"GASLIGHT."

Due to the excessive expense of re-running entire script merely in order to obtain consecutive page numbers, the script with its changes will not be re-run, but herewith in the front of the script, you will find a summary of the total number of pages in the script.

Total number of pages in script including revision to date, and based on 53 lines per page: 125

Script completed 8-25-43
LONDON IN THE EARLY 1870's (already shot)
EXT. THORNTON SQUARE - EARLY EVENING

We start in with a LONG SHOT of the Square to establish as much of its atmosphere as possible. Thornton Square should be similar to one of the smaller squares in London, either in Knightsbridge or on the north side of Hyde Park in Paddington, ultra respectable, upper middle class. All of the houses are alike, built together in the late Regency or early Victorian period. In the center of the square is a small private park, the common property of the householders of this square, enclosed by iron railings, with gates, of which only the householders have the key.

It is a misty, gloomy evening with a very light drizzle. Some of the gas street lights are on. The lamplighter is making his rounds, lighting the remainder. As he lights them the mist and drizzle around each lamp post creates a fuzzy glow. Somewhere, in view of the CAIARA as it PANs, a sign reading, "THORNTON SQUARE, #". A policeman passes the C.USA to help us establish from his uniform that we are in London.

The CAIARA comes closer to one of the houses which bears the sign of Number Nine. A few feet away from the house on the sidewalk, is a small knot of ten or fifteen people, crowded together, looking at the house with some curiosity. Quite a few of them have umbrellas up. They are mostly lower class curiosity or sensation seekers. The policeman is keeping them in order, pushing them back from approaching, too close to the house.

There is a faint whisper among them. If we can distinguish anything of it, it will be the repeated name, "Alice Aiguist." In the roadway, near the house, a barrel organ is stationed, playing airs from Italian operas with a melancholy sound.

A carriage is waiting in front of Number Nine. It is the old-fashioned, closed four-wheeler type. Luggage is piled on the top. The cabman stands waiting. The door of the house opens and Mr. Mufflin, a tall, legal looking man in his fifties, comes out. He wears an overcoat and carries a couple of smaller pieces of luggage. Under his arm is a legal looking portfolio. With him is a little girl about 14 years old. She is dressed completely in black. Her face is set and tragic, her eyes staring. She stands for a moment alone, framed in the doorway, as Mr. Mufflin reaches off-screen for the luggage. Then he walks down the stairs with her protectively, putting her in the cab which is waiting. There is a slight murmur and staring among the spectators who watch her with curiosity.

After the lawyer puts her into the cab, he CONTINUED:
CONTINUED (2) (already shot)

hands up to the cabby the suitcase which he had been carrying. The cabby puts it with the rest of the luggage.

CUT TO

THE CAMERA IS NOW

inside the carriage, SHOOTING through the open carriage door towards the open doorway of Nine Thornton Square. The profile of the girl is on one side of the screen, large in the foreground, white and still, eyes straight ahead. The lawyer goes back towards the house, mounts the steps, goes into the house and extinguishes the burning gas jet, comes out of the house, closes the door and takes a large key from his portfolio. He locks the door, comes down towards the carriage. The face of the girl never moves. As he is entering the carriage --

CUT TO

CAMERA RESUMES THE PRECEDING ANGLE

as the lawyer enters and shuts the door. Then CAMERAPANS to the tag on the suitcase of which we are only able to read a portion. If possible it should be designed so that we read only, "Miss Paula - " the surname does not appear - "Milan, Italy."

The carriage drives off as the CAMERAPANS ACROSS the street. The policeman is still now; the people are huddled together, whispering. CAMERAREMAINS on them for a moment, and then PANS over to the retreating carriage as the carriage disappears into the mist-laden, gas-lit evening twilight.

Over all this continues the SOUND of the barrel organ which seems to grow louder as the carriage disappears, leaving the street empty. It is now playing an aria from Lucia di Lammermoor.

FADE OUT

INT. SIGNORE GUARDI'S STUDIO - MILAN - TEN YEARS LATER - DAY (already shot)

The aria from Lucia, a haunting, melodic strain, is continuing; being played now by a piano as an accompaniment to a soprano voice.

CONTINUED:
CONTINUED (2) (already shot)

The room is a large studio room with an elaborate marble mantelpiece crowded with photographs, daguerreotypes and drawings. There is a big glass conservatory through which can be seen Italian buildings, probably the Milan Cathedral.

Paula, now a young girl in her twenties, with a fragile, haunting beauty, is singing. She wears a modest and becoming costume of the eighties. Her hat lies on a chair with her parasol.

Listening to her is Mario Guardi - a retired operatic baritone of nearly seventy. He is a dominant, alive and authoritative figure.

At the piano, accompanying Paula is Gregory Anton, a dark and rather intense man in his thirties, seen only quite unobtrusively in the opening scene.

After a moment or two of the aria, Guardi's voice interrupts:

Guardi
No, no, no. One moment, signorina! Look at you! You mustn't be so happy. Sadness - sadness! Already you know what is to come to you. Wait.

(he comes and stands beside her)
I am your lover. I am leaving you tomorrow. You say farewell to me. With profound sadness. (He repeats "With profound sadness" in Italian)

(she puts her hand on his arm as though acting the scene with him)
Again, Signor Anton, please.

Paula sings some of the aria again; but after a moment Guardi interrupts again, this time more forcibly.

Guardi
No! No! Stop! Stop! Stop! It is no use. No use at all! (Paula's face falls slightly, but only slightly at this rebuke)
You persist in singing as though this were the happiest moment in your life. This opera is tragedy, signorina - a thing which you seem incapable of understanding. Did you never hear you aunt sing Lucia? She filled the house with terror and with pity...even though she herself was the gayest thing on earth. You look like her...

Paula (finishing his speech for him)
...but I don't sing like her. I know.

(she moves towards him, speaking with tender earnestness)
Signor Guardi...may I speak to you seriously...very seriously?
CONTINUED (3) (already shot)

Maestro -

Guardi (turning, surprised at the interruption)

Eh?

CUT

CLOSE SHOT -- GREGORY ANTON

We see him now more clearly as he rises from the piano. He is romantic, a little Byronic in appearance, with a mesmerizing power in his dark eyes. His dress is on the Bohemian side and somewhat shabby without being too picturesque. His manner now as he speaks is formal and unobtrusive -- the manner of a hired accompanist.

Gregory

It is ten minutes to the hour. If you are not continuing lesson I should like to be excused.

MEDIUM SHOT -- PAULA -- GUARDI -- GREGORY

Paula pays no attention to him, rather ostentatiously looking away.

Guardi

Very well, Signor Anton. We shall not continue today.

Gregory

—he collects the music and his music case, closes the piano and bows formally)

Good afternoon, Signorina. Good afternoon, Maestro.

—he goes out unobtrusively

Guardi (turning to Paula)

Now, what is it you have to say -- to me --

(teasingly using her own words)

— seriously -- very seriously?

Paula

Signor Guardi, let's be honest with each other. This dream of mine...of ever being able to be...anything like my aunt was...it is only a dream, isn't it?

Guardi (hedging)

No one can be what Alice Alquist was.

Paula (pinning him down)

You're not answering me. I've tried. I've worked hard...but it's no use. I haven't the voice, have I?

CONTINUED:
The trouble is not in your voice... alone. Your heart is not in your singing any more. Each time you come here now, you look happier but you sing worse. Tell me, Paula, you are in love, is that it?

Paula (after a moment)
Yes. It's something that never happened to me before - something that I never expected would happen. Suddenly it's as though nothing else existed. Even my music which used to mean so much to me - yes, you were right... my thoughts were wandering while I was singing just now. I'm too happy. That's why you said that tragedy was something I could never understand.

Guardi (taking her hand, kindly)
I am sorry. It was cruel of me to say that. Cruel and untrue. Real tragedy has touched your life... and very deeply...

Paula's face clouds for the first time, darkening with memories.

Guardi (continuing)
Your aunt's death was so horrible... so incomprehensible. But now, if there is a chance to forget tragedy, my child, take it. It is not for you - ever again, I hope. Free yourself from the past. And forget your singing, too, for awhile. Happiness is better than art. She would have told you that. Despite all her triumphs she was lonely... always. She would not want you to be.

Paula (taking his hands again gratefully, very touched)
...dear maestro, no one's ever been as kind to me as you have... since she died. I'm sorry I have wasted you time.

He pats her.

Guardi (smiling)
Will you let me meet the man who is taking my pupil away from me?

This request takes her completely by surprise. Her face falls, momentarily.
Paula (stammering, slightly)

Why, yes...yes...of course...
(she rises and crosses for her hat)

Signor Guardi, I must go.

Guardi (playfully, behind her)

Ah! You have a rendezvous with him? The minute your lesson
is over, you fly to him. Is he jealous of your music...
these hours you spend away from him?

Again Paula's face shows that this speech distresses her.
She keeps her head averted, busying herself with her
hat. Then, she comes to him.

Paula (moved, and inarticulate)

Maestro, dear... I don't know when we'll meet again, but...
(emotionally)

Thank you!

She throws her arms around him, impulsively kisses him
on the cheek, and then runs out of the room. Guardi,
touched by her demonstrativeness, wipes a sentimental
tear from his eye.

Guardi

Oh, love! Love!

CUT

STAIRCASE - GUARDI'S HOUSE

A dark and twisting old staircase. At its foot is a
large doorway looking onto a courtyard, bright with
sunshine. Paula comes running down the stairs quickly
and excitedly. As she reaches the foot a hand reaches
out from the shadows, grasping her wrist.

Paula (turning, startled)

Gregory!

Gregory is standing there in the shadows as though he
had been waiting for her. He takes her in his arms,
drawing her into the corner formed by the open doorway
and the wall so that they stand in that embrace, pro-
tected by it. After a moment she releases herself. The
following scene is conducted in low voices, he in
half-shadow, she in sunlight.

Paula

We shouldn't - here - like this.

Did you tell him?

Gregory (with a smiling air of conspiracy)

CONTINUED:
CONTINUED (2)

He told me.

(Paula looks startled)

He didn't know who.

What did he say?

(Paula)

He told me to take my happiness.

And will you...now?

(she doesn't answer, looking at him hesitantly)

Why do you still hesitate, Paula?

I don't know you. Anything about you.

Nor I about you. But I want to marry you. Are you afraid?

I think I am, a little.

Of me?

Oh, no, never. But...of happiness. I haven't had a lot, Gregory, and I don't feel I can trust it. You must give me time...to get used to the idea.

You shall have all the time you want. I have waited for you so long -

Paula (quickly)

Gregory (tenderly)

Laughing)

Waiting? We've only known each other two weeks.

Gregory (catching himself and explaining quickly)

I have waited all my life till now. I can wait a little longer.

He embraces her again, lightly and tenderly this time. Then steps are heard coming down the stairs. Paula and Gregory separate. A young girl comes down the stairs, carrying a violin case. She smiles at Paula and Gregory.

Young Girl

Buon Giorno.

Paula (smiling back)
Continued (3)

The girl passes on through the door into the street. Gregory turns back to Paula.

Gregory: It will not be easy to wait and to be patient, seeing you every day.

Paula: It won't be easy for me, either. I should go away.

A tiny flash of alarm is visible in his eyes and he instantly vein it.

Gregory: Go away?

Paula: By myself - for a week - only a week - just to know what I'm doing - just to be sure.

Then she looks up at him, almost pleadingly, afraid she may have hurt him. There is a moment's pause before he answers, and then with a tender smile, almost as if he were indulging her in a whim which he doesn't take quite seriously -

Gregory: Where will you go?

Paula: I thought perhaps to the Lakes.

And when will you go?

Gregory: I thought tomorrow.

Tomorrow? Paula

Gregory: Is that too soon?

Paula: The sooner you go, the sooner you will come back. And while you're away, never forget for one moment that I'm here waiting - and in love with you.

My dearest.

They kiss - a long tender kiss. Then she breaks away quickly and goes out through the doorway.

Cut To:
That seems a lot.

Miss Thwaites (eagerly)
I know. And I've only got to page two hundred so I'm sure there are still more to come! Oh, it's a wonderful book!

Paula (smiling)
It sounds a little gruesome.

Miss Thwaites
Well, I'm afraid I enjoy a good murder now and then. My brother always calls me bloodthirsty Bessie!
(she picks up the book again - then)
I suppose I should look at the scenery for a moment. After all, that is what one travels for.
(she trains the binoculars out of the open window)

Lock at that poor horse.
(she lowers the glasses)
It's disgraceful the way they treat them in this country. I shall write a letter to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.
(she lays the binoculars down and takes a package from her lunch basket)

Have a biscuit?

Paula
Oh...thank you.
(she takes one)

Miss Thwaites (taking one herself)
Digestive biscuits. Unpleasant name, isn't it? I always call them "diggy biscuits". I never travel without them. There's nothing I miss so much on the continent as real English digestive biscuits. You're not English, are you?

Paula
No, but I was brought up there. My aunt lived in London and...

Miss Thwaites (who is never interested in anyone else's conversation; ignoring this remark and interrupting)
Are you on your way there now?

Paula
No. I'm going to Lake Como.

All by yourself?

Miss Thwaites
Paula (smiling)

Yes. All by myself.

Miss Thwaites

Is that wise?
Paula (smiling back at her)
I don't think I'll come to any harm.

Miss Thwaites
(losing her interest in anyone but herself again)
I'm going to London. I must be in London for the spring.
The crocuses, you know...and daffodils and tulips. The gardens in the spring are beautiful. I go and say good morning to my flowers in Thornton Square every day.

Thornton Square?

Paula (startled)

Miss Thwaites
Yes. That's where I live. Number Sixteen. Do you know it?

Paula (growling suddenly reserved)
I know Thornton Square.
CONTINUED (3) (Already shot)

Miss Thwaites
Do you know anyone living there?

Paula (trying to evade the subject)
I used to. Not any more.

Miss Thwaites (eagerly)
I wonder who that was. I know almost everyone who lives there now. We're all very friendly, you know - popping in and out of each other's houses. What number did your friends live at?

Paula (rising very uncomfortably and getting her suitcase from the rack in an effort to stop the conversation)
I'm afraid I don't remember.

Miss Thwaites (leaning forward and speaking with glowing pride and relish)
Did you know we'd had a real live murder there?

Paula (still with her back to her)
Yes. I... I've heard of it.

Miss Thwaites
Unfortunately it was before I went to live there. Just the year before. Ten years ago. At number... At number 13, I mean. A famous singer called Alice Alquist. Have another biscuit, my dear?

Paula (seating herself opposite her again, very strained and erect)
No, thank you.

Miss Thwaites takes another one herself and also takes out a little pot of jam and a traveling combined knife and fork with which she spreads the jam on the biscuit through her next speech. While she talks Paula's face grows strained and unhappy, trying not to listen and looking out of the window.

Miss Thwaites
It was the most mysterious case. They never found who killed her. They never even found a motive. I tried many and many a time to get into the house. I think it would be so exciting, don't you? I mean, just to see. It's all just as it used to be. Nothing's been changed. All the furniture and everything.

Paula can bear no more of this. She rises again, starting to collect her things.

Paula
I think we're getting into Como.
CONTINUED (4) (already shot)

Miss Thwaites (looking out of the window)

Oh, so we are. Is anyone meeting you?

Paula

No.

Miss Thwaites

Oh, dear. Well, you'll be careful, won't you?

Paula (smiling)

I will. Goodbye.

The train stops here and she opens the door before Miss Thwaites can get out any more questions or advice.

CUT TO:

STATION PLATFORM

It is the railroad station of a small Italian town, filled with a colorful crowd of Italians interspersed with a few tourists, porters, ragged children, fruit sellers, carabinieri, etc., waiting for the train. Paula steps out on the platform, and turns back to talk to Miss Thwaites through the open carriage window.

Miss Thwaites (leaning out and shaking her hand)

Goodbye, my dear. Come and see me if you're ever in London. My name is Thwaites, Miss Thwaites. And I'll point out the window of the room in Number Nine where it happened. You can see it from my drawing-room.

Paula is facing her. Suddenly a pair of man's hands are laid on her arms from behind. He cannot see the owner of them and neither can she. But she obviously recognizes the touch. A little tremor passes through her body and a light comes into her face. Then slowly she turns and finds herself face to face with Gregory.

She stares at him.

Gregory (pleadingly)

You're not angry with me?

Paula

Angry?

(after a second)

If you hadn't come, I should have sent for you.

She leans forward and kisses him on the lips. Then he puts his arms around her and they stand clasped in an embrace.

CUT TO:
The train has started to move. Miss Thwaites is leaning out, staring in astonishment at this sight.

Miss Thwaites (completely overcome with astonishment, compresses all her emotions into one strangely adequate word)

WELL:

Dissolve to:

Terrace of a Villa on Lake Como - Early Morning

The camera is shooting towards some closed French doors heavily curtained. A hand appears within the room separating the curtains. There is momentarily something sinister in its appearance. Then the hand throws the curtains back and Gregory is revealed. He throws open the doors and steps out on the terrace. He is dressed in a long dressing gown over shirt and trousers. He looks off.

Interior - Lake Como - Early Morning

The lake and the mountains are bathed in beauty as the sun is rising. Distantly there is a sound of music.

Exterior - Terrace

Gregory turns at the windows and stands looking back into the room.

Interior Bedroom

A double bedroom with a large disarranged double bed in which Paula is lying, half asleep. Her hair is tumbled over her pillow and she is looking radiant. Gregory is standing in the windows watching her.

Paula (sleepily)
I'm not asleep. I'm dreaming, but I'm not asleep.

Gregory
Come and look at the morning.

He steps out on the terrace again. Paula gets out of bed.
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TERRACE

Gregory stands waiting for Paula. She comes through the
windows, puts her arm around him, leaning against him,
looking off at the view.

Gregory

Aren't you cold like that?
(she shakes her head)
You'd better put this on.

He takes a shawl from a chair - wraps it tenderly around
her shoulders - turns her to him, taking her in his arms
and holding her in a tight embrace. As she twines her
arms around his neck we see a wedding ring on her hand.
Then he releases her.

Gregory

What were you dreaming of?

Paula

Our life together.
Gregory

And how did you see it?

Paula

I saw all the places where we'll be together. Lovely places -
like this,

She leans her head against his.

Gregory

I was thinking of our life together, too. Only... I heard it
in music. Something that I want to write. Shall I tell you
about it?
(she nods, leaning back in his arms, looking up
into his face as he talks)
It starts with a little tune - your tune. Right back in the
beginning of my life - when I was a boy - as if you'd been
there always. Only then the tune gets lost. The music be-
comes dark and gloomy. Those are the years of my boyhood,
when I was poor and struggling and lonely.

Paula (tenderly stroking his hair)

Ah, dearest -
Gregory

I think I was lonely for you - even though I didn't know you
- waiting for you to grow up so that we could meet.

Paula

That was my life, too... lonely and unhappy... until you came.
Gregory

And the tune comes back and back - always a little clearer -
until the day we meet. And then it breaks into sunshine, with
a tune full strength on all the violins and the whole thing is
alive with happiness. I want the feeling of the early morning.

CONTINUED:
This morning.

Paula (joining in)

Gregory

With the sun rising - lighting your hair as it is now.

: (he touches her hair)

I don't know how it ends. Perhaps it never ends until I do.

Paula

When will you start on it?

Gregory (vaguely)

One day... when we have had our honeymoon... and settled down in a home of our own somewhere.

Where?

Paula

Where would you like us to settle?

Gregory

Paula

I haven't thought. Paris... perhaps...

Gregory

Paris. Or Rome. Or... how would you feel about London?

London?

Gregory (rising and moving away)

Paula, if you won't laugh at me, I'd like to tell you something.

Paula (following him)

I'll never laugh at you. What is it?

Gregory (playing with a shrub - picking a flower and tearing it)

It's an idea - an idea that's been with me for years. I was in London - in the winter once. It seemed to me that there was no city in the world that was colder to the homeless, or that could be warmer to the ones who had a home. I used to long for a home of my own - in one of those quiet houses in the little London squares - with the woman I should one day come to love. Could we settle down in London? Not in a house in a square, perhaps...

: (he looks up and sees her staring oddly, rigidly ahead of her; he breaks off)

Why, Paula.

: (he takes her hand)

Why do you look like that?

Paula (in a dead sort of voice)

Because... there is a house in a square.

CONTINUED:
What house?

Paula (still half trance-like)
Nine Thornton Square. She left it to me.

Gregory
You mean... Alice Alquist?

Paula
She was my mother's sister. My mother died when I was born. I don't know anything about her or my father. I lived with my aunt always as if I were her own...

(she pauses for a moment, her eyes growing dark with memories)
...then, after it... happened...

(she gives this word a curious horror by her dead and flat delivery of it)
...I never went back.

CUT TO:

21

GREGORY -
listening sympathetically.

