

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO ROOF TOPS - (DUSK) - CLOSE SHOT

We see a close view of a roof parapet and the curved rail of a fire escape. In the background, are large skyscrapers with all their windows fully lit in the late winter afternoon. This background is used for the CREDIT TITLES of the picture. After the last card has FADED OUT, we HOLD on to the empty parapet, when suddenly a man's hand reaches and grips the top of the rail. It is followed by another hand and, after a beat, we see the face of a man in his early 30's. He is an Italian type, with rough features. He turns quickly and looks below him and then turning back, springs up over the empty parapet and is lost from view. We STAY on the EMPTY SCENE for a second or two as we HEAR the scraping of boots on the iron ladder. Someone else is coming up. Presently, two more hands and the head of a uniformed policeman with cap and badge starts to climb over the parapet. The CAMERA PULLS BACK so that by the time he has completed his climb, he is in full figure. He dashes out of the picture drawing his gun. Immediately following him over the parapet, a detective in plain clothes climbs over. This is JOHN FERGUSON, known as SCOTTIE. He too pulls a gun and dashes out of the picture.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO ROOF TOPS - (DUSK) - LONG SHOT

A vast panorama of the San Francisco skyline. Nearer to us are three tiny figures running and jumping over the roof tops. The man on the run, whom we first saw climb over the parapet, is dressed in a white shirt and light tan linen slacks, and wearing sneakers. The uniformed man is shooting at him. Scottie is dressed in medium grey clothes. The CAMERA SLOWLY PANS the group across the roof tops.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO ROOF TOPS - (DUSK) - MED. SHOT

We now see a short gap between rooftops, with a drop below. The pursued man makes the leap successfully followed by the uniformed policeman. Scottie makes the same leap, but almost trips in taking off and is thrown off balance. He tries to recover, lands awkwardly on the opposite roof, and falls forward, prone, with a heavy impact that hurts and drives tile breath from his body. He tries to rise but raises his head with a look of pain -- one leg is doubled up under the other. The tiles give way, and he slides backwards, and his legs go over the edge of the roof, then his body. In his daze he grasps at the loose tiles, and as he goes over the edge he clutches on to the gutter, which gives way, and he swings off into space, looking down.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO ROOF TOPS - (DUSK) - CLOSE SHOT

Scottie looking down.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO ROOF TOPS - (DUSK) - LONG SHOT

From Scottie's viewpoint, the gap beneath the building and the ground below. It seems to treble its depth.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO ROOF TOPS - (DUSK) - CLOSEUP

Scottie looking down with horror. His eyes close as a wave of nausea overcomes him.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO ROOF TOPS - (DUSK) - MEDIUM SHOT

In the distance the fleeing criminal. The policeman, seeing what has happened to Scottie, returns to the slope of the roof and strains to reach down to Scottie.

POLICEMAN

Give me your hand!

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO ROOF TOPS - (DUSK) - CLOSE UP

SCOTTIE'S HEAD. His hands grip the edge of the guttering. The tips of the fingers of policeman straining to reach Scottie, are at the top of screen. Scottie begins to open his grip but stares down, he quickly resumes his grip looking up hopelessly towards the helping hand. He looks down again. FROM SCOTTIE'S VIEWPOINT - the ground below still a long way away.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO ROOF TOPS - (DUSK) - MEDIUM SHOT

The policeman's hand in foreground, his face beyond.

POLICEMAN

What's the matter with you? Give me your hand!

Policeman endeavors to stretch out his hand further.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO ROOF TOPS - (DUSK)

The tiles beneath the policeman's heel begin to give. The Policeman starts to slide. He claws desperately at the surface of the roof.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO ROOF TOPS - (DUSK) - CLOSEUP

Scottie, his eyes closed. He opens them as he hears a wild cry.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO ROOF TOPS - (DUSK) - LONG SHOT

The policeman falling through space.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO ROOF TOPS - (DUSK) - CLOSEUP

Scottie stares down in horror.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO ROOF TOPS - (DUSK) - LONG SHOT

The body of the policeman sprawled on the ground below. People are running into the alleyway; they stare at the body, look up to where Scottie is hanging. We see the light on their upturned faces. And now we hear a police whistle blown shrilly, again and again. Up to this moment the background music has had an excitement to match the scene, and now it cuts off, abruptly, leaving on the echo of the police whistle as the DISSOLVE begins. Then, in the DISSOLVE, we hear the gentle insistence of Scarlatti played by a chamber orchestra.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AN APARTMENT ON RUSSIAN HILL - (LATE AFTERNOON)

It is fresh, light, and simple, and crowded with books, phonograph records, pictures. The most striking feature of the apartment is the view: The rising hills of San Francisco framed by a large picture window. To one side of the window is the owner of the apartment, MAJORIE WOOD, called MIDGE, at a commercial drawing table concentrating with professional intensity on a drawing of a slim, a elongated woman with few features and fewer clothes. A brassiere sits on a table at Midge's elbow, and she studies it as she draws. Midge Wood is about thirty-seven, attractive, straight-forward, well-but-simply-dressed; she wears glasses but does not whip them an and off as they do in the movies. The music comes from a gramophone. The other occupant of the room is Scottie. He sits in a big chair, with his feet stretched out on an ottoman and his head far back. There is a drink on a table nearby. He rouses himself to reach for it, and in doing so knocks over his walking stick that has been propped against the chair. He reaches out to catch it, and in the quickness of trying to keep it from falling, he wrenches his body around.

SCOTTIE

Ow!!

MIDGE

(Paying little
attention)

I thought you said no more aches and
pains?

SCOTTIE

It's this darned corset. It binds.
He retrieves the stick.

MIDGE

No three-way stretch? How very un-
chic.

SCOTTIE

Well, you know those police department
doctors: no sense of style.

(Sighs gratefully)

Ah, tomorrow!

MIDGE

What's tomorrow?

SCOTTIE

Tomorrow... the corset comes off.
And this thing goes out the window.

(He waves the stick)

I shall be a free man. I shall wiggle
my behind... free and unconfined.

He raises his eyebrows with a surprised and gratified smile.
Midge looks over at him with a grimace.

SCOTTIE

Midge, do you suppose many men wear
corsets?

MIDGE

More than you think.

SCOTTIE

(Interested)

How do you know? Personal experience?

MIDGE

Please!

(Then, impersonally)
And what happens after tomorrow?

SCOTTIE
What do you mean?

MIDGE
What are you going to do? Now that
you've quit the police force?

SCOTTIE
(Gently)
You sound so disapproving, Midge.

MIDGE
No, it's your life. But you were the
bright young lawyer who decided he
was going to be chief of police some
day.

SCOTTIE
(Gently)
I had to quit, Midge.

MIDGE
Why?

SCOTTIE
I wake up at night seeing him fall
from the roof... and try to reach
out for him.

MIDGE
It wasn't your fault.

SCOTTIE
I know. Everybody tells me.

MIDGE
Johnny, the doctors explained --

SCOTTIE
I know. I have Acrophobia. What a
disease. A fear of heights. And what
a moment to find out I had it.

MIDGE
Well, you've got it. And there's no
losing it. And there's no one to

blame. So why quit?

SCOTTIE
And sit behind a desk? Chairborne?

MIDGE
It's where you belong.

SCOTTIE
(With a grin)
Not with my Acrophobia, Midge. If I
dropped a pencil on the floor and
bent down to pick it up, it could be
disastrous!

MIDGE
(Laughs)
Ah, Johnny-O...

She considers him for a moment, then goes back to her work.
By now he is up and wandering about with the help of the
stick.

MIDGE
(Finally, as she works)
Well?... what'll you do?

SCOTTIE
Nothing for a while. You forget, I'm
a man of independent means. Or fairly
independent.

MIDGE
Mmm. Why don't you go away for a
while?

SCOTTIE
(Grins)
To forget? Don't be so motherly,
Midge. I'm not going to crack up.

MIDGE
Have you had any dizzy spells this
week?

SCOTTIE
I'm having one now.

She looks up sharply with quick apprehension.

SCOTTIE

From that music.

MIDGE

Oh!

She goes and turns off the gramophone. Scottie has wandered over to the drawing table.

SCOTTIE

What's this do-hickey here?

He turns the brassiere over with his stick

MIDGE

It's a brassiere. You know about those things. You're a big boy, now.

SCOTTIE

I've never run across one like that.

MIDGE

It's brand new. Revolutionary uplift. No shoulder straps, no back straps, but does everything a brassiere should do. It works on the principle of the cantilever bridge.

SCOTTIE

(Impressed)

Uh-huh!

MIDGE

An aircraft engineer down the peninsula designed it. He worked it out in his spare time.

SCOTTIE

What a pleasant hobby.

He wanders back to the chair and watches her work for a long moment. Then:

SCOTTIE

How's your love life, Midge?

MIDGE

That's following a train of thought.

SCOTTIE

Well?

MIDGE

Normal.

SCOTTIE

Aren't you ever going to get married?

MIDGE

(Lightly)

You know there's only one man in the world for me, Johnny-O.

SCOTTIE

Yeah, I'm a brute. We were engaged once though, weren't we?

MIDGE

Three whole weeks.

SCOTTIE

Ah, sweet college days. But you're the one who blew it. I'm still available. Available Ferguson. Say, Midge, do you remember a guy at college named Gavin Elster?

MIDGE

Gavin? Gavin Elster? You'd think I'd would. No.

SCOTTIE

I got a call from him today. Funny. He dropped out of sight during the war, and I'd heard he'd gone East. I guess he's back.

(he fishes out a slip
of paper)

It's a Mission number.

MIDGE

That's Skid Row... isn't it?

SCOTTIE

Could be.

MIDGE

He's probably on the bum and wants to touch you for the price of a drink.

SCOTTIE

Well, I'm on the bum; I'll buy him a couple of drinks and tell him my troubles. But not tonight. If you won't drink with me, I'll drink alone, tonight.

(He rises to go)

MIDGE

Sorry, old man. Work.

SCOTTIE

Midge, what did you mean, there's no losing it?

MIDGE

What.

SCOTTIE

My... the acrophobia.

MIDGE

I asked my doctor. He said only another emotional shock could do it, and probably wouldn't. And you're not going to go diving off another rooftop to find out.

SCOTTIE

I think I can lick it.

MIDGE

How?

SCOTTIE

I've got a theory. Look. If I can get used to heights just a little at a time... progressively see?

He has been looking about eagerly, sees a low footstool, drags it to the center of the room as he speaks.

SCOTTIE

Here, I'll show you what I mean. We'll start with this.

MIDGE

That!?!

SCOTTIE

What do you want me to start with --
the Golden Gate Bridge?

He has stepped up on the footstool and stands there proudly
looking up and down.

SCOTTIE

Now. I look up, I look down. I look
up, I look down. Nothing to it.

MIDGE

(Overlapping)

Stop kidding. Wait a minute.

She dashes to the kitchen, returns quickly with a small
aluminum household ladder.

SCOTTIE

Ah, that's my girl! Here?

He steps on the first step.

MIDGE

Step number two.

SCOTTIE

Okay.

He gets up on the second step and goes through the routine.

SCOTTIE

I look up, I look down. I look up, I
look down. I'm going to go right out
and buy me a nice, tall stepladder.
Here we go.

He gets on the top step.

MIDGE

Easy, now.

SCOTTIE

This is a cinch. I look up, I look
down. I look up --

And at this moment he makes the mistake of turning and looking out through the picture window.

FROM SCOTTIE'S VIEWPOINT

We see the depth down to the street below the window. The whole picture begins to weave.

INT. MIDGE'S APARTMENT - (LATE AFTERNOON) - CLOSEUP

of Scottie -- expression of nausea.

FROM SCOTTIE'S VIEW POINT - LONG SHOT

The weaving view changes to the original scene where the ground receded in a rush and the body of the policeman fell into space.

INT. MIDGE'S APARTMENT - (LATE AFTERNOON) - MEDIUM CLOSE

SHOT

Scottie's face distorted with agony -- his eyes close and he begins to slump. CAMERA PULLS BACK SLIGHTLY as Midge now comes into shot, putting up her hands to him to hold him, and his weight is on her and his head is slumped, and the joke is over.

MIDGE

Johnny!

SCOTTIE

(Muttering, his face
tight, his eyes shut)

Oh, damn it! Damn it, damn it --

DISSOLVE:

EXT. A SHIPYARD - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

Boats up an ways, men swarming over, cranes moving. At the gate, Scottie has paused to speak to the gateman. The gateman indicates a building in the distance, Scottie nods, goes past him, starts across the shipyard toward the building.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GAVIN ELSTER'S OFFICE - (DAY)

A well-appointed office with a large window looking out upon a busy shipyard. There are a couple of models of modern freighters in glass cases, but more important, on the walls are many framed prints and posters and maps relating to early California history; some from the Mexican days, many from the Gold Rush days, many of San Francisco in the Seventies and Eighties. Behind the desk sits Gavin Elster, a man about Scottie's age, huskily built, slightly balding, with cool, watchful eyes. He is beautifully tailored, and gives the sense of a man who relishes money and knows how to use it. He sits quietly watching Scottie, who stands staring out the window at the activity of the shipyard. After a long moment:

SCOTTIE

How'd you get into the shipbuilding business, Gavin?

ELSTER

I married into it.

Scottie shoots him a small surprised smile of approval at his frankness, then looks out the window again.

SCOTTIE

Interesting business.

ELSTER

No, to be honest, I find it dull.

SCOTTIE

You don't have to do it for a living.

ELSTER

No. But one assumes obligations. My wife's family is all gone; someone has to look after her interest. Her father's partner runs the company yard in the East -- Baltimore -- so I decided as long as I had to work at it, I'd come back here. I've always liked it here.

SCOTTIE

How long have you been back?

ELSTER

Almost a year.

SCOTTIE

And you like it.

ELSTER

San Francisco's changed. The things
a that spell San Francisco to me are
disappearing fast.

Scottie smiles at the old prints on the wall.

SCOTTIE

Like all this.

ELSTER

(Nodding)

I'd like to have lived here then.
The color and excitement... the
power... the freedom.

Though he does not stress the word, the way he lingers softly
on the word "Freedom" makes Scottie look over at him again.
Elster looks up and smiles companionably.

ELSTER

Shouldn't you be sitting down?

SCOTTIE

No, I'm all right.

ELSTER

I was sorry to read about that thing
in the papers.

(No answer)

And you've quit the force.

(Scottie nods)

A permanent physical disability?

SCOTTIE

No, Acrophobia isn't a crippling
thing. It just means I can't climb
steep stairs or go to high places,
like the bar at the Top-of-the-Mark.
But --

(Shrugs and smiles)

-- there are plenty of street-level
bars in this town.

Elster considers the top of his desk for a moment, then looks
up.

ELSTER

Would you like a drink now?

SCOTTIE

No... no, thanks. A bit early in the day for spirits.

(Pause)

Well, I guess that about covers everything, doesn't it? I never married; I don't see much of the "old college gang"; I'm a retired detective -- and you're in the shipbuilding business.

(Pause)

What's on your mind, Gavin?

A moment, then Elster rises from the desk casually, wanders across the room, looks out the window, gets out a handkerchief and blows his nose prosaically, finally turns and regards Scottie coolly and directly for a long moment.

ELSTER

I asked you to come up here, Scottie, knowing that you had quit detective works, but I wondered whether you would go back on the job -- as a special favor to me.

Scottie looks at him questioningly.

ELSTER

I want you to follow my wife.

Scottie does not change expression, and yet one can sense the feeling of anti-climax within him, and the almost imperceptible small cynical smile deep behind his eyes.

ELSTER

Not what you think. We're very happily married.

SCOTTIE

Then?

ELSTER

I'm afraid some harm may come to her.

SCOTTIE

From whom?

ELSTER

Someone dead.

Scottie waits.

ELSTER

Scottie, do you believe that someone out of the past, someone dead, can enter and take possession of a living being?

SCOTTIE

No.

ELSTER

If I told you I believe that his happened to my wife, what would you say?

SCOTTIE

I'd say you'd better take her to the nearest psychiatrist, psychologist, neurologist, psychoanalyst, or plain family doctor. And have him check you both.

ELSTER

(Defeated)

Then you're of no use to me. I'm sorry I wasted your time. Thank you for coming in, Scottie.

Scottie rises to go, awkwardly, puzzled, a bit apologetic.

SCOTTIE

I didn't mean to be that rough.

ELSTER

No, it sounds idiotic, I know. And you're still the hard-headed Scot, aren't you? Always were. Do you think I'm making it up?

SCOTTIE

No.

ELSTER

I'm not making it up. I wouldn't know how. She'll be talking to me about something, nothing at all, and suddenly the words fade into silence and a cloud comes into her eyes and they go blank... and she is somewhere else, away from me... someone I don't know. I call to her and she doesn't hear. And then with a long sigh she is back, and looks at me brightly, and doesn't know she's been away... can't tell me where... or why...

SCOTTIE

How often does this happen?

ELSTER

More and more in the past few weeks. And she wanders. God knows where she wanders. I followed her one day.

SCOTTIE

Where'd she go?

Elster almost ignores the question as he looks back to the day.

ELSTER

Watched her come out of the apartment, someone I didn't know... walking in a different way... holding her head in a way I didn't know; and get into her car, and drive out to...

(He smiles grimly)

Golden Gate Park. Five miles. She sat on a bench at the edge of the lake and stared across the water to the old pillars that stand on the far shore, the Portals of the Past. Sat there a long time, not moving... and I had to leave, to get to the office. That evening, when I came home, I asked what she'd done all day. She said she'd driven to Golden Gate Park and sat by the lake. That's all.

SCOTTIE

Well?

ELSTER

The speedometer of her car showed she had driven 94 miles that day. Where did she go?

(Pause)

I have to know, Scottie. Where she goes and what she does, before I got involved with doctors.

SCOTTIE

Have you talked to the doctors at all?

ELSTER

Yes, but carefully. I'd want to know more before committing her to that kind of care.

(Anxiously)

Scottie --

SCOTTIE

(Quickly)

I can get you a firm of private eyes to follow her for you. They're dependable, good boys --

ELSTER

(Breaking in)

I want you.

SCOTTIE

It's not my line.

ELSTER

Scottie, I need a friend! Someone I can trust! I'm in a panic about this!

Long pause.

SCOTTIE

How can I see her, to know her?

ELSTER

We're going to an opening at the opera tonight. We'll dine at Ernie's first. Which is easier?

SCOTTIE

Ernie's.

ELSTER

All right.

(Pause)

You won't know what to look for at first, Scottie. Even I, who know her so well, cannot tell, sometimes, when the change has begun. She looks so lovely and normal...

The last part of this speech carries through the dissolve.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ERNIE'S RESTAURANT - (NIGHT)

We are in the upstairs room that, in mood and decor, takes us back to Bonanza Days. This is the way San Francisco was. Scottie is at the bar, turned a little so that he faces into the dining room, and as he drinks his eyes search the room slowly, carefully.

The CAMERA SEARCHES with him, passing over the many well-dressed women, until it comes to rest on a table for two dressed against the far wall. Gavin Elster is seated there, dining with his wife. Scottie cannot get a clear look at her. She is turned slightly away from him, and when she does turn her head in his direction there always seems to be a waiter passing to block the view. And during all of this we hear Elster's voice, continuing from the previous scene.

ELSTER'S VOICE

But I realize now that the deep change began on the first day I brought her to San Francisco. You know what San Francisco does to people who have never seen it before. All of it happened to Madeleine, but with such an intensity as to be almost frightening. She was like a child came home. Everything about the city excited her: she had to walk all the hills, explore the edge of the ocean, see all the old houses and wander the old streets: and when she came upon something unchanged, something that was as it had been, her delight was so strong so fiercely possessive!

These things were hers. And yet she had never been here before. She had been born and raised in the East. I liked it at first, of course. I love this place; I wanted my bride to love it. But then it began to make me uneasy. Her delight was too strong; her excitement was too intense, it never faded; her laugh was too loud, her eyes sparkled too brightly; there was something feverish about the way she embraced the city. She possessed it. And then one day she changed again... and a great sigh settled on her, and the cloud came into her eyes...

