and act
like them - when it's to their interest.
(he pauses. Then with
apparent irrelevance)
I've been showing your father some
films, Mrs. Rankin. I'd like you to see
them too.

WILSON throws the light switch. The room is in darkness. MARY, not knowing what to anticipate, sits tense in her chair. JUDGE LONGSTREET'S anxious eyes stay on her. WILSON, un- hurriedly, moves to the projector. He touches a switch. The sound of the motor begins again. After a second the light in the machine comes on and the picture is thrown on the screen. The scenes are of Buchenwald.

WILSON

(quietly)

...A gas chamber. Mrs. Rankin...the candidates were first given hot showers so that their pores would be open and the gas would act that much more quickly. That is a crematory, Mrs. Rankin. Twenty furnaces in a line were kept burning day and night... And that is a lime pit in which hundreds of men, women and children were buried alive.

MARY

(unable to take her eyes from the screen)

Why do you wish me to look at these horrors?

WILSON

They are all the product of one mind...
...the mind of a man named Walther Kuhn.

MARY

(trying to identify the name)

Walther Kuhn...

The film continues, though WILSON no longer pays any attention to it. His concern is with MARY.

WILSON

It was Kuhn who conceived the theory of mass depopulation of conquered countries, so that regardless of who won the war, Germany would emerge the strongest nation in western Europe, biologically speaking. It was for this purpose that the mass murders he instigated were conceived.

(he pauses. Her eyes go back to the screen. Then:)

Unlike Goebbels and Himmler and the others, Kuhn had a passion for anonymity. The newspapers carried no picture of him.

WILSON (Cont'd)

And, before he disappeared, he destroyed all evidence that might link him with his past, down to the last fingerprint. There is no clue to the identity of Walther Kuhn... except one little thing...He has a hobby that almost amounts to a mania....clocks.

MARY

(starts to get out of her chair - her knees buckle - she slips back into it)

So have lots of people...you..yourself.

WILSON

(ignoring her question)

I've not finished, Mrs. Rankin. In prison in Czechoslovakia, a creature named Meinike was awaiting execution. Meinike was the one-time executive officer of Walther Kuhn. He was an obscenity on the face of the earth. The smell of burning flesh was in his clothes. We gave him his freedom on the chance that he might lead me to Kuhn. He led me here, Mrs. Rankin. And here; I lost him...until yesterday. Your dog, Red, found him for me. But unfortunately Meinike was dead and buried.. ..Meinike had found Kuhn and Kuhn had murdered him because he was afraid that Meinike was a threat to his own safety. Later, he murdered Red because Red also had become a threat. Now, in all the world, there is only one person who can identify Walther Kuhn. That person is the one who knows...knows positively... who Meinike came to Harper to see.

The last frames of film run through the projector and the loose end flaps monotonously against the still turning reel. The bright light shines full on the screen. WILSON ignores it.

MARY

(finally...almost moaning)
I don't know....I know nothing...Let me alone...

Now WILSON snaps on the room lights...turns off the projector.

WILSON

You were at Rankin's house during the afternoon of the day you were married?

MARY

(gasping)
Yes.

WILSON

Did anyone come to the door while you were there?

MARY

Not that I remember.

WILSON

Try your best to remember, Mrs. Rankin. It was not so long ago...only three weeks. You were hanging curtains.

MARY

No one came.

WILSON

Were you alone the whole time?

MARY

(after a pause)
No.

WILSON

Who else was there?

MARY

Charles was.

(with a great effort of will; she composes herself, then continues)
He came right after his last class, and we were together for more than an hour.

(she rises)

Mr. Wilson...you have nothing to link my husband with this man..Kuhn...except a wild suspicion. A ridiculous suspicion. You're trying to use me to implicate him. You can't. I won't discuss it further.

(without warning, she throws open the door and exits)

JUDGE LONGSTREET

Mary!

He follows her out of the room.

147.
INTERIOR HALLWAY NIGHT

112.

MARY runs down the stairs. Her father appears at their head.

JUDGE LONGSTREET

(calling to her)
Wait a minute, Sister.
(the use of the old term
of affection stops her:
She pauses, irresolute,
then turns to face him.
He comes down to her,
puts his arm around her
shoulder and they continue
down stairs together)

That's better.

(they reach the bottom. He
turns her to face him)

You know that your welfare and Noah's
means more to me than anything, don't
you?

MARY

(her voice a
little unsteady)
Yes, Adam, I know that.

JUDGE LONGSTREET

We've got to face this thing with
complete honesty, sister. Your entire
happiness may well depend on your
speaking the absolute truth.

(MARY begins to
cry, silently)

If Mr. Wilson is right and you have
innocently married a criminal....it's
no marriage and there is no call upon
your loyalty as a wife.

MARY

Charles wouldn't do anybody any harm
...except to protect somebody he
loves. He's good.

JUDGE LONGSTREET

In that case, the truth can't hurt him.
(she looks up at him.

His voice is very gentle)

Charles wasn't with you that afternoon,
sister. I remember your saying so when
you came home.

MARY

(suddenly flying out)
You're against Charles! You've never
liked him! That's why you won't believe
me!! Let us alone...he's my husband...and
I love him!!! More than I love you...or
Noah...or anybody!! Let us alone.....

She flings open the front door and runs out. JUDGE LONGSTREET looks after her sadly. There is the sound of her running footsteps..then the slam of a car door....the grinding of a starter...the clash of gears...the motor racing as she speeds away. Then the JUDGE hears WILSON'S footsteps as he comes slowly down the stairs. The JUDGE turns to face him. WILSON carries a case in which is the projector.

WILSON

You see, Judge Longstreet, it's not that your daughter doesn't believe the facts. She can't accept them. Her conscious will won't allow her. They're too horrible to acknowledge. Not so much that Rankin could be Kuhn.... as that she could ever have given her love to such a creature.

(he pauses)

But we have one ally.

(JUDGE LONGSTREET looks

at him, not understanding)

Her subconscious. It knows what the truth is and is struggling to be heard.

(they move out of the house and down the steps, CAMERA preceding them)

The will to truth within your daughter is too strong to be denied.

JUDGE LONGSTREET

(thoughtfully)

Look here, Wilson....if he isn't Charles Rankin, we should be able to expose him without too much difficulty.

WILSON

I'm not interested in proving he isn't Charles Rankin, Judge Longstreet. I'm only interested in proving that he is Walther Kuhn.

JUDGE LONGSTREET

How do you propose to do that?

148.

The men are moving down driveway.

WILSON

Through your daughter.
(he hesitates)

WILSON (Cont'd)

Unless I'm mistaken, she's headed for a nervous breakdown. That's the usual result of a person being inwardly divided. Rankin will recognize this. That's what I'm banking on.

JUDGE LONGSTREET

What do you mean?

WILSON

He can't afford to trust a person approaching hysteria. He won't. He'll have to act.

(dispassionately)

He may try to escape before she collapses. Which would be an admission of guilt. Or....

With irritating methodicalness, he stops, raps the bowl of his pipe against the projector case. Then examines it meticulously to be sure the last shreds of tobacco have been knocked out. Satisfied, he unscrews the stem.

JUDGE LONGSTREET

(impatently)

Go on.

Before answering, WILSON blows through the disconnected stem, then squints through it to see that it is clean. He screws it back on. Then:

WILSON

(calmly)

He may kill her.

JUDGE LONGSTREET

(with angry incredulity)

Mr. Wilson...this is my daughter we're discussing.

WILSON

You're shocked at my cold-bloodedness, Judge Longstreet.

(he resumes walking.)