22

DARK TO TWO SHOT - PAULA AND GREGORY

Paula (continuing)
That house comes into my dreams sometimes - a house of horror.

(her expression changes now to one of wonderment)
That's strange, too. I haven't dreamed of it since I've known you.

(with a rising note of happiness)
I haven't been afraid since I've known you.

afraid?

Gregory

For years I've been afraid - of something nameless - ever since she died.

(she turns to him, wonderingly happy)
You've cast out fear for me!

Gregory (taking her in his arms)
Paula, if that were true it would make me very happy.

Paula
It is true. I've found peace in loving you. I could even face that house, with you.

CONTINUED:
CONTINUED (2) (Already shot)

Gregory (protesting)

No, Paula, beloved. I would not ask that of you.

Paula (interrupting him gaily with a rising note of exultation and happiness in giving)

Yes, yes, you shall have your dream. You shall have your house in the square!

She throws her arms around his neck, ecstatically happy.

THE CAMERA SHOTS ON Gregory as he holds her. His face is odd and inscrutable before it softens into a smile of tenderness.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN; EXT. GARDENS OF THORNTON SQUARE. DAY. CLOSE SHOT

of a row of tulips. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK from them to reveal the gardens of Thornton Square on a spring morning. In the background we can see the houses, including Number Nine. The gardens are in their spring beauty - daffodils and tulips in the beds. Some children playing, nurses in old-fashioned bonnets and cloaks, babies in perambulators. Miss Thwaites is walking along, humming to herself, observing the flowers and children.

Miss Thwaites (to the flowers)

Good morning, Good morning, daffodils. Good morning, tulips.
(a small boy bumps up against her. She pats his head)

Good morning, Percy. How are you today? Good morning, daffodils
(the small boy looks after her and runs. She smiles tolerantly after him)

Dear little fellow.

Then she looks off, through railings. Her attention is arrested. She starts purposefully through the garden gate, CAMERA FOLLOWING her.

EXT. THORNTON SQUARE - IN FRONT OF NUMBER NINE

Number Nine is now somewhat dilapidated. It is the same house we saw in the prologue. It has not been painted or touched since. The lower windows are boarded up, and the windows of the upper stories are dirty. On the second floor are French windows leading onto a little iron balcony. The windows are dark and obscured by heavy brocaded curtains drawn closed inside.

In front of the house an elderly turnkey in a faded blue uniform and cocked hat has the manhole up in the sidewalk in front of Number Nine, and is bending over with a key.

CONTINUED:
CONTINUED (2) (already shot)

about two feet long which he is inserting down the man-
hole and turning. Miss Thwaites comes up to him.

Miss Thwaites
What are you doing there, my good man?
The turnkey looks up and straightens himself.

Turnkey
Turning on the water in Number Nine, mum.

Nine! Why Nine?

Miss Thwaites
Orders, mum.

Then it must be going to be occupied at last. After all those
years!

That's right, mum. Wouldn't care to live in there, myself.

Miss Thwaites
I don't know about living there, but I would like to have a
peep inside. I...
she looks off and sees:

STREET

Approaching the house is the lawyer from the prologue.
He looks older now. He carries a brief case. He comes
to Number Nine, and stops by the front gate, looking up
and down the street. Miss Thwaites starts towards him
as though she were going to accost him. Then he looks
off as though seeing something he expected, and she turns,
too, to see what he is looking at.

STREET - MOVING FOUR-WHEELER

A cab is approaching the house.

MEDIUM SHOT - STREET BEFORE THE HOUSE -

taking in the cab as it stops. The lawyer walks across
the sidewalk and opens the cab door. Miss Thwaites comes
into the foreground standing at the foot of the steps of
the house, watching with great interest. In the back-
ground is the cab from which Paul and Gregory
CONTINUED:
descend and greet the lawyer. Paula is dressed in a spring walking costume. She is under some tension but determined to behave as well as possible. Gregory, who has smartened up quite a bit since we last saw him in outdoor clothes, is showing a controlled eagerness. We hear their greetings to the lawyer in the background.

Paula

Good morning, Mr. Mufflin. We're not late, are we?

Mr. Mufflin

Oh, no, not at all. I've only been here a moment. Good morning, Mr. Anton.

Gregory

Good morning.

They advance to the house. Miss Thwaites recognizes Paula and rushes forward, meeting her at the foot of the steps just as they are about to enter the front gate.

Miss Thwaites (excitedly)

Oh, it's you!

Paula turns in surprise. So do the lawyer and Gregory.

Miss Thwaites

Don't you remember me? Dizzy biscuits? In the train... in Italy... last month.

Paula

Oh, yes... yes, of course.

Miss Thwaites

You don't mean to tell me that you're coming to live in Number Nine?

Paula

Yes, I... we... yes.

Gregory, showing controlled irritation, makes a slight move forward as though to rescue Paula from her buttonholing.

Gregory

Paula, we mustn't keep Mr. Mufflin waiting.

Paula smiles back at him and then turns to Miss Thwaites.

Paula

I must go now. Perhaps we...

Miss Thwaites (firmly)

I'll call directly you're settled.

CONTINUED:
CONTINUED (3)

Gregory takes Paula's arm now with some firmness.

Miss Thwaites (turns to him)
That's my house over there...
(she points across the square)
...the one with the pink curtains.
(then, to Paula)
Well, goodbye...
(with determination)
...for the present.
(to Gregory and the lawyer)
Goodbye. Goodbye.

Gregory (with great charm and a winning smile)
Goodbye. I'm so glad we are to be neighbors.

Miss Thwaites (considerably impressed with him)
Oh, so am I.

She is about to start talking again when Gregory turns his back to her, turning to Paula and leading her up the steps.

And now, my dear, perhaps we might inspect our home.

She smiles at him rather nervously and they go up the steps.

PORTICO - THREE SHOT - PAULA, GREGORY AND MUFFLIN

The lawyer has produced a large, old-fashioned iron key and sets it into the door.

Gregory
I should carry you over the threshold.

Paula (laughing)
I'm afraid you'd shuck the people in the square.

The Lawyer (who is having difficulty with the key)
This lock needs oiling.

Gregory
Has no one entered this house since... since...?

The Lawyer (opening the door)
Only the gas man this morning, Mr. Anton.

CONTINUED:
CONTINUED (2)

The lawyer unlocks the door, opening it only very slightly.

The Lawyer

There.

(he gives the key to Paula, who hands it over with wife-like duty to Gregory)

Now if there is anything further I can do, let me hear from you.

(he raises his hat)

Good-day. Good-day, Mr. Anton.

Paula and Gregory

Good-day.

The lawyer goes. Gregory stands watching him down the steps, then he turns to Paula as though for the great moment.

Gregory (with some excitement in his voice)

Now, Paula.

He throws open the door and we see the dark hall inside with dust sheets over the furniture just as we last saw it in the prologue. Paula shrinks back for one second, then he takes her arm and leads her into the hall.

(he closes the door)

INTERIOR HALL

as they enter. It is narrow, long and gloomy, with a staircase in the foreground going up, and in the background descending to the basement. Dust-sheets have been placed over the furniture and these, with the boarded-up windows, give an effect of gloom and terror, intensified as Gregory closes the street door behind them, leaving no light except what comes through the fanlight over the door. Paula and Gregory are almost in silhouette in a ghost-ridden house. Paula stands quite still, bracing herself not to show her emotion. Gregory looks around with interest and excitement. He opens a door, looking in.

Gregory

Is this the dining room?

Paula (very still, as the memories flood back)

Yes. There's a little study beyond it.

Gregory

And the drawing-room is upstairs?

(she nods)
CONTINUED (2)

He starts up the stairs. She starts after him and then stops. Gregory turns, notices her emotion and smiles at her kindly and reassuringly.

Paula
I can see her coming down these stairs. I can see myself playing here. It was a happy house then.

Gregory (kindly)
It's going to be a happy house again.

He looks at her, then gives her his hand. She takes it, smiling at him as though to show she is better and they go on upstairs.

Dissolve to:

INT. DRAWING ROOM – FULL SHOT

It is a long and rather narrow room, probably two rooms thrown into one. There are gas jets on the wall. The windows are the upstairs windows we saw from the street with heavy brocaded curtains drawn across them so that this room, too, is dark and eerie.

Gregory enters from the hall, Paula hanging back, standing in the doorway.

Gregory (with a touch of irritation)
Come. Don't stand there in the doorway.

Paula (in a muffled voice)
Will you light the gas...please?

Gregory goes across and does so. First in one mantle and then further across the room in the other. As he lights the second jet the gas in the first diminishes its flame very slightly. This should be the first plant of an effect we will need to use recurrently through the picture.

The lighting of the gas, though it brightens the room, does not increase its cheerfulness very much. The room is full of furniture all covered with dust sheets including a grand piano.

Paula (with a little cry as she sees it all)
Oh, Gregory...

Gregory (ignoring this, moves across to a desk and then into the conservatory)
It's a very handsome room, Paula.

CONTINUED:
CONTINUED (c)

Paula (behind him)
Yes, but to see it like this... I remember parties in this room, when it was full of flowers and light.

Gregory
Those must have been wonderful days.

Paula
Yes, they were.

She joins him in the conservatory, which is full of dead flowers and dead shrubs in pots.

Paula (tensely)
It's all dead in here.
(she steps back into the room)
The whole place seems to smell of death.

Gregory (turning back to her and speaking kindly, as though talking to a child)
It only smells of dust.
(he crosses to the long windows)
I'll open the windows.

With some difficulty he opens the French windows leading onto the little balcony. Old leaves and dust shower down.

Gregory
There. It'll all be fresh again in a moment.

Paula braces herself and then follows Gregory who has moved to a large glass-fronted vitrine or show-case. The front of the show-case has the glass broken. Inside are a number of ornaments, bibelots, objets d'art, bric-a-brac, framed photographs etc.

Paula (crossing to him)
That's where she kept her little treasures. The things she collected on her tours around the world.
(she joins him at the vitrine)

Gregory
The glass is broken.

Paula
Yes, it was broken that night. The things were all disarranged. But there was nothing missing.
(she looks at the contents)
I know these all by heart. It used to be one of my great treats when she would unlock it, and take them out and tell me all their stories.
(she reaches her hand through the broken glass pane to pick up some trophy)

CONTINUED:
CONTINUED (3) (already shot)

Gregory

Careful, dearest. The glass.

Paula (smiles at him for his considerateness, reaches in carefully and takes out a spangled fan)

That's all right. Verdi gave her this. She carried it in Traviata. I remember how she used to make it shimmer.

(she replaces it, and takes out a white glove)

And this glove...

(she looks at it with a tender, happy smile)

She wore it in Romeo and Juliet at the Command Performance at Covent Garden. Gounod signed it for her afterwards.

(she shows him the signature)

I never knew what happened to the other glove. I used to ask her sometimes, and she'd only laugh and say she'd given it away... to a very great admirer. She would never tell me who.

She replaces the glove.

Gregory

I wish I could have seen her.

She looks off towards the mantelpiece, above which is a large framed portrait, also covered.

Paula

Let me show her to you.

(she crosses to the fireplace to unveil the picture)

CUT TO:

GREGORY

He watches her. There seems to be a slight increase of tension about him.

CUT TO:

PAUL.

by the painting. She reaches up her hand and pulls down the dust-sheet. Gregory comes into the picture, standing near her. The portrait shows Alice Alquist, a very beautiful, youngish woman in barbaric and heavily jeweled Byzantine robes, commanding and magnificent. There is a very marked resemblance to Paula in the face.

CONTINUED:
CONTINUED (2)

Paula
That’s as the Empress Theodora - that was her greatest role. When she sang it in St. Petersburg, the Czar used to come to every performance.

She has her back to Gregory and cannot see that as he speaks his next line he is not really looking at the portrait at all.

Gregory
She was very beautiful. And very like you.

She steps back to stand beside him, and now they both look up at the portrait. Paula’s face slowly changes from affectionate to horrified memory. When she speaks, her voice is dead and flat.

Paula (after a second)
It was there - that I found her - there in front of the fire - under her own portrait...

She points. THE CAMERA MOVES FORWARD LOSING her and Gregory, and SHOTS onto couch between them and the fireplace. During the next speech we should get the feeling as she describes it that Alice Alquist’s body might still be on the other side of the couch, just out of our sight.

Paula (continuing)
I was in bed, and something woke me. I’ve never known what, but I came running down the stairs - frightened, as if I knew what had happened.

The CAMERA MOVES BACK now to the two of them. Gregory is standing, his face-mask-like.

Paula (continuing)
She’d been strangled. Her lovely face was all - all - (she breaks how, whispering brokenly)
I can’t stay here. I ...
(she covers her face with her hands)

After the tiniest pause Gregory moves quickly towards her, all tenderness, putting his arm around her and leading her to the door, as though he were going to lead her away from the house.

Gregory (with angry self-reproach)
We should never have come - - we’ll go away, my dearest. We’ll lock up the house again - forget we ever came here,
Paula (stopping in their walk, with decision and renewed courage)  
No. I must try not to be afraid. If you'll help me...I can...I know I can...

Gregory  
Well, then, how would it be—how would it be if we took away all these things that remind you so of her? The painting, all this furniture—

(he takes her in his arms)  
shut it away where you can't see it. Suppose we make it a new house—with new things—beautiful things—for a new, beautiful life for us?

Paula (responding eagerly)  
Oh, yes. Yes. Then later we'll have people here, parties again—

(she looks up, seeing a tiny flicker on his face)  
Don't you want to?

Gregory  
Later, yes. But not just at once. Let us have our honeymoon here by ourselves for a little longer.

Paula  
Of course. I only meant—

(he kisses her)

Gregory (smiling at her fondly)  
I know. But later.

(he looks around)  
Where shall we put all these things?

Paula  
There's an attic under the roof. All her trunks are up there, all her costumes.

Gregory  
Then we'll put all this there too. And then we'll board it up so you'll never have to see it again—never even think of it.

He walks to the piano. She follows him. He takes the dust-sheet from the piano and seats himself on the piano bench.

Paula  
This piano traveled with her everywhere in the great days. It'll need tuning terribly. Oh, look, here's some of her music. Her score of Theodora, just as she left it.

(she picks up some scores and some sheet music lying on the piano, turning the pages)
CONTINUED (4)

Gregory
We'll send those upstairs with all the rest.

Paula
No, not her music. Perhaps later I might like to study again. I'd like to have her scores to study from.

She turns the pages of the music. Gregory has started to play the introduction to "The Last Rose of Summer." The piano has a slightly tuneless sound that gives an odd eerie effect.

Paula (looking at him with surprise)
What makes you play that?

Why not?

Paula
That was her great song. She always used it in her concerts for her last encore - it was everybody's favorite.

During these last lines she has been leafing through the music again and now takes out a letter which she finds in the pages of the score.

Paula
Here's an old letter.

(she opens it, putting down the score and starting to read aloud)

"Dear Miss Alquist: I beg of you to see me just once more. I have followed you to London..."

(she looks back at the beginning of the letter for the date)

It was written two days before she was murdered.

Up to this point, Gregory has been strumming and paying little attention. Now he starts violently as though he heard a ghost voice speaking from the past. He stares at her, his eyes wide with horror.

Gregory (hoarsely)
Where did you find that?

Paula
In this score. She must have left it here.

(she turns the page of the letter, which is a long one, looking for the signature)

It was written by somebody called Sergius Bauer.

For the last two speeches he has been staring at her hypnotized. Now he leaps up, snatching at the letter.

Gregory
Give it to me.
CONTINUED (5) (already shot)

He tears it from her hand and looks at it. She stares at him, astonished.

Paula

Gregory, what is it?

Gregory (recovering himself, dazedly, passing his hand over his forehead)

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be so violent. It was just that I - I -

Paula

Why does that letter upset you so?

Gregory

It's not the letter. It's just that... I'm upset. For you. All of those things reminding you of her. You said that you had lost your fears - and everything you touch here brings them back.

(he leans forward, tenderly)

Oh, my dearest - while you're afraid of anything, there can't be any happiness for us. You must forget her -

(he slips the letter into his pocket)

Paula (simply)

No. Not her. Only what happened to her.

No half smiles at her as though admiring her courage, and starts again to play "The Last Rose of Summer."

Sing it for me.

Gregory

Paula (surprised)

No, no, not now, Gregory.

Why not?

(she still hesitates; and then, with a touch of steel in his voice, he goes on)

Please, Paula. Please sing it.

She looks at him, bewildered, and then starts to sing, her eyes fixed on him with a kind of frightened puzzle-

FADE OUT:
 Miss Thwaites
Elizabeth! The house looks very nice now.

Elizabeth
Oh, it's you, Miss. What's that?

Miss Thwaites (raising her voice)
The house looks very nice now - from the outside. I expect you're glad you got the workmen out at last.

Elizabeth
Well yes, Miss.

Miss Thwaites
Do you think Mr. and Mrs. Anton will be ready to receive callers soon?

Elizabeth
I couldn't say, Miss. I'm sure. They haven't had any visitors yet. The master says seeing people isn't good for her. She's not been feeling so well lately...

Miss Thwaites (significantly)
Oh, I'm sorry to hear that.

Elizabeth
What, mum?

Miss Thwaites (raising her voice)
I said this fine summer weather we're having ought to do her good.

Elizabeth
Yes, that's right. They're going out this afternoon. First time for a long while. Good day, Miss.

As Elizabeth moves toward the service entrance Miss Thwaites reaches into Elizabeth's basket and helps herself to a large strawberry.

Miss Thwaites
Oh, they never give me big ones like this!

She pops the berry into her mouth. By this time Elizabeth has reached the kitchen.

LAP DISSOLVE:
KITCHEN - NUMBER NINE

Just inside the area door is a shabby-looking tin trunk and a wicker dress basket with an umbrella strapped to it. On the table where the remains of the servants' lunch are still uncleared is a rather tawdry looking woman's hat with feathers. Elizabeth comes in from the area. She stops short looking at the trunk, bending down to examine the label.

Elizabeth (reading the label)

Miss Nancy Oliver. Hum.

She looks around for the owner and then sees the hat on the table, picking it up and regarding it disapprovingly and commenting as she crosses with it to the door to the house.

Elizabeth

Yes; and you won't be staying long neither, Miss Nancy - not from the looks of this.

She slams the hat on a peg nailed to the back of the door, places her own with her coat beside it, taking down her apron and putting it on. Then she goes through the door and up the basement stairs from the kitchen to the house, tying on her apron as she does so.

HEAD OF BASEMENT STAIRS

Elizabeth comes up. From off screen comes Gregory's voice.

Gregory's Voice

If you have your bags with you, you can start immediately.

Nancy's Voice

Thank you, sir.
CONTINUED (2)

Gregory's Voice
Then everything is arranged. Your wages will be sixteen pounds a year.

Elizabeth stands at the head of the stairs looking off.

CUT TO:
(Already shot)

INT. STUDY (SEEN THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR FROM ELIZABETH'S ANGLE)

This is a small room on the first floor behind the dining room, its door facing the head of the basement stairs. Gregory is seated, dressed in a summer suit talking to Nancy who stands deferentially in front of him with her back to the door. She is a pretty, somewhat buxom and rather impertinent housemaid, dressed now in flashy street clothes.

Nancy

Yes, sir. I understand all right, sir.

Gregory

Just one more thing. I don't want you to bother your mistress about anything...ever. If you have any questions, just come to me.

(he rises and crosses to bookcase)

Nancy

Yes, sir. That'll suit me, sir.

Gregory (opening drawer of bookcase and putting a book inside)

Then, you'll remember it? Your predecessor did not. That's why she left.

(then rather quickly, as though covering himself)

It may seem a little unusual, but your mistress is inclined to be rather...highly strung.

(he senses Elizabeth's presence and raises his voice)

Ch, Elizabeth. Come in a moment, please.

CUT TO:

4OX6

THE STUDY

Elizabeth comes in.

Gregory (to Nancy)

This is Elizabeth, the cook.

Nancy (bobbing slightly to Elizabeth)

Hello.

Gregory (in a low tone to Nancy)

You'll find that she's a little deaf.

Nancy (in a loud voice, repeats)

Hello.

Gregory (raising his voice slightly again)

Elizabeth, this is the new housemaid. I'm just explaining her duties to her. She'll be down in a moment.

Elizabeth

Very good, sir.

(she looks at Nancy with something of disapproval)

I'll see you downstairs.

CONT'D:
CONTINUED (2) (Already Shot)

She goes out.

Nancy (over-familiarly, with a grin to Gregory)
She's a tartar, ain't she?

Gregory (smiling)
Now what do you mean by that?

Nancy (as before, and with a kind of nudging gesture)
Oh, you know. Strict-like. I'm not going to sleep in the same room with her. Did you see the way she looked at me?

Gregory
Don't you think perhaps your costume might have had something to do with that?