Now Gavin Elster has signed the check, and he and his wife rise and start for the door. Scottie still cannot get an unobstructed view of her face, but we can see in flashes that she is young, in her twenties, with a mobile, attractive face and gentle eyes that have warmth and intelligence and humor. Scottie is intent on her. At the doorway to the bar, only two feet from him, she stops and waits as her husband pauses behind her to speak to the headwaiter and thank him and tip him. She looks about calmly, with sure, distant repose. Her eyes come to rest on Scottie for a moment, then move on with the small smile. During all of the above, Elster's voice has gone on, without pauses, and his narration ends as the girl, Madeleine, comes to a stop near Scottie and waits.

ELSTER'S VOICE

I don't know what happened that day: where she went, what she saw, what she did. But on that day, the search was ended. She had found what she was looking for, she had come home. And something in the city possessed her.

As Scottie stares at her, their eyes meet for a moment, and he turns to reach for his drink. When he turns back, she is gone. He looks about, slightly startled, then catches a glimpse of her as she turns the corner of the upstairs lobby. His eyes grow thoughtful, and glow with the memory of her face.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BROCKLEBANK APARTMENTS - (DAY) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Scottie, seated in his car, a light grey sedan, is reading the morning paper. The car radio is going and we hear conventional disc jockey music. He glances out through his windshield.

BROCKLEBANK APTS. - (DAY) - LONG SHOT FROM HIS POV

We see a large block of apartments with a stone pillared entrance and a small car parked inside. Beyond it is the door into the apartment building itself. There is no activity but for one businessman who emerges on foot and makes his way out.

INT. AUTOMOBILE - (DAY) - CLOSEUP SCOTTIE

He resumes his reading but does not Concentrate. His eyes go back to the apartment house.

EXT. BLOCKLEBANK APTS. - (DAY) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

A slightly nearer view but still outside the stone entrance of the apartment house, we see the main entrance beyond. For some time, there is no activity at all - perhaps for a quarter of a minute or so. Suddenly, we see Gavin's wife, MADELEINE, appear. She is dressed in a smart light grey tailored suit. She stands for a moment looking about her.

INT. AUTOMOBILE (DAY) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Scottie thrusts the paper aside and turns off the radio. He starts his car.

EXT. BROCKLEBANK APTS. - (DAY) - SEMI-LONG SHOT - FROM

HIS VIEWPOINT

We see Madeleine crossing the small courtyard to a pale green Jaguar. She stands for a moment, opens her handbag and takes out her car keys. She gets in the car.

EXT. BROCKLEBANK APTS. - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

Scottie begins to turn his car away gently from the curbstone.

EXT. BROCKLEBANK APTS. - (DAY) - SEMI-LONG SHOT FROM HIS

VIEWPOINT

Madeleine's car pulls out and turns down the side street.

INT. SCOTTIE'S CAR - SEMI-CLOSEUP

We see him pull away, looking intently ahead.

EXT. STREET, SAN FRANCISCO - (DAY) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Through the windshield over the hood of his car, we see the pale green Jaguar moving ahead of him, but the speed is quite casual and not too fast.

INT. SCOTTIE'S CAR - (DAY) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Scottie watching ahead.

EXT. STREET, SAN FRANCISCO - (DAY) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Through the windshield we see the green Jaguar turn the corner and go down another street.

INT. SCOTTIE'S CAR - (DAY) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Scottie taking the same corner as we see him turn the wheel.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCOTTIE'S CAR - (DAY) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Scottie anxiously looking ahead, fearing he might miss her.

EXT. STREET, SAN FRANCISCO - (DAY) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

The green car slows up and begins to make a left-hand turn (or right-hand). The two cars in front of Scottie's are able to pull out and pass the green car. We see the green car turn up an alleyway.

INT. SCOTTIE'S CAR - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Scottie's expression changes a little, surprised at the sudden turn-off.

EXT. STREET, SAN FRANCISCO - (DAY) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

In the left f.g., we see a large flower shop and beyond, at the corner of the side alleyway, another store. We see the

grey sedan turn in.

EXT. STREET, SAN FRANCISCO - (DAY) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

SHOOTING DOWN THE ALLEYWAY

The grey sedan comes into the f.g. on the right, while further down the street, we see the green Jaguar coming to a stop outside a dingy doorway.

INT. SCOTTIE'S CAR - SEMI-CLOSEUP

We see Scottie looking out of his window, looking down the street.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - SEMI-LONG SHOT - FROM HIS VIEW POINT

We see Madeleine get out of the Jaguar and pass through a rather decrepit-looking door.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - (DAY) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Scottie alights from his car and we see him make his way down the alley towards the Jaguar.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - MEDIUM SHOT

The CAMERA PANS Scottie past the Jaguar as he cautiously enters the doorway.

INT. DARK PASSAGE - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

We see Scottie making his way down this passage. He reaches a door at the end.

INT. DARK PASSAGE - (DAY) SEMI-CLOSEUP - SHOOTING OVER

SCOTTIE'S SHOULDER

He gently pushes open the door. We see beyond him the bright lights and back part of the flower shop.

INT. FLOWER SHOP - (DAY) - CLOSEUP

Scottie's surprised expression, as he peers through the partially open door. Suddenly, he catches sight of:

INT. FLOWER SHOP - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

Madeleine is talking to one of the assistants, making some inquiry. The assistant, who seems to know her, nods with a smile and goes off to the side of the store. Madeleine waits and begins to turn, looking around the store. She approaches camera until she is again in profile - just as she was in Ernie's Restaurant when Scottie first saw her.

INT. FLOWER SHOP - CLOSEUP - SCOTTIE

Cautiously narrows the opening of the door.

INT. FLOWER SHOP - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

The female assistant returns. She is carrying a small nosegay of flowers. Madeleine nods her approval and, as the assistant returns, we see Madeleine indicate she will take it as it is. Madeleine begins to open her purse as the assistant starts to write out the bill.

INT. FLOWER SHOP - (DAY) - CLOSEUP SCOTTIE

Cautiously, closes the door.

INT. PASSAGE - (DAY) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

We see Scottie retreating from the door and hastening down the passage towards the CAMERA. He goes out left and as he opens the door into the alleyway, the daylight streams in for a moment.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

Scottie emerges from the doorway, passing the green Jaguar. We are far enough away to see the sign over the doorway, which tells us that it is the rear entrance to the flower shop, for customers' parking.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

Scottie comes from the Jaguar across the alleyway to where his own car is standing. He gets in. After a moment or two, we see Madeleine emerge in the distance and get into the Jaguar, carrying the nosegay. There is a sound of the starter, and immediately, she is on her way. In the f.g., the grey sedan moves off at a cautious distance behind.

LAP DISSOLVE:

INT. SCOTTIE'S CAR - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

We see Scottie driving, looking ahead.

EXT. DOLORES AVENUE - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

The green Jaguar driving ahead down the wide Dolores Avenue. It presently comes to a stop outside the Mission. We see Madeleine quickly get out. Scottie's car enters the picture and begins to slow up.

INT. SCOTTIE'S CAR - (DAY) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

As he watches ahead, he slowly brings his car to a stop.

EXT. DOLORES AVENUE - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

In the f.g., is the grey sedan. Scottie emerges and, slamming his car door shut, makes his way to the door opposite which the green Jaguar is parked.

EXT. DOLORES MISSION - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

We now see for the first time the facade of the old Mission Dolores. Scottie enters the picture from the right and makes his way to the small dark, open doorway.

EXT. MISSION DOLORES - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

Scottie passes through the small doorway. On the wall nearby, we get a quick glimpse of the plaque announcing the date of the establishment of the Mission.

INT. MISSION DOLORES - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

We see Scottie come through the door and towards the CAMERA. He comes to a stop in CLOSEUP.

INT. MISSION DOLORES - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

From his viewpoint, we see the center aisle and, in the distance, the altar of the old Mission. It is very dark except for the strong light around the altar. The church is completely empty.

INT. MISSION DOLORES - (DAY) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Scottie half-turns as though to retrace his steps, then he looks back again and leans to one side slightly.

INT. MISSION DOLORES - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

Shooting on a slightly different angle, we see there is a small door at the far end at the right-hand side of the altar. It is slowly closing.

INT. MISSION DOLORES - (DAY) - CLOSEUP

Scottie immediately comes forward and exits the picture.

INT. MISSION DOLORES - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

Scottie enters the f.g., and we see him hasten up the aisle towards the altar.

INT. MISSION DOLORES - (DAY) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

We are much nearer to the altar. Scottie enters the picture on the right and makes his way quickly towards the little side door. As he opens it, a shaft of bright sunlight comes into the church.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - (DAY) - CLOSEUP

We see Scottie emerge from the church coming towards the CAMERA, which DOLLIES BACK with him.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

From his viewpoint, the CAMERA TURNS the corner and makes its way toward a small gateway in a wall. The CAMERA starts to go through.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - (DAY) - CLOSEUP

Scottie coming through the gateway.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

The CAMERA MOVES ACROSS the graveyard, and in the distance, we see Madeleine gazing down at a headstone, the posy still clutched in her hands.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - (DAY) - CLOSEUP

Scottie looking towards Madeleine with an expression of slight surprise. He starts off out of the picture to the right.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

We see Scottie making his way down the side of the graveyard, with the Mission Church behind him. The CAMERA PANS him all the way round to a position towards Madeleine. He disappears from view.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - (DAY) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

The CAMERA PANS Scottie past Madeleine and he takes up a position behind a grotto where he can observe her.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - (DAY) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Scottie watching Madeleine.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - (DAY) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Through the foliage, from his viewpoint, we see the back view of Madeleine, her head bent down, still looking at the grave. She starts to turn.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Scottie cautiously steps back a little.

EXT. GRAVEYARD (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

The CAMERA watching the corner of the grotto for a moment. Nothing happens, then we hear a few steps and Madeleine comes into view still carrying the posy of flowers. She is walking very slowly. She comes to a stop opposite Scottie - until she is in full profile. She opens her purse and takes out a small handkerchief, then she moves on around the path towards the exit.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - (DAY) SEMI-CLOSEUP

Scottie is watching her depart.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - (DAY) SEMI-LONG SHOT

Madeleine approaches a small door at the side of the mission Church. She goes in.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

We see Scottie hasten round from his hiding-place back to the headstone, where Madeleine had been standing.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

Scottie quickly takes an envelope from his pocket and also takes out a pencil. He starts to write down something as he looks at the headstone.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - (DAY) - CLOSEUP

INSERT - The name on the headstone reads: Carlotta Valdes.
Born December 3, 1831. Died March 5, 1857.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

We see Scottie hurry from the grave towards the exit door.
The CAMERA PANS with him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCOTTIE'S CAR - (DAY) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Once more his eyes are on the road ahead, as he follows
Madeleine.

EXT. MARKET STREET - (DAY)

We see the green Jaguar come out of 16th Street and cross
Market Street and start to ascend the hill.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - (DAY)

We see both cars, one behind the other, moving uphill.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ENTRANCE TO LINCOLN PARK - (DAY)

The two cars move along the road through the entrance, between
the trees, and the Jaguar draws up before the Palace of the
Legion of Honor. Scottie continues past as Madeleine gets
out of her car and walks through the courtyard to the entrance
to the art gallery. Scottie parks his car farther along, and
follows her in.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ART GALLERY - (AFTERNOON) - LONG SHOT

Shooting through the foreground columns we see the gallery,
soft lit from the top, completely empty, save for one person.

It is Madeleine. She is seated on the small wooden bench at the far end. Her head is tilted in the upward direction, gazing at a large portrait. Slowly we see Scottie coming to the left f.g. He watches her for a moment and then with a carefully quiet stop, moves into the gallery and starts to examine the pictures.

INT. GALLERY - (AFTERNOON) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

The CAMERA SHOOTING on the back of Scottie, TRAVELS, with him as he pretends to look at the pictures on the wall. He barely stops at each one. Now and again he half furtively glances over his shoulder. Finally the CAMERA COMES TO A STOP. Scottie cautiously turns around and looks across the room.

INT. GALLERY - (AFTERNOON) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

From his viewpoint we get a complete picture of what he sees. The back view of Madeleine, seated on the polished wooden bench, her right hand is holding the nosegay, and beyond her a three-quarter length portrait of a beautiful blonde woman, dressed in 19th century costume. She seems to be looking down with an enigmatic smile.

INT. GALLERY - (AFTERNOON) - CLOSEUP

Scottie's eye catches sight of:

INT. GALLERY - (AFTERNOON) - CLOSEUP

The nosegay resting in Madeleine's hand on the polished wood seat. The CAMERA SLOWLY PANS UP and MOVES IN to a part of the picture. It comes to rest on a nosegay held in the woman's hands.

INT. GALLERY - (AFTERNOON) - CLOSEUP

Scottie's expression does not change. His eyes move to something else.

INT. GALLERY - (AFTERNOON) - CLOSEUP

SHOOTING on the back of Madeleine, we see her head and shoulders only. The CAMERA MOVES IN until her bun of blonde hair fills the screen. The CAMERA PANS up until we see the head and shoulders of the woman in the portrait. She is wearing a distinctive diamond pendant necklace. Then the CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES IN and concentrate its attention at a

bun of hair resting on the nape of her neck.

INT. GALLERY - (AFTERNOON) - CLOSEUP

Scottie's eyes turn thoughtfully at the memory of his conversation with Gavin. He looks up again.

INT. GALLERY - (AFTERNOON) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Again, the enigmatic look of the woman wearing the diamond pendant necklace. It seems as though she is almost looking at Scottie.

INT. GALLERY - (AFTERNOON) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Scottie turns and makes his way carefully back down the gallery.

INT. GALLERY - (AFTERNOON) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

THE CAMERA is now back in its original position, beyond the columns of the entrance to the room. We see Scottie coming down toward the CAMERA. As he comes to us in CLOSER SHOT, we see him beckon to somebody off screen.

INT. GALLERY - (AFTERNOON) - MEDIUM SHOT

A male attendant is coming over towards the CAMERA. He goes out of the picture.

INT. GALLERY - (AFTERNOON) - MEDIUM SHOT

He comes to where Scottie awaits him. Scottie asks in a low voice:

SCOTTIE
(Nodding in the
direction of the
gallery)
Who is the woman in the portrait?

The Attendant turns his head.

SCOTTIE
The one where the lady is sitting.

ATTENDANT
Oh, that's Carlotta, sir.
(At Scottie's reaction)

You'll find it in the catalogue:
"Portrait of Carlotta."

Scottie nods his thanks as the attendant hands him a catalogue. Scottie then turns back and looks into the room. The CAMERA MOVES IN past him, so that once more we are left alone with Madeleine seated, still looking at the portrait.

LAP DISSOLVE:

EXT. ART GALLERY - (AFTERNOON) - MEDIUM SHOT

In the f.g., Scottie is seated in his grey sedan. We see beyond him in the distance, the green Jaguar and the back-lit columns of the gallery courtyard. Presently, the small figure of Madeleine appears. She gets into her car and starts to drive off. Scottie starts up his engine. His car moves across the screen.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A SAN FRANCISCO STREET - (DAY)

The two cars moving along through a poorer section of San Francisco. We see that the houses - many large - are all of wood, shabby, run-down, some almost derelict. The occasional front yard is uncared for; the few people on the street are cheaply dressed. There is a meanness of atmosphere.

EXT. MCKITTRICK HOTEL - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

The green Jaguar comes to a stop outside a large house, which has seen grander days. Obviously an old San Francisco residence, it is now become an apartment hotel. A long flight of steps from the street, leads to the front door, which has a semicircular canopy supported by columns.

Madeleine gets out and ascends the stairs toward the hotel entrance; she is still carrying the posy of flowers.

EXT. MCKITTRICK HOTEL - (DAY) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Scottie's car pulls into the curb. He gets out and stands on the sidewalk and looks ahead of him. He walks forward out of the picture.

EXT. MCKITTRICK HOTEL - (DAY) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

We see Scottie walking along the sidewalk casually. The green

car is at the curb at the left of the stairs to the hotel. He strolls up until he reaches the green car.

EXT. MCKITTRICK HOTEL - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

SHOOTING over the green car, we see Scottie hovering around the bottom of the steps. There is no sign of Madeleine. She has obviously gone in by this time. Scottie turns and examines the facade of the hotel and over his shoulder, the CAMERA PANS up over the building where we see the name, in worn black lettering under the top cornice.

EXT. MCKITTRICK HOTEL - (DAY) - CLOSEUP

Scottie turns away from the hotel and glances in the direction of the car. He then turns and ponders what his next move should be. No looks back at the hotel. Suddenly, his eye catches sight of something. He hastens over to conceal himself by the entrance wall, the CAMERA PANNING him. His eyes go up again.

EXT. MCKITTRICK HOTEL - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

From his viewpoint, we see Madeleine appear in the corner second story window. She is glancing out casually, as she takes off the jacket of her suit. She turns into the room again.

EXT. MCKITTRICK HOTEL - (DAY) - CLOSEUP

Scottie is really puzzled by this appearance. He thinks for a while and then, making up his mind, starts to go up the steps, the CAMERA PANNING him. We see him reach the top step and make for the front door.

EXT. MCKITTRICK HOTEL - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

Scottie waits a slight moment, and then, bracing him himself, opens the door and passes through.

INT. MCKITTRICK HOTEL LOBBY - (DAY) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Scottie comes through the door closes it behind him. He looks around.

INT. MCKITTRICK HOTEL LOBBY - (DAY)

From Scottie's viewpoint, we see most of the lobby. There is a small reception desk with a key rack to one side, but the

strongest and most immediate impact is one of greenery, of foliage. Scattered about the lobby in profusion are tall-standing potted rubber plants and philodendron. Scottie stands and stares. There is no one to be seen, no sign of life. Then we see a leaf of a rubber plant move, and move again, a hand appears, seemingly caressing it, and then we hear a woman's voice.

MANAGERESS

Yes?

Scottie looks in that direction, and the woman moves out from behind the plant. She is a small, gentle, elderly lady with white hair, motherly and smiling, with bright, eager eyes.

MANAGERESS

Is there something I can do for you?

SCOTTIE

Yes... you run this hotel.

MANAGERESS

Oh, yes!

SCOTTIE

Would you tell me, who has the room on the second floor in the corner, that corner?

MANAGERESS

(Brightly)

Oh, I'm afraid we couldn't give out information of that sort. Our clients are entitled to their privacy, you know. And I do believe it's against the law! Of course, I don't think any of them would mind, really, but still I would have to know who you are, and ask --

By now Scottie has got out his wallet and has shown his badge, and the sight of it makes her stop abruptly, and for a moment her face hardens and is not a bit motherly. But then she recovers her innocent brightness.

MANAGERESS

Oh, dear! Has she done something wrong?

SCOTTIE

Please answer my question.

MANAGERESS

I can't imagine that sweet girl with
that dear face --

SCOTTIE

(Urgently)

What is her name?

MANAGERESS

Valdes. Miss Valdes.

(Pause. Then, brightly)

It's Spanish, you know.

SCOTTIE

(Slowly)

Carlotta Valdes?

MANAGERESS

Yes, that's it. Sweet name, isn't
it? Foreign. But sweet.

SCOTTIE

(Holding in)

How long has she had the room?

MANAGERESS

Oh, it must be two weeks. Yes, the
rent's due tomorrow.

SCOTTIE

Does she sleep here? Ever?

MANAGERESS

No... she only comes to sit. Two or
three times a week. And I never ask
questions, you know. As long as
they're well behaved. I must say
that I've wondered --

SCOTTIE

(Cutting her off)

When she comes down, don't say that
I've been here.

And he turns away to go, wondering.

MANAGERESS

(Brightly)

Oh, but she hasn't been here today.
Scottie whirls back on her.

SCOTTIE

I saw her come in five minutes. ago.

MANAGERESS

Oh, no! She hasn't been here at all!
I would have seen her, you know.
I've been right here all the time,
putting olive oil on my rubber plant
leaves!

Scottie stares at her smiling, innocent face. She looks over
at the key rack.

MANAGERESS

And there! There you see? Her key is
on the rack!

SCOTTIE

(Heavily)

Would you please go and look?

MANAGERESS

In her room? Well, yes, of course if
you ask. But it does seem silly...

She puts down the can of olive oil and the sponge, and gets
out her passkey. She goes up the stairs. Scottie watches her
go, then stares down at the can of olive oil, stares at the
rubber plant, and waits, and looks up the stairs.

MANAGERESS (O.S.)

(Brightly)

Oh, Mr. Detective! Would you like to
come and look?

Scottie starts up the stairs on the run.

INT. LANDING OF SECOND FLOOR - (DAY)

The Manageress stands near the open door. Scottie brushes
past her and stands on the threshold.