JUDGE LONGSTREET has no alternative but to continue with him)

That's quite natural. You're her father. It's because you are her father that I'm talking like this. I feel I owe it to you.

(he pauses)

Naturally, I shall try to prevent murder being done.

In far b.g., the silhouette of the clock tower comes into view. CAMERA remains stationary as the two men move on, their voices becoming more and more indistinct.

WILSON (Cont'd)

However, the proof that murder is his aim is the strongest evidence your daughter could have...

No further words can be heard. CAMERA begins moving forward towards the clock tower.

DISSOLVE TO

149.
INTERIOR CLOCK TOWER NIGHT

Swinging from a cross beam, a lighted lantern throws ghostly shadows through the room, transforming its upright oaken beams and uprights into eerie outlines. RANKIN, in shirt sleeves, is working on the clock, the pounding of his hammer and chisel deadening any outside noise. There is jubilation in his eyes. The door opens and MARY enters. She stands on the threshold, watching him.

150. CLOSE SHOT MARY
A startling change has taken place in her since leaving her father's house. Her face is set in rigid lines and her eyes are very hard, darting suddenly first to one side then the other as though in fear of being watched. There is no sign of any hysteria in her manner, though her movements and speech brand her as a neurotic.

MARY

(cold voiced)
Charles.

151.
INTERIOR CLOCK TOWER NIGHT

RANKIN turns to face her. His face is working with excitement. He hardly sees her.

RANKIN

Wait!

He turns back to the clock. Suddenly it is in motion. Hereafter throughout the scene there is the regular beat indicating the passing of the seconds.

RANKIN (Cont'd)

It's working! After how long?
After more than a hundred years....
Listen.

(he moves his head in
time with the beat)

MARY

It was a trap...just as you said.
Wilson was there. He tried to
tell me you were a Nazi....
somebody called Walther Kuhn..As
if I'd believe such a thing.
Imagine...you...an escaped Nazi.

RANKIN stops his work...is silent.....then, after a
moment, resumes working.

MARY(Cont'd)

He thinks he's very clever, that
Wilson...very clever indeed. His
idea was to horrify me into telling
him about Meinike. You wouldn't
believe anyone could think up such
fantastic things.
(she laughs)

RANKIN

(laughing with her)
Who did he say he thought I was?

MARY

Walther Kuhn.
(she stops laughing)
You're not, are you?

RANKIN

No.

MARY

He made it all up...just to trap
me...but I told him nothing. And
I told father nothing. I outfaced
them both.

The clock begins to chime.

RANKIN

Listen.
(he counts the beats
with imperceptible
movements of his head)
A good omen.

MARY

It'll be simple enough to prove you
aren't...
(she hesitates
over the name)
..that Nazi. We'll find somebody who
was in your class at college. He'll
identify you...and that's all there'll
be to it.

RANKIN

But if he isn't really after
Walther Kuhn. If all that's just
to horrify you, as you said, then
what would be the use? He can't
touch me...I'm quite safe...if
you say nothing.

MARY

I won't, Charles...I promise.
They can torture me.

OVERSCENE the sound of voices. Calls from the distance.

RANKIN

(triumphantly)
..The chimes have awakened Harper.
We must go down. Act naturally.
Smile at them.

He puts his arm around her shoulder and leads her onto
landing.

MARY

I shall.

She starts down the ladder first.

RANKIN

Be careful.
(he gives her his hand)

MARY

I don't need any help....
really, Charles.

They start down the ladder.

DISSOLVE TO

152.
EXTERIOR CHURCH NIGHT

Six or eight townspeople have been called out by the chiming
of the clock. Some are fully dressed, but most have hastily
pulled on whatever was handiest. POTTER, overcoat over
pyjamas, occupies the forefront.

POTTER

...and when she struck, that
angel started marching. It
was a sight to behold.

RANKIN and MARY emerge from the church. They are instantly
surrounded.

FIRST MAN

You sure pulled it off, Professor.
My hat's off to you.

SECOND MAN

Congratulations.

WOMAN

Won't the Rector be delighted?

SECOND WOMAN

Is it goin' to chime every hour...
all night. How's a person to get
their sleep?

153.
EXTERIOR CHURCH NIGHT

MARY and RANKIN, CAMERA MOVING WITH THEM, as they pass through the villagers. MARY, head high, rests her hand lightly on her husband's arm. She is smiling proudly at the townsfolk as they congratulate RANKIN. As they pass beyond the last villager, without looking up at him, she speaks:

MARY

(confidently)
We'll face them, Charles. All
of them.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

154.

A LONG TABLE AT ONE END OF THE RANKIN LIVING ROOM is piled high with the paraphernalia for a tea party. CAMERA PULLS BACK to FULL SHOT OF ROOM: DAY. It is filled with flowers and the autumn sun stabs feebly into the room. On another table, glasses, ice bucket, whiskey decanter and sherry await those guests with a stronger taste than tea. SARA, capped and aproned, places the last plate of sandwiches and cakes on the table as MARY, wearing a tailored dress, a severe strand of amber about her neck, appears in the doorway. There is a new rigidity to her body and the carriage of her head. Her eyes sweep the room and reach the windows.

MARY

Sara...the curtains.

(she starts
closing them)

I've told you I wanted them
drawn. I don't like the sunlight
streaming in.

SARA

(tartly)

In the first place, there isn't
any sunlight, to call sunlight.
And, in the second place, it
wouldn't hurt if there was.

MARY

(finishing
closing them)

It's bad for the curtains.

SARA

Miss Mary, that's rubbish and
you know it. Up at the other
house, we never drew a curtain in
our lives.

MARY

That has nothing to do with it.
This is my house, and I want them
drawn.

SARA

(starting out)

Suit yourself. But it's certainly
going to look gloomy for the party.

MARY

(a momentary panic
is in her eyes)

Is it time for that already?

For answer, the door bell rings.

SARA

(exiting)

Seems as if.

MARY, habit and instinct reasserting itself, looks to see that all is in readiness. Then, calm and poised, she moves towards the hall to greet her guests, whose voices can already be heard.

155.

INTERIOR POTTER'S AFTERNOON

INSERT: A MEDICAL PRESCRIPTION. The scrawled handwriting is illegible but the printed letterhead of JEFFREY LAWRENCE, M.D., HARPER, CONN., is plain to read. CAMERA PULLS BACK as POTTER places a large jar of capsules on the prescription. RANKIN faces him.

POTTER

What's the matter. Not sleepin'?

He begins counting some out into a small box.

RANKIN

Oh, they're not for me. Mrs. Rankin hasn't been sleeping very well.

POTTER

Don't approve of sleepin' pills. Never have. Man does a day's work, he'll get a night's sleep.

(across the square,
the clock strikes the
quarter hour. POTTER
jumps)

Leastways...

(raising his voice)

Leastways, he could until that clock started honking every few minutes.

(he hands RANKIN
the little box)

Tell Mary to watch herself with these things. They're dangerous...if you take too many.

RANKIN

(pocketing the pills)

I'll remember.

RANKIN

(he starts out. Then remembers something... stops)

Oh...Mrs. Rankin wanted some ice cream. I think she ordered it.

POTTER

Already gone.

(RANKIN looks at him in surprise)

Mr. Wilson said he was goin' by your house, so I gave it to him.

RANKIN stiffens inwardly. Then, without a word, hurries out of the store. POTTER looks after him in surprise.

156.