Nancy (flaunting it slightly)
What's the matter with it?

Gregory
Well, it's a little -- shall we say "loud"? I hope you're not a flighty girl, Lucy.

Nancy
My name's Nancy, sir.

I'm sorry. Nancy. Are you?

Nancy
I don't think so, sir.

Gregory
I'm glad to hear it.

(he rises and starts walking to the door with her)
Your mistress is rather particular about everything being... very correct.

Nancy (following him)
Is she, sir?

Gregory (with an intriguing smile)
Yes, and so am I.

By this time they have reached the hall.

THE HALL

Gregory and Nancy come out of the study.

Oh, Paula.

Gregory (he looks off up the stairs)

CONTINUED;
CONTINUED (2) (Already Shot)

He moves forward as Paula comes down the stairs dressed in a summer costume with a hat and carrying a bag and a guide-book.

Gregory

This is our new housemaid.

Paula (looking over the stairs at Nancy)

Oh, how do you do?

Nancy (bobbing)

I'm all right, mum.

Gregory

You can go now, Nancy.

Nancy

Very good, sir.

She turns to go, and stops for a moment to glance back with an interested and somewhat scornful look at Paula. Then lingeringly she goes down the stairs to the kitchen.

Gregory (to Paula)

She seems a nice girl.

Paula (quite unnoticeably)

I'm glad.

(she comes down the stairs)

I hope I haven't kept you waiting. I had to go back for the guide-book.

Gregory (standing looking at her admiringly)

You look like a summer's day.

Paula (gaily)

Because I'm happy. We're going out. I'm going to show you London.

She moves towards the door as though for them to go, but Gregory stands in front of it, barring it for a moment.

Gregory

Do you know what day today is?

(she nods and smiles)

Three months ago today we came out of that little church by the lake - man and wife.

(then, after a tiny pause, with a smile)

I have a present for you, Paula.

He takes a small package from his pocket and hands it to her. She opens it eagerly and excitedly, setting down her bag and guide-book on the hall table. She takes out a small, delicate cameo brooch.
CONTINUED (3) (Already Shot)

Paula

Gregory!

(she kisses him)
Where did you find anything so beautiful?

He takes the brooch from her and starts to pin it on her
dress, his fingers caressing the lace at the base of
her throat.

Gregory (while he does so)
It belonged to my mother. And before that, to her mother.
And now it belongs to you.

Paula

I shall wear it always. Always.

Gregory

I'm afraid the pin isn't very strong. I'll have it mended.

(he takes it from her dress)
You had better not wear it till I have.

(his face falls, disappointed)
You might lose it. You know, you are inclined to lose things,
Paula.

Paula (astonished)

I am? I never realized it.

Gregory (lightly)

Just little things. I'll put it in your bag for safekeeping.

He takes her bag from her and puts the brooch inside.
Then he takes his hat from the hat-rack and opens the
doors.

Gregory (very lightly, almost teasingly)
Now, you'll remember where it is?

Paula

Don't be silly, Gregory. Of course, I'll remember.

Gregory (smiling)

I was teasing you, my dear.

She starts with him and then turns back, remembering her
guide-book just a moment too late. She picks it up and
joins him.

CONTINUED:

PONTOICO AND STEPS

Gregory and Paula start down towards the street where an
open Victoria is waiting, with a driver beside it,
holding the horse. Gregory closes the front door behind
them. A woman passes down the street with a big basket
of lavender which she is selling, singing the old street
cry of "Who'll buy my sweet blooming lavender?" Paula
turns watching her, her face lighting up.
Paula (enthusiastically)


Gregory

It's music.

He hands her back the bag and they step to the carriage where the driver, a typical, friendly livery stableman is holding open the door.

Paula

Good afternoon, Wilkins.

Wilkins (smiling)

Good afternoon, ma'am. Nice to see you getting out again.

Good afternoon, sir.

Gregory hands Paula into the carriage and they settle themselves as Wilkins climbs back onto the box.

Where to, ma'am?

Wilkins

Paula (very gaily)

We're going sight-seeing, Wilkins. We are going to the Tower of London.

Wilkins (whipping up the horses)

Very good, ma'am. The Tower of London, it is.

The carriage starts off.

Dissolve to:

ROOM IN THE TOWER OF LONDON - CLOSE SHOT OF THE HEADSMAN'S AXE

A grim-looking trophy. The camera pulls slowly back, revealing the execution block below it, and as it widens its angle we see that we are in a small stone-walled room in the Tower of London, with instruments of torture ranged around. A little group of tourists are gathered around a Coolney guide who is delivering his monologue. Gregory is listening and watching with fascinated interest. Paula is standing a little apart.

The Guido

Here, ladies and gentlemen, we have the axe of the headsman and the execution block. These are the original ones with which such 'historical characters as Lady Jane Grey and Queen Katherine Toward were beheaded within these precincts. The victim, kneeling, placed his head upon the block, fitting the neck into the small hollowed out space designed to receive it...

Continued:
CONTINUED (2)

During the above Paula has reached into her handbag as though for her handkerchief. Gregory, still listening intently, has not noticed her slight separation from him but draws closer to the group. As Paula puts her hand into her bag a momentary bafflement appears on her face, her hand searching inside her bag. She seems to grow alarmed. Obviously there is something she cannot find. Her hand goes to her dress where the brooch was, and then she gives a quick, furtive look at Gregory to be sure he is not watching her, and slips quietly away through a little doorway to be by herself. Over this business the guide's voice continues:

Guide's Voice (continuing)
...whereupon the axe would descend, severing the head from the trunk with one stroke or, in unlucky cases, two.

PASSAGE AND STAIRWAY

This is a small, narrow, gloomy stone landing with a winding staircase ascending, just outside the room in which the above scene is being played. The voice of the guide can be heard faintly coming over.

Paula comes into the scene. She looks back over her shoulder to be sure she is not being watched, then she looks feverishly in her bag, pulling out some of its contents - handkerchief, purse, smelling salts, etc. She seems to grow more frightened as she does so. Evidently what she is looking for is not there. Her eyes assume an expression of alarm and fear.

Guide's Voice (during the above, only faintly audible)
Moving to our right we have a model of the famous Rack, the instrument of torture upon which prisoners were stretched, their limbs being frequently torn from their sockets in an effort to extract a confession from them, true or false.

Gregory comes in looking for Paula. She does not see him and he watches her for a moment, still searching in her bag.

Gregory
I wondered what had become of you, Paula.

Paula (starts and closes her bag quickly)
It was so hot in there. Let's go into the sunshine.

He smiles and takes her arm and they start up the stairs together.

DISSOLVE TO:
EXTerior TO OUR GREEN -

a paved courtyard, dappled with shadows from the leaves of the trees above. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK to show the full courtyard. There are trees, grass and a small railed-off space to mark the sight of the old scaffold. Ravens are flying around and perched on the chains of the railings. Some tourists are gathered around the scaffold site. Prominent also, are a couple of booteaters in their picturesque tudor costumes, carrying their tall pikes. From around a corner Paula and Gregory come into sight, walking towards the CAMERA. Paula looks off and gives a little half-smile and bow to someone off screen.

CUT TO:

BRIAN CAMERON -

a tall, clean-shaven, handsome man of about thirty-five, carrying cane and gloves, accompanied by a small boy and girl, aged about eight and ten. His face shows surprise at the sight of Paula and he starts to raise his hat as though to a friend.

CUT BACK TO:
PAULA (already shot)

She realizes there has been some mistake and walks quickly away, walking on.

CUT TO:

BRIAN -

still standing, staring after her, his hat still raised in mid-air and an expression of astonishment on his face.

Small Girl (tugging at his hand)
Uncle Brian, what's the matter? You look as if you'd seen a ghost.

Brian (collecting himself, with a smile, and replacing his hat)
Well, that's exactly what I thought I'd seen.

—he turns his attention back to the children

Small Boy (contemptuously)
There's no such thing as ghosts.

Brian (amused at his contradiction)
I know. I just thought I saw someone I know is dead. It was just a likeness, that's all.

He starts on with the children.

PAULA AND GREGORY -

walking along. Gregory's face is angry and oddly apprehensive. Paula is stammering a little, as though in the midst of an argument.

Paula
I've no idea who he is, Gregory. He seemed to know me, and...

Gregory (coldly)
Do you usually bow to people you don't know?

Paula (stammering a little)
No, I... I supposed I had met him somewhere...

Gregory (sharply)
Are you telling me the truth?

Paula (astonished at his tone)
Of course. Why should I lie? I don't know who he is.

Gregory (persistently)
And yet you smiled at him. Why?

CONTINUED:
CONTINUED (2)

Paula (growing agitated)
I tell you, I wasn't thinking. I don't know why I did it.

Gregory (angrily)
Like the other things.

What other things?

Paula (stopping)

Gregory (quite lightly)
Oh, nothing. But I've been noticing, Paula...you've been...forgetful lately...

Forgetful?

Gregory (quite lightly again)
Losing things...and...
(she stares at him with real alarm in her face and instinctively clutches at her handbag. He continues kindly)
Don't look so worried, Paula. It's nothing. You got tired, and...

Paula (eagerly, grasping at this explanation)
Yes, that's probably what it is. I got tired. I'm tired now. Can't we go home?

Gregory
We still have the Crown Jewels to see. They're in that building, over there.

He points off, turning at an angle, and starting to walk in that direction.

Paula

How do you know?

Gregory (caught)

What do you say?

Paula (quite lightly)
I said, "How do you know where they are?" You've never been here before.

Gregory
The guide told us, inside. Are you becoming suspicious, as well as absent-minded, Paula?

Paula (quickly, scared again)
No. No, of course not.

They walk on. Paula looks at him strangely, wonderingly, with new doubts, now, both of him and of herself.
a smallish, round chamber up a double circular staircase. In the center, a large double glass and steel case containing the Crown Jewels. There is a small crowd of visitors around it including Paula and Gregory. Gregory is reading aloud from the guide-book as the CHILD MOVES AROUND the case to show the jewels and finally to rest on Gregory and Paula.

Gregory (reading)
...in the center is the Koh-i-noor, or Mountain of Light, which is the most famous diamond in the world. It first came into modern history in the 17th Century, but by tradition it dates back to the year 50 B.C.

(ho turns the page)
The Imperial State Crown...

That's that one. Paula (pointing)
I know.

(ho reads, an odd gleam growing in his eyes)
...was made for the coronation of Queen Victoria. Amongst the jewels it contains are the Ruby of the Black Prince... the size of a hen's egg...

(ho lowers the book unconsciously as he glances at the jewels, but continues as though he were still reading, obviously having the words by heart)
...the Stuart Sapphire, said to have been in the coronation ring of Edward the Confessor...

At this point Brian's face is seen looking from the other side of the jewel case through the glass at Gregory and Paula. The children are beside him.

Gregory (still staring at the jewels and reciting)
...and the diamonds and pearls from the earrings of Queen Elizabeth.

He suddenly becomes aware that he has been reciting rather than reading and turns to Paula.

Gregory (with unexpected candor)
Jewels are wonderful things. They have a life of their own.

He picks up the book again as though to start reading.

CUT TO:

BRIAN

watching Paula with a curiously intent interest.

CUT TO:
PAULA (already shot)
She shows slight discomfort at Brian's intense scrutiny.

Gregory's attention is fastened on the guide-book and he does not see this moment between them.

        Paula (touching his arm)
Gregory, can't we go now?

        Gregory (after a half-second, becoming suddenly solicitous)
But of course. I'll take you home.

He leads her to the staircase. Brian looks after them as they descend.

        DISSOLVE TO:

51X1
THE FOURTH FLOOR LANDING

Sunshine slants through the upper skylight. Elizabeth and Nancy walk along the landing. Nancy is by now dressed in her housemaid's outfit with cap and apron.

        Elizabeth (pointing to first door)
This is the mistress's bedroom.
(pointing to the next door)
And that's the master's.

        Nancy (looks up to the attic)
What's up there?

        Elizabeth
Never mind up there. That floor's boarded up.

        Nancy
Why?

        Elizabeth
Because that's the way the master wants it.

        Nancy
Oh!

        While Elizabeth opens the linen cupboard Nancy gazes up to the attic door.

51X2
CLOSER SHOT

The boarded-up attic door, somehow strangely lit by a ray of the setting sun in which the dust dances lazily.

CONTINUED:
MEDIUM SHOT

While Nancy is still looking, the noise of the front door downstairs is heard. Nancy leans over the banister and looks down. Elizabeth, being hard of hearing, is not aware that the front door has opened, and busies herself with the linen.

Gregory's Voice

Well, you were right. There's nothing more beautiful than London in sunshine.

Paula's Voice

I'm sorry I spoiled the day by bringing you home so soon.

LONG SHOT (PHOTOGRAPhED FROM NANCY'S ANGLE TOWARD THE GROUND FLOOR)

Paula and Gregory return from the Tower.

Gregory's Voice

I think you should lie down and rest a little, Paula.

CAMERA WIDENS to show that we are in the downstairs hall of Number Nine Thornton Square. Gregory is hanging up his hat and has his back to Paula who is feeling in her bag with nervous anxiety.

Gregory (continuing)

Would you like me to stay with you and not go out this evening?

Paula (quickly)

No. No. You go and work as usual.

(then smiling at him)

Can you really work in that little room you've rented? I wish you'd let me see it and make it attractive for you.

Gregory

No, no. I never notice my surroundings when I'm working.

She starts up the stairs. He watches her go and then, just as she reaches the first bend, his voice stops her.

Gregory

Oh, Paula. You might give me your brooch, then I can have it repaired.

(alarm comes into Paula's eyes again and she clutches at the bag, holding it to her and staring at him)

What's the matter? Anything wrong?

CONTINUED:
CONTINUED (2)

Paula (with difficulty)
No. No. It's only - Gregory, I can't find it.
(he looks at her, stricken; she continues hastily)
I missed it when we were in the Tower.
(she comes back down the stairs like an unhappy
child to a scolding, and sits on the stairs)
I must turn everything out.
(as she turns the contents of her bag onto the
stair, we hear her Voice:)
I know it was in here. I can't understand it. I couldn't
have lost it. It must be here.

Gregory
I'm sure it's there.

Paula
It's not.

Gregory (gravely, sadly, reproachfully)
Oh, Paula. Didn't I tell you? How did you come to lose it?

Paula (distressed)
I must have pulled it out with something, I suppose.
(pleading)
I'm terribly sorry, Gregory. Do forgive me.

Gregory (putting a brave face on it)
Forgive? My dear, it's not as serious as that. It's not
valuable.

Paula
No, but your present to me. Your mother's brooch. And I
wanted to wear it always. I don't remember opening my bag...
I suppose I must have...
(anxiously)
You did put it in there?

Gregory (with a half-smile)
Don't you even remember that?

Paula
Yes. Yes, of course, I do, only...
(desperately but also with a little smile, trying
to laugh off something too alarming for her to dare
take seriously)
Well, suddenly I...I...I'm beginning not to trust my memory
at all.

Gregory
Paula, I tell you, you're just tired. It doesn't mean any-
thing. I'm sure it doesn't. Don't worry so, Paula. Don't
worry.

He touches her hand, speaking kindly and gently and
reassuringly but almost as though he were talking to an
invalid. Paula's face is frightened and his is smiling
as we

FADE OUT;
FADE IN: (already shot)

EXT. THORNTON SQUARE - AUTUMN DAY - CLOSE SHOT

of some autumn leaves falling to the ground. The CAMERA follows them as they join a small eddying whirlpool of leaves blowing around in the park walk. CAMERA follows them until they reach the legs of a man. His well-shod feet are firmly planted in a squared-off position, but as the CAMERA reaches them, he moves three steps to the left, stops a moment, then moves back to his original position. CAMERA moves up to reveal Brian. He carries a light topcoat over his arm and a furled umbrella in his hand. He is looking off with interest and fixity of purpose at something.

CUT TO:

EXT. NUMBER NINE -

as we see it from his angle.

CUT BACK TO:

BRIAN -

still staring at Number Nine. Miss Thrwaite comes up. She is carrying a small paper bag. She notices what he is staring at and stands beside him for a moment, watching him. Absorbed in his scrutiny of the house, he does not notice her.

Yes, that's it.

Miss Thrwaite (out of a blue sky)

I beg your pardon, Madam?

Miss Thrwaite

I said, that's it. That's the Alquist House.

Brian (politely)

Oh, yes.

Miss Thrwaite

It happened in the drawing room. Upstairs. That window.

(she points. Brian looks surprised. She continues quickly)

I live just across the square. My name is Thrwaite, Miss Thrwaite.

Brian (takin' off his hat and bowing)

How do you do.

Miss Thrwaite

How do you do.

Brian (very casually)

Perhaps you can tell me -- has the house been occupied long?
CONTINUED (2) (already shot)

Miss Thwaites (dipping into the paper bag and bringing out some pieces of stale bread)

Oh, about four or five months now.

(She starts to crumble the bread)

My children always expect me this time of day.

(he looks surprised. She explains)

My birds, I mean.

(she starts to scatter some crumbs, calling)

Come along. Come along.

Brian (still trying to be casual)

You don't happen to know who's living in the house, do you?

Miss Thwaites (still scattering crumbs)

Yes. A foreign couple. Anton's the name.

(still scattering crumbs and watching some pigeons which have come to feed on them)

Met her in Italy. Odd girl. Kissed him right on the station platform. But she's changed since then. Been ill, they say. But that's no reason why she shouldn't see callers.

Something mysterious there.

Brian (interested)

How do you mean -- mysterious?

Miss Thwaites

Never have visitors. Never go out anywhere. At least she doesn't.

Brian (looking off)

I think you're wrong, madam.

Miss Thwaites (taking no notice of him and looking around for the birds)

There don't seem to be as many as usual today.

(she calls)

Come along, pigeons. Come along.

(then, suddenly realizing that Brian has spoken, she does a delayed take)

What did you say?

Brian

I said, you seem to be wrong - about her not going out.

He looks off again. Miss Thwaites follows his look.

EXT. KUNDER HALL

From their angle, Paula is coming down the front steps dressed for walking. She looks changed, nervous and slightly hunted. She stops at the gate, looks up at the sky as though for signs of rain, and stands hesitant.

CUT BACK TO:
BRIAN WITH MISS THWAITES

Miss Thwaites

How very surprising.

(she looks down at the birds which have increased in number)

Ah, here they come.

(pointing to a pigeon)

That one eats more than the rest put together.

(then, addressing the pigeon)

Don't you, greedygumps?

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR NUMBER NINE - CLOSER SHOT

Paula has come back up the front steps and is ringing the front doorbell.

CUT TO:

CLOSE SINGLE SHOT - BRIAN -

watching her with interest.

CUT BACK TO:

EXTERIOR NUMBER NINE

Paula is standing, waiting nervously. Nancy opens the door.

Nancy (surprised to see Paula)

Oh, it's you, mum. I never knew you'd gone out.

Paula (talking nervously, almost guiltily)

I was going for a walk, but it looks as if it might rain so I thought I should have my umbrella.

Nancy (looking at her rather strangely)

Of course, mum.

She takes the umbrella from the umbrella stand just inside the hall door and hands it to Paula. Paula starts down the first step, but Nancy's next question stops her.

Nancy

Suppose the master comes back and asks where you've gone, mum?

This question stops Paula and we can see that she is trying to master a fear before she answers.

CONTINUED:
CONTINUED (2) (already shot)

Paula
Tell him that I went for a walk.

Nancy
By yourself, mum?

Paula (surprised)
Yes, of course. Why not?

Nancy
Supposing the master asks where?

We can see from Paula's face that this really frightens her.

Paula (slightly defiantly)
Well, then, tell him... tell him...

(she stops, then turns, going up the stairs again)

She hurries past Nancy into the house and can be seen running upstairs. Nancy stands in the doorway looking after her with the expression with which you might watch the behavior of a slightly crazy person, and then goes inside, closing the door behind her.

GARDENS - MISS THWAITES AND BRIAN

Miss Thwaites (with some triumph)

(she rootles in the paper bag)
I know there was a piece of seed cake in here. I always keep it for a treat at the end. Sh, here it is. There you are, there you are.

(she brings out a piece of cake and starts to scatter it, chattering as she does so, resuming her conversation without a break)
Odd household, too. That maid-servant - most insipid. I can't get a thing out of her. She won't talk to me, though she would quick enough if I wore trousers.

(Brian is smiling politely but without any interest at her chatter, still watching the house)
The way she carries on with the policeman on the beat. Scandalous!

CONTINUED:
CONTINUED (2) (already shot)

- Brian's smile fades as he turns to her, suddenly registering interest in what she has just said. She shakes the last crumbs out of the bag and addresses the birds again.