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - (DAY)

We are looking at the room over the shoulders of Scottie and the woman. It is empty. Scottie crosses to the window and looks down. From his viewpoint we see the empty space at the street curb where stood Madeleine's Jaguar.

SCOTTIE

Her car is gone.

MANAGERESS

What car?

He turns to look at her sweet, smiling face, then turns back to stare down out of the window in bewilderment.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BROCKLEBANK APARTMENTS - (DAY)

Scottie's sedan pulls up in the foreground, the building in the distance. He looks across. There, half concealed around the corner of the small car park, is the green Jaguar. Scottie strolls over, inspects the cars, then looks inside. On the seat is the small nosegay bought at Podesta's and carried to the cemetery.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MIDGE'S APARTMENT - (DAY)

Midge is at work on a nightgown ad. The phonograph is playing softly: probably Bach, probably harpsichord, probably Landowska. Scottie walks in, and Midge looks up, startled.

SCOTTIE

Midge, who do you know that's an authority on San Francisco history?

He walks over and turns the phonograph off, either here or a bit later.

MIDGE

Now, that's the kind of greeting a girl likes. None of this "hello you look wonderful" stuff. Just a good straight "who do you know" --

SCOTTIE

(breaking in)

Well, who? Come on, you know everybody.

MIDGE

Professor Saunders, over in Berkeley.

SCOTTIE

Not that kind of history. The small stuff! About people you never heard of!

MIDGE

Oh! You mean Gay Old Bohemian Days of Gay Old San Francisco! The juicy stories? Like who shot who in the Embarcadero August, 1879?

SCOTTIE

Yeah.

MIDGE

Pop Leibel.

SCOTTIE

Who?

MIDGE

Pop Leibel owns the Argosy Book Shop. What do you want to know?

SCOTTIE

Who shot who in the Embarcadero in August, 1879.

Starts for the door fast.

MIDGE

Wait a minute! You're not a detective any more. What's going on?

SCOTTIE

(Pausing)

Do you know him well?

MIDGE

Pop Leibel? Sure.

SCOTTIE

All right, come on. Introduce me.

Where is your hat?

He looks about for it.

MIDGE

(Speeding to the door)

I don't need a hat. Johnny, what's
it about?

She speeds right on through the open door.

SCOTTIE

I'll tell you later. Wait a minute!

He races out after her.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ARGOSY BOOK SHOP - (DUSK)

It is old, it is misty, it is filled with old books, but the important thing to note is that it is filled with memorabilia of California pioneer days: on the walls are not only the familiar old maps and prints but also, and more striking, such things as framed old mining claims, posters describing outlaws wanted by the law, Wells Fargo Pony Express Posters; and on the shelves, old whiskey bottles, gold-mining pans, and such. The proprietor, Pop Leibel, is staring with a nodding smile at the piece of paper Scottie has handed him, and Scottie watches him keenly. In the bag, Midge wanders about the shop, inspecting the prints on the wall, but always listening.

POP LEIBEL

Yes... the Beautiful Carlotta... the
Sad Carlotta...

SCOTTIE

What does a big old wooden house on
the corner of Eddy and Gough Street
have to do with her?

POP LEIBEL

It was hers. It was built for her.
Many years ago.

SCOTTIE

By whom?

POP LEIBEL

By... no... the name I do not remember. A rich man, a powerful man. It is not an unusual story. She came from somewhere small, to the south of the city... some say from a mission settlement... young, yes; very young. And she was found singing and dancing in a cabaret by the man... wait... wait... Ives! His name was Ives! Yes. And he took her and built for her this great house in the Western Addition... and there was a child. Yes. This was it. The child.

Scottie hangs on his words. Pop looks up at him and smiles.

POP LEIBEL

And now, fragments, you understand. I cannot tell you how much time passed, or how much happiness there was. But then he threw her away. He had no other children; his wife had no children. He kept the child and threw her away. Men could do that in those days. They had the power... and the freedom. And she became the Sad Carlotta. Alone in the great house... walking the streets alone, her clothes becoming old and patched and dirty... the Mad Carlotta... stopping people in the streets to ask, "Where is my child?... have you seen my child?".

The store has darkened considerably and all the figures are practically silhouettes. The CAMERA picks up a CLOSE SHOT OF MIDGE, listening intently, her head turned away from the wall toward the old man. And on the wall near her head is a print of mission San Juan Bantista as it was in the old days.

MIDGE

The poor thing....

SCOTTIE

And she died...

POP LEIBEL

She died.

SCOTTIE

How?

POP LEIBEL

By her own hand.

(Pause. Smiles as
sadly)

There are many such stories.

SCOTTIE

Thank you, Mr. Leibel. Thank you
very much.

Forgetting Midge, he turns and walks out of the store fast,
deep in thought.

MIDGE

Hey, wait a minute! So long, Pop!
Thanks a lot! She dashes out after
Scottie.

EXT. SIDEWALK OUTSIDE ARGOSY BOOK SHOP - (DUSK)

Midge catches up with Scottie and stops him by grabbing his
arm.

MIDGE

Now then, Johnny-O; pay me.

SCOTTIE

For what?

MIDGE

For bringing you here. Come on, tell!

SCOTTIE

Nothing to tell.

MIDGE

You'll tell, or you'll be back in
that corset! Come on!

SCOTTIE

I'll take you home.

He starts off with long strides, and Midge hurries after
him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE MIDGE'S APARTMENT - (EARLY EVENING) -
LONG SHOT

Scottie's car draws up and comes to a stop.

INT. SCOTTIE'S CAR - (EARLY EVENING) - MEDIUM TWO SHOT

Scottie and Midge are looking straight ahead.

SCOTTIE

Here you are.

MIDGE

You haven't told me everything.

SCOTTIE

I've told you enough.

MIDGE

Who's the guy, who's the wife?

SCOTTIE

Out. I've got things to do.

MIDGE

I know. The one who phoned. Your old
college chum, Elster.

SCOTTIE

Out!

MIDGE

And the idea is that the Beautiful
Mad Carlotta has come back from the
dead, to take possession of Elster's
wife? Ah, Johnny! Come on!

SCOTTIE

(Angrily)

I'm not telling you what I think!
I'm telling you what he thinks!

MIDGE

Think? Well, what do you think?

Scottie is troubled, lost in thought.

Pause.

MIDGE
Is she pretty?

SCOTTIE
Carlotta?

MIDGE
(Evenly)
No, not Carlotta. Elster's wife.

SCOTTIE
Mmm, yeah, I guess...

Midge looks up at him from the corners of her eyes.

MIDGE
(Wickedly)
I think I'll go take a look at that
portrait.
(With a bright smile)
Bye!

She opens the car door quickly and jumps out.

SCOTTIE
(Outraged)
Midge!

MIDGE
Bye-bye!

She slams the car door and runs into the house. Scottie glares after her for a moment, then his face relaxes, and he is lost in thought. He reaches into the glove compartment of the car and draws out the catalogue of the permanent collection of the Palace of the Legion of Honor. He opens it to a page and stares down.

INSERT - THE REPRODUCTION OF THE PORTRAIT OF CARLOTTA.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GAVIN ELSTER'S CLUB - (NIGHT)

Elster and Scottie are seated in the lounge of a San Francisco Club - there are one or two members reading newspapers, etc.,

while a waiter moves by in the background serving drinks. Elster is studying the reproduction of the portrait of Carlotta in the catalogue that Scottie procured from the gallery.

The waiter leans in and places two drinks before them. Scottie watches Elster, waiting for him, to speak. Finally:

ELSTER

(With a wan smile)

You've done well, Scottie. You're good at your job.

SCOTTIE

That's Carlotta Valdes.

ELSTER

Yes.

SCOTTIE

There are things you didn't tell me.

ELSTER

I didn't know where she was going to lead you.

SCOTTIE

But you knew about this.

ELSTER

Oh, yes. You noticed the way she does her hair.

He places a finger on the reproduction of the portrait to indicate the bun at the back of the neck. Scottie nods.

ELSTER

Something else. My wife, Madeleine, has several pieces of jewelry that belonged to Carlotta. She inherited them. Never wore them, they were too old-fashioned... until now. Now, when she is alone, she gets them out and looks at them handles them gently, curiously... puts them on and stares at herself in the mirror... and goes into that other world... is someone else again.

SCOTTIE

Carlotta Valdes was what: your wife's grandmother?

ELSTER

Great-grandmother. The child who was taken from her whose loss drove Carlotta mad and to her death - was Madeleine's grandmother.

SCOTTIE

(Confidently)

Well, that explains it. Anyone could develop an obsession for the past, with a background like that.

ELSTER

But she doesn't know, about her background.

(As Scottie stares,
narrowly)

She never heard of Carlotta Valdes.

SCOTTIE

Knows nothing of a grave out at Mission Dolores, or an old house an Eddy Street, or a portrait at the Palace of the Legion of Honor?

ELSTER

Nothing.

SCOTTIE

And when she goes to those places...

ELSTER

She is not my wife.

The two men stare at each other directly, honestly.

SCOTTIE

How do you know all these things she doesn't know?

ELSTER

Her mother told me most of them before she died. I dug out the rest for myself, here.

SCOTTIE

Why did she never tell her daughter?

ELSTER

Natural fear. Her grandmother went insane and took her own life. And the blood is in Madeleine.

(Pause)

Scottie, I ask you to watch her closely.

Scottie raises his glass and drinks slowly, thoughtfully.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PALACE OF THE LEGION OF HONOR - (LATE AFTERNOON)

The columns of the courtyard are back lit by the sun. There is no sign of life. Near the steps, standing alone and empty, is the green Jaguar.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE ART GALLERY - (LATE AFTERNOON)

SHOOTING through the columns in the foreground, our view of the room is obscured momentarily by an elderly couple moving toward the door. They go by to reveal Scottie standing by a Rodin sculpture, looking into the room, and far beyond him, at the end of the room, Madeleine seated on the bench before the portrait staring at it. In her hand, resting at her side on the bench, is once again the nosegay. Now she rises and approaches the portrait and stands before it, the nosegay clasped in her two hands before her, and stares up almost as though in votive offering or in prayer. Finally she turns and starts toward the entrance. Scottie slips away out of sight. Madeleine walks slowly toward the CAMERA.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PALACE OF THE LEGION OF HONOR - (LATE AFTERNOON)

Madeleine approaches the green Jaguar, gets in, and the car starts away. Scottie's car moves into the scene, following,

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SEA CLIFF DRIVE - (LATE AFTERNOON)

We see the green Jaguar proceeding, the grey sedan at a careful distance behind.

Beyond, looking northeast we see the Golden Gate Bridge in the late afternoon sun, and Richmond and Berkeley in the distance.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCOTTIE'S CAR - (SUNSET)

Scottie carefully looking ahead.

EXT. PRESIDIO DRIVE - (SUNSET)

Madeleine's car approaches along the drive to the gates of the Presidio, and passes through the gates and is swallowed by the trees. Scottie's car follows, and it, too, disappears.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PRESIDIO - (SUNSET)

The two cars driving along the wooded road.

INT. SCOTTIE'S CAR - (SUNSET)

Scottie looking ahead.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FORT POINT - (SUNSET)

Scottie's car is traveling down the slope toward the jutting point of old Fort Winfield Scott. It comes to a stop in the level clearing. The green Jaguar stands there, empty.

EXT. BRIDGE - (SUNSET) - MEDIUM SHOT

Scottie gets out of his car and looks off out of picture.

EXT. BRIDGE - (SUNSET) - LONG SHOT

Madeleine walking away round the dockside. The vast bridge towers above her. She carries the nosegay. Scottie moves into the f.g., and makes off in the same direction. Madeleine disappears round the corner of the old fort wall. Now she is out of sight, we see Scottie quicken his pace as he approaches the corner of the fort wall.

EXT. BRIDGE - (SUNSET) - MEDIUM SHOT

SHOOTING back, we see Scottie approach the wall and peer cautiously around.

EXT. BRIDGE - (SUNSET) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

From his viewpoint, we see Madeleine standing at the waters' edge. She is mechanically tearing off the lace-edged paper from the nosegay.

EXT. BRIDGE - (SUNSET) - CLOSEUP

Scottie watching her curiously.

EXT. BRIDGE - (SUNSET) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Madeleine lets the paper drift away down to the water. She proceeds to unwind the wire around the flowers and begins to scatter them on the water.

CLOSE SHOT OF FLOWERS FLOATING ON THE WATER

EXT. BRIDGE - (SUNSET) - CLOSEUP

Scottie watching Madeleine.

EXT. DOCKSIDE - (SUNSET) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

The full figure of Madeleine, scattering the rest of the flowers. Then she raises her head and stares up at the sky. A moment in which her body seem poised, and then she is gone, lost to view in the water.

EXT. DOCKSIDE - (SUNSET) - LONG SHOT

Scottie dashes around the wall and the CAMERA PANS him to the water's edge. He is throwing his coat off.

EXT. DOCKSIDE - (SUNSET) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

SHOOTING down into the water, we see Madeleine's upturned face as she floats away. She disappears now and again.

EXT. DOCKSIDE - (SUNSET) - MEDIUM SHOT

SCOTTIE, running down the few stone steps towards the water. When the water is up to his knees, he swims out towards her.

EXT. DOCKSIDE - (SUNSET) - CLOSEUP MADELEINE

Her eyes staring, sinks beneath the water. She is surrounded by the scattered flowers. Scottie swims in and grabs her.

EXT. DOCKSIDE - (SUNSET) - CLOSEUP

As he holds her, the two heads are pressed together. He turns and starts to swim back with her. The screen is filled with their two heads. Madeleine's staring eyes begin to close as she is moved away.

LAP DISSOLVE:

EXT. DOCKSIDE - (SUNSET) - MEDIUM SHOT

We see Scottie coming up some stone steps. He is staggering with the weight of Madeleine's water-soaked body and clothes. He carries her over towards the green Jaguar.

EXT. DOCKSIDE - (SUNSET) - MEDIUM SHOT

Resting her for a moment, he throws open the door on the passenger's side.

EXT. DOCKSIDE - (SUNSET)

Scottie's head is close to hers. She is now breathing heavily.

SCOTTIE
(whispering)
Are you all right?

Her eyes open slowly.

SCOTTIE
(Calling softly)
Madeleine...

Her eyes show no sign of recognition or response; they move past his face and stare out. The CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES IN until her head fills the screen. She stares out as though in a trance.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SCOTTIE'S APARTMENT - (DUSK)

The empty green Jaguar is drawn up at the curb before the red door of a small, well-kept house.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCOTTIE'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT)

We are in the living room of a comfortable a bachelor apartment. There is a picture window that looks up to Coit Tower on Telegraph Hill. The room is softly lit. A fire is lit in the fireplace; the logs are blazing well, Scottie, in a pair of grey trousers and an old sweater, is wandering about the room, trying to think things out. Through an open door we can see into a small kitchen where Madeleine's clothes - all of them - hang, on a cord over the electric stove, drying. And through another open door we can see into the bedroom where Madeleine lies, in the larger-than-single bed, under the covers, asleep. She sighs and turns restlessly, and Scottie glances at her from the living-room as he wanders, and then she turns again, and the sigh becomes words, spoken in sleep, and he stops, and listens.

MADELEINE

(Faintly, distantly)

Please... thank you... please...

Scottie waits, taut, but there is no more. He starts to turn away and suddenly, still distant, but more clearly:

MADELEINE

(Appealingly)

Where is my child?... have you seen my child...?

Scottie stiffens with the shock of recognition and his eyes go wide with apprehension staring at the lost, eye-closed, troubled woman in the bed. And at that moment the telephone on the bedside table rings sharply. He makes a dash for it. The ringing brings the woman to with a sharp start, and she instinctively clutches the bedclothes to her chin and raises up a little and stares with wide-eyed fright at the man running towards her. Scottie takes the phone.

SCOTTIE

Yes?... No, it's all right; I'll call you back. Yes. Yes!

He hangs up, and tries to smile down at Madeleine, who has not moved, but has followed his every move with fright and

apprehension.

SCOTTIE

Are you all right?

No answer, only the eyes staring at him. And then he realizes, with some embarrassment, that she cannot move, that she is naked under the bedclothes, and he reaches across to the dressing gown he has laid out for her on the bed, and moves it closer to her.

SCOTTIE

Oh... you'll want this...

He gives her a reassuring nod and smile, straightens up and goes to the door, and goes into the living room, closing the bedroom door behind him. And she stares after him as he goes. In the living room, he moves to the fireplace, puts another log on, and watches it catch. The bedroom door behind him opens, and he turns to face Madeleine. She has the dressing gown belted tightly around the middle and holds it together with one band at her breast. And she stands there staring at him nervously, frightened, not wanting to admit that she does not know how she came there, but wanting very much to know. And she cannot help herself: knowing her own fears, she has to ask.

MADELEINE

Why am I here? What happened?

SCOTTIE

You...

(Then, not liking the
sound of the truth)

...fell into the Bay.

She puts a hand slowly to her hair, understanding now why it is wet.

SCOTTIE

I dried your hair as well as I could.
But you'd better come here by the
fire.

And now, knowing that he dried her hair, she realizes that he must have taken her clothes off, too, and she looks down at her body with deep awareness of her nakedness, and draws the dressing gown more closely to her, and looks back at him with frightened embarrassment. And her head begins to move

quickly, the eyes darting about the apartment as though seeking a way of escape, and she sees the clothes hanging in the kitchen. And she looks back to Scottie appealingly.

SCOTTIE

They're almost at dry. Here. Why don't you come over here?

He pulls a low-stool over before the fire. Madeleine crosses slowly, keeping her eyes always on him, and sinks down on the stool. He smiles at her companionably.

SCOTTIE

Would you like some coffee?

She shakes her head.

SCOTTIE

You'd better have some. Or would you rather have a drink?

She shakes her head again. He pours a cup of coffee and places it on the floor next to her, along with a bowl of sugar cubes.

MADELEINE

(Wonderingly)

...fell into the bay...

She looks up at him. He nods.

MADELEINE

...and you fished me out...

He nods. She gives him a small grateful smile.

MADELEINE

Thank you.

Scottie is watching her intently.

SCOTTIE

You don't remember.

MADELEINE

No...

SCOTTIE

Do you remember where you were?

MADELEINE

(Childishly surprised)

Oh, of course I remember that! But then I must have had a dizzy spell, and fainted!

SCOTTIE

(Quickly)

Where were you?

MADELEINE

At...

For that one slight, imperceptible moments it may seem that she is caught, but then she goes on.

MADELEINE

(Triumphantly)

...Old Port Point! Out at the Presidio! Of course I remember! I often go there!

SCOTTIE

Why?

MADELEINE

(Almost naively)

Because I love it so. It's beautiful there. Especially at sunset.

(She leans her head back sensually to the warmth)

Ah... thank you for the fire.

SCOTTIE

Where had you been before?

MADELEINE

When?

SCOTTIE

This afternoon.

MADELEINE

Oh... wandering about.

SCOTTIE

Before? Where? Where had you been?

There is a quick moment of blankness in her eyes that she tries to hide, and then:

MADELEINE
(Positively)
Downtown, shopping.

And Scottie sighs inwardly, having proved something.

SCOTTIE
Please drink your coffee.

MADELEINE
I will. You're terribly direct in your questions.

SCOTTIE
I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be rude.

MADELEINE
You're not. Merely direct. What were you doing there? At Old Fort Point?

SCOTTIE
Wandering about.

MADELEINE
You like it, too.

He nods. She smiles at him happily, enjoying the warmth and the coffee, enjoying his presence, seemingly almost to have forgotten her nearness to death. And Scottie is fascinated by this thing curled up before his fire.

MADELEINE
(Then with a wicked smile)
And where had you been?... just before?

A moment, as Scottie takes a deep breath, and then he decides to chance it and see the reaction.

SCOTTIE
The Palace of the Legion of honor.
The Art Gallery.

MADELEINE
(Enthusiastically)

Oh, that's a lovely spot, isn't it?
I've never been inside. But it looks
so lovely, driving past.

At the words, "I've never been inside," Scottie is startled. He stares at her, and she looks at him with naive, happy inquisitiveness, and their looks are joined. Finally she drops her eyes and smiles timidly.

MADELEINE

(Softly)

Lucky for me you were wandering about.
Thank you again. I've been terrible
bother to you.

SCOTTIE

No.

She reaches up to feel her hair.

MADELEINE

When you...