INTERIOR RANKIN LIVING ROOM AFTERNOON

The school masters and their wives crowd the room, the murmur of their voices rising above the tinkle of cups on saucers. The fire is lit against the cool autumn afternoon. NOAH is passing a plate of sandwiches. MARY, outwardly the serene hostess, is listening politely to DR. HIBBARD, an elderly master while, simultaneously, straining to overhear another conversation going on between HAROLD, another master, and MRS. TINSBALL. DR. LAWRENCE, tea cup in hand, stands before the fireplace. He eyes MARY, anxiously.

CAMERA moves in on MRS. TINSBALL and HAROLD, holding MARY and HIBBARD in b.g.

MRS. TINSBALL

Were you able to see when they opened the grave, Mr. Harold?

(HAROLD nods)

Was it too horrible?

HAROLD

(smugly)

Not the most pleasant sight.

CAMERA moves past them to MARY and HIBBARD, catching the latter in mid-sentence.

HIBBARD

...and in order of their importance I rank Oliver Wendell Holmes, Louis Brandeis and your father.

MARY

(mechanically)

Father would be very flattered.

During this, she has overheard the continuation of conversation between HAROLD and MRS. TINSBALL.

MRS. TINSALL

I'm absolutely terrified. I wouldn't dream of setting foot outside the house, unless Fred were along. Who knows...he might be anywhere...the murderer, I mean... waiting for a new victim.

MARY has heard as much of this conversation as she can stand.

MARY

(to HIBBARD)

Forgive me, Dr. Hibbard. I must be a hostess.

She turns away and, as she does so, faces the door. Her eyes widen. Involuntarily, she gasps.

157.

THE DOORWAY

MARY sees WILSON, package in hand, pausing irresolute on the threshold.

BACK TO SCENE

Momentary panic is in MARY'S eyes as she stares at WILSON. He comes forward easily.

WILSON

(taking her hand)

I hope you haven't forgotten you were kind enough to invite me, Mrs. Rankin.

MARY

(staring at him
in disbelief)

No...No of course not.

WILSON

(holding it up)

Mr. Potter asked me to deliver this.
(trying to put
her at her ease)
I hope it hasn't melted.

Before MARY can answer, NOAH appears beside them.

NOAH

I'll take it, Mr. Wilson. Sara's waiting for it.

He exits towards hallway and the kitchen beyond.

WILSON

Ah...there's Dr. Lawrence. I won't detain you, Mrs. Rankin.

Her eyes follow him as he crosses towards fireplace. Then, determinedly, she catches hold of herself and turns towards the tea table. CAMERA MOVES with her as she nears a large chair in which old MRS. LAWRENCE is seated, completely surrounded by faculty members. One of them, MR. LUNDSTRUM, is boring her.

LUNDSTRUM

...mark my words, the first thing to do is find who, in Harper, has ever been to South America. Then, by a process of elimination....

MRS. LAWRENCE

(interrupting)

Poppycock. I haven't read every mystery story in the last twenty years for nothing. The murder was committed by a fiend...who'll turn out to be a highly respected member of the community. He's too intelligent to do away with residents of Harper... or the immediate vicinity. They'd be missed immediately. With indigents it's a different story. While he picks tramps and the like, that danger doesn't exist.

(gestures towards window)

There may well be ten...or a dozen... graves out there in those woods.

MRS. RAND

(shuddering prettily)

Good Heavens.

MAFY

(anxious to change the topic)

Let me get you some more tea, Grandma Lawrence?

MRS. LAWRENCE

(shaking her head, plunges on)

It's as plain as the nose on your face. Autopsy revealed that the murder was committed just three weeks, didn't it? Full moon, wasn't it? Butcher of Nuremberg was only active then, wasn't he? And Jack the Ripper. And that Frenchman...what's his name...Landru.

MRS. RAND

(unhappily)

I wish you hadn't told us, Mrs. Lawrence. After this I shall always be afraid to go out in the moonlight. By myself, I mean.

MARY'S eyes go to WILSON and LAWRENCE. She is in a panic to know what is transpiring between them.

LUNDSTRUM

(gallantly)

It was never intended that ladies... especially pretty ones... should go out in the moonlight by themselves.

(turning to her)

Don't you agree, Mrs. Rankin?

MARY

(startled)

I beg your pardon. I wasn't listening.

(her eyes go back to WILSON and LAWRENCE)

Excuse me.

She crosses to them. They break off their conversation.

MARY

Jeff...can I get you some more tea...or a drink?

LAWRENCE

I'm fine, thanks.

MARY

(forcing herself)

Mr. Wilson?

WILSON

Thank you. Yeah, promised...

(NORMA enters, highball glass in hand)

He's kept his promise.

He takes the glass and raises it to his lips. The front door slams. They turn towards the sound.

159.

DOOR TO HALL

RANKIN enters hurriedly, stops short.

160.

THE FIREPLACE

RANKIN'S eyes search the room. Then he sees WILSON standing with DR. LAWRENCE and MARY.

161.

THE DOORWAY

Completely himself, he comes forward, greeting his guests.

RANKIN

Good afternoon, Mrs. Rand.

Howard. How are your drinks?

They smile and show their glasses. MARY enters to them.

MARY

Hello, darling.

RANKIN

(kissing her)
Sorry to be late.

MARY

(in response to the
pressure of his hand)
Excuse us.

They move away a few feet, CAMERON staying with them.

RANKIN

(in a low tone)
What's he doing here?

MARY

We asked him...that first night...

RANKIN

What's he after?
(MARY shakes her head)
Are you all right?

MARY

(nodding)
Of course. Quite.

They are interrupted by RANDALL.

RANDALL

(entering to them)
Oh, Rankin...I've been meaning
to ask you...are you familiar with
a French author, Joseph Dorat?

RANKIN

Dorat? No...I think not.

RANDALL

Joseph Claude Dorat. I've just
discovered him. Wrote some very
amusing light verse. With nice
Gallic cynicism. I'll lend him
to you.

RANKIN

Splendid.

RANDALL

Do you read French, Mrs. Rankin?

MARY

(nodding)
With difficulty.

RANDALL

Anything new about our great mystery?

RANKIN

I've heard nothing.

RANDALL

Queer business, isn't it?

RANKIN

Very.

RANDALL

What would a South American...just
off a boat...be doing up this way?
Answer that one and I think the
mystery is solved.

RANKIN

I'm afraid I can't...answer that one.

MRS. LAWRENCE'S voice, suddenly raised, interrupts them.

MRS. LAWRENCE

Jeff...bring Mr. Wilson over here.
I want to speak to him.

Obediently, DR. LAWRENCE and WILSON move to her side.

DR. LAWRENCE

Let me present you to my grandmother,
Mr. Wilson.

WILSON

(shaking hands)
How do you do, Mrs. Lawrence?

MRS. LAWRENCE

Been wanting to see you. D'you
know you're the number one suspect
in our murder case?

WILSON

Oh.

MRS. LAWRENCE

So far, you're the only suspect.
Potter put the finger on you. He
thinks you committed the crime to
get possession of some priceless
antique.

(laughing)
I was afraid of that.

There is general laughter and then normal conversation breaks out again. RANKIN comes to WILSON'S side.

RANKIN
Let me get you another drink, Wilson?

WILSON
Thank you.

Suddenly, the clock begins chiming five. The noise makes conversation impossible. Everyone is forced to raise their voices and start shouting to make themselves heard. MRS. LAWRENCE'S rises above them.

MRS. LAWRENCE
Charles Rankin...I wish you'd left that clock alone. Harper was a nice quiet place until it began banging.

MARY moves away, CAMERA staying with her. Standing alone, she clasps her hands so that the knuckles show white. She stands thus for a long moment until she has regained her composure.

DISSOLVE TO

163.