Miss Thwaites
There, that's all there is. That's all there is. (she blows into the bag, blowing it up and then pops it with her hands)

Brian suddenly comes to a decision. Miss Thwaites' back is to him as she addresses the birds, and during her next speech he walks quickly away. She, however, does not see him go and continues apostrophizing the birds.

Miss Thwaites
Fly away, Pigeons! Fly away, more tomorrow.
Goodbye!

She waves her hand at them farewell, then turns back and sees that Brian is gone, striding across the gardens. She stares after him open-mouthed.

Miss Thwaites (with her usual exclamation of surprise)
WELL!

DISOLVE TO:

THE GARDENS - ANOTHER ANGLE - FLASH OF BRIAN
walking purposefully across and through the little gate.

DISOLVE TO:

CORNER OF THORNTON SQUARE

Brian hurrying his pace as he crosses the corner. He turns his head to look at a grizzled, bearded, elderly policeman standing on point duty.

DISOLVE TO:

A STREET CORNER

Brian hailing a cab.

Whitehall.

Brian (to driver)

He gets in.

DISOLVE TO:
ARCHWAY WITH STEPS (already shot)

The cab drives up. Brian jumps out, gives the driver money and runs up the steps, two at a time. The camera pulls back as he disappears through the door, revealing the words, "SCOTLAND YARD" on a sign above the arch.

Dissolve to:

I.T. COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - SCOTLAND YARD - CLOSE SHOT OF A LARGE DEED BOX -

black japanned with white lettering painted on the side, reading, "NUMBER 132, ALICE ALJUIST." The box is bound around with red tape and a large broken official seal bearing the word "SECRET."

General Huddleston's Voice (a thundering military voice)

Cameron, I want you to put that file back where you got it. I tell you the case is dead. And I'm not going to have it all day up again for nothing.

(a fist bangs the table, on which the box is standing)

Do you understand?

The camera pulls back to reveal the room. We are in the Commissioner's office in Scotland Yard. It is formally furnished in padded leather. There are windows looking out onto the Thames embankment. Steel engravings on the walls of his suite former Yard Commissioners.

Present is General Lord Huddleston, a retired Army officer appointed to the headship of the Yard as a reward for distinguished Indian Army service. He is a choleric army man in civilian dress. Brian, dressed as we last saw him is standing by the table, turning over papers, photographs, and various personal objects, such as a handkerchief, a broken neck-chain and locket, etc., that he has taken out of the strong-box. In the background respectfully hovers ex-Inspector Budge, now keeper of the files - an man of about seventy.

Huddleston
You had no right to go through that file. Budge, here, had no right to let you get at it.

Budge
I'm sorry, General. But Mr. Cameron, here, is your assistant now and....

Huddleston (interrupting)
Well then, it's his job to assist me. Not to go digging into ten-year-old cases on wild suspicions of his own. Get along now.

Budge
Very good, General.
CONTINUED (2) (already shot)

He goes. Huddleston turns to Brian.

Huddleston

What's your interest in the case anyway?

Brian (awkwardly, stammering a little)

Well, sir, it was rather a famous case, and it interested me very much at the time -- besides...
(a little shamefacedly)

I once met Alice Alquist. I was taken to hear her at a command performance when I was twelve years old, and then afterwards to meet her in the artists room. I know it sounds sort of silly, but I still think she was the most beautiful woman I ever saw, and I've never forgotten her, and now...

Huddleston (interrupting again)

You've seen someone whom you think looks like her...

Brian

Living in the same house...

Huddleston

Well, why shouldn't she? If she's the niece, the house belongs to her, and if you're trying to make the acquaintance of a pretty woman, you've no right to use official business as an excuse.

Brian

It isn't that, sir. But I tell you, I've a feeling that there's something peculiar going on there. Perhaps even more than peculiar. It's bothered me all the time on holiday. That's why I came back -- just to have a look at that house.

(then more forcibly)

I tell you, sir, I think --

Huddleston (cutting him short)

Think? You're not in Scotland Yard to think, and I'm not interested in your feelings.

(turning away to his desk)

Now put all that stuff away and get along.

Brian (starting to replace the papers and objects in the box)

Look, sir. There's something behind all this that I don't understand. I gather the motive for the murder was supposed to be robbery. The reports show that her bedroom was rifled and a glass showcase in the drawing room broken into. Nothing else touched, and nothing seems to have disappeared. As far as I can make out, the theory was that whoever did the murder was surprised hearing the little girl coming down the stairs, and had to clear out quickly.

Huddleston (hussily)

I dare say. I dare say. Now look here, Brian, once and for all, the case was given up as hopeless. As for the matter of the jewels -- that was dropped by order of a most important personage.
CONTINUED (3)

Brian (surprised)
Jewels? There's nothing here about jewels.

Huddleston (aware that he has spoken out of turn)
Well, there were some jewels. They had been given her by... well by someone very highly placed. Some of the crown jewels of his...

(checking himself)
Well, of another country, as a matter of fact.

Brian
Oh? And what happened to them?

Huddleston
They disappeared.

Brian
And that was why she was murdered?

Huddleston
Well, that was the official theory. Though what the murderer could have done with the jewels, I can't imagine. They were much too famous for him to be able to sell them anywhere.

Brian
Have they never shown up since?

Huddleston
Not as far as I've been informed.

Brian
Well then, where are they?

Huddleston
I don't know. There were definite instructions that that part of the case was to be dropped. Alice Alquist and this... this personage...

(interrupting himself)
And I'm not going to tell you who he was --- were very infatuated with one another. They had some sort of a romance - a morganatic marriage, I believe. Very few people knew about it.

Brian
And that's why it was all hushed up?

Huddleston
That is a most improper word for you to use. Scotland Yard does not hush things up. The murder part of the case was pursued to the utmost, as you can see for yourself from this file. There was never any case against anyone, anyway. There were all the usual blind alley suspects - tumors who were suspected to be in love with her, jealous acquaintants - aids when she had sacked - all the usual riff-raff that surrounds opera singers - you've read all their names in that stuff.

CONTINUED:
CONTINUED (4)
Huddleston (continued)
(he points contemptuously to the papers on the table)
There was never anything to prove against any of them. Now get along, there's a good fellow. I'm busy.

Brian (accepting his dismissal)
Very well, sir. Good day, sir.

Brian goes out, leaving Huddleston at the desk.

CORRIDOR - SCOTLAND YARD

Brian is walking along. A couple of policemen and clerks pass by. Then Williams, a handsome young constable, passes. They greet each other without stopping.

Williams
Good afternoon, Mr. Cameron.

Brian
Williams

Brian walks on, then stops suddenly, after three steps, with an idea. He turns back calling.

Oh, Williams.

Williams stops, turns back.

Did you want me, sir?

Brian
Yes.

(looking him up and down)
Tell me, Williams. You're not a married man, are you?

No, sir.

Brian
Where are you on duty these days?

Williams
Down in the East End, sir.

Brian
How would you like to move to a more fashionable locality?

Williams
I'd like it very much, sir.

Brian
Well, we must see what can be done about that. Oh and... don't say anything to anyone for the moment.
FADE IN:
INTERIOR DRAWING-ROOM - NUMBER NINE THORNTON SQUARE

The room has been redecorated and largely re-furnished. The portrait of Alice Alquist has gone. The piano remains (it has been tuned) - and the vitrine is still there, with its broken glass mended. Gregory is lying in an arm-chair with his feet on another chair, having an afternoon nap. A little way away Paula is sitting with a novel. She wears an afternoon gown and looks altered again since we saw her, looking haunted and with an almost transparent pallor. She turns a page of her novel, and then looks up quickly at Gregory for fear the noise of the page turning might have disturbed him, but he still sleeps. After a moment she puts down the book, shivering slightly from the cold, looking across at the fire which has burned low and needs replenishing. She looks at Gregory timidly, then rises, and tip-toes over to the fire.

CLOSEUP - GREGORY -

his eyes still closed. Suddenly he opens them, looking at Paula, and then closes them again immediately. A very thin smile is around his lips. He lies motionless, waiting.

GREGORY AND PAULA

Paula, who has not noticed this, stoops down, puts on the velvet coal glove and takes a piece of coal from the bucket. It makes a tiny noise and she looks up quickly at him, fearful that she has awakened him, decides against continuing, preferring to be cold rather than awaken him. She takes off the coal glove and replaces it. Suddenly, Gregory speaks without opening his eyes.

Gregory (in quiet, even, silky tones)

If you want coal on the fire, Paula, why don't you ring for the maid?

Paula (starting guiltily)

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to wake you. Go back to sleep, dear.

(she turns back to her chair)

Gregory

No, Paula. Now you have wakened me, we might as well be comfortable. Ring for the maid.

Paula (returning to the fire)

I can put it on myself.

Gregory

Now, Paula, we've had this subject out before. Please pull the bell cord.

Paula (doing so, reluctantly)

It seems so unnecessary.
CONTINUED (2)

Gregory
What do you suppose the servants are for, Paula?
(she does not reply)
Go on, answer me. What do you suppose the servants are for?

Paula (murmuring)
To...to do things. To...to serve us, I suppose.

Gregory (as to a child)
Exactly. To do things. And to serve us.

Paula (returning to her chair)
It's only that I think we should consider them a little.
Gregory, don't be cross with me.

I'm not cross with you. It's just that...oh, there are a lot of things.

Paula
Isn't your work going well?

Gregory
That, too. And...you've been strange lately yourself.

Further conversation is interrupted by a KNOCK at the door.

Paula
Come in.

Nancy comes in. She looks just a shade flashier than before.

Nancy (with a touch of impatience)
Did you ring, sir?

Gregory
No. Your mistress rang.
(pause)
Well, go on, my dear. Why don't you tell Nancy what you rang for?

Paula
A little coal on the fire, please, Nancy.

Nancy
Very good, madam.

She puts on coal, using the velvet coal-glove. Paula turns back to the window.

Gregory
And you might light the gas, too.

Nancy does so. Gregory rises and stands warming himself by the fire, perhaps just a shade too close to her.

Paula stands in the window. THE CAMERA PICKS UP her reactions to the ensuing scene from time to time.

Gregory
You're looking very pretty this afternoon, Nancy. Do you know that?
Nancy
I don't know at all, sir, I'm sure.

Gregory
Tonight's your night out, isn't it?

Nancy
That's right, sir.

Gregory
And when are you meeting tonight? I see they've changed the policeman on the boat. Is his heart going to be added to the list of those you've broken?

Nancy
I didn't know I'd broken any, sir.

Gregory
Oh, now, I'm sure that's not true. And that complexion of yours -- that's something that's not quite true, either --

(Nancy looks offended)

Oh, you do it very cleverly, I grant you. In fact, I was wondering whether you might not care to pass some of your secrets on to your mistress...

(Paula reacts to this with rising, smoldering anger)

...and help her get rid of her pallor.

Nancy
I'm sure I'd be very pleased to do anything I can, sir. Will that be all you're wanting?

Gregory
Yes. Except tea, when it's ready.

Nancy
Very good, sir.

She goes out. Gregory settles back in his chair. Paula remains standing in the window, trying to control herself.

Paula (with a deep and intense anger)
Gregory, how can you talk to Nancy like that?

Gregory (as though surprised at her)
My dear, you seemed so anxious to regard the servants as your equals, I thought I would treat her as one.

(hes picks up the evening paper)

Besides, I was only trifling with her.

Paula
It's no wonder that girl despises me, the way you encourage her in it.

Gregory (sternly)
Despises you? Whatever makes you think that?

Paula (beginning to release her emotion now)
Her whole manner. The way she talks to me... looks at me...
Gregory (with a note of sinister implication)

Looks at you? Paula, I hope you're not starting to imagine things again.

(this remark throws Paula into a state of agitation, she stares at him)

You're not, are you, Paula?

Of course I'm not.

Gregory (with a cruel persistence)

I hope you're not. But if you start talking about the way Nancy looks at you...

(Paula turns away, defeated)

Don't turn away, Paula.

(he takes her by the shoulders)

We must have this out.

(he looks her full in the eyes)

Do you really think Nancy despises you?

(she still does not answer)

Answer me, Paula. Do you?

No, Gregory.

Gregory (releasing her)

I'm glad of that. It hurts me when you're ill and fanciful.

There is a KNOCK on the door.

Gregory

Come in. (Nancy returns)

Well, what is it now?

Nancy (looking obliquely for one second at Paula, and then speaking directly to Gregory)

If you please, sir, Miss Thwaites is downstairs. She wanted to know if the mistress was at home.

Paula (looking up, with a tiny exclamation of pleasure)

Oh...

Gregory (ignoring her and speaking across her to Nancy)

You mean that old busybody from across the square?

Nancy

Yes, sir. She has her nephew with her.

Gregory

Well, I don't think we need bore ourselves with them. Tell her your mistress is not at home.
Paula

Oh, but...

Gregory

My dear, if you let her in once, you'll always have her here.

Paula

But she's called so many times. We've never been at home to her.

Gregory (suddenly shouting)

I do not want people all over this house!

(Nancy and Paula are both startled by this sudden violence, and turn to him. He recovers his composure instantly)

And bringing her family with her!

(to Nancy)

Tell Miss Thwaites your mistress is sorry she is not well enough to see her.

Nancy

Very good, sir.

She goes out with a half-look of contempt at Paula.

Paula (with some show of spirit)

Gregory, why did you do that? I'd have liked to see her.

Gregory (blandly, with complete surprise)

Oh, my dear, I thought you were only trying to be polite.

Why didn't you tell me you really wanted to see her?

Paula

I couldn't - in front of that girl -

Gregory (interrupting her)

You must get over this ridiculous fear of the servants. If you really wanted to see her, all you had to say was, "Show her up, Nancy," wasn't it?

(insistently)

Wasn't it?

Paula (her last protest)

Not when you - when you said -

Gregory (looking her full in the eyes)

Paula, am I a tyrant? Are you afraid of me?

(she lowers her eyes, unable to answer)

I only thought these people would be a nuisance for you. But if you're sure you are well enough to see her -

(he takes a half-step to the door)

- shall I call Nancy back and tell her you've changed your mind?

Paula (completely defeated)

No. No, it doesn't matter. Don't do that.
Gregory
Just as you say, my dear.
He walks away, seating himself at the piano.

70
DOWNSTAIRS HALL -
Nancy and Miss Thwaites. In the background, his back to
THE CAMERA. Brian. SOUND of the piano from above, over
this scene.

Nancy (somewhat insolently)
I'm sorry, miss, but that's all I know. The mistress isn't
well enough to receive you.

Brian turns, revealing himself for the first time.

Brian
Well, tell her how sorry we are. Come along, Auntie, dear.

He takes her arm and they start toward the door. Nancy
opens the front door.

CUT TO:

701
THE STAIRS AND FORTICO -
as Brian and Miss Thwaites leave. Nancy closes the door
after them.

Miss Thwaites (softly, voz, as they go
down the steps)
I told you she wouldn't see us.

Brian (unguardedly)
That makes me all the more anxious to see her.

He holds the front gate open. Miss Thwaites looks up
at him, as she goes through.

Miss Thwaites
So that's what it was all about!

Brian
I beg your pardon?

Miss Thwaites (talking contemptuously, as
they start to walk across the square to the gardens)
Calling on me and saying I'd interested you in the murder!
Couldn't you pretend you were my nephew and see inside the
house with me? You men are all alike! All you wanted was to
meet Mrs. Anton. I married woman, too! I'm ashamed of you!

CONTINUED:
Brian
Now Miss Thwaites, you know you were all for the conspiracy yourself.

Miss Thwaites
I didn’t know what you were up to. I’ve a good mind to hand you over to the police!

Brian (Laughing)
Why don’t you ask me to come and have a cup of tea with you instead?

Miss Thwaites
Ah, since you can’t have tea with her I’m the second best, am I?

(she smiles and takes his arm)

All right, come along.

She leads him off across the gardens.

INTERIOR DRAWING-ROOM - NUMBER NINE THORNTON SQUARE

Gregory is still at the piano, idly strumming a waltz. Paula is sitting staring ahead of her. He glances at her a couple of times, and then, still playing, he speaks without looking at her.

Gregory (mysteriously, intriguingly)
You know, you wouldn’t have had time to see them, anyway. You have to dress, and do your hair.

What for?

Paula (listlessly)

Gregory
You like to look nice when you go out, don’t you?

Go out?

Paula

Gregory (smiling at her)
Yes, we’re going out tonight.

Paula (puzzled)

We are? You didn’t tell me.

(he continues to smile at her mysteriously. With slight alarm she says)

Have I forgotten...

She stops short in her speech, staring at him. Gregory does not enter her but goes on playing.
CONTINUED (2)

Gregory

Don't you think this is charming? It's from the new operetta at the Caiety. I wish I could write tunes like Offenbach.

He looks at her. She is still standing, looking worried. He stops playing and turns to look at her, holding out his arms to her.

Gregory (affectionately)

Paula, you silly child. Don't look like that. You haven't forgotten anything. This is my surprise for you. We're going to the theatre tonight.

Paula (happy but incredulous)

Gregory! You don't mean it!

Gregory

I have the tickets in my pocket.

She goes to him and throws her arms around his neck.

Paula

Oh, how wonderful of you!

Gregory (kindly, holding her)

And you thought I was being cruel to you -- keeping people away from you -- making you a prisoner!

Paula (between laughter and tears)

You're not cruel. You're the kindest man in the world! It's I who've been a fool. Oh, Gregory, I'm so happy!

She starts to whirl around in her excitement, singing the waltz that he resumes playing.

Gregory (smiling at her)

You're in very good voice, Paula. We must take up our music again.

She smiles instead of answering and lets her voice out more fully in the gay roulades of the waltz. Quite suddenly Gregory's eyes fasten on something. A look of puzzlement comes into them. Then his face grows cold and serious and he stops playing. Paula's singing stops with the music and she stands still, looking at him.

What's the matter?

Gregory walks over to the fireplace, standing at the mantelpiece and staring down at the fire as though under the weight of a great sorrow.

Oh, Paula.

Gregory (brokenly)
CONTINUED (3)

Paula (pleading)
What is it, Gregory? What is it?

Gregory (with his back to her)
Paula, I don't want to upset you. If you will put things right, while I'm not looking, we'll assume it didn't happen.

Paula
But, what? What? Please—please don't turn your back on me! What has happened?

Gregory
Do you mean you don't know?

Paula (apprehensive)
No!

Look!

Gregory (turns on her)
(he points to the wall)

Paula (turns, looks at wall)
Yes, the little picture's been taken down. Who took it down? Why was it taken down?

Gregory (frozenly)
Why, indeed? Why was it taken down before? Will you please get it from wherever you've hidden it, and put it back in its place?

Paula (crying out)
But I haven't hidden it. I swear I haven't. Why should I? Don't look at me like that. Someone else must have done it.

Instead of answering, Gregory stretches out his hand to pull the bell cord.

Paula
No, don't. Don't ring.

(but he pulls the cord, ringing twice)
Oh, Gregory, don't. Don't shame me before the servants!

Gregory (sharply)
Paula, will you stop being hysterical? Sit down and calm yourself before they come.

(Paula sits, trembling, near tears)
We must get to the bottom of this, once and for all.

(Elizabeth enters)
Come in, please, Elizabeth. Do you notice anything missing from this room?

Elizabeth
Missing, sir?

(she looks around)
No, sir. I don't think so.

CONTINUED:
Gregory (pointing)

Look carefully around the walls.
(Elizabeth does so)

Well?

Elizabeth

There's a little picture missing.

Gregory

Exactly. Did you take it away?

Oh, no, sir.

Elizabeth

Have you ever taken it down from where it belongs?

No, sir. Why ever should I?

Elizabeth

Gregory

Why, indeed. Elizabeth, you go to church, don't you?

Go to what, sir?

Elizabeth

Gregory

Church.

Elizabeth

Oh, yes, sir.

Gregory takes the Bible from the desk and hands it to her.

Gregory

Well, then, please kiss that Bible as a solemn oath that you have told the truth.

(he hands it to her)

Elizabeth looks at him queerly and gives it an awkward peck.

Gregory

Thank you. You may go, and please send Nancy in here, at once. Nancy, do you understand? In here.

Elizabeth

Very good, sir. I'm not deaf.

She goes, leaving the door ajar. Paula has sat tense and motionless during this scene. Now she rises and holds out her hands.
Paula (entreatingly)
No, Gregory, not that girl! I'll say anything - I'll say
that I did it. I did it, Gregory, I did it! Don't have that
girl in!

Gregory
Paula, have the goodness to control yourself. This is painful
enough without your making it worse. Since you have thrown
suspicion on the servants, they must be cleared of it. Sit
down in that chair.

(she remains standing)
Did you hear what I said?

(she nods)
Well, then, sit down in that chair.

She does so. There is a strained pause. Then Nancy
enters.

Gregory (points)
Nancy, a picture has been taken down from the wall there.