(And suddenly conscious
of her nakedness
again, and embarrassed)

There were pins in my hair...

SCOTTIE

Oh! Yes! Here!

He crosses the room swiftly, picks up an ash tray in which he had deposited her hairpins, takes her handbag from a chair, and brings them to her.

MADELEINE

Thank you.

She proceeds to do up her hair. He watches her, held by the movement of her body under the dressing gown as she raises her arms and deftly sets about putting her hair in order. At one point, as she works, she looks up and flashes him a direct smile.

MADELEINE

You shouldn't have brought me here,
you know.

SCOTTIE

I... didn't know where you lived.

MADELEINE

You could have looked in my car. Oh,
but you didn't know my car, did you?

SCOTTIE

Yes, I knew which one it was. It's
out there, now. But I didn't think
you'd want to be brought home that
way.

MADELEINE

No, you are right,
(Pause, as she works)
I'm glad you didn't take me home...
I wouldn't have known you, to thank
you...
(Suddenly appalled)
Oh, but I don't know you! And you
don't know me! My name is Madeleine
Elster.

SCOTTIE

My name is John Ferguson.

MADELEINE

That's a good, strong name. Do your
friends call you John? Or Jack.

SCOTTIE

John. Old friends. Acquaintances
call me Scottie.

MADELEINE

(Smiling)
I shall call you Mr. Ferguson.

SCOTTIE

(Grinning)
No, I wouldn't like that. And after
what happened today I should think
you could call me Scottie. Or even
John.

MADELEINE

I prefer John. There, that's done.
(The hair is in order)
And what do you do, John?

SCOTTIE

Wander about.

MADELEINE

That's a good occupation. And live here... alone?

He nods. A cloud comes over her eyes. She looks away.

MADELEINE

(softly)

One shouldn't live alone.

SCOTTIE

Some people prefer it.

MADELEINE

No... it's wrong.

Then she looks up with a small smile, and the cloud is gone from her eyes, and she speaks completely matter-of-factly.

MADELEINE

(Simply)

I'm married, you know.

Scottie nods almost imperceptibly with his eyes. He looks at her for a long moment. Then:

SCOTTIE

Will you tell me something? Has this ever happened to you before?

MADELEINE

(startled)

What?

SCOTTIE

...Falling... into San Francisco Bay?

She laughs with relief, for it seemed to her, for a quick moment, that he was going to say "falling in love".

MADELEINE

No, never before. I've fallen into lakes, out of rowboats, when I was a little girl. And I fell into a river, once, trying to leap from one stone

to another. But I've never fallen
into San Francisco Bay. Have you?
Ever before?

SCOTTIE

(Grinning)

No... this is the first time for me,
too.

And they laugh together, with genuine warmth and friendliness
in their eyes, and it is obvious they are very much taken
with each other. And as they laugh, simultaneously, she
reaches for the cup of coffee, to take another sip, and he
reaches for it, meaning to take it and refill it.

SCOTTIE

Here, let me give you a lit --

And his hand falls on her outstretched arm and stays there,
and with the contact made, the laughter dies suddenly, and
he is looking down at her intently, and their eyes have met,
and hers are anxious and wondering. And at that moment, the
telephone rings sharply. Scottie races into the bedroom,
closing the door behind him, and gets to the phone.

SCOTTIE

Hello.

ELSTER'S VOICE

Scottie, what happened? She's not
home, yet.

SCOTTIE

No, she's all right. She's still
here. But I'll get her home soon.

ELSTER'S VOICE

What happened?

SCOTTIE

She... went into the Bay.

There is a long silence.

SCOTTIE

Hello?

ELSTER'S VOICE

Did she hurt herself?

SCOTTIE

No. She's in fine shape. Nothing to worry about. But she doesn't know. You understand that. She doesn't know what she did.

Another long silence.

ELSTER'S VOICE

Scottie... Madeleine is twenty-six. Carlotta Valdes committed suicide when she was twenty-six.

And now it is Scottie's turn to be silent. He hangs up slowly and moves across the room to the door.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - (NIGHT)

Scottie enters from the bedroom, and stops, surprised. The room is empty. The clothes are gone from the in the kitchen.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE SCOTTIE'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT)

A car is moving down the hill on the opposite side of the street. It begins to turn in toward the sidewalk and then comes to a sudden stop.

EXT. SCOTTIE'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT) - CLOSEUP

Midge is behind the wheel. She is staring out of the side of the window and we see what has made her come to a sudden stop.

EXT. SCOTTIE'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT)

From Midge's point of view; Madeleine, outside Scottie's door, hurries to the green Jaguar.

INT. MIDGE'S CAR - (NIGHT)

Midge watches Madeleine almost wistfully, and there is a small look of hurt in her eyes. But even to herself she has to cover, and she smiles ironically.

EXT. SCOTTIE'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT)

The Jaguar pulls away and passes out of view.

INT. MIDGE'S CAR - (NIGHT)

Midge is still staring across at Scottie's house, and the soft smile on her lips covers the hurt well. But there is still a shadow of it in her eyes.

MIDGE
(Softly)
Well, now, Johnny-O... Was it a ghost?... And was it fun?...

Then she suddenly changes expression.

MIDGE
Oops!

She takes her foot off the brake, and turning hard on the wheel, straightens the car up and drives on.

EXT. SCOTTIE'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT)

The door to Scottie's apartment has opened, and Scottie stands in the doorway looking up and down the street for the Jaguar, his tall frame silhouetted in the light streaming from the room.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BROCKLEBANK APTS. - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

The CAMERA is SHOOTING through the stone gateway across the small courtyard toward the front door of the apartments. We see Madeleine emerge. She is dressed completely different from the night before. She makes her way down to the Jaguar in the f.g. She gets in, starts up and swings the car round toward the CAMERA. She passes out of the picture.

EXT. BROCKLEBANK APTS. - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

Across the street, we see Scottie's sedan pull out and also approach the CAMERA. It too, passes out of the picture.

INT. SCOTTIE'S CAR - (DAY) - CLOSEUP

Scottie sitting at the wheel driving ahead. His eyes are satisfied. They hold Madeleine's car in view.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

We see the Jaguar ahead. It turns a left down another street. It goes for a block and turns right. Then it turns left again, than it turns right, then it turns left again.

INT. SCOTTIE'S CAR - (DAY) - CLOSEUP

Scottie looks a little dizzy with the constant turning. We stay with him a little while and we can see from the scene behind him, that we are still turning left and right.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

The Jaguar speeds up. It's going down a street, not turning any more. A few blocks off, we can see the Coit Tower coming into view.

INT. SCOTTIE'S CAR - (DAY) - CLOSEUP

Scottie seem a little mystified now, as the direction in which she is going.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

The Jaguar turns right into a narrow curving street and finally comes to a sudden stop ahead.

INT. SCOTTIE'S CAR - (DAY) - CLOSEUP

Scottie now wears a look of great astonishment, as he pulls up hurriedly in the middle of the street.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - (DAY) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

From his viewpoints, we see the reason for his astonishment. Madeleine has alighted and is approaching, of all places, toward his own red front door.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

Scottie pulls his car over to the curb and gets out. The CAMERA PANS him down. He stops short just before he reaches Madeleine, to see her take a letter from her handbag and put it into his letter box. He moves up to her.

SCOTTIE

Is that for me?

Madeleine turns quickly, startled, and then sees who it is, and smiles.

MADELEINE

Oh! Yes. Hello.

SCOTTIE

Good morning. I worried about you,
last night. You shouldn't have run
like that.

MADELEINE

(Embarrassed)

I... suddenly felt such a fool.

SCOTTIE

I wanted to drive you home. Are you
all right?

MADELEINE

(Flashing a smile)

Oh, yes. Fine. No after effects.

(Then, ruefully)

But as I remember now, that water
was cold, wasn't it?

(He nods. She looks
away)

What a terrible thing to do... and
you were so kind...

(With a gesture)

It's a formal thank-you letter. And
a great big apology.

SCOTTIE

You've nothing to apologize for.

MADELEINE

Oh, yes! The whole thing must have
been so embarrassing for you!

SCOTTIE

Not at all, I enjoyed --

And he stops short, now truly embarrassed, and she looks at
him with wide eyes, waiting for him to go on.

SCOTTIE

-- talking to you...

MADELEINE

(With small, contained

amusement)
I enjoyed talking to you.

An awkward pause. Scottie turns abruptly to the door, getting out his key.

SCOTTIE
I'll get my mail...

He opens the door and bends down to pick up the letter. As he is reaching for it, he turns his head and speaks almost without thinking.

SCOTTIE
Would you like some coffee?

MADELEINE
(Quickly)
No! No, thank you!

She says it so impulsively, and with such young vehemence, that they both start to laugh. He straightens up and opens the letter.

MADELEINE
I couldn't mail it; I didn't know your address. But I had a landmark. I remembered Coit Tower and it led me straight to you.

SCOTTIE
The first time I've been grateful for Coit Tower.

He reads the letter as she watches him. He looks up.

SCOTTIE
I hope we will, too.

MADELEINE
What?

SCOTTIE
Meet again, sometime.

MADELEINE
We have.

They smile at one another, and there is a nice moment of

silent rapport. Then:

MADELEINE

Good-bye.

SCOTTIE

Good-bye.

She turns and goes to her car as he stands watching her, and gets in behind the wheel.

SCOTTIE

(Suddenly walking)

Where are you going?

And he races to the car and leans in the window. She watches him, open-mouthed, as he crosses the sidewalk. Then:

MADELEINE

I don't know.

SCOTTIE

Shopping?

MADELEINE

No.

SCOTTIE

Well... anywhere in particular?

MADELEINE

No, I Just thought I'd wander.

SCOTTIE

Ah.

(Then)

That's what I was going to do.

MADELEINE

Oh, yes, I forgot: It's your occupation, isn't it?

And she waits with a small smile.

SCOTTIE

Don't you think it's sort of a waste for the two of us to...

MADELEINE

Wander separately? Ah, but only one is a wanderer. Two, together, are always going somewhere.

SCOTTIE

No... no, I don't think that's necessarily true.

And now he waits, hopefully.

MADELEINE

(With a smiling nod)

You left your door open.

He turns his head, startled and annoyed, than makes a dash for the door. As he goes, he turns his head to call back to her.

SCOTTIE

Don't move!

And he hurries on to the door. She watches him go, and we are close on her face to see her genuine amusement, and then the laughter fades a little, and a troubled look comes into her eyes, a touch of concern.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ALONG SKYLINE - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

The green Jaguar moving south.

INT. THE JAGUAR - (DAY)

Madeleine is at the wheel, her eyes intent on the road, a sort, happy smile on her lips. Scottie is at her side, relaxed. He keeps looking at her as often as he can without seeming obvious.

SCOTTIE

(Finally)

Do you know where you're going?

MADELEINE

Of course not! I'm a wanderer!

(Pause. Then brightly)

I'd like to go somewhere I've never been!

SCOTTIE

How can you be sure?

MADELEINE

If I've been there? That's silly!
Either you've been to a place or you
haven't.

She flashes a quick smile of innocence at him, then returns her eyes to the road. He looks at her profile, wondering.

EXT. SKYLINE DRIVE - (DAY) - HIGH SHOT

The car turns a bend and approaches dark woods and moves into the blackness and is swallowed up.

DISSOLVE TO:

BIG BASIN REDWOODS STATE PARK - (DAY)

The empty Jaguar in the foreground. The CAMERA MOVES to a long view of the grove of redwoods. In the distance we see the figures of Madeleine and Scottie wandering among the towering trees.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE REDWOODS - (DAY)

Madeleine and Scottie near the massive trunk of a tree. Beyond them, the small stream, bridged by a wide flattened redwood log.

MADELEINE

How old?

SCOTTIE

Oh... some, two thousand years, or
more.

MADELEINE

The oldest living things?

Scottie nods and watches her, wondering, as she looks about thoughtfully.

SCOTTIE

You've never been here before.

She shakes her head, lost in thought as she lets her gaze wander among the trees.

SCOTTIE
What are you thinking?

MADELEINE
(Searching)
Of all the people who have been born... and have died... while the trees went on living.

SCOTTIE
(Agreeing)
Their true name is Sequoia Sempervirens: always green, ever-living.

MADELEINE
(Flatly)
I don't like them.

SCOTTIE
Why?

MADELEINE
(Simply)
Knowing I have to die...

She looks up at him with a shy, embarrassed smile. Then, seeing the wandering look in his eyes, she brightens quickly.

MADELEINE
But I like the stream! It's a lovely stream!

She leaves him and moves quickly out onto the bridge and leans on the railing to watch the water rippling below. And then, as he approaches her, she turns and looks at him, wide-eyed.

MADELEINE
But it makes no sound! Listen!

She listens intently for a long moment, and looks at him anxiously.

MADELEINE
Do you hear anything?

SCOTTIE
(Shaking his head)
Only silence. It's always like this.

MADELEINE
(Wondering)
And no birds sing.

SCOTTIE
No birds live here.

MADELEINE
No.

She turns away with gentle, somber, self-contained wonder, and they cross back to the path in silence, and wander on along the path in silence. We watch them move away in the distance, disappear behind a tree, then come into view again, and now there comes into view the cross-section of a redwood tree that is on exhibit, with certain of its rings marked to show what it has lived through, and they approach it.

SCOTTIE
Would you like a drink of water?

MADELEINE
No, thank you.

Scottie moves to the small upright drinking fountain as Madeleine approaches the tree section and stands before it and studies it. Scottie gets a drink of water, then comes up behind Madeleine and stands, and she is seemingly unaware of his presence. Their backs are to the CAMERA. INSERT OF RINGS on the tree, marked with dates, beginning, near the center with the date 909 A.D. and ending with 1930 - tree cut down.

EXT. RED WOODS - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

We see the two profiles: Madeleine staring at the tree, Scottie staring at Madeleine. She raises one gloved hand and almost idly begins to trace a finger up along the white line that is marked: 1776 DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE. And as the hand moves a little to the left, Madeleine begins to speak, almost vacantly, oblivious of all but this piece of tree, and herself.

MADELEINE
Somewhere in here I was born... and

here I died and it was only a moment
for you... you took no notice...

SCOTTIE
(Almost sharply)
Madeleine!

She turns her head to him, only now aware of his presence, and stares at him without expression. Then slowly she turns and walks away, and the CAMERA, PANNING HER SLIGHTLY, brings the head and shoulders of Scottie into the foreground, and he watches her, wondering anxiously, trying to put things together in his mind. Madeleine walks on until she disappears behind one of the distant redwoods.

EXT. RED WOODS - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

Scottie moves over, watching her.

EXT. RED WOODS - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

The CAMERA MOVES OVER as though it is Scottie looking. It MOVES far enough to reveal that Madeleine is no longer there. She seems to have disappeared.

EXT. RED WOODS - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

Scottie comes forward, the CAMERA PANNING him, to get a better view of where Madeleine went.

EXT. RED WOODS - (DAY) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

The CAMERA in Scottie's position, moving around, shows that there is no sign of Madeleine whatsoever.

EXT. RED WOODS - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

The CAMERA DOLLIES Scottie down toward the trees.

EXT. RED WOODS - (DAY) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

CAMERA is now among the trees where Madeleine was last seen. As it TRAVELS across them, it finally brings her into view. She's leaning against a tree with her head bent back.

EXT. RED WOODS - (DAY) - CLOSEUP

Scottie comes to a stop as he sees her.

EXT. RED WOODS - (DAY) - CLOSEUP

Madeleine leaning against the tree. Her eyes are closed and she is breathing heavily. In the background we see Scottie approaching her. As he comes up to her, the CAMERA EASES BACK and MOVES AROUND until it faces her and Scottie.

SCOTTIE

(Gently)

Madeleine...

She opens her eyes slowly, and looks at him, recognizing him, and yet not quite, as though she were slightly hypnotized. Scottie speaks gently.

SCOTTIE

Where are you now?

MADELEINE

(Softly, distantly)

Here with you.

SCOTTIE

Where?

MADELEINE

The tall trees...

SCOTTIE

Have you been here before?

MADELEINE

Yes...

SCOTTIE

When?

She shakes her head.

SCOTTIE

Where were you born?

MADELEINE

Long ago...

SCOTTIE

Where?

She shakes her head.

SCOTTIE

When?

Her head continues to move back and forth, gently denying.
His voice is more positive, now, more urgently demanding.

SCOTTIE

Tell me.

The head moves more rapidly, now, as though denying some
inner compulsion.

SCOTTIE

Madeleine! Tell me!

The rapidly moving head stops short, and her eyes open wide,
and she cries out:

MADELEINE

No!... No!

SCOTTIE

(Low and urgent)

Tell me what it is. Where do you go?
What takes you away?

MADELEINE

No, don't ask me!

They are both speaking quickly, now, the words cascading
without pause.

SCOTTIE

When you jumped in the bay, you didn't
know where you were. You guessed but
you didn't know.

MADELEINE

I didn't jump, I fell! You told me I
fell!

SCOTTIE

Why did you jump?

MADELEINE

No!

SCOTTIE

What was it inside that told you to
jump?

She is fighting it strongly, yet pathetically.

MADELEINE
No, I can't tell you!

SCOTTIE
What?!

MADELEINE
(Strongly)
No! Please! Please, please, please,
please, don't ask me!

And her head drops, and she sags, and Scottie stands quietly
watching her, knowing he can push it no further.

MADELEINE
(Softly, tired)
Take me away from here?

SCOTTIE
Home?

MADELEINE
...somewhere in the light.

He takes her arm. She looks up at him with a tired smile.

MADELEINE
And promise you won't ask me again.
Please promise me that.

He looks down at her somberly, promising and refusing nothing.
They start walking, holding together, and the two figures
become small in the distance, moving away through the tall
trees.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CYPRESS POINT OR POINT LOBOS - (DAY) SAME DAY.

Below the point of land, the sea pounds against the rocks.
Madeleine stands alone, silhouetted against the sky. Scottie
sits in the car, watching her. She does not move. Then slowly
she starts to walk toward the sea, and as he watches he
senses, without being sure, that her pace is increasing, and

suddenly he opens the car door and jumps out and slams the door and begins to run. But then he sees something, and slows down quickly and walks, for Madeleine has stopped and turned and is waiting for him. There is a gentle, apologetic smile in her eyes. She waits, and he comes to a stop before her.

MADELEINE

Why did you run?

He looks down at her searchingly.

SCOTTIE

(Finally, quietly)

I'm responsible for you now, you know. The Chinese say that once you have saved someone's life, you are responsible for it forever. And so I'm committed. And I have to know.

MADELEINE

And you'll go on saving me? Again and again?

He waits. She looks down.

MADELEINE

There is so little I know. It is as though I were walking down a long corridor that once was mirrored, and fragments of mirror still hang there, dark and shadowy, reflecting a dark image of me... and yet not me... someone else, in other clothes, of another time, doing things I have never done... but still me... And I can't stop to ask why, I must keep on walking. At the end of the corridor there is nothing but darkness, and I know when I walk into the darkness, I'll die.

(Pause; she looks up)

But I've never come to the end; I've always come back, before then. Except once.

SCOTTIE

Yesterday.

She nods.

SCOTTIE

And you didn't know. You didn't know
what happened. Until you found
yourself there with me.

She shakes her head.

SCOTTIE

You don't know where you were.

She shakes her head.

SCOTTIE

But the small scenes, the fragments
in the mirror: you remember them.

MADELEINE

Vaguely...

SCOTTIE

What do you remember?

MADELEINE

(Searching)

A room... there is a room, and I sit
there alone... always alone...

SCOTTIE

Would you know the room?

MADELEINE

No... it's in shadow.

SCOTTIE

What else?

MADELEINE

A grave...

SCOTTIE

Where?

MADELEINE

I don't know. An open grave. I stand
by the gravestone looking down into
it. And it's my grave.

SCOTTIE

How do you know?

MADELEINE

I know.

SCOTTIE

There's a name on the gravestone.

MADELEINE

No. It's new and clean, and waiting.

SCOTTIE

(Beginning to feel
lost)

What else?

MADELEINE

(Searching)

This part is dream, I think. There
is a tower and a bell and... a garden
below... but it seems to be in
Spain... a village in Spain. And
then it clicks off, and is gone.

SCOTTIE

A portrait? Do you ever see a
portrait?

MADELEINE

No.

SCOTTIE

Of the woman in the mirror. Would
you know her if you saw her?

MADELEINE

But I'm the woman in the mirror!