INTERIOR HALLWAY LATE AFTERNOON

MARY, RANKIN at her elbow, stands in the doorway, speeding the last guest.

MARY
Yes...lovely...Friday night.

She closes the door and turns, hard and composed. As she faces RANKIN, their eyes meet and hold. She smiles at him triumphantly. Her hand goes to her throat and she runs one finger around the inside of the necklace as though it were suddenly too tight for her. Then she raises both hands and attempts to unfasten it. The catch sticks. She jerks at it. It still sticks.

RANKIN
Here...let me help you.

He takes a step towards her and stops as she suddenly breaks into a wild sobbing. SARA enters as MARY, with a harried gesture, tears at the strand with both hands, snapping the thread. The beads scatter and roll across the floor, unnoticed. By this break in her control, MARY has signed her death warrant. RANKIN no longer has time for delay. He puts a comforting arm around her shoulder and starts leading her upstairs. SARA watches them, unhappily.

DISSOLVE TO

INTERIOR JUDGE LONGSTREET'S STUDY NIGHT

JUDGE LONGSTREET, ENOAH, DR. LAWRENCE and SARA are present with WILSON, to whom SARA is speaking. All eyes are fixed on her.

SARA

She just stood there...pulling at the necklace as though...as though....

WILSON

(quietly)

As though it were a noose about her throat.

(for the first time there is a note of triumph in his voice)

Go on.

SARA

It broke...and the beads scattered all over the floor.

(she pauses... then with venom)

He took her up stairs. She was crying like her heart would break. Never said a word. I went up to see what I could do, but he wouldn't even let me in the room. Said they weren't to be disturbed. But she was still crying when I came out.

LAWRENCE

(coming to his feet suddenly)

You can't let this go on, Wilson. Have him arrested. What more do you need?

JUDGE LONGSTREET

(quietly)

We've been all over this. He needs her acknowledgement of the truth. Until then, nothing.

(he pauses)

I'm not enjoying this any more than the rest of you. But it's nearly over.

(he hesitates. Then:)

The pattern's so clear. The drawn curtains...to shut out the light of truth. Refusing to go anywhere...the admission of her own complicity. And now...the break.

WILSON

The floodgates have opened. Her subconscious has almost won.

(pause)

From now on, we must know every move Mrs. Rankin makes. She's never to leave the house, unless I know where she's going. If, for any reason, I can't be reached... she's to be detained...no matter on what pretext.

JUDGE LONGSTREET

You understand, Sara?

SARA

(grimly)

Don't worry. She won't get by me.

JUDGE LONGSTREET

(his voice tortured)

When she snapped those beads, she signed her death warrant. We're carrying her life in our hands. Every time she walks on a slippery sidewalk...is near anything that can fall....drives an automobile... anything that could result in accidental death...her life is in danger.

LAWRENCE

(suddenly)

Great heavens!

WILSON

Yes?

LAWRENCE

I gave Rankin a prescription for sleeping pills...yesterday... before I know...an overdose of them...

WILSON

You've no cause to worry, Dr. Lawrence. You gave Rankin the prescription. He'd never dare use it. It wouldn't have the required quality of accident.

In the distance, the clock starts to strike ten.

DISSOLVE TO

165.

CLOSE SHOT...Glass of milk, steam rising from it, on a small silver tray. The chimes continue. CAMERA PULLS BACK to WIDER ANGLE.

165 (Cont.)

The tray is on a small table in RANKIN'S room. He stands at the medicine cabinet in the bathroom beyond. In the distance the clock finishes chiming.

RANKIN takes a small bottle out and comes forward to the table. He opens the bottle. He shakes eight or ten of the pellets into his hands. Thinks a minute. Restores all the pellets to the bottle, save one. That he drops into the milk. Then, tray in hand, exits into adjoining room.

166.

INTERIOR SPARE BEDROOM NIGHT

The lights are on, the windows completely covered by drawn curtains. The bed has been occupied and the covers are thrown back. MARY, in negligee, walks back and forth across the room. Her eyes are sleepless. She turns to face RANKIN.

RANKIN

(smiling)

It's time you were asleep.

Obediently, she gets into bed.

RANKIN (Cont'd)

(seating himself
beside her)

Drink this, my darling.

(she obediently
starts sipping it)

You'll sleep now.

(he smiles at her)

I put a sleeping pill in it.

MARY

I don't want any medicine. I'm
all right, Charles. Really, I am.

RANKIN

And I don't want you lying awake.
I like having a beautiful wife.

She continues to drink the hot milk in silence. Then:

RANKIN

(taking the empty glass
from her hand and turning
off the light)

Sleep, my darling.

MARY

(settling down....
drowsily)

Good night, Charles.

RANKIN

Good night, Mary.

Her eyes close. He stands watching her in silence by the half light coming through the door to his room. Her breathing becomes heavier. She is asleep. He looks around him. Then crosses to the window, pulls back the curtains quietly, raises the shade a few inches, and opens the window. Again he looks down at her, then quietly goes into his own room, closing the door behind him.

167.
INTERIOR RANKIN'S ROOM NIGHT

He hastily starts dressing.

DISSOLVE TO

168.
EXTERIOR CHURCH NIGHT

RANKIN slips from the deserted street into the dark which is the doorway of the Church.

DISSOLVE TO

169.
INTERIOR BELFRY NIGHT

A thin wedge of moonlight stabs down from above onto the foot of the ladder. RANKIN ascends into scene. He stands beside the ladder and his hand touches it once. Then he climbs halfway up and, hanging to the ladder, takes a flashlight from his pocket. He begins a meticulous examination of the dowels that connect the rungs to the uprights. Above, the clock begins chiming midnight.

170.
INTERIOR WILSON'S ROOM NIGHT

WILSON, in pyjamas and dressing gown stands at the window, smoking his pipe. The striking of the hour continues.

171.
EXTERIOR TOWN SQUARE NIGHT

Through the window, WILSON sees the clock, the angel making his march as the hour chimes.

172.
INTERIOR MARY'S BEDROOM NIGHT

The chiming of the clock has not ceased.

MARY lies perfectly still, her breathing regular and undisturbed. Her bare arms rest on the outside of the coverlet. Slowly she brings her hands together and dry washes them in the immemorial gesture of blood guilt. Now her subconscious is in control and thus she acknowledges her complicity in the crimes of Walther Kuhn.

FADE OUT

FADE IN
173.

INTERIOR CLASS ROOM NEAR DAY

INSERT: TIMETABLE ON RANKIN'S DESK. It reads:

3:25 PHONE MARY
3:30 HOBSON
3:45 FACULTY ROOM
4:00 LEAVE SCHOOL

RANKIN'S HAND adds the last entry.

4:05 HOME

OVER SCENE, there is sound of footsteps and boys' voices as the class assembles. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO FULL SHOT as RANKIN, rising from his desk, slips the paper into his pocket and faces the class. The wall clock indicates half past two. RANKIN'S manner is relaxed. All strain has fallen from him.

RANKIN

Good afternoon, gentlemen.
Today we will attempt to finish
with the career of Frederick,
the Great.

(he smiles)

The monarch with the handy poison
vial. After his conquest of Silesia,
the position of Prussia in central
Europe was greatly enhanced...

As he continues with his lecture:

DISSOLVE TO:

174.

INTERIOR HALLWAY OUTSIDE CLASS ROOMS DAY

Through the glass door of the telephone booth in which RANKIN sits, he can see the boys streaming out of the building. A wall clock shows it now lacks two minutes of half past three. RANKIN, hearing an answer, speaks urgently into the telephone.