Nancy (more pert and saucy than usual)
Coo, so it has! Well, there's another rum go.

Gregory (icily severe)
I did not ask for any comments on your part. I want to know
whether it was you who took that picture down.

Nancy
Of course it wasn't, sir. What would I want to take it down
for?

Gregory (picks up Bible, walks to Paula)
Shall I ask her to kiss the Bible, Paula? Or will you accept
her word?

Paula (desperately)
Of course, I'll accept it. Let her go.

Gregory
Very well, Nancy, you may go.

Nancy gives a queer look at Paula and goes out, closes
door. Paula leaps from her chair, hysterically.

Paula
Give me that Bible, give it to me!

(she snatches it from him, kisses it)
There, do you see? I swear on the Bible I didn't take that
picture down!
Gregory (taking the Bible from her)
It isn't the picture I'm worried about - it's you! What's happening to you, Paula? Think. Think hard. Have you any idea where that picture is?

Paula
Gregory, you say you don't know what's happening to me. I don't know what's happening to us. I don't recognize you any more.

Gregory (coldly)
Go and look for that picture.

Paula turns and walks like an automaton out of the door.

71x1-71x2 OUT

71x3 LANDING OUTSIDE DRAWING-ROOM DOOR --

Paula comes out. Gregory follows her, watching her. She goes to an old chest just outside the drawing-room door, reaches down behind it and pulls out a small painting. She stands, holding it, looking pitifully at Gregory.

Gregory (coldly)
So you knew where it was all the time.

Paula (wretchedly)
No, I didn't know. I only looked here because that's where it was found twice before. I didn't know, Gregory. I didn't know.

Gregory
So and put it back where it belongs.

Paula turns, walks back into the drawing-room.

72-72x1 OUT
73 DRAWING-ROOM -

Paula comes in, walking almost like a somnambulist, goes over and hangs the picture in its proper place. Gregory stands in the doorway, watching her.

Gregory
And now, Paula, I think you'd better go to your room.

Paula (piteously)
But aren't we going to the theatre?

Gregory
Oh, my dear, I'm afraid you are far from well enough for the theatre. Come.

He goes out and she follows him.

74 STAIRCASE -

Gregory starts up towards her bedroom. Paula follows a few steps behind.

Paula (piteously, trying to reason out the situation with herself rather than with him)
Gregory...if it was I who took that picture down...

"If?"

Paula (continuing as before)
If it was I who took it down the other times -- if I do do all these senseless, meaningless things -- so meaningless -- why should I take a picture down from its place? -- Then I don't know what I do any more.

Gregory
Yes, Paula, that's just the trouble.

Paula (catching up with him and grasping his arm)
But then...if that's true...then you must be gentle with me -- bear with me. Please, Gregory. Please.

They are on the upper landing now just outside Paula's door which Gregory throws open.

Gregory (inflexibly)
Come, Paula. You had better go to your room.

Paula (catching him by the arm)
What are you going to do?

Gregory (like a man under the weight of a crushing grief)
I'm going out, to work, and to forget all this.
He goes into the room, out of picture.

Paula (standing in the doorway as though unwilling to enter her room)
No, don't! Don't leave me here all by myself now! I got so frightened here alone when you go out night after night.

Gregory's Voice (off screen)
Frightened? You never told me that before.

The shadow of the gaslight that he is lighting within can be seen on the open door.

Paula (still in the doorway)
I'm telling you now. I'm frightened of the house. I hear noises — footsteps. I imagine things — that there are people in the house. I'm frightened of myself now, too!

Then she goes into the room. THE CAMERA REMAINS on the open door. Neither of them can be seen during the succeeding speech.

Paula's Voice
Don't leave me! Stay with me! Gregory, take me in your arms! Please! Please!

CONTINUED:
CONTINUED (2)

There is a long silence, and then Gregory comes out of the room.

Gregory
I hope to find you better in the morning.

He closes the door behind him and starts down the stairs, Camera preceding him down the two flights to the lower hall.

LOWER HALL

Nancy is standing, looking up. On the hall table, waiting for Gregory, are his overcoat, hat and muffler, and on the floor, a pair of overshoes. He comes downstairs.

Nancy
Seems to be getting worse, doesn't she, sir?

Gregory
You will please not refer to your mistress as "she".

He sits down in the chair to put on his overshoes. She kneels and puts them on for him.

Thank you, Nancy.

Gregory
(he looks at her with a slow smile)

Nancy
Are you going to work on your tunes again tonight, sir? You're always working, aren't you?

Gregory
Yes. What are you doing with your evening out?

Nancy
I'm going to a music hall, sir.

She whistles an air from the music halls of the day.

Gregory
I have never been to an English music hall.

Nancy
Oh, you'd like it a lot, sir.

Gregory (smiling intimately)

Well, we must see about that. And whom are you going to the music hall with?

CONTINUED:
Nancy
A gentleman friend, sir.

Gregory
You know, don't you, Nancy, that gentlemen friends are sometimes inclined to take liberties with young ladies?

Nancy (rising)
Oh no, sir, not with me. I can take care of myself...
(with a slow insinuating smile)
When I want to.

Gregory (answering the smile)
Do you know, Nancy, it strikes me that you are not at all the kind of girl your mistress should have for a housemaid.

Nancy (insolently)
No, sir? Well, she's not the only one in the house, is she?

Gregory (suddenly getting severe)
Please do not allow yourself to be impertinent.

Nancy's face falls momentarily - urked. She helps him on with his coat.

Gregory (continuing)
Don't forget my supper when I come in tonight. Will you still be up to give it to me?

Nancy (slowly)
Well, sir, that depends.

On what?

Gregory (holding her arms)

On how late you are.

Nancy (admitting nothing)

Gregory (equivocally)

Yes, it does, doesn't it?

(he takes his hat from her and leaves)

Nancy closes the door behind him. She looks at herself in the hall mirror, primping a little with a sense of conquest, then goes towards the kitchen stairs.

**PAULA'S BEDROOM**

Paula lies across the bed, her fingers clutching at the coverlet and her breath coming in sobbing gasps which she tries to control. Presently the sobs die down and she half sits up, wiping her eyes. Then she seems to hear something, looking around her fearfully and up to the ceiling. Then she slowly turns her head, as though

CONTINUED:
CONTINUED (2) (already shot)

afraid of what she might see, like someone who fears to see a ghost. Her eyes widen.

77

GAS MANTLE

The gas dims in the mantle, ebbing from a bright, fan-shaped flame to a lower, narrower one.

78

PAULA

She sits, staring at the gaslight with puzzled eyes, wondering whether she is imagining things. She looks around her fearfully at the shadowy room and then back at the gaslight.

FADE OUT:
F. DE IN:
AN ENGRAVED INVITATION -
held in a woman's hand. It reads:

Lord and Lady Dalroy
request the pleasure of
Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Anton's
Company
at a musical evening
on November 12th at 9 p.m.
R.S.V.P.
Dalroy House, W.

D. E. S. O. L. V. E. T. O.

INTERIOR MUSIC ROOM - DALROY HOUSE - NIGHT

Lady Dalroy, an imposing grey-haired Dowager in elaborate
evening dress and tiara, is giving instructions to the
head butler. A little way away, dozing over one of the
programmes that are placed on the chairs, is Lord Dalroy,
a stoutish man of sixty-odd, wearing the ribbon of an
order across his shirt front.

Apart from them, the room is empty of people, but full of
chairs arranged for a musicale. An open grand piano is
in evidence.

Murdock, the butler, is giving orders to the footmen.

Murdock
Put that one in the middle. Get these out of the way. Put
that one over there.

Lady Dalroy
Let people find their own places for the concert, Murdock.
Just sit where they like. Those who don't care for music can
go into the smoking room.

(to a footman)
Move this chair, will you please?

She notices Lord Dalroy dozing peacefully.

Lady Dalroy
And if you can't keep awake, Freddie, you'd better go into the
smoking room, too.

Lord Dalroy
Just closed my eyes for a moment.

CONTINUED:
CONTINUED (2) (already shot)

Brian's Voice (from off screen)

May I come in? Good evening.

Lady Dalroy

Brian!

Lady Dalroy turns. Brian, dressed in tails and white tie, is standing in the doorway. He comes towards them.

Brian

Good evening, Lady Dalroy. How are you, sir? (he shakes hands with them both)

Can I be the first to arrive? I've a favor I want to ask of you. Are you having a sit-down supper after the music?

Lady Dalroy

Yes. I've put you next to Laura Pritchard.

Brian

Oh, I don't like Laura Pritchard. She's got adenoids.

Lady Dalroy

Nonsense, she's a most agreeable girl. And I want you to be very nice to her.

Lord Dalroy (with a chuckle)

Haven't you learned yet that Mildred is an incurable matchmaker?

Brian

Well, I'll be nice to Miss Pritchard some other time. Tonight, I want you to be very kind and put me next to Mrs. Anton. Will you?

Lady Dalroy

Well, it's very tiresome, but ... all right.

Lord Dalroy

Who's Mrs. Anton?

Lady Dalroy

She's the niece of Alice Alquist. She used to come here as a child. Brian told me she was back in London now and married, so I invited them here for tonight.

A footman comes up with a note on a salver. She takes it from him, and he goes. She opens the note, and reads it, while she continues talking to Brian.

Lady Dalroy (continuing)

Who is Mr. Anton, by the way? What does he do, and where does he come from?

Brian

Put me next to her tonight, and I'll find out for you.
Lady Dalroy (looks up from reading the note)

I'm sorry, Brian, but you'll have to sit next to the Fritchard girl after all.

Brian (almost as though he had expected it)

The Anton's can't come?

No.

Lady Dalroy

A letter from her?

Brian

No, from him.

Lady Dalroy

Him?

Brian (with interest)

Lady Dalroy

Apparently she's ill. Very tiresome of her. Here, read it if you want to.

(she hands him the letter)

I must go and alter the tables. Come with me, Freddie, I want you.

She moves away, followed by Lord Dalroy. Brian reads the letter with some attention as though the handwriting interested him, then meditatively folds it and puts it into his breast pocket.

LAP DISSOLVE:

STAIRCASE IN NUMBER NINE THORNTON ST.

Paula, in full evening dress, carrying her cloak and an evening handbag, is coming down the stairs from her bedroom. She pauses outside the drawing-room door, taking breath and bracing herself for some apparently tremendous resolution. Then, nervously, she goes in.

DRAWING-ROOM

Gregory, dressed in a robe, is lounging with his feet up, reading. He does not look around as Paula comes in.

Is that you, Paula?

Gregory

Yes.

Paula (quietly)
He looks up. Gregory (astounded)

Why are you dressed up like that?

Paula (in a small voice)

Because tonight is Lady Dalroy's reception.

Gregory

But I sent a note.

Paula (as before)

I know.

Gregory

I sent a note to say that you weren't well enough.

Paula

I'm quite well enough. And I want to go. Lady Dalroy was very kind to me when I was small, and...

(his voice shaking a little)

...I'm going.

(then with a rush)

I must get out of this house... meet people... see a little of what's going on in the world.

(then, with renewed determination)

I'm going to this reception, Gregory.

Gregory (coldly)

Well, then, I'm afraid you'll have to go alone.

Paula

Well, then... I must go alone.

They stare at each other. He is unable to believe his ears. She is trembling with the effort of her rebellion. For a moment neither moves. Then she turns and starts to the door, moving with difficulty. He watches her go, unable to believe she is not bluffing. As she reaches it, he knows that she is not, and instantly changes his tactics.

Gregory (in a silky, tender voice)

Paula!

(she turns)

Paula... I didn't realize this party meant so much to you. I'll go and change immediately.

(he starts toward the door, but stops for a second and turns to her, speaking even more tenderly)

You didn't really think I'd let you go alone, did you?

Paula (hardly daring to believe that she has won)

I... I don't know.

Gregory

I shan't be a minute.
CONTINUED (3)

He goes out quickly. Paula almost collapses into the nearest chair, trembling with reaction from the strain. Then, after a moment, she rises and crosses to the bell-cord.

GREGORY’S DRESSING ROOM

He is standing before the mirror, taking off his robe and vest. His face is angry, but set with an inscrutable purpose. He takes his keys, watch, etc., from his pocket, putting them down on the bureau.

CUT TO:

DRAWING-ROOM

Paula is standing before the fire. A knock on the door.

Come in.

Paula

Nancy enters.

Nancy (astonished at the sight of Paula dressed up)

Cool!

(them collecting herself)

Did you ring for something, mum?

Paula

Yes. Will you please fetch a cab?

Nancy

But I thought...

Paula (quietly)

Get a cab, please, Nancy.

Nancy (slowly, with some innuendo)

Is the master going out, too?

Paula

Yes, he is. Now, hurry.

Nancy (slightly cowed)

Very good, mum.

She goes. Paula shows an almost child-like pleasure at having put Nancy in her place for once. Then Gregory’s voice calls from above:

Gregory’s Voice (calling)

Paula.

She goes to the door and calls up the stairs.

CONTINUED:
CONTINUED (2)

Yes, dear?  Paula

Send Nancy up here for a moment, will you?  Gregory's Voice

Paula

She's just gone for a cab.  Paula

Oh.  Very well then.  Gregory's Voice

CUT TO:

GREGORY'S DRESSING ROOM

Gregory, dressed now all but his tail coat, is calling down to Paula, in continuation from the last scene.

I'm almost ready.  Gregory (calling)

He turns back to the dressing table and takes up his watch, putting it into his vast pocket.  He looks up at the mirror, smiling slowly and as though with some secret purpose.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR NUMBER NINE THORNTON SQUARE - NIGHT

It is a foggy evening.  Nancy is standing on the sidewalk, a coat or shawl over her servant's dress.  She is looking off across the square.

Hi, cabby!  Hi!  Nancy (calling)

Williams, the handsome young policeman, sauntors up to her.

Oh, taking a cab for your evening out, are you?  Williams (familiarly and jocularly)

Oh, yes, I'm going to dinner at Buckingham Palace, I am!  I'm going to have a lovely evening out!  Nancy (angrily and sarcastically)

Here, what's the matter with you?  Williams (surprised at her tone)

First they're going out, then they're not.  Changing all my plans, and never a word to me from him!  Nancy (muttering angrily)

A cab clatters up, coming to a stop in front of the house.
CONTINUED (2)

Nancy (continuing)
Here, you better get along. They'll be coming out in a minute.

Williams
See you Sunday?

Nancy

P'raps.

Williams

Usual place?

Nancy

Usual place.

Williams

'Nigh't.

Nancy

'Nigh't.

Williams goes on his way. Nancy looks up at the house.

OUT

CUT TO:

INTERIOR DRAWING-ROOM

Gregory comes in. Paula rises. He takes her cloak from the chair where she left it and comes to her with it.

Gregory

We should go out every night...so that the whole of London can see how beautiful my wife is.

(he puts the cloak around her shoulders and turns her to him)

Paula, Paula, it was only for your good I thought we should not go. If you only knew how often when I have had to be stern with you, I have longed to take you in my arms and say, "You shall have whatever you want, my dearest, no matter how bad it is for you." To take you in my arms and hold you, as I used to do...like this...

(he takes her in his arms, kissing her)

Paula (surrendering to him happily)

Oh, Gregory...now everything's all right again!

He continues to hold her, kissing her face and her throat, the kisses growing in intensity.

CUT TO:
The cab, a closed four-wheeler, is still waiting and Nancy is standing beside it.

Nancy (looking up at the house) I don't know what can be keeping them. I don't know what they can be doing.

The front door opens, and Gregory and Paula come out. She wears her cloak, and he, his silk hat and topcoat. He is carrying her bag. Their mood is happy.

Gregory (solicitously) Draw your cloak around you, Paula. It's damp.

They descend the steps, arm in arm. Nancy opens the cab door. He hands Paula her bag as he gets in.

Gregory (to the driver) Dalroy House.

Nancy closes the cab door, and it drives off. She stands looking after it.

Dissolve To:

Interior music room - Dalroy House - Night

Starting on a trio of musicians, (piano, violin and 'cello) playing Mozart, the camera pulls back to show the whole music room with almost all the chairs filled now. There are about a hundred people present, all types and ages, smart and distinguished. Among them are several East Indians. Brian is seated beside Miss Pritchard, an adonoidal-looking girl in the very late twenties. Lord and Lady Dalroy are seated down in front, Lord Dalroy showing signs of boredom and rolling his program into a spill. Brian's attention wanders and he looks off towards the doorway.

Cut To:
A small group of about six late-comers are standing, waiting for the first item in the program to end. Then the door behind them opens and the butler shows in Paula and Gregory. They stand with the others.

CUT BACK TO:

BRIAN -
registering interested surprise at their appearance.

BACK TO SCENE

The music comes to an end with a final flourish and there is a light applause. Then footmen come to the platform to take away the chairs of the instrumentalists. Miss Pritchard starts whispering to Brian behind her fan, and he simulates the best interest he can while watching Lady Dalroy rise from her seat and go to the group at the door. His eyes follow her.

DOORWAY - LADY DALROY -

comes up to the group, shaking hands with them quickly and slightly perfunctorily.

Lady Dalroy
How do you do? Good evening. How do you do? Won't you find chairs, please?

The guests pass on as they shake hands and she spies Paula and moves forward.

Lady Dalroy
You're Paula Anton! I'm sure you don't remember me...

Paula
I do, indeed, Lady Dalroy. It was at a children's party here, and there was a magician. May I introduce my husband - Lady Dalroy.

Lady Dalroy
How do you do?

Gregory (with great affability and charm)
I hope you will forgive all the confusion, Lady Dalroy, but my wife suddenly felt so much better and we were so anxious to come - -

CONTINUED:
CONTINUED (2) (already shot)

Lady Dalroy
But of course. You'll find seats over there. Siratzky hasn't played yet. I'll see you later at supper.

(she smiles and returns to her seat)

Paula and Gregory find themselves places, settling down into them.

CUT TO:

LADY DALROY

As she returns to her seat she looks off towards Brian and gestures with her head indicating Paula and Gregory with a little smile, as much as to say, "Your friends came after all."

CUT TO:

BRIAN AND MISS PRITCHARD

Brian smiles back at Lady Dalroy. Then he becomes aware that Miss Pritchard is talking to him, and does his best to show a polite interest in what she is saying, while he also tries to watch Paula and Gregory off screen.

Miss Pritchard (in an intense, arty, adenoidal voice)

Oh, what glorious music! I don't know when I've enjoyed anything so much. Which is your favorite? Ah, I know! It's Chopin! The same with me. Oh, the Etude, the Ballade... (she looks at Brian who then turns to her)

I was saying...... I think Mozart is almost too intellectual. I like passion in music, don't you?

Brian (not listening, answering politely)

Oh, yes. Yes, I do.

Miss Pritchard

Now, take Chopin. He's really soul-searching. That is what music is for. It should play on the emotions....

Brian's attention has wandered completely now, looking off at:
THE PIANIST -

a rather florid-looking foreigner with long hair, bowing to the applause, settling himself at the piano and adjusting the stool. The applause dies down. He raises his hands and starts to play.

CUT TO:

PAULA AND GREGORY -

settling down and listening to the music. After a moment Gregory betrays a certain uneasiness, as though sensing something wrong in the atmosphere.

CUT TO:

GREGORY -

He seems to feel he is being watched. Very cautiously, he looks first to left, then to right. He sees something which fixes his attention:

BRIAN -

staring at him. He averts his eyes quickly.

CUT TO:

PAULA AND GREGORY

Gregory is still looking off at Brian. Paula notices this.

Paula (whispering)

What are you looking at?

Gregory (returning his attention to her, whispering)

Nothing. I thought I saw someone I know, that's all.

He settles back, apparently listening to the music, but with all his senses alert and his face still slightly puzzled.

CUT TO:

PIANIST PLAYING
(already shot)

102-108

SERIES OF SHORT LAP DISSOLVES -

in which the pianist is playing different numbers - one gay, one melancholy, and one passionate and intense - with cuts of his hands, head and feet on the pedals. The last of these dissolves is a SHOT over his shoulder towards the audience. THE CAMERA MOVES TOWARDS THEM.

CUT TO:

109

PAULA AND GREGORY

Paula is smiling now as though some favorite piece of hers were being played. Gregory glances at her, then slips his hand into his pocket for his watch, bringing out the chain with nothing at the end of it. He glances at Paula who is staring raptly at the pianist.

Gregory (in a low whisper)

Paula.

(Paula does not hear him. He repeats the whisper)

Paula.

Now she hears him and looks at him.

My watch is gone.

Gregory (whispering)

Paula (whispering)

You must have forgotten it.

(with a little smile as one might give to a child for fussing)

Don't worry about it now.

She looks back at the pianist and suddenly the whole implication strikes her. She starts and looks quickly at him. He is looking at her with a strange intensity. She realizes what he is thinking. She becomes intensely frightened.