SCOTTIE

(Desperately)

No!

She looks up at him, rebuffed, desperately lost, and her
eyes well with tears. Scottie is looking away, lost in
thought.

SCOTTIE

(To himself)

If I could find the key... find the

beginning put it together...

MADELEINE

(Quietly, lost)

And so explain it away? But there
is a way to explain it, you see. If
I'm mad? That would explain it,
wouldn't it?

Scottie looks at her, and her eyes are big with fright and
despair and a plea for denial, and suddenly she breaks, and
the tears flow, and she turns her head away sharply and turns
and runs toward the edge of the land.

SCOTTIE

Madeleine!!

He races after her and catches her and holds her, and she is
against him, clinging tightly, deep in his embrace, and
sobbing fiercely.

MADELEINE

(Muffled, against his
breast)

I'm not mad. I'm not mad. And I don't
want to die, but there's someone
inside me, there's a somebody else,
and she says I must die... Scottie,
don't let me go!

SCOTTIE

I'm here, I've got you...

MADELEINE

I'm so afraid...
(She looks up)
...you won't let it happen...

Her face is close to his and they are clinging tightly
together. He shakes his head, and then suddenly his mouth is
on hers, and they are deep in a kiss. Their lips part, but
remain close together.

MADELEINE

(Whispering)

Don't leave me... stay with me...

SCOTTIE

All the time.

They kiss again, passionately. And the wind blows and the waves dash against the rocks, throwing up a curtain of spray.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MIDGE'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT)

Outside the terrace darkness is falling, and the lights of the city have come on. In Midge's apartment the lights are on and soft music comes from the radio (possibly "progressive jazz" of the gentle George Shearing kind). Midge is painting at a standing easel; She has a palette; obviously she is painting in oils. We cannot see what she is painting; the canvas on stretchers has its back to us. Its size is about thirty by forty inches. Whatever it is, it seems to please her: she pauses in her work, picks up a highball from a table nearby, drinks and stares at the painting and giggles a little to herself than applies a few more daubs. Now she hears the outside gate slam. She puts down the brush and the drink, moves the easel a bit so that the canvas cannot be seen from the front door, picks up a water tumbler that contains a small nosegay, and hurries out to the kitchen with it. The door to the apartment slams.

SCOTTIE

(Calling)

Midge?

Midge hurries out of the kitchen.

MIDGE

Hi, Johnny! Did you get my message?

She immediately goes to the small sideboard or table on which are bottles, glasses, and ice, and mixes him a highball. Scottie is at ease. He drops his hat on a chair near the door and wanders into the room.

SCOTTIE

I did. Since when do you go about slipping notes under men's doors?

MIDGE

Since I stopped being able to get them on the phone. For a man who has nothing to do, you're certainly a busy little bee. Where do you go, these days?

SCOTTIE
Just wander.

MIDGE
Where?

SCOTTIE
Around.

MIDGE
Oh?

She hands him the drink. He takes a long pull at it as she watches him.

SCOTTIE
Mm. Better.

MIDGE
Did you need it?

SCOTTIE
Yeah.

MIDGE
Oh?

She crosses the room to get her own drink, giving a flick of a glance at the canvas as she goes. Scottie watches her, slightly amused, knowing that her curiosity is working like mad.

SCOTTIE
What was this desperate urge to see me?

MIDGE
All I said in the note was: "Where are you?" That doesn't sound desperate to me.

SCOTTIE
Well, I detected an undercurrent.

MIDGE
I just thought if I gave you a drink and fed you some dinner, you'd be so grateful you'd take me to a movie.

SCOTTIE

Fair enough. What'll we talk about
at dinner?

MIDGE

Oh... this and that.

SCOTTIE

What I've been doing?

MIDGE

If you want to. Naturally, we won't
talk about anything you don't want
to talk about.

SCOTTIE

Naturally.

Pause.

MIDGE

(Innocently)

What have you been doing?

SCOTTIE

(With small grin)

Wandering.

He takes another long pull and wanders over and sweetens the
drink. Midge moves a little to block his view of the easel
and canvas.

SCOTTIE

What have you been doing?

He wanders back into the room.

MIDGE

Oh, I'm having a wonderful time!
I've gone back to my first love...
painting.

SCOTTIE

Good. I've always said you were
wasting your time in the underwear
department.

MIDGE

Well, it's a living. But I'm excited about this.

SCOTTIE
What is it, a still life?

MIDGE
No, not exactly. Want to see?

Scottie moves toward the easel and Midge backs away, so that as he comes around to face the canvas she is beyond him, in back of him. As he moves toward the easel:

MIDGE
As a matter of fact, I thought I might give it to you.

SCOTTIE
(smiling, surprised)
Oh?

And now he comes around to face the easel and stops to look. Beyond him Midge's face has a great smile of anticipation. And now we see what he sees. The CAMERA RESTS on the lower half of the canvas and we see the folds of the blue and gold gown, and the two hands, one holding the nosegay. The CAMERA PANS UP to reveal that it is a hasty but quite creditable copy of the "Portrait of Carlotta", half size, but there is one difference. The face is Midge's face.

INT. MIDGE'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT)

Scottie staring at the portrait. Beyond him, Midge smiling with anticipation. Scottie's face is drained and expressionless, and a deep look of sadness and regret comes into his eyes.

Pause.

SCOTTIE
(Softly)
Not funny, Midge.

Midge's smile fades. She is puzzled and surprised. Scottie puts down his drink gently and without looking at her, starts for the door.

MIDGE
Johnny!

Scottie takes his hat from the chair and moves on to the door. Midge, completely taken aback, starts for him.

MIDGE

But Johnny, I thought you would --

She breaks off as he turns his head to look at her. He's not at all angry, but disturbed inside and sorry it happened.

SCOTTIE

(Nicely)

We'll make that movie some other night, huh?

And he goes out the door and closes it behind him.

MIDGE

(Desperately apologetic)

But Johnny...!!!

And she stares at the door with a "Well-I'll-be-damned" expression. And now, abruptly, she gets angry at herself.

MIDGE

Ah, no!!

She turns away and moves toward the canvas

MIDGE

Oh! Marjorie Wood!! You fool!!

She stops before the canvas and stares at her face in the portrait. And all her anger at herself comes out in one great blast of scorn.

MIDGE

(At the portrait)

OH!!!!!!

And she picks up a brush and with three vicious daubs paints a moustache and a beard on her image. Then she throws the brush out the window.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. UNION SQUARE - (NIGHT)

It is about 3 a.m. The Square is deserted -- perhaps an odd

taxi or car drives by. We see Scottie, a solitary figure, walking. By his attitude, head down, hands thrust into his pockets, we see that he is lost in thought wrestling with his problem.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCOTTIE'S APARTMENT - (EARLY DAWN)

Scottie is in the easy chair facing the fire asleep. His tie is loosened, his shirt is open at the neck. It is clear that he fell asleep while sitting there thinking of Madeleine, and slept through the night. The fire is almost out. Through the window we can barely distinguish Coit Tower in the beginning of a grey dawn. The doorbell begins to ring instantly. There is a knocking on the door. Scottie awakens sharply, gathers himself together, hurries to the door and opens it. Madeleine stands there, looking shaken and white and frightened. She is wearing a black suede jacket and black slacks. Behind her, fingers of mist swirl in the lightening day. She stands there staring at him pleadingly.

SCOTTIE

What's the matter?... What time is it?... Madeleine, what's happened?

He draws her in and closes the door and leads her into the room.

MADELEINE

(Barely)

I should have phoned... but I wanted to see you... be with you...

SCOTTIE

Why? What's happened?

MADELEINE

I had the dream. The dream came back again...

She is trembling, and he holds her closely.

SCOTTIE

It's all right. You're all right, I'll get you some brandy.

He breaks away to a small cupboard nearby.

MADELEINE

(Sharply)

No, don't go away!

SCOTTIE

Only this far.

He gets out a bottle of brandy and a small glass and uncorks the bottle and pours the brandy as he comes back to her.

SCOTTIE

Here. Straight down, it's medicine.

She takes a sip and puts the glass away.

SCOTTIE

Where's your husband?

MADELEINE

I didn't wake him. I don't want him to know...

She is still shaking.

SCOTTIE

Here, now, it's going to be all right.
Here.

He gently pushes her down in the easy chair, turns swiftly and kicks up the fire and throws some wood on. He pulls the low stool up before her, sits on it, and takes her hands.

SCOTTIE

It was a dream, you're awake, you're all right, now. Can you tell me?

MADELEINE

It was the tower again... and the bell, and the old Spanish village...

SCOTTIE

Yes --

MADELEINE

But clear... so very clear... for the first time... all of it...

SCOTTIE

Tell me.

MADELEINE

There was a village square, a green with trees... and an old whitewashed Spanish church with a cloister. Across the green: a big, grey, wooden house with a porch and shutters and a balcony above... a small garden, and next to it, a livery stable... with old carriages lined up inside.

Scottie has been listening intently with growing awareness, and now as she mentions the livery stable, his eyes glow with the excitement of recognition.

SCOTTIE

Go on.

MADELEINE

At the end of the green there was a whitewashed stone house with a lovely pepper tree at the corner --

SCOTTIE

(Finishing it)

-- and an old wooden hotel of the old California days, and a saloon... dark... low-ceilinged... with hanging oil lamps.

MADELEINE

Yes?! But --

SCOTTIE

(Gently)

It's all there. It's no dream.

Pause, as she stares at him, puzzled, anxious.

SCOTTIE

You've been there before. You've seen it.

MADELEINE

No, never!

SCOTTIE

Madeleine, a hundred miles south of San Francisco there's an old Spanish

Mission, Mission San Juan Bautista.
It's been preserved exactly as it
was a hundred years ago as a museum.
Now, think hard, darling. You've
been there before. You've seen it!

MADELEINE

(Frightened)

No, never! I've never been there!
Scottie, what is it? I've never been
there!

Long pause as they stare at each other, he desperately trying
to think it through, shes moved and frightened. He rises and
moves away, anxious and shaken.

SCOTTIE

(To himself)

Carlotta...

He shakes his head angrily, fighting the idea. Madeleine
watches him anxiously.

SCOTTIE

What was it he said? She came from
somewhere south of the city... some
say a mission settlement...

He turns on Madeleine almost desperately.

SCOTTIE

Madeleine, think hard!!

She shakes her head frantically, hopelessly, close to tears.

Pause.

SCOTTIE

(Quietly)

Go on with your dream. What was it
that frightened you?

MADELEINE

I stood alone on the green, searching
for something, and I started to walk
to the church. But then the darkness
closed in, I was alone in the dark,
being pulled into darkness, and I
fought to wake up...

She looks at him, frightened again by the memory. He goes to her reassuringly.

SCOTTIE

You're going to be all right now, Madeleine. I've got something to work on now. I'm going to take you there -- to the Mission -- this afternoon. And when you see it, you'll remember when you saw it before, and that will finish your dream and destroy it. I promise. You'll be free.

She looks up at him and tries to smile.

SCOTTIE

All right?

She nods.

SCOTTIE

I'll take you home. If your husband is awake, say you couldn't sleep and went out for some air. And come back to me about noon. Come along.

He raises her to her feet. She smiles up at him gratefully.

MADELEINE

No, I'll go alone. I'm all right.

They stand there for a moment, looking at each other.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY SOUTH OF SAY FRANCISCO - (DAY)

Tall trees line the road on both sides and arch across to meet high above, forming a long shadowy tunnel shot through with streamers of sunlight. We are as though in the front seat, of a car, traveling fast, looking up and ahead to the distant end of the tunnel, and the trees flash by.

EXT. THE HIGHWAY - (DAY)

Another angle to show the green Jaguar traveling along the road through the tunnel of trees.

INT. THE JAGUAR - (DAY)

Madeleine and Scottie; he is at the wheel, staring straight ahead, lost in thought. Madeleine, now smartly-dressed in her grey suit, is staring up at the tunnel of trees. Scottie glances at her. She smiles at him timidly.

EXT. THE HIGHWAY - (DAY)

SHOOTING down the road toward the end of the tunnel of trees, and the Jaguar moving away fast. It sets clear of the trees and into daylight.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE HIGHWAY: A ROAD JUNCTION - (DAY)

Side angle SHOT of the Jaguar as it turns off onto a side road. The CAMERA PANS the car, then loses it as it goes out of the SHOT, and HOLDS on a road sign that reads:

MISSION SAN JUAN BAUTISTA 3 MILES

EXT. MISSION SAN JUAN BAUTISTA - (DAY)

We are looking along the cloisters, down the long corridor of arches. In the foreground a small sign a standard reads:

EL CAMINO REAL
MISSION SAN JUAN BAUTISTA FOUNDED
JUNE 24, 1797

The music of the Mission theme, mingled with Carlotta's theme, begins to drift in, an evocation of the past; a sighing that grows end seem to have behind it the echo of lost voices calling. The CAMERA MOVES AND EASES AROUND A BIT to look through the arches across the green toward the open side and the valley and the hills beyond. A lone nun is crossing the green to the church. A clock strikes the half hour. The CAMERA PANS to look at the large wooden two-story house on the far side of the green, then the little garden, then the Plaza Livery Stable, and the road alongside. The Jaguar stands there empty. The CAMERA CONTINUES TO PAN along the whitewashed stone Castro House, sees the pepper tree, MOVES along the Plaza Hotel, and comes to REST SHOOTING at the saloon that forms the far corner of the hotel. Three tourists exit from the entrance of the hotel, get into their car. The car moves toward the CAMERA, and goes past, and out of the SHOT. The

CAMERA DOLLIES IN to the front door of the saloon. Over the door is a sign: PLAZA HOTEL BAR ROOM.

On either side of the door are posters proclaiming rewards for the apprehension of bandits who have held up Wells Fargo Express Wagons. The CAMERA SHOOTS THROUGH the open door.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL BAR ROOM - (DAY)

Empty, silent; old pool tables in the foreground, the bar in the background. As the CAMERA SCANS the room:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PLAZA HOTEL FRONT PARLOR - (DAY)

It too is silent and deserted. In the far wall, a fireplace, with an old clock on the mantel. In one corner, small old organ, with a hymnal open on the rack; in the other corner, a Victorian sofa. The flowered rug is faded, the furniture is shabby.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PLAZA HOTEL - (DAY)

Looking toward the lovely pepper tree and the whitewashed stone Castro Rouse, and the tall eucalyptus tree beyond. The CAMERA PANS SLOWLY past the empty Jaguar and come to REST on the dark opening of the Livery Stable and MOVES SLOWLY toward it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVERY STABLE - (DAY)

The dark interior of the Livery Stable. The figures of Scottie and Madeleine are seen a little way in. Madeleine is seated in a surrey, while Scottie stands by her.

INT. LIVERY STABLE - (DAY)

Madeleine's eyes are closed. Scottie, leaning against the surrey, looks up at her intently. After moment he calls to her softly.

SCOTTIE
Madeleine...?

She opens her eyes and looks down at him.

SCOTTIE

Where are you now?

She smiles at him gently.

MADELEINE

(Softly)

Here with you.

SCOTTIE

And it's a all real.

MADELEINE

Yes.

SCOTTIE

(Firmly)

Not merely as it was a hundred years ago. As it was a year ago, or six months ago, whenever you were here to see it.

(Pressing)

Madeleine, think of when you were here!

She looks down at him with, a worried, regretful smile, wishing she could help him. Then she looks away into the distance, and speaks almost at irrelevantly.

MADELEINE

(Dreamily)

There were not so many carriages, then. And there were horses in the stalls; a bay, two black, and a grey. It was her favorite place, but we were forbidden to play here, and Sister Teresa would scold us...

Scottie looks up at her in desperation, then looks about the stable for help. His look scans the carriages and wagons lined against the wall, goes past the old fire truck on which there is a placard proclaiming the world's championship of 1884, and finally stops at a small buggy -- a Bike Wagon -- To which is hitched a full-sized model of a handsome grey horse.

SCOTTIE

Well, now, here!

He races to the horse. On it hangs a sign: "Greyhound World's Greatest Trotter."

SCOTTIE

Here's your grey horse! Course he'd have a tough time getting in and out of a stall without being pushed, but still... You see? There's an answer for everything!

He looks across to Madeleine eagerly. She is staring ahead, lost in the past.

SCOTTIE

Madeleine! Try!

No answer. The music is more insistent, now, a pulling wind,, and the faint voices call more clearly. Madeleine slowly rises to her feet as though sensing the call. Scottie moves back to her and stands there looking up. He raises his arms, she puts her hands on his shoulders and slips to the ground with his help, and he is holding her. Their heads are close together.

SCOTTIE

Madeleine, try... for me...

With a small movement, their lips come together, and they kiss; not impulsively, as before, but with deep, sure love and hunger for each other. Their lips part, but he still holds her tightly, his head pressed down against hers, and she is looking past him, her eyes wide with anxiety. And a clock strikes the three-quarter hour.

SCOTTIE

My love... because I love you.

MADELEINE

(Whispering)

I love you too... too late... too late...

SCOTTIE

No... we're together...

MADELEINE

Too late... there's something I must

do...

He holds her gently, now; brushes his lips along her to her eyes, down to her mouth.

SCOTTIE

(murmuring)

Nothing you must do... no one
possesses you... you're safe with
me... my love...

And they kiss again. As they part:

MADELEINE

Too late...

She looks up at him with deep regret and wonder in her eyes then suddenly breaks from him and runs out the door. He stands still, startled for a moment, then runs after her.

EXT. LIVERY STABLE - (DAY)

Madeleine is running across the grass toward the church. Scottie catches up with her.

EXT. LIVERY STABLE - (DAY) - REVERSE ANGLE

Scottie swings her around to face him.

SCOTTIE

(Firmly)

There are things I have to tell you,
about how we met, and why we are
together. But they can wait. The
only important thing now is that I
love you and I'm going to keep you
safe.

MADELEINE

(Trembling)

You can't.

SCOTTIE

Why?

MADELEINE

Let me go.

SCOTTIE

Where?

MADELEINE

To the church, I must go there.

SCOTTIE

Madeleine --

MADELEINE

Please let me go.

She pulls away and turns and walks swiftly toward the church, her head bowed. CAMERA DOLLIES with her. She is frightened, and close to tears. Scottie follows her a half-step behind. The livery stable drops away out of the SHOT, and the two heads fill the screen with only the sky an background.

SCOTTIE

Madeleine, don't fight me off, don't put me away. You've been fighting alone, and you're lost, but no more. Hold on to me. Be sure of me, always. And whatever it is, we'll lick it. I promise.

No answer. They keep walking, and then suddenly with head bowed, she begins to run again, and runs out of the SHOT. A moment, then he runs after her.

EXT. THE MISSION AND CLOISTERS - (DAY) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

We see Madeleine running toward the Cloisters, Scottie after her. Finally he stops her once again.

EXT. THE CLOISTERS - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

Scottie grabs her by the arm.

MADELEINE

(Head low, brokenly)

It's not fair, it's too late. It wasn't supposed to happen this way, it shouldn't have happened...!

SCOTTIE

It had to. We're in love. That's all that counts. Madeleine --

MADELEINE

(Frantic, struggling)
Let me go! Let me go!!

SCOTTIE
(Holding her; sharply)
Madeleine!!

The struggle ceases. She remains limp in his grasp for a long moment, then slowly raises her head to look at him. Her eyes study his face searchingly.

MADELEINE
You believe that I love you?

SCOTTIE
Yes.

MADELEINE
And if you lose me, you'll know that
I loved you and wanted to go on loving
you.

SCOTTIE
I won't lose you.

Pause.

MADELEINE
Let me go into the church alone.

SCOTTIE
Why?

MADELEINE
Please. Because I love you. He stares
at her, sees the pleading look in
her eyes, and lets go. She turns and
walks away toward the church, slowly,
her head bowed. He watches her go
and starts to move after her. Then
slowly, as she goes, her head begins
to go up until finally, as she walks,
she is staring high above her. And
then, suddenly, she breaks into a
broken run.

EXT. CLOISTERS - (DAY)

Scottie jerks his head up to see what she was looking at.

EXT. CLOISTERS - (DAY)

From Scottie's viewpoint: the high church tower.

EXT. CLOISTERS - (DAY)

Scottie, immediately alarmed, brings his eyes down and looks toward the church entrance.

EXT. CLOISTERS - (DAY)

From Scottie's viewpoint: Madeleine runs through the open front door of the church, and vanishes.