RANKIN

Mary... Something very important
has just occurred. I want you to
come to the clock tower...immediately.
Tell no one where you're going. Try
not to let anyone see you enter the
church. You can park in the rear and
come in through the back door.

(he pauses)

That's right, darling. Hurry.

He hangs up and pulls open the door to the booth.

175.
INTERIOR HALLWAY

CAMERA PANS ON RANKIN as he crosses the hall and enters a door lettered 'DR. HOBSON'.

176. INTERIOR HOBSON'S OFFICE

HOBSON
(pleasantly)
Come in, Rankin.

RANKIN
Good afternoon, sir.

HOBSON
Right on time. I see.
(he gestures to chair
opposite him. RANKIN
sits)
Now...what's on your mind?

RANKIN
I would like to suggest a few
changes in the Spring curriculum.

HOBSON leans back in his chair to listen.

RANKIN (Cont'd)
It strikes me that the capacity of
the students of the Third Form has
been somewhat under-rated, particularly
as regards literature...history...

DISSOLVE TO
177.

INTERIOR RANKIN HOME HALLWAY

MARY, hatted and gloved, is coming down the stairs.
SARA appears at the living room door, broom in hand.

SARA
Goin' some place?
(MARY nods)
Where to?
(MARY pretends not
to hear the question.
Starts on)
I asked you where you were
goin', Miss Mary.

MARY
(stops)
I heard.

SARA
Well?

MARY

Sara, you seem to forget, I'm not a child any longer but a married woman.

SARA

You ain't been married very long...

(MARY glances at her, surprised. Then decides to ignore SARA'S behavior and starts on)

Wait, Mrs. Rankin.

MARY

(sharply)

What is it, Sara, I'm in a hurry.

SARA

(aggrieved)

Well, you don't need to go bitin' my head off.

MARY

If you wish to say something, say it.

SARA

(helplessly)

I don't know what's got into you lately, Miss Mary, indeed I don't. You was never mean to me like this, back at the old house.

MARY

(resignedly)

Oh, Sara.

SARA

(raises the corner of her apron and dabs at her eyes)

Maybe I've outworn my usefulness. I know I ain't as young as I used to be. Maybe you don't want me around anymore.

MARY

In heaven's name, Sara, stop talking such nonsense.

SARA

It's true, and you know it. I'll pack my things and be off.

MARY

I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, Sara. I'm sorry if I was rude to you. Why, I wouldn't know what to do without you, Sara.

SARA
(through her tears)
Honest, Miss Mary?

MARY
(crossing her heart)
Honest to goodness. You shan't
ever leave me, Sara.

SARA
The way I feel about you, like
you was my own daughter.

MARY hugs her. Kisses her on the cheek.

MARY
Sara. I must go! I promised to
be somewhere.

SARA
Where, Miss Mary?

MARY
Stop fussing, Sara.
(smiling)
It's a secret.

She kisses SARA once more, and again starts for the door.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO
178.

INTERIOR FACULTY ROOM

The teaching staff is variously occupied. Some are
correcting papers. Some are writing letters. Three men,
in a corner, sit at a card table. They are waiting for
their fourth.

HAROLD
(calling to RANKIN)
Would you care to sit in, Rankin,
until our fourth shows up?

RANKIN
What time is it?

HAROLD glances at his watch.

HAROLD
Three forty-five.

RANKIN
(joining them)
Well...one rubber.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO

175.
EXTERIOR RANKIN HOUSE

136.

MARY is getting into the car. Suddenly there is a cry from within the house. MARY turns and runs across the lawn.

180.
INTERIOR HALLWAY

SARA is on her knees, one hand over her heart. MARY rushes in.

MARY
What's the matter, Sara?

SARA
(gasping)
My heart...

MARY runs toward the kitchen. SARA continues to gasp until MARY reappears with a glass of water. She puts it to SARA'S lips. SARA swallows a little, then gasps agonizingly.

SARA
I can't breathe...the pain...
oh...

MARY runs into the other room, gets a pillow.

MARY
Lie flat. Don't stir.

SARA obeys.

SARA
Don't leave me, Miss Mary.
Maybe I'm dying.

MARY
No...I won't leave you.

She runs to telephone, picks it up.

MARY (Cont'd)
One three 0, please...Hello...
This is Mary, Jeff. Sara is having
a heart attack. Will you come right
out?

(pause)
What should I do in the meantime?...
All right, Jeff....Hurry....
(she hangs up...comes
back..kneels beside SARA)

Doctor Lawrence is coming right out.
Sara. He said for you just to lie
quietly.

SARA

(a hand on
MARY'S arm)
You won't leave me, will you?

MARY

No, Sara. I won't leave you.
(she gets up and
goes back to the
telephone)

Four one eight...Noah there,
Kate?..May I speak to him, please?
(after a pause)

Hello, Noah....I was supposed to
meet Charles in the clock tower but
I'm delayed. Will you go there and
tell him something has happened and
that I can't come right away. Tell
him to wait...and, Noah...nobody's
to know. Don't let on where you're
going or why...There's a reason....
Thank you, Noah.

181.

INTERIOR JUDGE LONGSTREET'S STUDY DAY

NOAH hangs up the telephone and turns to face his father.
They look at each other for a moment. Then JUDGE
LONGSTREET nods. NOAH instantly picks up the phone again.

NOAH

(into telephone)
One four six, please.
(he pauses)
Is Mr. Wilson there?
(another pause)
This is Noah, Mr. Wilson. Mary
just phoned and...

DISSOLVE TO

182.

INTERIOR FACULTY ROOM DAY

RANKIN, at the bridge table, is finishing the playing of a
hand. DR. HIBBARD, at his elbow, is awaiting the end of
the game.

RANKIN

(folding the cards)
It's your place, Doctor.
(he rises, nodding
to the others)
Thanks for the game.

As HIBBARD sits down, he turns and saunters out of the room.

183.
EXTERIOR SCHOOL BUILDING DAY

138.

RANKIN comes out and pauses at the top of the steps. He produces a cigarette and flicks his lighter into flame. Then lights his cigarette as, with the other hand, he pulls his time table from his pocket. He puts the still flaming lighter to it and watches it burn. Then crumples the remains to ashes in his hand and allows the wind to claim them. He begins whistling as he strolls leisurely down the steps and starts for home.

DISSOLVE TO
184.

INTERIOR HALLWAY RANKIN HOUSE

As RANKIN, still whistling, enters. He closes the door, then calls.

Mary!

RANKIN

There's no answer. But after a moment he hears footsteps coming from the kitchen wing. The door to the rear part of the house opens and MARY and DR. LAWRENCE appear. RANKIN stands still, amazement on his face. Upon seeing him, MARY also stops. DR. LAWRENCE nods.

What...

RANKIN

MARY
(over her
immediate surprise)
Sara's ill.

RANKIN
(awkwardly)
Oh.

LAWRENCE
There doesn't seem to be anything really wrong with her heart. Keep her in bed for a day or so and then have her come down to my office and I'll give her a thorough going-over.

MARY
All right, Jeff.

LAWRENCE
(in spite of
himself, stiffly)
How are you, Rankin?

RANKIN
(forcing a smile)
Well....thank you.

184. (Cont.)

DR. LAWRENCE exits. As the door closes behind him, the two
turn to face each other. 139

MARY
I was getting into the car when
Sara had this attack. Naturally
I couldn't leave her.

RANKIN
Naturally.

He turns abruptly and exits into living room. She looks
after him, puzzled at his attitude. Then follows him.

185.
INTERIOR LIVING ROOM

RANKIN is winding the grandfather's clock. MARY stands in
doorway watching him. Finally:

MARY
(coming forward)
What's the matter, Charles?