Paula

No! No!

CUT TO:

110

THE AUDIENCE

There is a slight irritation at the disturbance that Paula and Gregory are causing among the persons around them. From where he is seated Brian tries to see what is going on but his vision is obscured by people, palms, etc.

CUT TO:
Paula (whispering)
I don't know anything about it, Gregory.

Gregory (whispering)
It was in my pocket when we left the house.

She stares at him, more frightened still. He reaches out his hand and takes her bag. She gasps an audible little gasp when she realizes what is coming. The audience turns again in irritation. Out of the corner of her eye she watches him feeling it and his fingers closing on a hard, round object. Again she gives a little gasp. Gregory draws out the watch.

Paula (in a louder whisper than before)
I didn't put it there. I swear I didn't.

Lady (behind them)
Would you be quiet, please?

Gregory
Paula, control yourself, please.

Now a little stifled sob escapes her.

Gregory (sternly)
Making a scene like this in public!

The whole audience is upset by now and the pianist is looking around angrily. This is too much for Paula. Her tears break out and she pressos her handkerchief to her lips to stop the sobs that are escaping her.

Come.

He puts his arm around her shoulders, shepherding her out. They have to push by several people to get to the end of the row, and a chair is overturned, causing quite a bit of noise, so the pianist stops playing. Brian looks after them, and Lady Dalroy, who has turned around to see what was the disturbance, rises and goes after them, reaching them at the door to the music room. Paula is in a state bordering near collapse, unable to talk at all.
CONTINUED (2) (already shot)

Gregory

I am so very sorry, Lady Dalroy. I'm afraid my wife's illness has returned, and ....

Lady Dalroy

Can I send for a doctor?

Gregory

Oh, no. If I can just get her home. We shouldn't have come tonight, but she was so anxious. I am so sorry, Lady Dalroy.

Lady Dalroy bows coldly, very annoyed. Gregory leads Paula away.

Lord Dalroy comes in to stand beside Lady Dalroy.

Lord Dalroy

What on earth was that about?

Lady Dalroy (turning to him)

Really! What a tiresome girl! If people are going to be ill, they should make up their minds about it and not snifflingly shout. Coming here and having hysterics all over my party, I shan't ask them here again.

(then angrily, as though looking for the culprit)

Where's Brian?

She looks off with astonishment. There is a violent rising chord of music as we

CUT TO:

113

BRIAN'S CHAIR

It is empty. Miss Pritchard is looking off in the direction in which Brian has gone, her face showing outraged amazement. Over the still continuing music THE CAMERA MOVES CLOSE UP to the empty chair.

Dissolve to:

114

EXTERIOR THORNTON SQUARE - NIGHT

The square is still and empty, with a light fog giving it a somewhat sinister atmosphere. CAMERA MOVES UP to Number Five, panning upwards. The lower floors are all dark, but the front bedroom window on the third floor is lighted and Gregory's shadow can be seen moving backwards and forwards across it.

CUT TO:

115

OUT
EXT. THORNTON SQUARE - NIGHT

Brian is standing in silk hat and overcoat under a lamppost, looking up at something. CAMERÁ MOVES forward to a big CLOSE UP of him. The music continues.

CUT TO:
Paula, still in her evening gown, is on a chaise longue, staring wretchedly at Gregory. Her cloak and bag are on the floor beside her, fallen where she threw them. Gregory is striding up and down, storming at her, still in tophat and overcoat.

Gregory
I have tried so hard to keep it within these walls - in my own house! And now - because you would go out tonight - the whole of London knows it! If I could only get inside that brain of yours and understand what makes you do these crazy, twisted things!

Paula (slowly, after a moment)
Gregory, are you trying to tell me I'm insane?

Gregory (equally slowly)
It's what I'm trying not to tell myself.

She stares at him with real horror in her eyes.

Paula
But it's what you think, isn't it? It's what you've been hinting and suggesting for months now, ever since -

Gregory (holding her challengingly with his eyes)
Since what?

Paula (trying to figure it out to herself)
Since... since the day I lost your brooch. That's when it all began.

(then, trying to reconstruct the whole series of incidents in her mind, slowly)
No, it began before that. The first day here - the day I found that letter.

Gregory (turning on her with dangerous coldness)
What letter?

Paula
The one I found among the music - from the man called...
(she pauses for a moment)
...called Bauer... Sergius Bauer.

Gregory
Yes. You're right. That's when it began. I can see you still, standing there, saying, "Look, look at this letter." And staring at nothing.

Paula (astonished)
What?

Gregory
You had nothing in your hand.

She stares at him, utterly amazed by this.
Gregory
I was staggered. But I didn't know then how much reason I had to be.

What reason?

Paula

Gregory
I didn't know then about your mother.

Paula

What about my mother?

Gregory (coldly, levelly looking her in the eyes)
Your mother was mad.

She stares at him in terror.

Paula

Gregory!

She died in an asylum when you were a year old.

Paula

It isn't true!

Gregory
I've been making inquiries about Alice Alquist's sister. I've talked to the doctor who attended her. Would you like to see him? He described her symptoms to me. They aren't pretty ones. Do you want to hear them?

She stares at him dumbly.

Gregory (with sadistic enjoyment)
It began with her imagining things: that she heard noises, footsteps, voices. Then the voices began to speak to her. In the end, she died in an asylum with no brain at all.

Paula (interrupting)

No, don't - don't -
(then to herself, brokenly)
So that's why they would never tell me about her.

Gregory
Yes, that is why. Perhaps now you will understand a lot of things about yourself. And me.

(goes to door)
Perhaps you will understand now, why I cannot let you meet people.

(turns and walks to door as if to go out. He turns at door, changed tone, as if this were a casual remark)
He must be rather disappointed that he left before he could talk to you.
Paula

Who?

Gregory

The man who was sitting behind us.

Paula

I didn't see any man.

Gregory (comes up to her)

Paula! You only went there because he was going to be there.

Paula

But Gregory, I didn't see any man.

Gregory

It was the man who bowed to you, that day at the Tower. Is he someone from the past?

(sarcastically)

Someone you knew when you were studying - danced with? Someone you refused, perhaps?

Paula

I never met him--I have no idea who he is.

Gregory

Who is he? Why is he dogging my footsteps?

Paula

I don't know that he is.

Gregory (violently)

You lie! Why do you lie to me?

Paula

You know I never lie to you.

Gregory (he believes her)

I'm sorry, Paula. I shouldn't have said that. No, you never lie to me. For once I believe you.

(with growing menace)

It's worse than lying, Paula. You're not lying. It's just that you've forgotten. You've forgotten him - as you forget everything.

Paula (pathetically)

I've asked you so many times to be patient with me.

Gregory

Perhaps I've had too much patience with you.

Paula

What do you mean?

Gregory

Perhaps I should lock you in your room and leave you alone - with your hallucinations.

Paula

No, no!

Gregory

Perhaps I should try even more violent measures.

CONTINUED:
Paula
If it weren't true, what you threaten would make it true.

Gregory
But it is true, Paula, you realize that now, don't you? But
I am wrong to try to handle this myself. The case is one for
people who know about such things. Paula, we shall have
visitors - and shortly.

Paula
A doctor?

Gregory (meaningfully)
Two. I think that two is the required number.
(he goes out, closing the door behind him)

Paula sits, staring ahead of her, a frozen statue of
terror.

CUT TO:
EXTERIOR NUMBER NINE

Gregory comes out of the front door, closes the door, walks down the steps to the sidewalk, looks briefly up and down the street, and starts to walk to his right, towards the corner. The camera truck in front of him. Suddenly he stops in front of Number Seven, camera stopping too. With a sharp turn, as though he had heard something, Gregory whirls around and calls into the direction of the gardens.

Yes?

CUT TO:

THE GARDENS - FROM GREGORY'S ANGLE

They are completely empty, dimly lit. It is utterly silent except for the fog-deadened echo of Gregory's "yes".

CUT BACK TO:

GREGORY

He walks on, camera still ahead of him. He takes out his cigarette case, takes out a long Russian cigarette with open cardboard end, takes a loose match from his overcoat pocket and strikes it on a sign on the railings in front of Number Five. As the match flares into light we read the words "TO LET" on the sign. He lights his cigarette and walks on. At the corner he comes to a halt, arrested by a startling noise which comes from his left. He stands still to listen, looking to his left.

CUT TO:

RAILING OF THE GARDENS FROM GREGORY'S ANGLE

Closer and closer comes the rattling, metallic noise, almost like that of a machine-gun, and out of the dark appears the policeman, Williams, who is making the noise by running his truncheon along the railings of the gardens.

CUT BACK TO:

GREGORY -

relieved by the appearance of the familiar face.

Gregory

Oh, it's you, Constable.

CONTINUED:
CONTINUED (2)

Williamson (stepping into the picture, crossing to Gregory's corner)
Good evening, Mr. Anton, sir.

Gregory
It's a nasty night to be out, isn't it?

Williams
That's right, sir. Very nasty. Very nasty, indeed.

Williams, tipping his finger to his helmet, walks on in the direction from which Gregory has just come. Gregory turns the corner to his right, into a side street; CAMERA TRACKING in front of him again. He accelerates his pace along the side street until he comes to an alley or mews which runs off to his right, parallel to Thornton Square, in the rear of Numbers Nine, Seven, Five, etc. Once he has turned the corner, the CAMERA PANS DOWN showing his legs only. As he walks on, the legs stop and the still lighted cigarette is seen to be thrown away onto the cobble-stones of the mews. After that, there is no sign of Gregory any more, only the cigarette burning on the stones, with a thin coil of smoke rising from it. Then, from either side, comes the sound of footsteps on the cobbles and into the picture come two pairs of legs, the feet of one shod in smart patent-leather evening shoes, and the other shod in thick-soled, square-toed, heavy boots. The two pairs of feet stop on either side of the cigarette and THE CAMERA SLOWLY COMES UP to show their owners - Brian and Williamson, staring down at the still burning cigarette between them. Brian has come from the same direction as Gregory; and Williamson, from the direction in which Gregory seemed to be going. The following dialogue is played in whispers.

Brian
Where did he go?

Williamson
He didn't get past me as I came through the alley, sir.

Brian
He certainly turned in here. You must have missed him in the fog.

Williamson
I'd have heard his footsteps as he passed, Mr. Cameron.

Brian
He must have gone into the rear of one of these houses.

Williamson (dully, his brain not working very quickly)
Yes...but which - and why?

Brian
You don't suppose he went into his own house, do you?

CONTINUED:
(already shot)

CONTINUED (3)

Williams (slowly, as before)
Well, if he did, sir, that's not against the law.

Brian
No, but it's against common sense. Why should a man walk out of his own house and all around the corner so as to get back to the same place that he started from?

Williams (with a thought)
But the service entrance to Number Nine is in front. There's no way into Number Nine from back here.

There is a moment's baffled pause.

Brian
Well, then, where did he go?

Williams
Number Five's empty. But what would he want to go into an empty house for?

Brian
I don't know, Williams. I don't know.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR PAULA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - CLOSE SHOT - GASLIGHT

The flame from the jet is wide and fan-shaped and then begins to diminish, repeating the effect from the earlier sequence. As THE CAMERA PULLS BACK, PANNING DOWN, we see Paula standing, the upper part of her dress unhooked, leaving one shoulder bare. Her rings and bracelets which she has already taken off, are on the dressing table before her. Her back is to the dimming gaslight but she seems fearfully aware of it, watching the spread of her own shadow on the wall as the gas dims. Very slowly, with frightened eyes, she turns to look at it, to assure herself that the phenomenon is really occurring. Then from above come SOUNDS - the sounds of footsteps walking and of something being moved above her head. She stares upwards in terror, trying to cry out but the cries are strangled in her throat. She rushes to the door, tearing it open and starts down the passage to the head of the stairs, calling with a muffled scream.

Paula
Elizabeth! Elizabeth!

CUT TO:
Elizabeth climbing the stairs, carrying a tray with a glass of milk and some crackers.

Elizabeth

Just coming, mum.

She, mounts, plodding, to the top of the stairs. By this time Paula has regained some of her composure and is both ashamed and frightened of her lack of control, doing her best to mask it.

Elizabeth (as she comes up)

Were you calling me, mum?

Paula (faintly, almost apologetically)

Yes, I wanted you to help me out of my dress.

She goes back into the bedroom, Elizabeth following.

BEDROOM

Elizabeth follows Paula in and sets down the milk on the dressing table. The noises have stopped now. Paula stands for a moment, looking upwards as though still listening for them, and then turns her eyes to the gas which is still low in the mantle. Then she turns to Elizabeth with a kind of crafty, furtive attempt at being casual.

Paula

Elizabeth, did you turn on the gas anywhere downstairs just now?

Elizabeth (surprised)

Why, no, mum. I've had it on in the kitchen all the evening, but that's all.

Paula (still trying to be casual about it)

I thought it went down in here - as though someone had turned it on in some other part of the house.

Elizabeth

There's no one else in the house but me, mum. Nancy's not back yet.

(then, sensing rather than seeing Paula's worry, she continues kindly and reasonably)

But the gas comes in pipes, you know. I expect there gets more gas in the pipes some times than other times.

Paula (half to herself)

Yes, I suppose that could explain it.

She sits at the dressing table now for Elizabeth to unfasten her dress. Elizabeth does so. After a moment

CONTINUED:
the noises above begin again. Paula listens and her eyes grow frightened again. She looks side-long at Elizabeth, who does not seem to be noticing anything. Then she stands up to step out of her dress. She turns and speaks, still with the same furtive caginess.

Paula
Elizabeth, do you hear anything?

Elizabeth
Hear anything, mum?

Paula
Yes; up there. Listen.

(she points upwards)

Elizabeth (after a moment)
Listen to what, mum?

Paula
Those sounds. Those noises. Up there.

(then with real fear, but like a child asking for reassurance, she asks pleadingly)

There are sounds up there...aren't there? Like someone moving about. Listen.

Elizabeth (slightly huffily)

There are no noises up there. How could there be, now? That whole floor is boarded up, you know as well as I do. No one can't get in up there.

(then, more kindly again and reassuringly)

You know, mum, you just imagine things.

(she bends down and gathers up Paula's dress)

Now, you drink up your milk and get into bed and have a nice road before you go to sleep.

(coaxingly)

Will you?

Paula achieves a feeble little smile. Elizabeth goes out into the dressing room carrying the dress to hang it up in the closet, disappearing out of picture. Paula sits listening to the SOUNDS which continue from above. Then, as though they and her fears were intolerable to her, she rises and takes a book lying by the dressing table, opens it at random and starts to read aloud to herself as though trying to beat down the sounds of her thoughts. Her reading is gabbled and feverish, growing in speed and volume as her terror mounts. As it reaches a climax, we FADE. Below is a suggested passage for Paula to read, from Charlotte Bronte's Villette.

Paula (reading)

"I suppose people who go every night to places of public amusement can hardly enter into the fresh gaiety feeling with which an opera or a concert is enjoyed by those for whom it is a rarity..."

(gathering speed)

The snug comfort of the close carriage...the pleasure of setting out with companions so cheerful and friendly, the sight of the stars glinting fitfully through the trees as we rolled along the avenue..."

FADE OUT:
FADE IN: (Already Shot)
INT. LIVING ROOM IN BAXIN'S HOUSE - MORNING

A suite of two rooms, masculinely furnished. An inner
door is open, showing a bedroom beyond. In the living
room, Brian, dressed in a robe, is having breakfast.
He is reading a long, report-like letter. A valet
opens the door from the hall.

Valet
Excuse me, sir, Williams is here.

Brian (surprised)
Williams? You're early.

Valet stands aside and lets Williams in. He is still
in uniform, carrying his helmet.

Brian
Come in, sit down.

(hes turns to the valet)
Bring another cup, will you?

(valet goes, he goes back to Williams)

Make yourself comfortable. Well?

Williams
Well, sir, I don't really know what it means. But around
three o'clock this morning, I was standing on the corner of
Thornton Square - looking both ways, like - and suddenly I
should see, turning up out of the fog, but our friend again
- coming out of the nave, it looked like.

Yes?

Williams
I managed to get a good look at him as he went under the
lampost, and I tell you, Mr. Cameron, that man had been up
to something.

Brian
What?

Williams (with a slight look-down)
Well, I wouldn't undertake to say what exactly, sir, but he
was kind of in a mess - clothes untidy - all on one side
- dust and dirt all over him - even on his face.

Brian
Had he been in a fight?

Williams
No, he didn't look like that, sir. More if he'd been
digging in a cellar or something.

Brian
Did he notice you?
Williams

No, sir. He wasn't in a fit state to notice anything. Seemed to be in a fair rage, he was. Muttering to himself and...well, he just went on and into his own house.

Brian (reflectively)

Digging in a cellar -

(or something?)

The valet returns with a cup and saucer which he sets on the table.

Brian

Have some coffee, Williams.

Williams

Thank you, sir. I don't mind if I do.

Brian (continuing to talk while the valet leaves the room and while Williams pours the coffee)

I've just been going over the reports I got on him from Italy - he was an excellent accompanist - good character, apparently - nothing known against him.

(valet goes)

Have some toast and marmalade.

(hes pushes them across to him)

Williams

No, thanks. I've had my breakfast already, Mr. Cameron. Had it in the kitchen in Number Nine, as a matter of fact.

Brian

Fancy tell you anything this morning?

Williams

Miss Fancy was a bit 'igh and mighty with me this morning.

Brian (amused)

Ch?

Williams

Master rang for her while I was there. She went up to take 'im the 'ot water for 'is bath. Stayed up there quite a time, too. When she come down again I might 'ave been dirt beneath 'er feet. If you ask me, Fancy's getting ideas above 'er station. It seems the master 'ad told 'er that 'er mistress might be going away for quite a long time, and that he wanted 'er to stay on and look after 'im...

Brian (arrested suddenly)

Say that again. The master told her her mistress might be going away?

Williams

That's right, sir.

(Brian rises)
CONTINUED (3) (Already shot)

Brian

For a long time, did you say?

Williams

Yes, sir. Why, what do you think that means?

Brian (pacing up and down)

From all you've told me these last weeks, I should say it could mean...

(slowly)

...any one of a number of quite unpleasant things.

(there is a pause. He stops in his pacing, then speaks with decision)

I've got to get into that house... today.

Williams

Not when he's there?

Brian

No. But he goes out after dinner every evening...

That's right, sir.

Williams

Then, tonight, after dinner.

Brian

Nancy says he's told 'er not let 'er mistress see anyone.

Then you'll have to see that Nancy isn't home tonight.

Williams (with a grin)

Any little thing I can do for the Yard, sir!

Brian (returning his smile)

I thought you wouldn't mind.

Williams

There's just one thing more, though, sir. How do you know the lady herself will see you?

Brian (stopped by this as by an obstacle)

I don't know.

(he starts to pace again, then stops in front of his desk as an idea strikes him; he speaks slowly)

Yes, I think there is a way.

DISSOLVE TO:

125X1  STEPS - NUMBER NINE THORNTON SQUARE - NIGHT

Elizabeth opens the door from inside. Gregory in coat and hat, is about to leave the house. He stops
for a moment, looks at Elizabeth.

Please do not think, Elizabeth, that I don't appreciate your patience. However, this won't go on much longer.

(he looks up meaningfully)

You realize that yourself, don't you? You might even testify when the time comes.

Elizabeth (puzzled)

Testify, sir?

In fact, you may have to testify.

Elizabeth

I only want to help you both, sir.

You'll be repaid later for your loyalty, repaid in more ways than one. You understand that, don't you?

Elizabeth

Thank you, sir. I only want to serve, sir.

Elizabeth comes out of front door, Elizabeth closing it after him.

Cut to:

The front of Miss Twite's house

The upper window on the second floor is dimly lit. The camera moves and pans to wards the window and we see Miss Twite's standing in the window with a pair of opera glasses in her hands.

Cut to:

Interior - window in driving room of Miss Twite's house

The corner is simply furnished with knick-knacks. Miss Twite stands looking out of the window, a pair of opera glasses to her eyes, and then out of the window.

Cut to:

That shot THWITTED SEEMS THROUGH THE CARDOSS

Gregory is following his usual way toward the News and Pub CARDOSS moves with him. (TELEPHONING THE CARDOSS) as he moves toward the street corner.
DRAWING-ROOM OF MISS TIWAITE'S HOUSE

Miss Thwaites, still holding the glass, appears to be following him until he reaches the corner. Then, as though this were of no particular interest, she starts to lower the glasses to put them down on the table when, with something of a double-take, she picks them up again and trains them out the window - this time on Number Nine.

CUT TO:

WHAT MISS TIWAITE'S SEES THROUGH HER OPERA GLASS

Brian is going up the steps of Number Nine and ringing the front doorbell. As he waits for the bell to be answered, he turns so that his face is clearly recognizable through the opera glasses.