EXT. CLOISTERS - (DAY)

Scottie starts to run toward the church.

SCOTTIE

Madeleine!!!

He runs to the church door and runs in.

INT. CHURCH, SAN JUAN BAUTISTA - (DAY)

Scottie runs in and looks around frantically. The church is empty. A moment, then he hears the sound of footsteps running up wooden steps. He turns in the direction of the sound, sees a door standing open at the side of the church, and through the door the beginning of a flight of steps. He runs to the open door and goes through.

INT. CHURCH TOWER - (DAY)

Scottie runs in, stops at the foot of the steps, hears the running footsteps, and looks up. From his viewpoint we see Madeleine running up the open stairway that spirals up along the walls of the high tower. She is already well on her way. Scottie is immediately stricken by vertigo, and the tall tower seems to slide away from him. He makes an attempt to start up the stairs, flattens himself against the wall and struggles up. He claws his way up, crosses over to the hand-railing and uses it to pull his body up the steps, one by one railing struggling for breath, unable to call, though he tries. And Madeleine keeps running. Madeleine reaches the top goes through a small wooden door. We see it slam, hear it locked. Scottie, struggling up, reaches a landing next to a small open arch that looks out on the back garden,

and has to stop to fight his nausea. There is a scream from above. Through the arch he sees a body fall. He calls "Madeleine"!, and looks down through the arch.

EXT. ROOF - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

Figure of the dead Madeleine. Her body is lying on the roof of the cloister.

INT. CHURCH TOWER - (DAY)

The vertigo hits Scottie again and the body and the roof of the cloister move and fall away into space, and this

DISSOLVES THROUGH TO:

The body of the policeman falling from the rooftop, tumbling through space to the street below. Scottie has to look away in desperate horror. He hears voices, looks through the arch again, and sees two nuns hurrying across the garden from the dormitory at the back, looking up at the roof of the cloister. He turns and gazes down the great height he now has to descend, flattens himself against the wall, and with trancelike desperation tries to start moving.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. MISSION SAN JUAN BAUTISTA - (DAY)

Once again we see the whole of the square, but now, in sharp contrast, it is filled with cars parked along the roadway that encircles the green.

EXT. MISSION SAN JUAN BAUTISTA - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

Before Plaza Hall, the large grey wooden building next to the Livery Stable, and on its front porch, groups of citizens are gathered, talking. Some people glance up to the second floor, where the windows are open, and from which a droning voice can faintly be heard. The CAMERA ZOOMS UP to the open window, and as it does, the voice of the speaker becomes louder and the words more intelligible.

INT. PLAZA HALL ROOM, SAN JUAN BAUTISTA - (DAY)

The Coroner's Inquest is in session. The Jury of twelve local people is at one side. Among the people assembled we see:

the two nuns, escorted by a priest; Gavin Elster with his attorney; some State Patrolmen; and, of course, Scottie. Next to him is a burly man in his fifties in civilian clothes; almost obviously a detective and obviously Scottie's one friend there. He is Detective Captain Fred Hansen of the San Francisco Police.

At the front of the room is the Official who is speaking, a rather testy old man. Behind him, on the wall are an old, crudely hand-made American Flag from the last century, and a California Bear Flag.

(NOTE: THE FIRST PARAGRAPH OF THE FOLLOWING SPEECH COVERS THE RISE AND ENTRANCE OF THE CAMERA AND BECOMES INTELLIGIBLE ONLY AT ITS END.)

OFFICIAL

Mr. Elster, suspecting that all was not well with his wife's mental state, took the preliminary precaution of having her watched by Mr. Ferguson lest any harm befall her, and you have heard that Mr. Elster was prepared to take his wife to an institution where her mental health would have been in the hand of qualified specialists. And Mr. Ferguson, being an ex-detective, would have seemed the proper choice for the role of watchdog and protector. As you have learned, it was an unfortunate choice.

(pause)

However, I think you will agree that no blame can be attached to the husband. His delay in putting his wife under medical care was due only to the need information as to her behavior that he expected to get from Mr. Ferguson. He had taken every precaution to protect his wife. He could not have anticipated that Mr. Ferguson's "weakness" his "fear of heights", called "acrophobia", would make him powerless when he was most needed.

(pause)

As to Mr. Ferguson: you have heard

his former superior, Detective Captain Hansen, from that great city to the north, testify as to his character and ability. Captain Hansen was most enthusiastic. The fact that Mr. Ferguson once before, under similar circumstances, allowed a police colleague to fall to his death, Captain Hansen dismissed as an "unfortunate Incident."

Captain Hansen's eyes narrow and his face reddens. Scottie stares at the floor dully, oblivious to what is being said.

OFFICIAL

Of course Mr. Ferguson is to be congratulated for having once saved the woman's life when, in a previous fit of aberration, she threw herself into the Bay. It is a pity that knowing her suicidal tendencies he did not make a greater effort the second time. But we are not here to pass judgment on Mr. Ferguson's lack of initiative. He did nothing, and the law has little to say on the subject of things left undone.

(pause)

Nor does his strange behavior after he saw the body fall have any bearing on your verdict. He did not remain at the scene of the death. He ran away. He claims he suffered a mental blackout and knew nothing more until he found himself back in his own apartment in San Francisco several hours later. You may accept that or not. Or, you may believe that, having once again allowed someone to die, he could not face the tragic result of his own weakness, and ran away. That has nothing to do with your verdict. It is a matter between him and his conscience.

(pause)

Now. From the evidence of the mind of Madeleine Elster prior to her death, from the manner of her death, and from the Postmortem examination

of the body showing the actual cause
of her death, you should have no
difficulty in reaching your verdict.
Gentlemen, you may retire.

The Foreman of the jury leans across to his colleagues, and
they go into a huddle. After a short whispered consultation
there is a general nodding of heads, then the Foreman stands.

FOREMAN

We've reached the verdict.

OFFICIAL

And what is your verdict.

FOREMAN

We find that Madeleine Elster
committed suicide while being out of --
while being out of unsound mind.

OFFICIAL

Your verdict will be so recorded.
Dismissed.

People start to rise. There is a general exodus toward the
doorway and the stairs leading down to the ground floor.
Scottie remains impassive, still staring at the floor. People
stare at him curiously as they move past him and away.
Detective Hansen rises, takes him by the arm, and helps him
to his feet.

HANSEN

Let's go, Scottie.
(Glares over at the
Official grimly)
The son of a --

He purses his lips and starts Scottie toward the door. Gavin
Elster moves toward them, and they meet, and have to stop.
Hansen looks at Elster impassively.

ELSTER

Do you mind if I speak to him for a
minute?

Receiving no answers he takes Scottie by the elbow.

ELSTER

Scottie --

He leads Scottie away toward the window. They stop.

ELSTER

Scottie, I'm sorry. That was rough.

Scottie finally looks up at him.

ELSTER

He had no right to say that. It was my responsibility. You didn't know her. I shouldn't have got you involved.

SCOTTIE

(struggling)

I -- I --

ELSTER

No, there's nothing you have to say to me. I'm getting out, Scottie. For good. I can't stay here. I'm winding up her affairs, and mine. I'm going to get as far away as I can. Probably Europe. And I'll probably never come back.

(Extends his hand)

Good-bye, Scottie. If there's anything I can do for you before I go...

Scottie looks at the outstretched hand, then looks up at the man's face, wanting very much to tell him how he felt about the dead woman. But the words won't come. Elster drops his hand with a sympathetic half-smile, and touches Scottie comfortingly on the arm.

ELSTER

There was no way for them to understand. But you and I know who killed Madeleine.

Elster and Scottie look at each other for a moment. Then Elster nods somberly and turns away and goes down the stairs with his attorney. The room is empty, now, but for Hansen and Scottie. Hansen, waiting near the doorway looks across to Scottie standing alone by the window. Beyond Scottie, through the window, we can see the cloister across the green.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A CEMETERY SOUTH OF SAN FRANCISCO - (DAY)

It is grey and deserted. In the distance a figure comes into view walking slowly, approaching a grave. It is Scottie.

EXT. A CEMETERY SOUTH OF SAN FRANCISCO - (DAY) - MEDIUM

SHOT

A closer view brings him to a stop before the grave, and he stares down at it impassively. The gravestone tells us it is Madeleine's grave.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - (NIGHT)

A foggy night, the city hidden in mist. The flash of beacons; fingers of fog; the spasmodic growls and ories of fog horns.

INT. SCOTTIE'S BEDROOM - (NIGHT)

Scottie in bed, sleeping restlessly. His head fills the screen, rolls from, side to side. In a SLOW DISSOLVE while his head remains on the screen, there comes into focus and is superimposed as it gets closer the head and shoulders of the portrait of Carlotta. The CAMERA PANS DOWN until it reveals the nosegay. The portrait is cleared from the screen, a new image is superimposed; the final scene at the inquest between Scottie and Gavin Elster. But this time, though it is not distinct, a woman's head can be discerned on Elster's shoulder. Elster turns to the woman and says: "Tell him he's not to blame; tell him." The woman turns her head to smile at Scottie. It is Carlotta Valdes again, dressed as in the portrait, with the necklace at her throats, and she is alive. The picture fades away. Scottie's restless head is alone on the screen again.

Another scene dissolves to the screen: the graveyard at Mission Dolores. The CAMERA IS APPROACHING the grave of Carlotta Valdes. Now we see Scottie approaching the grave. Now the CAMERA REVERSES, MOVING closer to the grave. It is open; there is a great black abyss, with the headstone to mark it.

A CLOSEUP OF SCOTTIE coming to a stop as he stares down. The black depths of the grave fill the screen, and now, suddenly we start to fall. A BIG CLOSEUP OF SCOTTIE, his hair

windswept, staring down in horror as he falls. REVERSE ANGLE: he is still falling, but now from the tower of the Mission at San Juan onto the roof where Madeleine fell, and at the moment of impact the picture clears, and Scottie is sitting up in bed, staring ahead in horror, awakened by the sound of his own scream. The scream is echoed by a fog horn in the distance.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SANITARIUM BEDROOM - (DAY)

We see a portable phonograph with a record on, and we hear Mozart at his gayest, most incisive, most sparkling. And then we find Midge standing nearby, smiling across at Scottie, who is seated in a wheelchair wearing a dressing gown over pajamas. His face is gaunt and expressionless. We are in a light and pleasant bed-sitting room. Through the window we can see a lovely garden, and a few patients accompanied by nurses strolling along the paths.

MIDGE

(Brightly)

It's Mozart. Wolfgang Amadeus. I had a long talk with the lady in musical therapy, and she said Mozart's the boy for you, Johnny. The broom that sweeps the cobwebs away. That's what the lady said. You know, it's wonderful how they've got it all taped now, John. They've got music for melancholiacs, and music for dipsomaniacs, and music for nymphomaniacs... I wonder what would happen if somebody mixed up their files?

There is no reaction on Scottie's face, and Midge makes a grimace of dissatisfaction at the weakness of her joke. She looks across at him uncertainly.

MIDGE

But I brought you a lot of other things. You can see what you like. And the thing shuts off automatically.

She crosses to him swiftly kneels beside him.

MIDGE

Ah, Johnny, please try. Johnny, try!
You're not lost. Mother's here.

No reaction. Long pause. Then we hear the door open.

Scottie does not seem to hear, but Midge turns her head. A nurse is looking in, with a significant look at Midge.

MIDGE
Time? Okay.

The nurse goes out. Midge rises.

MIDGE
I'll be in again, John. Do you want
me to shut that off? It shuts off
automatically.

Her eyes crinkle with anxiety. She nods and goes to the phonograph and shuts it off. She comes back to him slowly, and stands behind him, and puts her hands on his shoulders.

MIDGE
(Softly)
Ah, Johnny-O... you don't know I'm
here, do you?

She leans down and kisses him lightly on the top of the head, and smiles gently.

MIDGE
But I'm here.

She moves to the door, going out of the SHOT, and we hear the door open and close. Scottie has not moved, his face does not change expression. His head bends down, and his gaze is fixed on the floor.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE SCOTTIE'S ROOM - (DAY)

Midge, walking down the corridor, meets the nurse near the open door of an office.

MIDGE
Could I see the doctor for a moment?

The nurse backs up a step and looks in the open doorway.

NURSE

Doctor...?

The Doctor looks up and sees Midge in the doorway.

DOCTOR

Oh. Yes, Miss Wood?

The nurse continues on up the corridor. Midge remains in the doorway.

MIDGE

Doctor, how long is it going to take you to pull him out of this?

DOCTOR

It is hard to say. Six months, at least. Perhaps a year. It depends to a certain extent on him.

MIDGE

He won't talk.

DOCTOR

No. We have ways of digging out knowledge. But it takes longer. He is suffering from acute melancholia, together with a guilt complex. He blames himself for what happened to the woman. And we know little of the background.

MIDGE

I can give you one thing: he was in love with her.

DOCTOR

Ah? That complicates the problem.

MIDGE

I'll give you another complication: he still is.

The Doctor studies her carefully.

MIDGE

And you know something, Doctor? I don't think Mozart's going to help at all.

She attempts a bright, gay smile but it comes out wrong. She turns and walks away down the corridor.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. SCOTTIE'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT)

Once again a foggy night. The street lights ringed in the mist, and Coit Tower barely discernible in the distance. The fog horns sound.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCOTTIE'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT)

The living room, is mostly in shadow. One light in a far corner is lit. There is a fire in the fireplace, but it is almost burnt out, and casts only a faint glow.

An easy chair has been drawn up before the fire, and next to it is a small table on which is a bottle of whiskey, the remains of a highball, and an ashtray full of cigarette butts. There is no sign of life in the apartment. The telephone rings in the bedroom. It continues to ring.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ERNIE'S RESTAURANT, UPSTAIRS ROOM - (NIGHT)

Scottie is seated at the bar, exactly as he was the first time he saw Madeleine. The dining room is crowded. Scottie's glance wanders about the room as he drinks, but he does not seem to be so much searching as waiting. And then he stiffens. From somewhere across the room a man and a woman are making their way among the tables toward the exit, and their relative positions as they move recall exactly the way Madeleine and Gavin Elster moved toward him on that night. And as the woman moves toward him, difficult to see clearly because of the movements of the waiters crossing her path, he could swear that it is Madeleine, and so could we. Although she does not wear an evening dress. Scottie stares, fearing and hoping as the woman gets closer and closer. And then she is there, and pauses near him to wait for the man, exactly as Madeleine did -- but it is not Madeleine.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BROCKLEBANK APARTMENTS - (DAY)

Scottie in the foreground, and across the street the apartment building from which Madeleine used to emerge, with the forecourt of cars. A long moment, then a man emerges and crosses the street and walks toward the Fairmont Hotel. Another wait, and then a woman comes out of the apartment house. She has Madeleine's figure and Madeleine's style. Scottie freezes. The woman crosses the forecourt toward a car out of our sight. Scottie moves to follow the course of the woman, and we move with him, and now the car comes into sight, it is the green Jaguar. The woman opens the car door. Scottie races across the street and into the forecourt. By the time he gets to the Jaguar, the woman is in behind the wheel and has the motor started. Scottie races up to her, then stops short. The woman is not like Madeleine in features, and is a good deal older. She looks up startled as Scottie comes to a stop by the open car window.

SCOTTIE

Where did you get this car?!

THE WOMAN

(Startled by his
vehemence)

I beg your pardon?

SCOTTIE

This car...!!

THE WOMAN

Oh! Why... I bought it from a man
who used to live here, in this
apartment building. Mister Gavin
Elster. I bought it from him when he
moved away.

As Scottie stares at her, she grasps the connection.

THE WOMAN

Oh! You know him! And his wife? The
poor thing. I didn't know her. Tell
me -- is it true that she really
believed --

But by this time Scottie has turned and walked away, and she stares after him, a bit taken aback.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PALACE OF THE LEGION OF HONOR - (DAY)

Framed in the columns of the forecourt, Scottie wanders up the front walk and passes through the doors into the Art Gallery.

INT. PALACE OF THE LEGION OF HONOR - (DAY)

Scottie wanders to the entrance of the room in which hangs the Portrait of Carlotta, and stops and looks towards the far corner. Some people pass before him, but then as the vista clears he sees walking toward him from Carlotta's corner a woman who must surely be Madeleine. He stares, rigid, as she comes closer, and then she passes out of view as she heads for the exit. Scottie turns to keep her in sight, and as she passes through the doors to go out to the courtyard she turns a just a bit so that she is silhouetted slightly in profile against the cuter light, and once again surely it is Madeleine. Scottie heads for the door fast, pushes through the courtyard.

He breaks into a run and catches up with her and puts out his hand to take her arm, and as he does she turns, startled by his sudden appearance at her side -- and they both stop and stare at each other. It is not Madeleine. A moment, as the woman stares at him, frightened.

SCOTTIE

I'm sorry.

He turns away. The woman walks on.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PODESTA, BALDOCCHI - (LATE AFTERNOON)

Scottie stands before the window looking at the floral display. In the foreground is a group of madeup nosegays and one of them is exactly like the nosegay Madeleine carried to the grave, to the portrait, to the moment she threw herself into the Bay. A porter closes the shop door and locks it. A moment, then Scottie turns away to move down Grant Avenue. He stops short. Coming up Grant Avenue, headed for Sutter Street, is a group of shopgirls who have just come out of work, and among them is one who -- again -- must surely be Madeleine. Scottie watches them come closer, trying to get a clear view through the crowd of passersby, catching sight of the girl only in glimpses, and as the girls come abreast of

him they stop to make their farewells. The one nearest to Scottie, seen in profile, might have the same features as Madeleine. He cannot be sure. This girl's hair is dark, where Madeleine's was light; her features on closer inspection seem heavier, and she wears much more makeup. And yet there is something about the way she carries herself. The other girls cross the street while the one nearest to Scottie goes on alone. He instinctively turns and follows.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SUTTER STREET NEAR LEAVENWORTH - (LATE AFTERNOON)

A trolley coach passes, heading west. The girl starts to cross the street in the middle of the block, waits for another trolley coach to pass, continues to the opposite side, and goes into the Empire Hotel, one of the typical inexpensive residential hotels of that neighborhood. Scottie remains on the opposite side of the street, watching, wondering what to do next.

He waits, and then, in much the same way it happened to him long ago at the McKittrick Hotel, his attention is attracted to a window on the second floor. The girl appears and opens the window about eight inches, then pulls down the blind. Scottie stares at the window, calculates in his mind the geographical position of the room, then starts across the street.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL JUDY'S HOTEL - (DUSK)

Scottie moves down the hall counting doors and comes to a stop. He knocks. The door opens, and the girl stands and looks at him, and waits. Scottie stares at her, searching for a sign of recognition, but there is none.

JUDY

Well? What is it?

Her voice is flat and slightly nasal, in sharp contrast to Madeleine's low, husky voice. Scottie winces slightly at the sound of it. He keeps staring at her for a moment. Then:

SCOTTIE

Could I ask you a couple of questions?

JUDY

What for? Who are you?

SCOTTIE

My name is John Ferguson, and --

JUDY

Is this some kind of Gallup Poll, or something?

SCOTTIE

No, there are just a few things I want to ask you, and --

JUDY

Do you live here in the hotel?

SCOTTIE

No, I happened to see you come in, and I thought --

JUDY

Oh, I thought so! A pick-up! Well, you've got a nerve, following me right into the hotel and up to my room! You beat it! Go on! Beat it!

And she starts to close the door on him hard. Scottie holds it open against her.

SCOTTIE

No, please! I Just want to talk to you!

JUDY

(Pushing on the door)

Listen, I'm going to yell in a minute!

SCOTTIE

I'm not going to hurt you! I promise! Please!

She hesitates, impressed by the urgency in his voice.

SCOTTIE

Just let me talk to you.

JUDY

(Hesitating)

What about?

SCOTTIE

You.

JUDY

Why?

She is still holding on to the door, ready to slam it.

SCOTTIE

Because you remind me of someone.

She laughs a short, ironic, skeptical laugh.

JUDY

I've heard that one before, too. I remind you of someone you used to be madly in love with, but she ditched you for another guy, and you've been carrying the torch ever since, and then you saw me and something clicked.

(scornfully)

Huh!

SCOTTIE

(With a rueful smile)

You're not far wrong.

JUDY

Well, it's not going to work. So you'd better go.

SCOTTIE

Let me come in.

Her mouth drops open with shock at his effrontery.