RANKIN
(sharply)
There's nothing the matter.

MARY
Then why...

RANKIN
Be quiet!
(then, catching himself)
I'm sorry. This strain we've been
under is beginning to tell on me.
(she raises her eyes to
his. He smiles, trying
for the old charm)
You see, I have my weak moments too.

MARY
Why did you want to see me? It was
something important, you said.

RANKIN
Why? Why? It seemed important at
the moment. It wasn't, actually.
(he's playing for
time and inspiration)
My sense of proportion fails me these
days. Little things take on monstrous
shapes.
(he touches his forehead)
My head aches.

MARY

Tell me what it was.

RANKIN

(anger rising in
spite of himself)

I'll tell you in my own good time.

MARY

(tonelessly)

Have they found out anything more?

RANKIN

There's nothing for them to find out.
Unless you...

MARY

I've seen no one all day. I stayed
in my room.

RANKIN

(his self-control
restored)

There's a rumor going around that an
arrest is to be made.

(rubs his right temple
with the heel of his hand)

My head...it was only a rumor...but I
became afraid. The incident of the
beads, yesterday, made no doubt your
strength. I thought perhaps you had
seen your father again...made an
admission. In that event, my hours
were numbered. I wanted to be alone
with you for a little while. Now that
the clock is running, I thought no one
would think to look for me in the tower.
After I had time to think, I knew that
the danger was all in my imagination.
So, I came home.

MARY

You need not have been afraid.

186.

INTERIOR BELFRY AFTERNOON

Treading softly, WILSON followed by NOAH, JUDGE LONGSTREET
and DR. LAWRENCE mount the stairs and enter the belfry.
Without speaking, they look at each other. Above them, the
clock begins striking. The belfry vibrates. NOAH starts
across to ladder. Below it, the emptiness yawns awesomely.
His foot touches the first rung. WILSON'S hand on his arm
stops him. NOAH steps aside. WILSON takes his place. He
mounts the first rung.

187.

WILSON'S FEET ON THE LADDER

The left one rises to the second rung. The right one is
lifted to join it. The left one rises to the third. The

right one joins it. The left one rises to the fourth. The right one is lifted from the third rung. Thus, WILSON'S weight is now on the fourth. Before the right foot can reach it, there is the sound of crashing wood and WILSON'S FEET drop below CAMERA range as CAMERA jerks back to show him, hanging by his right hand from a higher rung. In his left he holds a section of the left upright with two rungs attached to it.

The others all rush to support him and help him down. As he regains the safety of the belfry floor, the clock ceases striking. Only the loud breathing of the men is heard.

NOAH

(breaking the silence)

Golly!

WILSON

(examining the wood
in his hand)

He really had the wind up. You can still smell the glue where he joined it.

Without further ado, they all turn and start down again.

188.

INTERIOR RANKIN LIVING ROOM DAY

RANKIN, morose, stands by the window looking out towards the woods. Now that his plan for doing away with MARY has failed, a new plan must be evolved. She sits upright on the couch, staring into space. Suddenly she speaks.

MARY

What did you tell Noah?

RANKIN

(without turning)

About what?

MARY

(looking up quickly)

Didn't you see him?

RANKIN

(not knowing what
she is talking about)

Why should I?

MARY

Did you come directly from the church?

RANKIN

(turning to her)

Am I being cross examined?

MARY
When I found I couldn't leave Sara,
I phoned Noah...told him to go to
you...tell you I was detained.

RANKIN
(furiously)
I said you were to tell no one.

MARY
But surely Noah...

RANKIN
(imperiously)
Call him and tell him not to go.

MARY
He's gone long since. I talked
to him half an hour ago.

RANKIN
(suddenly shouting)
Call him, I say!
(all control gone)
If he dies, his blood is on your
hands...not mine.

MARY
(coming to her feet)
Charles...what are you saying...

RANKIN
(ranting)
It's your meddling that's caused all
this. If it hadn't been for you I'd
have been safe. Nothing could have
touched me. Nothing. But you had to
be here...that day...hanging your stupid
curtains... You had to call Noah...

MARY
(sharply)
Charles...have you killed Noah!

RANKIN
If he went to the clock tower...

MARY
How could God have been so cruel?
Why wasn't it I? It wasn't intended
for him.
(facing him)
It was I you planned to kill. And God
shouldn't have allowed it to be otherwise...
..Walther Kuhn.

At the mention of his name, all expression leaves Rankin's face. His eyes are dull, his mouth hanging slightly open.

MARY

Kill me, Walthor Kuhn. I want it. I couldn't face life again with the knowledge of what I've been to you...What I've done to Noah. Only don't put your hands on me when you kill me. Here...use this...

She picks up a poker and holds it out to him. He starts towards her, arms hanging loose at his sides. He raises one hand to take the poker from her. OVER SCENE there is the sound of a car approaching.

EXTERIOR RANKIN HOUSE DAY

Judge Longstreet drives his big sedan towards the house at high speed. In it are Wilson, Dr. Lawrence and Noah. The car skids to a stop in front of the house. The four men hurry from it. They mount the steps to the front door. The judge's hand presses the door bell, insistently. There is no answer. Wilson's hand tries the knob. It doesn't turn. Suddenly he throws his full weight against the door. It flies open. He rushes in, still carrying his fragment of ladder... the others at his heels.

INTERIOR RANKIN LIVING ROOM AFTERNOON

Mary stands motionless, facing the doors leading to the rear terraco. They stand open, a cold wind blowing the curtains into the room. The poker lies on the floor at her foot. Rankin is gone. The group stands in the doorway a second. Slowly, Mary turns to face it. Her eyes widen incredulously as she sees Noah.

MARY

(a sudden shriek)

NOAH!

Mary's eyes go blank; she faints but we see the moment from her

viewpoint -

IMPRESSIONISTIC MONTAGE

In Mary's eyes, the room tilts crazily... Noah catapults towards the CAMERA, his face filling the screen... Superimposed over this is the strong, black silhouette of a high ladder. This falls with Noah and stops with him just ahead of his face. He grasps a rung of the ladder. It breaks and Noah falls out of scene. CAMERA tilts to follow his hands... They clutch first at one rung then at another... rung after rung shatters under his weight - - finally a rung holds - - The last. Beneath it the two shafts of the ladder stretch down into space like a pair of cosmic stilts. Red, the dog, is at the base of this lunatic machine (seen very distantly because Mary's delirious eye is viewing this scene from a great height). He howls furiously and claws at the foot of the shaft... His baying echoes and merges strangely with the music. Noah, clinging to the last rung looks as if he were tread. But now - CAMERA closes in on him and shows us suddenly that it is not Noah after all! It is Rankin...

Above the queer music accompanying the montage, we hear, on the track, the following dialogue: It is, quite realistically, what goes on in the Rankin living room from the moment Mary faints --

NOAH'S VOICE

"Mary! Mary!"

LAWRENCE'S VOICE

"Make her comfortable."

WILSON'S VOICE

(somewhat off - very angrily and with it the sound of a telephone receiver being jiggled noisily)

"Operator! Operator!"

LAWRENCE'S VOICE

"She'll come out of it. Don't worry."

(the jiggling noise of the receiver hook continues throughout)

WILSON'S VOICE

"Operator - Get me the State police."

NOAH'S VOICE

"But what about Rankin? He's got away!"

WILSON'S VOICE

"He won't get far -"

JUDGE'S VOICE

(still anxious)

"Get your sister some water, Noah, on the double!"

LAWRENCE'S VOICE

(soothingly)

"It's quite all right, Judge Longstreet."