CUT BACK TO:

MISS TIWAITE'S

She is focusing the glasses eagerly as if she cannot believe her eyes. Then she lowers the glasses and gives vent to her customary ejaculation of astonishment.

WELL:

She reaches her foot behind her for a chair, pulling it up, and settles down for a long vigil with the glasses.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR - DOWNSTAIRS HALL - NUMBER NINE

Brian is just closing the door behind him. Elizabeth stands inside trying unsuccessfully to hear his entrance.

Elizabeth

I'm sorry, sir, but the mistress won't see anyone.

Brian

Did she tell you to say that? You're Elizabeth, aren't you?

Elizabeth

How do you know my name?

Brian

Oh, I know a lot of things about this house. You're kind of your mistress, aren't you, Elizabeth? You'd like to help her, wouldn't you? Well, this is your chance - because I'm her friend, and that's why you're going to let me in.
CONTINUED (2)

He stops and looks up at the landing.

Elizabeth (cannot yet see what he sees)

I'd lose my place, sir. I don't dare.

CUT TO:

HEAD OF THE STAIRCASE

Paula stands on the landing, looking down, staring at Brian.

CUT TO:

BRIAN AND ELIZABETH

Brian moving forward as Elizabeth tries vainly to stop him.

Mrs. Anton — Brian

CUT TO:

HEAD OF THE STAIRCASE

Paula advances, interrupting him.

Paula

He isn't here. My husband isn't here.

I know, Mrs. Anton. It's you I want to see.

Brian (starting up the stairs)

Throwing his hat and coat on the nearest chair, he continues up the stairs towards her. She retreats a little, holding out her hands as if to ward him off.

CONTINUED:
Paul:
No, I don't know you. I never knew you.
(then pathetically)
Did I? Did I? Go away. I'm ill. I can't see anyone.
Elizabeth, stop him. I didn't ask him here. You see that,
Elizabeth. I didn't want him to come here.

She stands on the landing, riveted, as he comes up to her.

LANDING - BRIAN AND PAULA

Brian
Mrs. Anton - my name is Brian Cameron.

Paul:
You mustn't come here. Go away.

Brian
Not until I've given you this.
(he takes something from his pocket wrapped in
tissue paper and presses it into her hand. She
doesn't look at it but stores it him)
Look at it. Please look at it.

She opens it dazedly and mechanically, looking down at it.

INSERT

A white glove - the twin of the one in the glass show-
case. It is autographed: "To Brian Cameron - my
greatest admirer. From Alice Alquist."

PAULA AND BRIAN

She looks up from the glove to him.

Brian
Alice Alquist gave it to me twenty years ago - at Convent
Garden. I was a little boy - overcome with admiration -

Paul: stores at him.

Brian (with emphasis)
You'll trust me now, won't you?

Paul stands... in a... Then she turns and goes up
the stairs to the drawing-room, and he follows her.
Elizabeth at the bottom of the stairs looking a bit apprehensively after the two as they disappear in the drawing-room.

As Paula enters, Brian following her. She goes to the vitrine, opens it, takes out the other glove, looks at them both, then she turns back to him.

Paula (near to tears of reaction)

You...she gave it to you. After all these years - the great admirer she used to make such a mystery of - a little boy -

She starts a tiny laugh, but it turns into tears, warm happy tears of relief. She sinks into a chair, weeping, and holding the glove to her cheek. Brian, knowing that he has to act fast, moves forward to her. Touched by her distress, he nevertheless proceeds rapidly.

Brian

Mrs. Anton - tell me something. Are you planning to go away somewhere?

Paula (surprised)

Go away? Why, no. I haven't anywhere to go.
(then fear rises as the memory of last night returns)

Unless...my husband sends me away.

(then with rising and returning hysteria)

That isn't why you came here - to take me away?

Brian (sympathetically, almost tenderly)

Are you as frightened as all that?

Paula (apologizing for her renewed doubts of him)

I'm sorry. I haven't talked to anyone for so long.

(with returning fear)

I...I can't talk to you either. I'm not...I'm afraid that I...

Brian (quietly, finishing for her)

You're afraid you're going out of your mind, aren't you?

(she gasps)

Well, I'm here to prove to you that you're not.

(she stares at him in bewilderment. Then he continues)

And to help me do that you've got to answer my questions. Tell me, where is your husband now? Where has he gone?

CONTINUED:
As she replies, the wall jet dims. She sees it, fixing her eyes on it, but—thinking she is imagining it—goes on trying to talk as though nothing had happened. But Brian sees it too.

He...he's taken a studio where he can work at his composing...He can't work in this house. You see, he has to have absolute quiet.

Brian (interrupting her, his eyes on the gas).

Tell me, is there anyone in this house now—besides us and Elizabeth?

Paula

No, why?

Brian

The gas went down just now. I thought perhaps—

Paula (crying out and interrupting in eager relief)

You saw it too?

Brian (astonished at her vehemence)

Why, yes...

Paula (almost exultingly)

Then it really happens! I thought that I imagined it...that it was part of my...

(she cannot speak the last word)

Brian (still puzzled)

But it only means that someone else has turned it on.

Paula (interrupting again)

No, no. I thought that too, but I've gone all over the house...every night. There's never been another light turned on. Oh, at last I can tell this to someone. Every night when my husband goes out...

Brian (cutting in quickly)

The light goes down?

Paula (nodding)

Yes, and then I think I hear things—and I watch—and wait—and later on the gas goes up again—

And he comes back?

Brian (as before)

Paula

Yes. Quite soon after. Always quite soon after.

Brian (with sudden determination)

You say you think you hear things—what things?

Paula

Sounds...noises...over my room...
Brian rises quickly, goes to the door, looking up and off. She rises too, moving after him.

Brian (in the doorway)

Is your room up there?

She nods. He runs up the stairs. Paula follows him more slowly, wonderingly.

UPPER LANDING OUTSIDE PAULA'S BEDROOM

Brian stands listening. Everything is quiet. Paula comes up to him from the stairs. She stands listening too, in apprehension and fear again that her imagination is playing tricks on her.

Brian

What's up there?

Paula

A whole floor of trunks and furniture - old things that belong to -

(she stops and stands listening, to something)

There is a pause - still nothing can be heard. Brian looks at her doubtfully, and she looks back at him with an inner fear. Then from overhead come sounds of things being moved about.

Brian

Is that what you meant?

Paula (nodding, her voice rising with happiness and relief)

Yes, yes, YES!

Brian (his finger to his lips)

Sh!

Paula

But who?

Brian

Mrs. Anton, you know... don't you? You know who is up there.

Paula (warding off the knowledge)

No! No!

Brian

Are you sure you don't, Mrs. Anton?
141 CONTINUED (2) Paula (growing increasingly unsure of her self)

He! No! How could he be?

(she stops quickly, realizing she has given herself away)

Brian (working it out for himself as well as for her)

Behind these houses there's an alley. He goes in through the back of Number Five - the empty house - then across the roof -

Paula

But why?

Brian (still puzzling)

You said there was old furniture up there?

Paula

My aunt's. And her clothes, stage costumes, trunks - all of her things.

Brian (repeating)

All of her things -

(as the light dawns)

And they said the case was dead!

(he looks above)

CUT TO:

142 THE ATTIC - NIGHT

One jet is lighted and burns upon and bright, unenclosed by any globe.

Gregory is standing in his shirt sleeves looking around him. The camera hall with its look to take in a large attic room in a state of great disorder. There is all the furniture from the drawing-room as we first saw it, but it looks now as though a maniac had been attacking it with knives and scissors. The cushions have been ripped, and the stuffing is pulled out and protruding. There are trunks open with their contents strown around and spilling out of them. A number of theatrical costumes are thrown on the floor and on the backs of chairs. The whole place is a shambles. Stacked against the wall is the portrait of Alice Alquist in the costume of "Theodora." Gregory, as though for the twentieth time, goes on his knees to a trunk that is open before him on the floor. He runs his hands down its sides, inside and out, as though feeling for a false bottom. He cannot find it. In a kind of frenzied desperation he picks up a small iron pricker or some other instrument, inserts it inside the trunk, and rips the bottom off with a tearing noise. Again he runs his hands inside it, but to no avail. He thrusts the trunk from him violently in disgust. It falls over with a clattering noise.

CUT BACK TO:
P-ule and Brian stand looking upwards at the noise of the falling trunk reverberates through the ceiling. They turn and look at each other.

Brian
Mrs. Antos; I think the time has come to tell you that although I'm here against orders, I belong to the Criminal Investigation Department at Scotland Yard.

P-ule (staring at him)
But what has Scotland Yard to do with me - or my husband?

Brian
I'm afraid it may have quite a lot to do with your husband.
(with quiet decision)
Tell me first, has he any weapons in the house?

P-ule (nervously)
I think he has - revolver - but why shouldn't he?

Brian (ignoring the last part of her speech)
Do you know where he keeps it?

P-ule (pointing to the open door of Gregory's room; as before)
Yes - in his desk - in there... but...

Without waiting for her to continue, Brian goes straight into Gregory's bedroom. She follows him.

INTERIOR NICKY'S BEDROOM (DULLY LIT BY THE 3.5 J/F WHICH HANGS ABOVE NICKY'S FIRST TALL)
Brian has gone straight to the desk and is trying it with his hand, but it is locked. He turns, looking for an implement, and picks up a stout paper knife from an upper shelf of the desk or table. With a professional touch, he inserts the blade under the lock and starts to twist the lock from its position. There is a slight crunching sound as the lock begins slowly to yield.

P-ule
You can't break open his desk.
(in desperation)
You have no right to! Whoever you are, you have no right to!

Brian does not answer but continues trying to open the desk.

P-ule
He'll know what you have done. He'll think that I - what shall I say to him?

Brian (still working on the desk)
You won't have to say anything.
The desk yields and breaks open. Brian throws back the top and starts rummaging among the drawers, examining the contents. There, among all the things, is a revolver case. Brian opens it.

CLOSEUP - REVOLVER CASE

The case is empty.

BRIAN AND PAULA

Brian (with a look towards ceiling)

Perhaps it was a good thing that I came tonight.

As he looks back to Paula he notices a strange change in her. She is standing in front of the drawer, her eyes fixed on a letter.

Paula (bewildered)

But...but...I was right. There was a letter.

(she takes it up, looking at it)

And it was from Sergius Bauer!

Brian (the name registering a moment late with him)

What was that? What was that name you just said?

Paula

Sergius Bauer. I found this, and my husband said I'd dreamed it. And now it's here! It's been here the whole time!

Brian (thoughtfully)

Bauer...Bauer...Yes, there was a Sergius Bauer connected with Alice Alquist. He was...he was a young pianist who played for her in Prague. Let me see that.

(he takes the letter from her and crosses over to the gas jet)

"Dear Miss Alquist: I beg of you to see me just once more. I have followed you to London --"

With a sudden thought he pulls out from his pocket Gregory's note that he took at the Dalroy House and, after comparing the two, shows them to her.

Look.

Paula (reading from second letter)

"Dear Lady Dalroy..."

(she breaks off)

That's my husband's writing!

CONTINUED:
Brian (holding up the Sergius Bauer letter)
And so is this!
(slowly and deliberately)
Mrs. Anton, your husband and Sergius Bauer are one and the same person. And this letter from Sergius Bauer to Alice Alquist was written two days before the murder!

CLOSEUP OF PAULA

Paula (speechless with incredulity, staring at the letter)
But he said there wasn't any letter. He said I was going out of my mind.

BRIAN AND PAULA

Brian
You are not going out of your mind. You are slowly and systematically being driven out of your mind.

No! Why? Why?

Brian
Perhaps because you found this letter, and you know too much.

(he puts the letter in his pocket)

Or... because then he could have control of your property - of this house - and search in the open instead of in the dark like this.

Search? What is there to search for?

Brian
For the things for which Alice Alquist was murdered - her jewels.

Paula (bewildered)

But I have her jewels.

She touches a ring or bracelet she is wearing.
Brian
There were jewels you didn't know she had - famous jewels-
the jewels for which he was searching that night -
(slowing down)
- when he was frightened away by hearing someone coming down
the stairs - someone he never saw - a little girl.

Paula (hardly above a whisper of numb
horror and disbelief)

No?
Brian nods gravely. Paula sinks into a chair, staring
before her.

Paula (as her mind retreats from what she...
has been told)
No! No! It isn't possible! It makes no sense - that he -
that it was he that night - he never knew her. No, you're
wrong! You're wrong! You're making a mistake! I know him!
He's my husband! I've lived in the same house with him!
You're talking of the man I'm married to!

Her voice is mounting in hysteria. Suddenly she catches
a strange look on his face as he stares at her. Her voice
dies for a moment. She looks back at him with a new
surmise.

Paula

What is it?
(really frightened now)
What is it?

Brian
There isn't a detail of the August case that I don't know.
And unless I'm more mistaken than I ever was in my life -
the man called Sergius Bauer has a wife living in Prague now.

Paula shrinks from this additional revelation, incapable
of speech. She looks up to the ceiling, thinking of the
man who is there.

CUT TO:

ATTIC

Gregory is standing with his coat and hat on now. His
hand is reaching up to extinguish the burner of the gas
bracket. His face is thwarted and angry. He gives a
last look around and then with a gesture of disappoint-
ment, he turns out the flame, leaving the room lighted
only by the moonlight streaming through the skylight.
He looks down at his hands, which are covered with dust,
and then around for something to clean them on.
CLOSEUP

Thrown across a trunk directly below the painting, is a tarnished old costume - the Theodore costume - barbaric and heavily jeweled.

THE ATTIC

Gregory picks it up, wiping his hands on it and dusting his shoes. Then he throws the costume aside and proceeds toward the skylight. As he turns toward the skylight the C.M.M. deliberately falls to the costume over the chair and regards it for a moment. Slowly background music, soft and eerie, begins. And just as slowly the C.M.M. moves up toward the costume, closer and closer as a glittering light breaks from it.

ATTIC

Gregory has climbed up on some packing cases, and is pushing open the skylight.

CLOSE SHOT - COSTUME

A beam of moonlight catches the great jewel in the girdle. Previously this looked like dirty glass. But in cleaning up, Gregory has wiped off the dust and dirt of many years. A flame comes from the great jewel.

FULL SHOT

Gregory has some little difficulty with the skylight, his back to the C.M.M. It seems that he is going to climb out without seeing what we have just seen. But he sees something else. His attention is attracted by the odd light playing on the face of the portrait of the dead singer. His glance is lead to the glowing something on the Theodore costume. Astounded and puzzled, he gets down from the packing case. Quickly he lights the gas jet again, then moves rapidly to the dress, lifts it and examines it.
144X11 CLOSE SHOT

The living jewels of Alice Alquist still glow in the moonlight. They are surrounded by the dead paste of the innumerable artificial jewels among which for all these years they have been concealed.

144X12 CLOSE SHOT - GREGORY

A triumphant look of exultation on his face. He knows he has reached the end of his long quest.

OUT BACK TO:

144X13 BRIAN AND PAULA

Paula is seated spellbound, listening to Brian's revelations. Brian paces the floor.

Brian (urgently, as he continues the reconstruction of the case for himself, yet speaking with kindness for her)
So you see, Mrs. Anton, he must have planned the whole thing - step by step - from that night. Waiting for the child who owned this house to grow up - making it his business to find out all about her...

Paula
I don't want to hear any more. Please. I should never have let you come here.

Brian (continuing)
He followed her to Italy - engaged himself as her accompanist.

At this point the flame of the gas jet in the room begins to rise. Neither Brian nor Paula sees it.

144X14 CLOSEUP - THE GAS MANTLE

The light increases, swelling slowly up to its full fanshape.

145-145X1 OUT

146 BEDROOM - PAULA AND BRIAN

No, no.

Paula

He made her fall in love with him.
Paula stares at him for a moment, speechless. Then she gives a slight hysterical laugh.

Paula (slowly)
If that were true, then from the beginning — there'd have been nothing — nothing real — from the beginning...

Brian (sympathetically, moving to her)
I'm sorry to take everything away from you like this.

Paula

No!

She sinks into a chair, hiding her face in her hands.

Brian
You must believe me. Your whole life depends on what you're going to do now. Nothing less than your whole life. Don't you see how everything fits in?

(he sees the gas mantle)

Look. The gas. It's gone up again.

Paula turns to look, but there is no reaction on her face.

Brian
He's coming back!

He stands thinking for a moment. Then a sudden idea strikes him. Quickly he crosses over to the open desk, pushes the drawers in and closes the top of the desk. We HEAR the click of the desk lock. He looks back at Paula who is still sitting in a stupor. Brian comes over to her and touches her arm slightly.

Brian
Go to your room, Mrs. Anton.

He doesn't wait for an answer but dashes out of the room. She remains sitting like a statue, immoveable — wordless.

CUT TO:

FRONT HALL

Elizabeth is hovering anxiously in the hall as Brian hurries down to her. He picks up his hat and coat where he had dropped them, then speaks to her earnestly.

Brian
Elizabeth, whatever happens tonight — have her —

(indicating above with his head)

— welfare in mind.

CONTINUED:
CONTINUED (2)

You can count on me, sir.

She opens the door for him and he goes out quickly.

THE SIDEWALK OF THORNTON SQUARE

Brian runs in the direction of the mews.

GREGORY'S BEDROOM

There sits Paula as Brian has left her. Now she looks up. She sees the room empty. Apathetically she rises and, without knowing what she is doing, crosses over to the door and leaves the room.

HALL - OUTSIDE PAULA'S BEDROOM

Paula coming from Gregory's bedroom walks into her room, closing that door in the face of the camera. The camera pulls back and turns, now shooting up the stairs to the lower part of the barred door to the attic. Noises as though someone is manipulating bars and bolts within as the camera slowly mounts the stairs. The inner door has been opened back into the attic, and through the boards which still remain in place we see the lower part of a man's body.

We hear the click of a hinge and the boards now swing out toward the camera, revealing Gregory in the doorway—a new Gregory—exultant, triumphant. He is looking at the jewels which he is holding in his two hands; then he places the jewels in his side pockets and starts down the stairs toward the camera. The camera precedes him and pans as he stops at the landing outside the now closed door of Paula's room, listens, hears nothing, then goes to his room.

INTERIOR GREGORY'S BEDROOM

He enters, crosses to a chair, sinks into it. He takes out one of the diamonds and holds it up to examine it.

CLOSE SHOT - GREAT DIAMOND IN GREGORY'S HAND

It sparkles like the Kohinoor.
146X5  MEDIUM SHOT

Gregory is now examining another one of the stones. His next thought is where to hide them. He looks around the room, his glance falling upon the desk. He gets up, crosses over, taking desk keys from his pocket intending to open the desk to hide the jewels there. For the moment he is too engrossed to take in the scratch which is clearly visible at the lock. He opens the desk with the key and rolls up the lid. Nothing arouses his suspicions, since everything is in perfect order. The drawers are closed again. As he is just about to put the jewels in a drawer, he stops. He sees the scratch and immediately becomes disturbed and alert.

146X5A  CLOSEUP

The edge of the desk slightly splintered.

146X5B  MEDIUM SHOT

Gregory frowns at this obvious evidence that someone must have tampered with the lock. He examines it with growing suspicion. Then he hurriedly wraps the jewels in a handkerchief, stuffs them in his pocket and with an angry look on his face walks out to his wife's door, CAMEA TRUCKING BEFORE him through the hall. He stops for a second. Then - slowly his hand reaches for the knob and, with one abrupt gesture, he flings the door open.

CUT TO:

146X6  INTERIOR OF PIALA'S BEDROOM - LONG SHOT

In the far corner, standing there, harried, pressed against the wall is Paula, looking at Gregory. There is a moment of silence as their eyes meet.

Gregory (very quietly)

What are you doing?

Paula

I was - I was lying down.

Fully dressed?

Gregory (in complete control of himself)

Paula does not answer.

Gregory (patiently)

Did you hear what I said?
Paula

Yes, I heard what you said.

Gregory

Then why don't you answer.

Paula

I don't know.

Gregory

You don't know! Do you know anything about anything you do? (with a slight gesture) I shall be obliged if you will come with me to my room.

He turns around and walks back to his room. Paula, for a second at a loss, follows him obediently.

CUT TO:

146X7 INTERIOR GREGORY'S BEDROOM

As Paula enters the bedroom Gregory is already standing in front of his desk.

Gregory (pointing to a chair)

Sit down in this chair, please, Paula.

Paula sits down in another chair, near the door.

Gregory

You're not sitting in the chair I indicated, Paula. Will you please sit where I told you? (Paula rises and moves to the other chair) You know what you remind me of as you walk across the room? Have you ever seen anyone walking in their sleep?

Paula

No.

Gregory

Your confused mind has led you into playing some pretty tricks tonight, hasn't it?