SCOTTIE

You can leave the door open. Please. I want to talk to you.

A moment, then she backs into the room a little, and he follows.

JUDY

I warn you, I can yell awfully loud.

SCOTTIE

You won't have to.

JUDY
(Doubtfully)
Well... you don't look very much
like Jack the Ripper...

But still she moves until she is next to the phone, her hand
almost touching it. She eyes him carefully.

JUDY
What do you want to know?

SCOTTIE
Your name. And --

JUDY
Judy Barton.

SCOTTIE
Who you are --

JUDY
Just a girl, I work at Magnin's --

SCOTTIE
-- and how you happen to be living
here.

JUDY
It's a place to live, that's all.

SCOTTIE
But you haven't lived here long.

JUDY
About three years.

SCOTTIE
No, a year ago! Where did you live a
year ago!?!?

JUDY
(Puzzled)
I told you! Right here!

SCOTTIE
(Strongly)
But before! Where did you live
before!?!?

JUDY
Salina, Kansas!

And that stops him dead, and he stares at her, denying.

JUDY
Listen, what is this? What do you
want?

SCOTTIE
I want to know who you are.

JUDY
I told you! My name is Judy Barton!
I come from Salina Kansas. I work at
Magnin's! I live here! My gosh, do I
have to prove it?

She moves swiftly to the dresser and rummages in her bag.

JUDY
You've got to prove you're alive
these days! All right, Mister. My
Kansas driver's license. Judy Barton.
Number Z296794. Four-Twenty-Five
Maple Avenue, Salina, Kansas.

She pulls out another card: a California license. She hands
it to him.

JUDY
There! See the address on this one?
This place here! California License
issued May 25, 1954! Want to check
my thumb print? Satisfied.
(Pulls the card away)
And whether you're satisfied or not,
you can just beat it!

A long moment as he stands before her, sagging a little
defeated. She becomes remorseful and sympathetic.

JUDY
(Gently)
Gee, you have got it bad, haven't
you? Do I really look like her?

He stares at her with an intensity that makes her crinkle

her eyes in embarrassment.

JUDY
She's dead, isn't she.

An almost imperceptible nod.

JUDY
I'm sorry. And I'm sorry I yelled at
you.

He turns away slowly toward the door. His eyes fall on some framed photographs on the dresser and he pauses, then moves closer to see them clearly. One is of a girl about sixteen standing with a woman in her late thirties; they have their arms about each other; they both have dark hair. Scottie stares at it, then glances at Judy.

JUDY
Yes, that's me. With my mother.

Scottie's eyes move to another photograph, of a man in his early forties standing before a store. Above the store a sign says: A. M. BARTON, HARDWARES.

JUDY
That's my father. He's dead. My mother
got married again... I didn't like
the guy.
(Smiles, wistfully)
So... I decided to see what it was
like in sunny California.
(Pause)
I've been here three years.
(she grins)
Honest!

He smiles back at her, liking her directness.

SCOTTIE
Will you have dinner with me?

JUDY
(Immediately wary,
the smile fading)
Why?

SCOTTIE
Well, I feel I owe you something for

all this...

JUDY

No, you don't owe me anything.

SCOTTIE

Then will you for me?

JUDY

(Warily)

Dinner... and what else?

SCOTTIE

Just dinner.

JUDY

Because I remind you of her?

SCOTTIE

Because I'd like to have dinner with you.

She smiles, pleased with the gallantry of his answer, and regards him thoughtfully.

JUDY

(Slowly)

Well... I've been on blind dates before... Matter of fact, to be honest, I've been picked up before.

(Grins)

Okay.

SCOTTIE

I'll get my car and be back in half an hour.

JUDY

Oh, no! Give me time to change and get fixed up!

SCOTTIE

An hour?

JUDY

Mmm.

SCOTTIE

Okay.

He flashes her a smile and goes, closing the door. She stares after him for a long moment, then moves slowly and sits down on the edge of the bed. She stares straight ahead, thinking, her face an impassive mask. The CAMERA MOVES IN until her head fills the screen, and her eyes are deep with dark memory. We DISSOLVE THROUGH to what she sees: THE MOMENT IN THE TOWER OF THE MISSION. MADELEINE IS RUNNING UP THE STAIRS OF THE TOWER: SCOTTIE STRUGGLING DESPERATELY AFTER HER. SHE REACHES THE TOP, OPENS THE DOOR, DARTS INTO THE BELL TOWER, SLAMS THE DOOR BEHIND HER AND LOCKS IT. SHE TURNS. GAVIN ELSTER STANDS NEAR THE OPEN ARCH, HOLDING HIS WIFE FAST; SHE IS DRESSED IN A GREY SUIT EXACTLY LIKE THE ONE MADELEINE WEARS. HER BODY IS LIMP. SHE IS OBVIOUSLY DEAD ALREADY. ELSTER LOOKS AT MADELEINE, THEN PUSHES HIS WIFE OUT THROUGH THE ARCH. MADELEINE MAKES A FUTILE GESTURE TO STOP HIM, AND SCREAMS. ELSTER COMES TO QUICKLY, PUTS HIS HAND ACROSS HER MOUTH, AND DRAWS HER BACK INTO THE SHADOW BEHIND A MASONRY ABUTMENT. THEY ARE LOST FROM SIGHT...

DISSOLVE THROUGH to Judy, seated on the edge of her bed, staring with the memory of the horror of the moment. She sits very still. Then slowly she rises and moves to the window. She looks out, watching Scottie go down the street. She turns away and goes to the closet and opens the door. She pushes some clothes along the rack. We see the grey suit. She reaches into the closet and brings out a suitcase, lets it lie there, just outside the closet, and stares down at it. Then she turns back, goes to the writing desk sits down, and takes a sheet of paper. She picks up a ball point pen, clicks out the Point, stares ahead for a moment, then begins to write. As she writes, we hear her voice.

JUDY'S VOICE

Dearest Scottie ... and so you've found me. This is the moment I dreaded and hoped for, -- wondering what I would say and do if ever I saw you again, I wanted so to see you again. Just once. Now I'll go and you can give up your search.

(pause)

I want you to have peace of mind. You've nothing to blame yourself for. You were the victim. I was the tool, you were the victim of a man's plan to murder his wife. He chose me to play the part because I looked like her; he dressed me up like her.

He was quite safe because she lived in the country and rarely came to town. He chose you to be the witness. The Carlotta story was part real, part invented to make you testify that Madeleine wanted to kill herself. He knew of your illness; he knew you would never get up the stairs of the tower. He planned it so well; he made no mistakes.

(pause)

I made the mistake. I fell in love. That wasn't part of the plan. I'm still in love with you, and I want you so to love me. If I had the nerve, I would stay and lie, hoping that I could make you love me again, as I am for myself... and so forget the other and forget the past. But I haven't the nerve to try...

She pauses and looks up and thinks, and wonders, and tries to see into the future, and as she does, the fear in her eyes dissolve into anxious hope, and then resolve.

She puts the pen down, rises slowly, takes up the letter and tears it into small pieces and drops the pieces into the wastebasket. She turns to the closet, pushes the suitcase back in with the toe of her foot, pushes the grey suit far back into darkness, and closes the closet door. She walks to the dresser, and stares at herself in the mirror. She opens a candy box in which we see trinkets and pieces of junk jewelry, and takes out two plain hoop earrings. She puts them on and looks to see how much change they make. She takes up an eyebrow pencil and slightly exaggerates the arch of her brows. She stares at herself impassively for a long time.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ERNIE'S RESTAURANT, UPSTAIRS ROOM - (NIGHT)

The room is filled with diners; waiters come and go. There is a sound of chatter and a slight clatter of dishes at a side table. We are looking from the bar, and at a table against the far wall we see Judy and Scottie, dining. They are talking amiably; Scottie is being genial and companionable, but there is no particular sense of intimacy. Judy looks about quite a bit, obviously admiring the room, and the food and the clothes of the people about her. She is

dressed neatly, but more simply and more cheaply than are the other women in the room, and she is conscious of it, and keeps fiddling with the shoulders at her dress.

During this, a party of diners enters, is greeted by the captain, and is led across the room toward an empty table near Judy and Scottie. We go with them winding among the tables. As we get very close to Scottie, he looks up and becomes rigid, and stares. A woman has just gone by him to take seat at the neighboring table. Her hair is blonde and is done exactly as was Madeleine's; from the rear she could easily be Madeleine. But then she turns and sits down, glancing at Scottie as she does, and we see that it is not Madeleine. A moment, then Scottie looks away. Judy is staring at him anxiously. It is her first defeat and her first victory: defeat, in that although he is with her he is still searching; victory, in that she is sure, now, that he does not think she is Madeleine.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JUDY'S HOTEL - (NIGHT)

Scottie's car drives up and comes to a stop. He gets out, comes around and opens the other door and helps Judy out. They stand there for a moment, then start for the front door.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JUDY HOTEL, UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - (NIGHT)

Judy opens her door, flicks the light switch, and turns to Scottie in the doorway.

JUDY

Thank you again. Good-night.

SCOTTIE

Can I see you tomorrow?

JUDY

Tomorrow night? Well --

SCOTTIE

Tomorrow morning.

JUDY

Tomorrow m -- but I have to go to work. I've got a job.

SCOTTIE

Don't go.

JUDY

(Smiling)

And what will I live on? My oil wells in Texas?

SCOTTIE

I'll take care of you.

JUDY

(Flatly)

Oh, Well, thank very much. But no thanks.

SCOTTIE

No, Judy, you don't understand.

JUDY

Oh, I understand, all right. I've been understanding since I was seventeen. And the next step is, as long as you're going to see me tomorrow, why don't you stay the night.

SCOTTIE

No.

JUDY

No? Then what?

SCOTTIE

I just want to see you as much as I can!

JUDY

As friends? We'd just see a lot of each other as friends, and you'd "take care of me"?

SCOTTIE

Yes.

JUDY

Why?

(No answer)

Because I remind you of someone?

(No answer)

That's not very complimentary.

(Pause)

And nothing would... happen...

SCOTTIE

No.

JUDY

That's not very complimentary, either.

She turns away and wanders into the room toward the window. She sits down in the chair to think it over, looking straight ahead, in profile to Scottie and to the window. Scottie stares at her, then suddenly reaches out and snaps off the light.

JUDY

(Frightened)

Listen, what'd you do that for?!?!

She starts to rise.

SCOTTIE

(Quickly)

No, Judy, I'm not going to move!

Please! Stay in the chair!

JUDY

Why?!

SCOTTIE

Please! And don't look at me.

She subsides in the chair, and obeys, looking straight ahead again, holding very still, apprehensive. The only light in the room is from the street lamp outside, and it silhouettes Judy in profile, robbing her of hair-color, robbing her of makeup, and Scottie stares across at her, unsure, wishing he could persuade himself.

SCOTTIE

(Softly)

Will you, Judy?

JUDY

(Slowly, anxiously)

I suppose I could phone the store in the morning, and say I'm sick.

Another pause.

SCOTTIE

(Gently)

Good night, Judy.

He goes out, closing the door. Judy sits still, staring straight ahead. She raises a hand slowly and rubs the side of her face.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - (DAY)

It is a bright, sunny day. On a lovely green slope, young couples are stretched out making love. We see a pretty young girl sitting, and her young man lying on the grass at right angles with his head on her lap. She is playing with his hair. She bends down and kisses him.

The CAMERA MOVES ON, searching for Scottie and Judy, and comes upon another couple in a close embrace. The CAMERA MOVES ON and discovers Scottie and Judy strolling along the path at the foot of the slope. Judy is looking at the loving couples with wistful envy. Scottie is admiring the scenery in other direction. He holds a bag of popcorn. Judy looks up at him with gentle longing. He glances down at her and smiles companionably, and offers her the popcorn. She takes some and smiles back as well as she can.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DANCE FLOOR, FAIRMONT HOTEL - (NIGHT)

The lighting in the room is low, the orchestra is playing "Isn't It Romantic", there are many couples on the floor, dancing romantically. It's romantic as hell. We find Scottie and Judy dancing, nicely, but rather sedately. Judy looks up at him once in a while, wishing she could get a bit closer, although he is not by any means keeping her at a distance.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. POST STREET, OUTSIDE GUMPS - (DAY)

There is a flower stand - known to all San Franciscans -- at the curb opposite the main entrance to Gumps, and Scottie and Judy have stopped there to pick a flower for her to wear.

It is a bright, fresh morning. There is a display of corsages, made up, ready to wear. The Vendor stands beside them as they pick and choose. They seem quite happy.

JUDY

I like that one.

SCOTTIE

No, there. There's a good one. Do you like that?

JUDY

Yes --

The one Scottie has pointed out is remarkably like the nosegay in the portrait, though smaller and not an exact copy.

SCOTTIE

We'll take that one.

VENDOR

Very nice. And fresh. I just made it up.

He pins the nosegay on Judy.

VENDOR

That'll be a dollar four. Scottie pays him

JUDY

It's beautiful.

SCOTTIE

Okay. Now we're going to buy you some clothes.

JUDY

Honest?

He has started her across the middle of the street in the midst of traffic, and they have to run.

SCOTTIE

There's Ransohoff's. Nothing but the best. Come on.

JUDY

(Happy and breathless)

But Scottie, you don't have to!

SCOTTIE

I want to! Come on!

They go dodging across the street.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RANSOHOFF'S - (DAY)

A spacious room on the second floor. Judy and Scottie are being waited on by a middle-aged saleswoman. A girl Assistant stands nearby. Draped about on neighboring chairs are several suits. Scottie looks tense. His jaw is set. Judy looks at him wonderingly. A model enters wearing a grey tweed suit, and parades before them.

SCOTTIE

No, that's not it. Nothing like it.

SALESWOMAN

But you said grey, sir.

SCOTTIE

Not tweed -- it's a smoother material,
with a larger collar and belted.

(Indicates with hands)

He puts his hands to his waist.

JUDY

But I like that one, Scottie.

SCOTTIE

No, it's not right.

SALESWOMAN

(Cheerfully)

The gentleman seems to know what he
wants.

(To the model)

All right. Well, we'll find it.

She goes and whispers to the Assistant, during the following,
and the Assistant follows the model out.

JUDY

(Slightly apprehensive)

Scottie, what are you doing?

SCOTTIE

I'm trying to buy you a suit.

JUDY

But I loved the second one she wore.
And this one --

(She touches a suit
on the chair)
-- is beautiful.

SCOTTIE

They're none of them right.

JUDY

But why?

The saleswoman has a sudden thought.

SALESWOMAN

Oh!! I think I know the suit you
mean! We had it -- oh, it must be
sometime ago! Let me go see. We may
still have the model.

And she hurries away into the back room. Judy looks at Scottie
with wondering, understanding eyes.

JUDY

You're looking for the suit she wore!
For me???

Scottie looks at her anxiously, not wanting an argument.

JUDY

(Repelled)
You want me to dress like her?

SCOTTIE

Judy, I just want you to look nice.
And I know what kind of suit would
look well on you.

JUDY

Ah, no!!! I don't want to be dressed
like someone dead!

SCOTTIE

Judy --

JUDY

It's a horrible idea! Is that what I'm here for? To make you feel that you're with someone that's dead?

She has risen from her chair, appalled, and close to tears. The Saleswoman enters briskly.

SALESWOMAN

She'll be out in a moment.

SCOTTIE

Now, Judy, it isn't anything to get --

JUDY

No, I won't do it!!

She walks away. Scottie follows her.

SCOTTIE

Judy!!

The saleswoman watches the altercation with interest. The two are out of earshot, now, but what they're seems pretty evident.

Scottie is being urgently persuasive, Judy is staring at the floor, shaking her head, fighting the tears. The following is distant and blurred.

SCOTTIE

Judy, it can't make much difference to you. I just want to see how you'd look and I know it won't be the same, but --

JUDY

No, I don't want any clothes! I don't want anything! I want to get out of here!

SCOTTIE

(strongly)

Judy, you've got to do this for me! Please!

She looks up at him, frightened, and at that moment he sees

the model enter, wearing the grey suit.

SCOTTIE

Yes! That's it!

SALESWOMAN

I thought so!

JUDY

I don't like it!

SCOTTIE

We'll take it! Will it fit?

SALESWOMAN

Oh, yes! It may need some slight alterations, but it is madam's size.

(To the model)

All right, dear.

(To Judy)

We'll have it for you to try in a moment.

SCOTTIE

How soon can it be altered?

SALESWOMAN

Well...

SCOTTIE

Can we have it by tonight?

SALESWOMAN

Well, if it's absolutely necessary...

SCOTTIE

Yes, it is. Now, I want to look at an evening dress, a dinner dress, black -- short -- long sleeves -- with a neck cut this...

(Indicates square neck)

...and the skirt out.

(Indicates full skirt with his hands)

JUDY

(Appealing)

Scottie --

He whirls on her with blazing eyes and stares at her commandingly, and Judy shrinks a little.

SALESWOMAN

(Laughs, embarrassed)

My, you certainly do know what you want, sir. I'll see what we have.

She goes into the back room. Judy and Scottie remains as they were, their eyes fixed on each other. But Judy is cowed.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RANSOHOFF'S, SHOE SALON - (DAY)

Open on a SHOT of Judy's legs, standing in new, high-heeled brown shoes. On the floor around her are other shoes and shoe boxes scattered haphazardly.

SCOTTIE'S VOICE

All right. Walk.

The legs start to walk, and the scene opens up as Judy walks away from the CAMERA, and we find Scottie seated, watching, and a shoe salesman in attendance. Judy sways a bit on the high heels in a way that could be reminiscent of Madeleine. She stops and turns, and stands staring at Scottie, without expression.

SCOTTIE

All right. That's it. Do you have in black, too?

SALESMAN

Yes, we have.

SCOTTIE

All right.

He looks at Judy and meets her gaze steadfastly.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCOTTIE'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT)

In the living room. There is a fire in the fireplace. Judy is seated on the floor before the fire, bent forward with her head and arms buried in the seat of the easy chair. She's

been crying. Scottie enters from the kitchen carrying a bottle of cognac and two glasses. He looks down at Judy, then pours cognac into the two glasses and sets the bottle down.

SCOTTIE

Here, Judy. Take it straight down.
It's medicine.

Judy raises her tear-streaked face.

JUDY

(Pleading)

Why are you doing this? What good
will it do?

She takes the glass from his outstretched hand.

SCOTTIE

I don't know. No good, I guess. But
I don't know.

She takes a large sip of cognac, makes a face, and puts the glass away. As she does:

JUDY

(Tearfully)

I wish you'd leave me alone. I want
to go away.

SCOTTIE

You can.

JUDY

No, you wouldn't let me.

(Then, almost to
herself)

And I don't want to go...

Scottie comes down to her and puts his hands on her arms and holds her and looks into her eyes intently.

SCOTTIE

Judy, I want to tell you: these few
days have been the first happy days
I've had in a year.

JUDY

(Sadly)

I know. Because I remind you of her.

The one that's dead. And not even that, very much.

SCOTTIE

(Meaning it)

No, it's you too, Judy. Something in you.

She looks at him with a new spark of hope, and her eyes are almost willing him to kiss her. But then he drops his hands from her arms, and the glow fades from her eyes, and she looks away.

JUDY

(Dully)

You don't even want to touch me.

SCOTTIE

(Grimly)

Yes. Yes, I do.

He rises and walks away toward the window. She looks after him, then rises and almost runs to him.

JUDY

Couldn't you like me, just me, the way I am?! When we first started out it was so good! We had fun! And you started on the clothes! I'll wear the darned clothes if you want me to! If you just like me!

They are face to face, and Scottie is studying her somberly. Beyond them, through the window, we can see that magnificent symbol, the Coit Tower.

SCOTTIE

(Studying)

The color of your hair...

JUDY

Ah, no!

SCOTTIE

Judy, please it can't matter to you...

She shrinks a little, and is defeated.

JUDY

The trouble is, I'm gone now. For you. And I can't do anything about it. I want you to love me. If I let you change me, will that do it? If I do what you tell me, will you love me?

SCOTTIE

Yes.

JUDY

All right. Then I'll do it. Because I don't care about me anymore. I just want you to love me.

Long pause.

SCOTTIE

(Gently)

I'll take you home.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ELIZABETH ARDEN SALON - (DAY)

The first impact is of SOUND, of the buzz of hair dryers and the shrill cacophony of female voices talking and laughing. Scottie is leaning at the doorway leading into the inner salon. The CAMERA PANS AWAY from him through another door and comes to REST on a big head of Judy, covered with, soap suds, bent over a basin. One of the beauty operators looks out toward Scottie then walks out to him.