WILSON'S VOICE

(furiously)

"Yes, operator! The State police."

LAWRENCE'S VOICE

(continuing under Wilson's)

"We'll get her to bed and she'll be fine in the morning. You need have no fear."

On the screen, Rankin looking steadily into the lens, speaks now (at this point the realistic sequence of dialogue is finished - - we are totally within Mary's delirious dream.)

RANKIN

(quietly - - repeating Lawrence's words which were also his own from earlier in the story)

"You need have no fear".

(he is still clinging perilously to the last rung of the ladder)

"You won't fall".

CAMERA moves in on Rankin's face - - closer and closer - - until only one of his eyes fills the screen, monstrously....

RANKIN'S VOICE

"Failing to speak...you became part of the crime... Yes, I did it... with these hands. The same hands that have held you close to me...The hands stand for progress, which would not occur by fits and starts but according to the laws of harmonic motion".

(By this time Rankin's eye is so large that only the pupil remains, filling the screen and at these last words the eye changes queerly into the face of the clock. The music is heavy with the rhythmic grinding of the works -

The shadow of the iron demon falls over the screen and now we commence to hear distinctly and strangely the telling of the clock.)

RANKIN'S VOICE

(through this)

"My first impression of Harper was the incongruity of a Gothic clock in a Connecticut church tower..."

(Here comes the transition from Mary's dream to actuality. The music of the montage stops sharply and we cut to the coiling of Mary's bedroom. Rankin's voice continues.)

RANKIN'S VOICE

" - - I have been indulging an old fascination..."

INTERIOR MARY'S BEDROOM NIGHT

The CAMERA, angled on the ceiling, shows a macabre pattern of moonlight. The grimacing demon is really the twisted shadow of a tree outside the window.

RANKIN'S VOICE

"It's beautiful that way....
Beautiful...."

The CAMERA moves down off the ceiling showing the curtains of the bedroom blowing in the night breeze, and then, Mary's feverish face which fills the screen in the foreground. Her eyes are opened. This is the same moment in which we discovered her in the introduction of the picture. She is counting the hour as the clock tells it and she winces at the sound. It is as vivid a reminder of Rankin as his own voice would be.

Very softly now, under the real sound of the distant clock, his voice goes on and Mary, listening to it, is taken back to their first day together at the brook...
...(Music suggests this weirdly)....

RANKIN'S VOICE

"..It is my favorite walk...
through the woods...over the
little brook...and through the
cemetary...."

The clock ceases chiming. But, it has served its purpose. Mary knows where Rankin is. She rises.

DISSOLVE TO

EXTERIOR LONGSTREET HOME NIGHT (as before, in the opening of the picture)

The terrace is bright with moonlight. The French doors from the living room open and Mary, fully dressed, a small package under one arm, comes out. CAMERA PANS with her as she hastens across the terrace towards the fields in the distance. Then CAMERA SWINGS BACK TO THE HOUSE. A gust of wind blows the open door shut with a loud bang.

INTERIOR SARA'S ROOM NIGHT

Sara, alarmed by the sound, sits up. She gathers a dressing gown about her, rises, and goes forth to investigate.

INTERIOR LIVING ROOM NIGHT

The door is banging to and fro in the night wind. Sara enters. She is surprised to find it unlocked. She carefully locks it again. Then a new thought occurs to her. CAMERA SWINGS TO FOLLOW HER as she hurries out into the hall and up the stairs.

INTERIOR UPPER LANDING NIGHT

Sara hurries down it until she reaches Mary's door. She opens it softly lest Mary is asleep. As the door swings wide, she sees the room is empty. Her voice rises in a piercing scream.

SARA
JUDGE LONGSTREET. JUDGE LONGSTREET.

EXTERIOR WOODS NIGHT

A ghostly figure in the pale moonlight, Mary emerges from the shadows of the woods and reaches the little stream at its edge. There is no hesitation as she crosses on the stepping stones, only grim determination. Reaching the opposite bank, she hurries on towards the church in the distance.

EXTERIOR LONGSTREET HOME NIGHT

Judge Longstreet, buttoning his coat, hurries out followed by Noah, who runs off scene ahead of him.

EXTERIOR THE CEMETERY NIGHT

Unhesitatingly, Mary picks her way through the rows of tombstones. She again hears RANKIN'S VOICE.

RANKIN'S VOICE
James Longstreet, 1896-1917. Died
for his country. Noah Longstreet,
1842-1863. Died for his country.
William Longstreet, 1713-1794.
Died for his country....

Ahead of her looms the church, its rear door in plain view. She hesitates a moment.

EXTERIOR LONGSTREET GARAGE NIGHT

Judge Longstreet and Noah drive out towards town.

INTERIOR CHURCH NIGHT

It is full of ghostly shadows and half tones from the moonlight, diffused through stained glass windows. Mary moves down the side aisle across the rear of the first section of pews, thence down the center aisle towards the open door leading into the vestibule.

INTERIOR WILSON'S HOTEL ROOM NIGHT

Wilson is seated by the window looking out at the clock tower. He is talking on the phone.

WILSON

(quietly - easily)

Yes...road-blocks are up - we're watching the railroad station and he isn't hiding in the woods...

(there is a sharp knock on the door)

NOAH

(offscene - very excitedly)

Mr. Wilson!!

WILSON

Come in!

(speaking into the phone again and still looking through the window at the clock tower)

If he's where I think he is it's going to be easy - We'll do everything possible to get him alive.

NOAH

(bursting into the room)

She's gone, Mr. Wilson! She's left the house!

WILSON

(throws the receiver on the hook and turns to Noah, his voice quiet but his eyes full of anxiety)

The clock tower?

NOAH

I don't know.

WILSON

(grinly)

If that's where he's hiding and
she gets there before us - -

NOAH

(in a small voice)

What will we do?

WILSON

(rushing out of the
room, shouting after
him)

Call Capt. Samuels, and the deputies!
Get all the help you can!

EXTERIOR HALLWAY IN THE HOTEL

Wilson racing toward the stairs goes past the CAMERA.
We hear his footsteps offscreen as Noah in the door
calls after him.

NOAH

Where, Mr. Wilson? Where!?

Offscreen Wilson cries out in pain and we hear the
sound of him taking a bad fall on the stairs. Noah
reacts and dashes down the stairway, CAMERA following.
Wilson is in a heap near the foot of the stairs. He
has sprained his ankle.

NOAH

Mr. Wilson!

Noah helping him, Wilson gets painfully to his feet.

WILSON

(gasping through
his teeth)

The church....the church....

NOAH

But what about you, Mr. Wilson?

WILSON

(breathing hard as
he starts to move)

I'll get there - Hurry up now!...
Your sister may be still alive!

With a worried look at Wilson, Noah hurries off scene.
Wilson hobbles after him.

WILSON
 (grimly)
 I'll get there....

DISSOLVE TO

INTERIOR VESTIBULE NIGHT

Mary, package under her arm, begins mounting towards the belfry. CAMERA stays on her as she climbs into the belfry. She sees the ladder with its missing section. Clutching her package under one arm, with her free hand she grasps the one still standing upright and mounts the first rung.

RANKIN'S VOICE comes out of the darkness.

RANKIN'S VOICE
 Don't move. I have a gun.

CLOSE SHOT MARY

She stands rigid on the first rung.

MARY
 (quietly)
 You don't need it. I'm alone.

RANKIN'S VOICE
 (incredulously)
 What are you doing here?

MARY
 (lovelly)
 I brought you food. I was afraid you would be hungry.

INTERIOR LANDING NIGHT

Rankin stands in the deep shadows beside the door leading into the clock room itself. His face, haggard and unshaven, betrays his incredulity. Can it be possible that he still holds this girl.