Paula

My mind is tired.

Gregory

Where has your mind been wandering that you broke open my desk?

Paula

Gregory, I didn't open your desk.
Gregory (completely calm)
Oh, so you didn't. Do we have to go through all that again? Who if I may ask, could have possibly done it? Nancy is out. Then it could only have been Elizabeth.

Paula
No, it wasn't Elizabeth. Please don't question me any more. I want to go back to my room.

Gregory
No, stay here. Why did you open my desk.

Paula
I didn't. It was — it was — he opened it.

He?

Paula
Please, Gregory, can't we discuss this tomorrow... in the daylight — when things are clearer?

Gregory
Whom are you talking about? Who is he?

Paula
A man. A man came to see me.

When?

Paula
When you were out.

Who let him in?

Gregory

Paula (pointing out toward the hall)

146X7a  THE THIRD FLOOR LANDING

Elizabeth, carrying a bowl of fruit in her hands, reaches the top of the stairs and is about to enter Paula's bedroom.

CUT TO:
Gregory, torn between suspicion and disbelief, turns around and looks in the direction she has indicated.

Gregory (sharply)

Elizabeth, come in here.

Elizabeth appears in the doorway.

Elizabeth

Yes, sir.

Her face registers complete surprise to see him in the house.

Gregory

Who was the man who came to see your mistress while I was out, Elizabeth?

Elizabeth (with a quick glance at Paula)

What man, sir?

Gregory

Come, Elizabeth, you must have answered the bell.

CLOSE SHOT - ELIZABETH

Elizabeth

Nobody came here, sir, while you were out.

CLOSE SHOT - PAULA STANDING TENSELY

She feels her sanity is at stake in what her friend, the cook, is saying.

Paula (pleadingly)

Elizabeth! You saw him. You let him in yourself. Please say it. Say it!

MEDIUM SHOT

Gregory looks from one to the other.

Elizabeth (with great firmness)

No, mum, I didn't see anyone at all.

CLOSE SHOT - PAULA

She takes this statement as a confirmation of her malady and sinks in chair, sobs, face in hands.
You see how it is, Elizabeth.

Relieved, Gregory turns and looks at the wretched and broken Paula, which gives Elizabeth an opportunity to bolus by her expression her next words, as she gazes at Gregory's back.

I see just how it is, sir.

(exits)

Gregory walks toward Paula, frozen in her chair.

Paula (her strength waning)

But he was here - he was here. I know it - he was here. I couldn't have dreamed it - or did I? Did I dream it?

Gregory remains standing. His eyes follow Paula as she walks across the room.

You dreamed it. You dream all day long -

Paula

Are you really saying I have dreamed?

Everything.

Paula

All that happened? Gregory

All that did not happen.

Paula

Then it's true? My mind is going -

Haven't I told you? Gregory

It was a dream -

Paula

Like the rest.

Gregory

Paula

Then - take me away! You can do what you like! I can't fight any more...

(As she passes by the open door we discern Ethan standing outside the room)

It was a dream... a dream...

CONTINUED:
146X123 CONTINUED (2)

Brian
Was I any part of this curious dream of yours, Mrs. Anton?
(he advances toward them)
Perhaps my appearance here will help you recall it.

Gregory turns sharply, startled. Brian is standing in
the door. We now see that he has been dragging the
Theodora costume behind him.

You!

Gregory (advancing toward him)

146X13 CLOSEUP - P.W.L.
She reacts to the knowledge that her visitor was real.

146X14 MEDIUM SHOT

Gregory
Who the devil are you?

Brian
Apparently a mere figment of your wife's imagination.

Gregory
How did you get in this house?

Brian
Through the skylight, like you. And down these stairs.
(he points off)
You made it very easy.

As he advances toward the bedroom, he lays the heavy
costume over the balustrade and comes into the room
without it.

Gregory
And would you be kind enough to tell me what you are doing
here?

Brian (ignoring him, addresses Paula)
Don't you think you had better go to bed, Mrs. Anton? You
must be very tired.

Gregory (more sharply than before)
Don't you think you had better explain your business, sir?

CONTINUED:
Brian,

Well, as a mere figment, as a mere ghost existing in your wife's mind, I can hardly be said to have any business. Tell me, Mr. Inton, can you see me? No doubt your wife can, but it may be difficult for you. Perhaps if she goes to her room I will vanish and you won’t be bothered by me any more.

Gregory

Paula, please go to your room.

Paula

I...

Gregory

Please, Paula.

While the two men remain standing face to face Paula crosses to her bedroom and enters, closing the door behind her.

Brian (pointing to the Theodora costume on the belustrade)

So you found them, after all.

Gregory

I was right about you. I knew from the first moment I saw you that you were dangerous to me.

Brian

And I knew from the first moment I saw you... that you were dangerous... to her.

Gregory

I should have followed my instinct about you...

(with an ironic smile)

...as you followed yours.

Brian

I thought she was Alice alquist, come to life again. I didn't know then that she was walking with... Surplus Bauer.

Gregory (after a second - polite and ironic)

I'm afraid I don't know your name.

Brian

Cameron. Shall I tell you my address, too?

Gregory

I think I can guess it.

Brian

So we've both ended our search tonight.

He turns and walks out to the landing. Gregory follows him.
THE THIRD FLOOR LANDING

Brian picks up the dress, revealing the four gaping holes.

And that was where Alice Alquist hid them... Where the whole world could see them, and yet no one could know that they were there - except the man who gave them to her - watching her from the Royal Box.

Gregory's eyes wander about trying to find a means of escape. Brian realizes this and is on the alert.

Gregory (with controlled fury)
What nonsense are you talking about?

Brian
Pretty clever of her - to have put four priceless jewels among a lot of paste imitations.

For the last time I ask you, what do you want of me?

Brian
The jewels - and justice.

Gregory doesn't move.

Brian
How does it feel, Bauer, to have planned and killed and tortured for something, and to know that it's all been for nothing?

For nothing?

With a quick movement, he reaches his hand into his pocket. But Brian, who knows he has the gun, has been watching for this, and is too quick for Gregory.

CLOSE SHOT

Gregory's hand has drawn the gun out of his pocket, but Brian's hand closes on his.

CUT TO:

BEDROOM - CLOSE SHOT OF PAULA

The SOUND OF a SHOT is heard. She reacts in terror.

CUT BACK TO:
With great force Brian twists Gregory's forearm so he has to drop the gun. Gregory, however, twists his arm loose, rushes up the stairs, followed by Brian.

As they disappear towards the attic, Paula flings open the bedroom door. She sees the revolver on the landing, and the Theodora costume on the balustrade. She leans over the balustrade, cries:

Paula

Elizabeth!

Elizabeth is standing in the hall, looking up.

Elizabeth (crying out)

What is it, mum? I heard a shot, mum!

CUT

Shooting on her back. She does not move. The noises from above tell us that the fight is still continuing.

CUT TO:
ELIZABETH

The noises of the fight are now so loud that even Elizabeth hears it.

Oh, dear!

She hastens to the front door and opens it.

Elizabeth (frightened)

CUT TO:

SIDWALK IN FRONT OF NUMBER NINE (SHOOTING FROM INSIDE THE HOUSE)

Elizabeth goes running out calling.

Help! Police!

Elizabeth

CUT TO:

LONG SHOT - ACROSS THE STREET

By the garden railings stands Williams in uniform. He is regarding the house. Nancy, dressed in street clothes, is engaging him in conversation.

Elizabeth's Voice

Mr. Williams! Come quick!

Williams rushes across the street and into the house.

CUT TO:

BOOM SHOT - FROM THE FRONT ENTRANCE UP THE STAIRCASE TO THE LANDING ON THE SECOND FLOOR

Williams rushes up the stairs, three at a time.

Nancy

What's going on?

Elizabeth (in the hall below, pointing upwards)

Up there!

Williams rushes on up towards where the noises of the fight are still continuing.
THE THIRD FLOOR LANDING

Paula is still standing motionless, looking upwards to the attic. Williams, coming from below, rushes past her and disappears in the attic. Paula remains standing. The two servants come into the picture and stop just below her, all three turning to look upwards, standing as though frozen. Quite suddenly the noises cease. After a moment, Paula, with decision in her carriage, starts up the stairs.

CUT TO:

THE OPEN FRONT DOOR OF NUMBER 111/2 (SHOOTING FROM THE REAR OF THE HALL)

The street outside is empty, and there is complete silence as we HOLD ON THIS for a moment. Then suddenly at the front gate appears the form of Miss Thwaites. She is hatless and has a shawl thrown around her shoulders. Her whole face is alight with excited curiosity, hardly able to believe her fortune in finding the door open. She comes up the steps into the hall.

ENTRANCE HALL

Miss Thwaites enters and looks around.

Miss Thwaites (brightly)

Anyone at home?

Getting no answer, her eyes light up even more with pleasure as she starts to snoop around.

CUT TO:

THE THIRD FLOOR LANDING

Nancy and Elizabeth are standing huddled together looking upwards.

CUT TO:

STAIRCASE TO THE ATTIC (SHOOTING UPWARDS)

Paula comes up to the broken door and goes in, walking firmly. As she enters she stops for a moment as the light from the gas in the inner room goes up.

CUT TO:
CLOSEUP - PAULA

Now for the first time we see her face. It is calm and set with an odd new determination and strength.

OUT

MEDIUM SHOT - ATTIC PASSAGE

Paula starts toward the inner room. From there Brian appears in the doorway. He is straightening his collar and his hair, disarranged by the fight. He stops on seeing her.

Brian (regretfully and with tenderness)

Well, Mrs. Anton, you believe me now. But perhaps you'd like to see these things. They cost a woman's life. They cost you something, too.

He has four gems in his hand. Paula appears hardly to be listening. She does not look at the jewels which Brian holds out to her, nor does she take them. Wordlessly she passes him and goes into the inner room, stopping after a couple of steps.

THE INNER ROOM OF THE ATTIC

Gregory is seated beneath the skylight, tied to a chair, his hands behind him and his legs bound. Williams is kneeling, fastening the last of the cords.

REVERSE ANGLE

Paula stands staring at Gregory. Brian is behind her. Williams straightens up and steps back.

Paula

I want to speak to my husband.

Brian

Mrs. Anton, I don't think that's advisable.

Paula (still looking at Gregory)

I want to speak to him - alone.

Brian

I'm afraid that isn't possible.

Gregory

I guarantee you I'm quite helpless.

Paula (to Brian)

Please.
Brian (after a second)
Well...I'll wait on the stairs.

He makes a sign to Williams with his head and both go out. As Brian leaves he bends down and picks up his hat and coat which he apparently left here when he picked up the Theodora costume. The door to the attic passage remains open. Paula and Gregory face each other.

Gregory (after a moment)
I want to speak to you, too, Paula.

She closes the door behind her very quietly and throws the bolt.

Gregory
Go and see if he's listening.

Paula (not moving)
He's not listening.

Gregory
You have great confidence in him?

Paula does not answer.

Gregory
He told you a lot of things about me, didn't he?

Paula
Yes.

Gregory
They were lies.

Paula
Why should he lie to me?

Gregory
Because he's in love with you. I can tell. I feel it.

Paula
Do you? Do you really, Gregory? Or should I call you Sergius?

Gregory
So he told you that? And what of it? Have you never heard of an artist taking a stage name? Sergius Bauer was mine. It's a part of my life I didn't care to tell you about. I was a failure then. But they don't hang a man for that, do they?

Paula
No, they don't hang him for that.
Gregory
Paula, do you remember our first days - do you remember Italy?

Paula
Yes, I remember Italy.

Gregory
Those were the most beautiful days in your life and mine. Paula, we are going to have those days again.

Paula
There have been times when I thought I only dreamed those days.

Gregory (persuasively, urgently)
Come closer, Paula. Closer.
(she does so)
Look into my eyes. If ever I meant anything to you - and I know I did - then help me, Paula. Give me another chance.
(she stands looking into his eyes. No whispers)
Paula, in the drawer of that cupboard - over there - is a knife. Get it and cut me free.

His eyes veer off, unnoticed by her.

CUT TO:

165
THE SKYLIGHT FROM GREGORY'S ANGLE

In an obvious avenue of escape.

CUT BACK TO:

166
GREGORY AND PAULA

Gregory
Will you get the knife? Will you set me free?

Paula
Yes. I'll get it. I'll get it for you.

She goes over to the cupboard.

Gregory
The left hand drawer.

Dazedly she puts her hand on the right hand drawer. Gregory speaks very quickly.

Gregory (sharply)
No! Not that one! Don't touch that one!
CONTINUED (2)

She turns back and looks at him, arrested by the returning fierceness in his voice.

Gregory (urgently again)
The other drawer, Paula. The other drawer.

She turns back to the cupboard and, her suspicions aroused, opens the wrong drawer, standing in front of it, looking into it.

INSERT - THE DRAWER

It has a number of objects, but no knife. In the front there is a brooch - the brooch that was lost at the Tower.

PAULA AND GREGORY

Paula

My brooch is here!
(she takes it out)
The brooch I lost at the Tower.

Gregory

Never mind that now. Get me the knife. It's in the other drawer.

Paula (still staring at the brooch)

Someone must have put it here. But who?

Gregory (with rising impatience)

You must have put it there yourself!

Paula

But I've never been in here. Gregory! You put it here!

Gregory (impatiently)

All right, I did, then! I mislaid it there. Now cut me loose.

Paula

You? You mislaid it?
(she looks at him long and oddly)
But I've been the one who mislays things - who loses things, and hides them.
(she looks at the brooch again)
This brooch that belonged to...
(she pauses)
Whom did it belong to? Was it...hers?

Hers? Whose?

Gregory
Paula
Your wife's. Your real wife's. Tell me about her, Gregory. Did she love you very much? More than I loved you? I didn't think that was possible - for anyone to love you more than I did.

Gregory (in agony)
Paula, I don't know what you're talking about! Get me the knife.

Paula (after a pause, smiles - an odd incomprehensible smile)
Yes. Yes, I'll get it. In the other drawer, you said?

Gregory (staring at her, unable to grasp her intentions, but with a resurgence of hope)
Yes. Cut me free. Then we can be together again...
together for always.

Paula opens the second drawer.

167
INSERT
A long dagger-like knife, lying in the drawer.

168
PAULA AND GREGORY
Paula stands looking down at the knife.

Paula
There's no knife here.

Yes, yes, I put it there.

I don't see any knife.

I put it there tonight.

Gregory (in helpless agony)
It isn't here. You must have dreamed you put it here. (she draws the knife from the drawer)
Are you suggesting that this is a knife? (she advances toward him)
Have you gone mad, my sane husband? I could have set you free, couldn't I? I could have cut those ropes and set you free.

(she is close to him now, the knife hovering vaguely and dangerously)
But I can't find it - what shall we do?
GASLIGHT
CHS. 11-15-43

168 CONTINUED (2)

Gregory (staring at her in growing dread)
It's in your hand. Quick, Paula, cut the ropes.

Paula (looking around)
Perhaps I've lost the knife as I lost those other things. I
must look for it, mustn't I? If I don't find it you're going
to have me locked up, aren't you?

No! No!

Paula
If I had the knife I could have had pity - but I could also
kill - I could kill as you killed. You killed her as you
tried to kill my mind. Without pity - without pity you
killed her as I can kill... (with rising force) Kill! Kill!
(she raises the knife as though she were about to
stab him with it. Then she throws it from her,
with all her force, calling out)
Mr. Cameron. Mr. Cameron. You can come back now.

She crosses over to the door, pushes back the bolt and
opens it. Then she leans panting and spent against a
chair. Brian returns.

Are you ready?

Brian

Yes, I'm quite ready.

Gregory (after a moment)

Brian looks around, sees the knife on the floor where
Paula threw it. He stoops and picks it up. He goes to
Gregory and, kneeling, cuts the cords that tie his feet.
Only Gregory's hands remain tied behind him. For a
moment there is complete silence as Gregory rises to his
feet, straightening himself up.

Gregory (in an odd, almost trance-like
voice, not looking at Paula)
Paula - now that it is all over, you must believe one thing,
Why should I lie to you - now? I could have loved you...
yes, Paula - in my way I did love you - only those jewels
came between us. Like a fire that separates us - those jewels
which I wanted -
(his voice trails off)
I don't know why...

168X1 MEDIUM SHOT

In the open door Williams appears from the passage.

CONTINUED:
Continued (2)

Williams
The cab is coming, Mr. Cameron.

168X2 LONG SHOT - THE WHOLE GROUP

Goodbye, Paula.

Gregory (quietly)

Paula (looking at him with commiseration, speaking almost tenderly)

Goodbye, Gregory.

Gregory walks towards the door. Williams follows him. Both exit. The other two look after him wordlessly, without facing each other.

CUT TO:
ENTRANCE HALL

Camera, in a position from the rear of the hall, is pointing cut to the open door.

A one-horse cab is just driving up in front of the house. Two policemen stand waiting.

We hear footsteps as Nancy and Elizabeth come hurriedly down the stairs and move with their backs to the camera towards the open front door. Seeing the policemen, they huddle against the wall.

SECOND FLOOR LANDING

Gregory, followed by Williams, comes down the stairs. As they pass the drawing-room, Miss Thwaites suddenly looks timidly out through the doorway. She is highly embarrassed at finding herself face to face with Gregory.

Miss Thwaites

Oh, Mr. Anton, I found the front door open and I thought that as Mr...

(catching herself)

I mean my nephew... was here...

(she stops short, seeing his bound hands and the uniformed Williams behind him. Her words freeze, and she stares at him)

Gregory

Your nephew?

Miss Thwaites (confused and stammering)

Yes. Upstairs. Didn't you meet him?

Gregory (following her look towards the attic - with complete realization and urbanity)

Yes. Yes. I had that pleasure.

(then with a little smile)

I'm so glad that you were able to make your call... at last. You'll excuse my being unable to stay now?

He bows, smiling, and goes on down the stairs. Nonplussed, she stares after him - following him a couple of steps.

Miss Thwaites

But, Mr. Anton... Mr. Anton!

CUT TO:
Elizabeth and Nancy are huddled against the wall. The front door is still wide open, outside the cab and the two policemen. Gregory comes down. As he passes the little table in the hall he sees the cigarette box open. Since his hands are tied he cannot reach for one, but Nancy, who has followed his look, crosses over, takes the box, extracts one cigarette, puts it in Gregory's mouth and lights it. Her face registers her loss. Gregory drinks in the first puff of the cigarette, walks out of the house, followed by Williams. He steps quickly into the cab. This is the last we see of him.

CUT TO:

MISS THWAITES ON THE MIDWAY LANDING BETWEEN GROUND FLOOR AND SECOND FLOOR -

bent over almost double as she attempts to watch the cab rolling away. She is flabbergasted, then turns and looks back up the stairs as she hears the approaching voices of Brian and Paula.

CUT TO:

169-170 OUT

SECOND FLOOR LANDING

Paula comes down, Brian following her with his hat and coat in his hands. Brian pauses at the base of the stairs, outside the drawing-room door.

Brian
I'll say goodbye to you now...
(gently)
These will be difficult days for you, but there will be an end to them.

While he says this, Paula looks at him. As he is about to continue downstairs, she stops him. Her voice has a new note in it.

Paula
Mr. Cameron, there's something I'd like you to have before you go.

She moves quickly into the drawing-room.

CUT TO:
170X2 CLOSEUP - BRIAN

He is puzzled but not displeased. He follows her.

THE DRAWING ROOM

Paula goes over to the vitrine and takes from it the white glove which we have seen before, and hands it to Brian.

Paula
I want to give this back to you. She'd want you to have it. And now - so do I.

Brian takes it and puts it in his pocket.

Thank you.

For a moment they look at each other.

Paula
Somehow I feel... there is one more thing that you have to tell me. Isn't there?

One more thing?

Paula (with new strength in her voice)
About my... about Alice Alquist.

Brian does not answer. He shows obvious uncertainty as to whether he should speak or not.

Paula (calmly)
She was my mother, wasn't she?

Brian nods.

Paula (with great relief)
That is what I had hoped for always.

She moves in the direction of the conservatory. He follows her. She throws open the double windows. The moonlight streams in. She looks out into the night.

Brian (gently)
I... I suppose you'll want to leave this house soon...

Paula turns around and looks into his face. She is almost surprised to hear him say this.

CONTINUED:
Paula
No, no. I shall not leave this house.
(with growing spirit)
This was her house once and it shall be my house now. I shall stay here... And her picture will be back there where it belongs...and everything shall be as it was...

Brian
It will be. I'm sure it will.

She stretches out her hand. He takes it. They stand looking at each other.

CUT TO:

DOOR OF THE DRAWING ROOM

The startled face of Miss Thwaites peers in. As she sees the pair:

Miss Thwaites (meaningfully)

WELL!!

FADES OUT.

THE END