OPERATOR

I'm afraid it's going to be several hours. The young lady thought perhaps you'd like to go home, and she'll come there as soon as she's finished.

SCOTTIE

Oh! Well... no. Tell her I'll go to her hotel, and wait for her there.

She starts to turn away. Scottie stops her.

SCOTTIE

Oh! You're sure about the color of the hair.

OPERATOR

Oh, yes. It's an easy color.

SCOTTIE

And the rest of --

He waves a hand over his face.

OPERATOR

Yes, sir. We know what you want.

SCOTTIE

All right. Thanks.

He turns away after a last glance toward Judy. The last we see of the salon is Judy's head, as she turns to try to see through soap suds to where Scottie has been standing.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JUDY'S BEDROOM, THE HOTEL - (DAY)

Scottie is wandering impatiently, smoking. Some of the Ransohoff boxes are piled in a corner. Then, abruptly he strides to the window. He looks, and becomes tense.

EXT. THE STREET - (DAY)

From Scottie's viewpoint. Judy is walking up the street. She wears the grey suit from Ransohoff's the high-heeled black shoes, and her hair is now blonde. But it hangs about her face in the usual way. She does not look up. She turns into the entrance of the hotel.

INT. BEDROOM - (DAY)

Scottie watches her until he loses sight of her directly below as she goes in the front door. He turns and looks looks toward the bedroom door and waits. Then, impatiently, he strides to the door and goes out into the corridor.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - (DAY)

Scottie looks along the corridor.

FROM HIS VIEWPOINT

The corridor is empty.

SCOTTIE

tensely waiting.

FROM HIS VIEWPOINT

Judy turns the corner, moving towards him.

AS SCOTTIE WATCHES CRITICALLY

Judy comes up to him. He backs into the room, Judy following.

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - (DAY)

As Judy comes into the room, Scottie closes the door without taking his eyes from her. She looks at him gravely -- and holds out her hand, as though hoping for praise for the transformation. Her eyebrows have been plucked, her makeup lightened, her lipstick changed and she now bears much more of a resemblance to Madeleine.

JUDY

Well?

SCOTTIE

It should be back from your face --
with a bun at the neck. I told them.
I told you.

JUDY

We tried it. It didn't suit me.

Scottie abruptly goes to her, takes her hanging hair with both hands pulls it to the back so that her ears show. Judy looks at him, half-angry, half-scared.

Scottie, seeing the look in her eyes, takes his hands away. The hair falls forward again.

SCOTTIE

I'm sorry.

They look at one another for a moment. Then Scottie asks, almost humbly:

SCOTTIE

Judy -- please --

Judy doesn't answer for a moment, then she draws a deep

breath, and turns resignedly away. She crosses to the mirror over a chest of drawers. Scottie matches as she picks up a couple of pins from a glass tray, and scoops up a handful of hair. Scottie stands watching in silence. His eyes follow every move. We hear the tinkle of pins of the glass tray.

FROM SCOTTIE'S VIEWPOINT

Judy slowly turns from the mirror to face him. She looks exactly like Madeleine -- her hair pulled back and done in a bun at the back of the neck. She stands there looking at him. SCOTTIE looks at her in wonder, his eyes shining. JUDY takes a step towards him, rewarded by his expression. SCOTTIE moves over and takes Judy in his arms.

BIG HEADS

of the two of them, together. The CAMERA MOVES AROUND the big heads. Scottie holds her tighter and tighter. He looks past her shoulder and we see that his eyes are closed, because at last he holds Madeleine in his arms once more. He opens his eyes -- the CAMERA SWIMS AROUND the room.

WE ARE NOW IN THE LIVERY STABLE AT SAN JUAN BAUTISTA

with Scottie holding Madeleine tight in his arms, kissing her. We see this for only the briefest moment before it

DISSOLVES AWAY TO:

BACK IN THE HOTEL ROOM

Scottie kisses her as he did in the livery stables. As he kisses her, and she turns his kiss, the CAMERA PULLS BACK SLOWLY and their two figures are held in the center of the room.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JUDY'S BEDROOM - (EARLY EVENING)

The window shades are drawn, the lights in the room have been lit. Scottie is sitting, relaxed, thumbing through a magazine idly. The jacket of his suit is hung over the back of a chair. The bathroom door is open. There is a full length mirror on the back of the bathroom door, and we catch occasional glimpses of Judy as she moves about inside. Scottie looks up as she calls to him. Her voice is light and happy.

JUDY

Where shall we go for dinner?

SCOTTIE

Wherever you'd like...

JUDY

Ernie's?

SCOTTIE

You've got a thing about Ernie's,
haven't you?

JUDY

Well, after all, it's "our place."

She comes out of the bathroom happy and contented. She wears the black cocktail dress, her blonde hair is done up in the Madeleine way. She stops to pose and show off the dress and smiles across at him lovingly.

JUDY

Hello, my love. Like me?

He regards her admiringly with a small, contented grin.

SCOTTIE

Mmmm.

JUDY

Is that the best you can do?

She turns to the mirror over the dresser.

SCOTTIE

Come here.

JUDY

Oh, no. You'll muss me.

SCOTTIE

That's what I had in mind.

JUDY

Too late. I've got my face on.

She has opened the candy box, rummages around in the jewelry, comes up with some earrings, holds one up to her ear to see

what it looks like, decides against it, finds some other earrings, small and neat, and puts them on. During this:

JUDY

I'm suddenly hungry. Would you rather go somewhere else?

SCOTTIE

No, Ernie's is fine.

JUDY

I'm going to have one of those big beautiful steaks. And... let's see... to start...

During this she has taken a necklace out of the box, and is trying to fasten it around her neck. But the clasp won't work.

JUDY

Oh! Help me with this, will you?

She backs up a step, still holding the necklace in place, and Scottie rises from his chair and comes up in back of her. He takes the ends of the necklace from her.

SCOTTIE

I've got it. He bends down and bites the back of her neck.

JUDY

Oh! You're supposed to fasten it!

SCOTTIE

All in good time.

He bites her again.

JUDY

Scottie!

SCOTTIE

How does it work?

JUDY

Can't you see?

SCOTTIE

Oh, yeah. There.

As he is fastening it he glances into the mirror and sees the necklace clearly for the first time. His eyes are immediately startled with the shock of recognition, and he stares, wondering why. The CAMERA ZOOMS IN to a closeup of the necklace in the mirror; then, with a click, the closeup changes to a closeup of the necklace painted on canvas. The CAMERA DRAWS BACK to show the necklace around the neck of Carlotta in the portrait, the same necklace. Now the CAMERA DRAWS BACK to show the Art Gallery, with the Portrait of Carlotta on the far wall. The scene click-changes to a BIG HEAD of SCOTTIE, staring, and during this we hear Judy chattering away.

JUDY'S VOICE

Thank you, darling. Now I'm just about ready; I just have to find my lipstick. Where did I put it? I had it a minute ago.

(Her voice fading)

Did I leave it in here? Oh, yes, here it is!

(Her voice fading in)

All right, I'm ready.

His eyes move in the direction of the voice, and now we see her, standing a few feet from him, smiling at him. She walks to him with a loving smile.

JUDY

But first... muss me a little.

She puts her arms around him and presses against him, and lays her head against his chest with a happy sigh.

JUDY

Ah, Scottie... I do have you, now...

He raises his arms as though to embrace her, moves his hands to her shoulders, and one senses for a moment that he is going to press her too hard or that he may move his hands to her throat. But then he lays his hands gently on her back, and closes his eyes wearily, and rests his head on the top of hers.

SCOTTIE

(Softly)

How would you like to go somewhere out of town for dinner? Drive down

the peninsula, somewhere?

She moves her head, and he raises his and opens his eyes, and she smiles up at him.

JUDY

All right, if you'd like.

She reaches up and kisses him briefly on the mouth. He smiles a small, enigmatic smile.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT: HIGHWAY 101 - (NIGHT) - LONG SHOT

Scottie's car headed south, in brilliant moonlight.

INT. SCOTTIE'S CAR - (MOONLIGHT)

Scottie at the wheel, Judy alongside. She glances at him, wondering.

JUDY

We're going awfully far.

SCOTTIE

I feel like driving. Are you terrible hungry?

JUDY

No, it's all right.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY 101 - (NIGHT)

Scottie's car enters the avenue of tall trees we saw once before along this road. They look sinister in the moonlight.

INT. SCOTTIE'S CAR - (MOONLIGHT)

Shooting forward, we are as though in the front seat of Scottie's car, traveling fast, looking up and ahead to the distant end of the tunnel, and the tall trees flashing by.

INT. SCOTTIE'S CAR - (MOONLIGHT)

Scottie is staring straight ahead, concentrating on his driving. Judy is staring up at the tall trees, wondering,

her brow furrowed. Her memory is stirred, but she can't think why.

INT. SCOTTIE'S CAR - (MOONLIGHT)

Shooting forward and up through the windshield. The tops of the tall trees flashing past. Judy's face, highlighted from the dash lights below, faintly reflected.

INT. SCOTTIE'S CAR - (MOONLIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT

Judy turns her gaze from the flashing tree tops and looks off at Scottie.

INT. SCOTTIE'S CAR - (MOONLIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT

Scottie, still concentrating on his driving, and looking straight ahead.

INT. SCOTTIE'S CAR - (MOONLIGHT)

Judy looking at Scottie, puzzled and slightly apprehensive.

JUDY

Where are you going?

SCOTTIE

(wryly)

To complete my cure.

He glances at her and smiles nicely.

SCOTTIE

One final thing I have to do, and
then I'll be rid of the past, forever.

He looks ahead thoughtfully.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT: MISSION SAN BAUTISTA - (NIGHT) - LONG HIGH SHOT

Quiet, empty, sinister, bathed in moonlight. Far below we see Scottie's car crawl into the square and pass along the road around the green and come to a stop near the entrance to the church. A distant church clock chimes the half-hour.

INT. SCOTTIE'S CAR - (MOONLIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT

Judy's face, rigid, frightened, her eyes filled with apprehension. Then, with an effort, she composes herself and glances at Scottie with calm questioning. But he is turned away from her, opening his door to get out.

EXT. SAN JUAN BAUTISTA - (NIGHT)

Scottie comes around the car and opens Judy's door.

JUDY

Scottie, why are we here?

SCOTTIE

I told you. I have to go back into the past. Once more. For the last time.

JUDY

But why? Why here?

SCOTTIE

Madeleine died here.

Pause.

He holds out his hand. She shrinks, frightened.

JUDY

No, I don't want to go. I want to stay here.

SCOTTIE

I need you.

JUDY

Why?

SCOTTIE

I can't do it alone. I need you, to be Madeleine for a while. Then, when it's done, we'll both be free.

He draws her out of the car.

JUDY

I'm scared.

SCOTTIE

So am I, But it has to be done. I

have to tell you about Madeleine,
now.

He closes the car door and leads her slightly away, and they
stop and look across the green toward the Livery Stable.

SCOTTIE

There...

He points to the Livery Stable, bathed in moonlight.

SCOTTIE

...We stood there and I kissed her
for the last time. And she said, "If
lose me, you'll know that I loved
you --

JUDY

(Pleading)

Scottie --

SCOTTIE

(Going right on)

-- and wanted to go on loving you."
And I said, "I won't lose you."

(pause)

But I did.

He turns slowly, and Judy with him, and he looks up. Her
eyes follow his.

FROM THEIR ANGLE

The high church tower in the moonlight.

SCOTTIE'S VOICE

She turned and ran... into the
Church...

SCOTTIE AND JUDY

He puts his arm around her protectively but firmly, and begins
to impel her gently to the church.

EXT. CHURCH, SAN JUAN BAUTISTA - (MOONLIGHT)

SHOOTING from the door. Scottie impels Judy to the door.

SCOTTIE

...And when I followed her, it was
too late...

The CAMERA PULLS AROUND as his tree hand goes to try the
door.

JUDY
(Frightened)
I don't want to go in there!

Scottie pushes the door open.

SCOTTIE
...too late...

He pushes her into the church with gentle firmness.

INT. CHURCH, SAN JUAN BAUTISTA - (NIGHT)

The darkness is relieved by shafts of moonlight. Scottie
impels Judy toward the foot of the tower.

SCOTTIE
I couldn't find her. Then I heard
her footsteps on the stairs, she was
running up the tower.

INT. CHURCH TOWER - (NIGHT)

It is lit by shafts of moonlight through the slit window.
Scottie comes into the area holding Judy. He looks up.

FROM SCOTTIE'S ANGLE:

the open stairway spiraling upward.

SCOTTIE'S VOICE
She ran up those stairs... and through
the door at the top of the tower,
and locked it behind her. Then she
jumped.

BACK TO SCOTTIE AND JUDY

He is still staring up. Judy is rigid with fright and the
memory of that moment.

SCOTTIE
And I couldn't follow her.

(He closes his eyes
in the agony of
remembering)
God knows I tried.
(He glances down)
One doesn't often get a second chance.
I want to stop being haunted. You're
my second chances, Judy.

JUDY
(A frightened whisper)
Take me away...

SCOTTIE
You look like Madeleine, now. Go up
the stairs.

JUDY
No!

SCOTTIE
Go up the stairs, Judy.
(Pushing her to the
step)
I'll follow.

She starts up slowly, unwillingly. Scottie follows behind her, fighting to keep the impending vertigo under control, trying to keep his eyes fixed on her back to avoid looking up into space. They move up in silence, and in shadow, their faces occasionally lit by the shafts of moonlight that stream through the open arches of the tower. Judy's eyes are wide and staring; her face and body are stiff with the struggle to keep from breaking under the strain of remembering the last time she went up these stairs. And Scottie fights his way up behind her.

Judy slows down and comes to a halt at the landing that Scottie barely reached the last time, at the moment of death. She leans her back against the wall for support. Scottie struggles up and comes to a halt near her.

PAUSE, as he gathers himself for the last assault.

SCOTTIE
(Quietly)
This was as far as I could get. But
you went on. Remember?

She stiffens and stares at him.

SCOTTIE

The necklace, Madeleine. That was
the slip. I remembered the necklace.

A moment, then suddenly she ducks and tries to run past him,
down the stairs. He grabs her wrist and holds on.

SCOTTIE

We're going up the tower, Madeleine.

JUDY

No! Let me go!

SCOTTIE

We're going up the tower.

JUDY

You can't. You're afraid!

SCOTTIE

I'm going to. It's my second chance.

He starts to drag her up the stairs and she fights it, close
to hysteria.

JUDY

Scottie, please...!

SCOTTIE

But you knew, that day, that I
wouldn't be able to follow you didn't
you. Who was at the top when you got
there? Elster? With his wife?

JUDY

Yes!

SCOTTIE

And she was the one who died. Not
you. The real wife. You were the
copy, you were the counterfeit. Was
she dead or alive when you got there?

JUDY

Dead. He'd broken her neck.

SCOTTIE

Took no chances, did he? And when you got there, he pushed her off the tower, was that it? But you were the one who screamed. Why did you scream?

JUDY

I wanted to stop it, I ran up to stop it --

SCOTTIE

Why? Since you'd tricked me so well up to then?!! You played his wife so well, Judy! He made you over, didn't he? Just as I've done. But better! Not just the hair and the clothes! the look! the manner! the words! Those beautiful phony trances! That jump into the Bay! I'll bet you're really a strong swimmer, aren't you! Aren't you!!

The blind, frantic nodding of her head as she struggles against him is his affirmation.

SCOTTIE

Did he train you? Rehearse you? Teach you what to say and what to do?

JUDY

Yes!

SCOTTIE

And you were such an apt pupil! What fun you two must have had, playing games with me! Why me? Why did he pick on me?!!

JUDY

Your accident...

SCOTTIE

Ah, yes! I was a set-up. I was the made-to-order witness. Where is he now?

JUDY

I don't know... Switzerland?

SCOTTIE

We'll find him.

They have reached the door to the tower and he stops, with a grim, almost triumphant smile.

SCOTTIE

I made it.

JUDY

(Apprehensive)

What are you going to do?

SCOTTIE

Look at the scene of the crime. Go on in.

He pushes the door open. She shrinks back.

SCOTTIE

Go on!

He pushes her through and follows her in.

INT. BELL TOWER - (NIGHT)

The black shadows are cut by shafts of moonlight. Heavy beams support the great bell hanging at the center. There are additional temporary support beams. Judy backs up against the stonework as Scottie looks about.

SCOTTIE

You both hid behind there, mmm?... 'til everything was clear... then sneaked down and drove back to the city.

(Glances at her)

And then? You were his girl. What happened to you?

She stares at him, wide-eyed with apprehension.

SCOTTIE

Did he ditch you?

An almost imperceptible nod from her. Scottie almost laughs.

SCOTTIE

Oh, Judy!! When he had all her money,

and the freedom and the power... he ditched you? What a shame! But he knew he was safe. You couldn't talk. Didn't he give you anything?

JUDY

(Faintly)

Some money.

SCOTTIE

And the necklace. Carlotta's necklace. That was your mistake, Judy. One shouldn't keep souvenirs of a killing. You shouldn't have been that sentimental.

A moment, as he stares at her, then he advances on her slowly.

JUDY

(Apprehensive)

What are you going to do?

SCOTTIE

I loved you, Madeleine.

JUDY

(Desperately)

I was safe when you found me, there was nothing you could prove! But when I saw you again I couldn't run away, I loved you so! I walked into danger and let you change me again because I loved you and wanted you!

(She throws herself
into his arms)

Scottie, please! You love me now!
Love me! Keep me safe!

And she is in his arms, pressing tightly against him in desperation, and he holds her tight, and they kiss, deeply, passionately. The kiss ends but they remain together, holding together, and Scottie's eyes are tight with pain and the emotion of hating her and hating himself for loving her.

JUDY

(softly, pleading)

Love me... keep me safe...

SCOTTIE

(Whispering)
Too late... too late... there's no
bringing her back.

Suddenly Judy's eyes, looking past him, go wide with horror.

FROM JUDY'S POINT OF VIEW

The figure of a woman draped in black stands motionless in
the shadows by the door.

JUDY, IN SCOTTIE'S ARMS, TRANSFIXED

FROM JUDY'S POINT OF VIEW

The black figure moves forward, seems to merge with the shadow
and become part of them.

JUDY

Pulls out of Scottie's arms and backs away, terrified.

JUDY
(Whispering)
No... no...

She is backing perilously close to the edge of the drop below.
Scottie stares at her for a moment, then swings around to
see what she is looking at.

FROM SCOTTIE'S POINT OF VIEW

The black figure advances into a shaft of moonlight. It is a
nun.

THE NUN
(Simply)
I heard voices...

There is a terrible scream. Scottie swings around again,
steps quickly to the edge and looks down. He backs away, his
face tight with horror and holds the stonework for support.
The nun comes into the SHOT. She steels herself to look below.
She crosses herself.

THE NUN
God have mercy...

She reaches out for the bell cord.

INT. THE BELL TOWER - (NIGHT)

The church bell is tolling. It swings in and out of the picture. Through the archway we can see the Mission garden below. Figures are hurrying across toward the church.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MIDGE APARTMENT - (NIGHT)

Midge is huddled in a chair, listening to the radio. Beyond her, San Francisco at night.

THE RADIO

-- was last heard of living, but is now thought to be residing somewhere in the south of France. Captain Hansen states that he anticipated no trouble in having Elster extradited once he is found. Other news on the local front: in Berkeley three university of California sophomores found themselves in a rather embarrassing position tonight when they were discovered by Police Officer William Fogarty leading a cow up the steps of --

By now Midge has heard the NOISE outside, has uncoiled from the chair and shut the radio. She listens again for a moment, then moves quickly to the table on which are bottles, glasses and ice. She starts to mix a strong highball and does not turn as she hears the front door open. Scottie enters and closes the door behind him. His face is a mask.

He moves slowly across the room and stands by the window, with the view of San Francisco beyond him, and looks straight ahead, thinking. Midge picks up the highball, glances over at him, picks up the bottle and pours in another slug. Then moves across the room and holds out the drink. Scottie takes it. Midge moves away, picks up her own drink, sits down and looks across the room. Scottie stands quietly, immobile, then raises the glass and takes a long pull at the drink. He stares out at the city.

FADE OUT:

THE END