RANKIN
 Are you telling the truth?

MARY'S VOICE
 Why should I lie?

He moves forward and looks down at her.

INTERIOR LANDING NIGHT

Rankin is in immediate foreground, with Mary below him, looking up. Below her there is a bottomless pit.

RANKIN

Were you followed here?

MARY

I came past the woods...across
the brook...through the cemetery.
No one saw me.

INTERIOR BELFRY NIGHT

Above her, Rankin kneels and stretches one arm down to her.

RANKIN

Come up.

She looks up at him...mounts one more rung...then reaches out her free hand to him. -He takes it in his. She lets herself go. Her body swings over the yawning space leading to the church below. For a second she hangs motionless. Then, slowly, he starts to pull her up.

INTERIOR LANDING NIGHT

Rankin pulls her into scene. She still carries her package. They both gain their feet. In silence, Rankin throws open the door to the clock room. She enters it. He follows.

INTERIOR CLOCK ROOM NIGHT

The old lantern hangs from a cross beam. A burlap bag screens the window to hide its rays. Rankin closes the door. The rhythm of the clock's motor is loud in their ears as they face each other. Finally:

RANKIN

(his hand
outstretched)

Give me the food.

Silently, she hands him the package. She watches him as he tears the paper, revealing a shoe box. He jerks off the lid. He is staring down at emptiness. He looks up at her slowly.

MARY

(quietly)

I needed the excuse. I was
afraid you wouldn't let me up.

RANKIN

What do you want?

MARY

I came to kill you.

RANKIN

What a little fool you are.
Coming here alone...still
moddling....You've forced me.
You were meant to fall through
that ladder. Now you're going
to.

MARY

I don't mind. If I take you
with me.

RANKIN

They've searched the woods. I
watched them this afternoon....
(pointing to the window)
..there...like God looking at little
ants...scurrying away their futile
lives. So, you'll fall...I'll go
through the graveyard...gain the
woods...They won't search it again.
A day or two and they'll be sure
I've left town.

MARY

Not when they find me. They'll
know you're still here.

RANKIN

You are a fool. Everyone knows
you've been on the verge of
cracking up. Now, you've cracked.
Why else would you leave your bed...
come to a deserted church in the
dead of night...climb to an empty
clock tower. Any child could see
you'd wind up killing yourself.

He is interrupted by the sudden slamming of the clock
tower door. Wilson stands before him. A gun appears
in Rankin's hand.

WILSON

(sweating with pain,
but his tone cool
and final)

Killing has led you here. It
won't help you now.

OVER SCENE there rises the sound of voices.

WILSON (Cont'd)

The citizens of Harper, Kuhn.
They're waiting for you.

(Rankin retreats
two steps)

You can kill me...Mary...half
of Harper. And still there's no
escape. You had the world and
it closed in on you till there
was only Harper. That closed in
and then there was only this room.
And this room, too, is closing
in....

Rankin's face has again been stripped of all expression; the eyes are dull, the mouth hanging open. As Wilson's indictment sinks into him, a faint moistness appears on his lips. His eyes come alive, crazed, frenetic. Suddenly he is slobbering.

RANKIN

It's not true. What they say.
I didn't do it. It was their
idea. I only followed orders.

WILSON

You gave the orders.

RANKIN

I only did my duty.
(pleading)
Don't make me face them. I
can't go back. I'm not a
criminal.

MARY

You are...

Rankin turns to face her.

MARY (Cont'd)

(repeating the
words, dully)

You are...

This is the moment Wilson has waited. His foot lashes out, kicking Rankin's wrist. Wilson stumbles, gasping with pain, and falls. The gun flies across the room. It lands at Mary's feet. She snatches it up. Her hand is steady as she faces him.

RANKIN

(screaming)

Don't. I can't die. I'm not
ready to die.

The clock begins striking the half hour...loud...
strident. Wilson, in dreadful agony, crawls toward
Rankin.

RANKIN

(his voice rising
over the clamor)

It's my monument. After two
hundred years. It runs....
because of me.

He reaches the window. His knees buckle over the
ledge. His arms flail the air wildly as he seeks
something to which he can cling. He disappears from
sight.

EXTERIOR CLOCK TOWER NIGHT

Rankin has fallen onto the thin ledge beneath the
clock. He scrambles to his feet...looks around wildly
for an avenue of escape. The demon passes him in its
rotary motion across the clock, almost knocking him off
the ledge. Then he hastens through the portal at the
right of clock. OVER SCENE there rises the piercing
scream heard in the opening of the picture, then Rankin
emerges, carried impaled upon the Angel's sword.

EXTERIOR TOWN SQUARE NIGHT

The townspeople are gathered in full force, as in the
opening of the picture, all eyes turned upward toward
the face of the clock.

EXTERIOR CLOCK TOWER NIGHT

The CAMERA, shooting from a high elevation, carries a
section of the clock in f.g., the ledge blocking the
view of a section of the street below. Beyond the
ledge, townspeople can be seen running across the green.
The Angel has almost completed its march across the
clock. Rankin, impaled upon its sword, is struggling
to free himself. Just before the Angel reaches its
exit, his last struggles dislodge the Angel from its
base with a shriek of tortured metal. Within the clock
itself there is a wild grinding of gears suddenly
released and the hands of the clock spin wildly as the
Angel and Rankin, locked in a gruesome embrace, veer
slowly out and fall to the street below, out of CAMERA
range. As they fall, the townspeople on the green

below can be seen hastily pulling back as the bodies hurtle toward them. Their excited cries rise OVER SCENE. The hands of the clock, still wildly spinning, squeak and rattle as the works clatter to a stop.

EXTERIOR CLOCK TOWER NIGHT A DIFFERENT ANGLE

This is the same setup as used in the introduction of the picture...The backs of the New England townspeople silhouetted against the sky and the church tower, in forced perspective, looming above them.

INTERIOR BALCONY OF CHURCH NIGHT

This is the landing just beneath the clock. Judge Longstreet and Dr. Lawrence have just finished helping Mary down the broken ladder. The Judge takes his daughter in his arms. Lawrence is very close to her.

LAWRENCE

(calling up to
the clock tower)

All right, Mr. Wilson. Mary's safe. Let me give you a hand.

Wilson is seated just at the opening. He is cheerfully nursing his foot and mending his pipe stem again (it broke in the scuffle) with adhesive tape.

WILSON

(calling down)

No, thanks.

Potter, with a couple of State troopers, stumbles up to the landing.

POTTER

(very excitedly)

Hi! What happened?

WILSON

(with a quiet smile)

V-Day in Harper.

POTTER

(turning to Lawrence
and Mary)

I don't get that.

(calling up again)

Come on down.

WILSON

(with a rueful grin)
Not 'til you get me a new ladder.
I've had my head conked and my
ankle busted. From here on in,
my friends, I'm taking it easy.

POTTER

(to Lawrence)

What's he talkin' about?

LAWRENCE

Seems the war's over in Connecticut.

POTTER

(blankly)

Do tell -

(irritably)

You're all crazy!...Well, I'll get
him a good ladder. He's had enough
trouble, and they say, accidents
always come in threes.

CLOSE SHOT WILSON

He has finished tending his pipe and is now filling it.

WILSON

In threes? What about world wars?

(he lights his pipe)

Mr. Potter, I devoutly hope and
pray you're wrong!!...

(smoking cozily)

Goodnight, Mary...Pleasant dreams.

Wilson takes a long, happy drag at his pipe and fills
the belfry with its pleasant smoke.

FADE OUT