

"THE SECRET BEYOND THE DOOR"

Screenplay

by

SILVIA RICHARDS

Based on a Story

by

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STARRING

JOAN BENNETT AS CELIA BARRETT
MICHAEL REDGRAVE AS MARK LAMPHERE

PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY:

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"THE SECRET BEYOND THE DOOR"

FADE IN

1 DREAM POOL - (HALF REAL, HALF ANIMATED) - DAY

Clear, sunlit water, with widening ripples moving out continuously from a central point... As CAMERA PANS with them, a girl's voice is HEARD....warm and vibrant.

VOICE

I remember long ago I read a book that told the meaning of dreams. It said that if a girl dreams of a boat or ship, she will reach a safe harbor....

The ripples have reached a small paper boat, such as a child might make from newspapers. The boat rocks and bobs on the surface of the water.

VOICE (Cont'd)

...but if she dreams of daffodils, she is in great danger...

The CAMERA has PASSED OVER the boat. The ripples approach the edge of the pool, along which daffodils grow, bending over the water and reflected in it.

VOICE (Cont'd)

...and is warned not to go with her lover into any dark place where her cries cannot be heard...

But this is no time for me to think of danger...

DISSOLVE INTO

2 EXT. CHURCH TOWERS

VOICE (Cont'd)

...this is my wedding day.

They are the twin, ornate towers of an old, baroque church in Mexico. BELLS are RINGING, drowning out the voice.

DISSOLVE INTO

3 INT. CHURCH - LONG SHOT

The full length of the church. The SOUND of the BELLS is softer. Except for the altar and its splendid surrounding panels, the church is dimly lit. From the ceiling of the

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3 CONTINUED

nave hang delicate candelabra which carry flickering candles. There are no benches, and on the dark, worn stone floor four or five people are kneeling. A priest, flanked by two altar boys, faces the altar in prayer.

PRIEST (chanting)

Beati omnes, qui timent Dominum....

ALTAR BOYS (chanting)

...qui ambulant in viis ejus.

Chanting continues, fades and over it and the muffled SOUND of the BELLS, the girl's voice is again HEARD.

VOICE

Something old, something new,
Something borrowed, something blue...
Something old is this church...

4 MOVING SHOT

CAMERA starts on the carved top of a pillaster, and MOVES slowly toward the altar, dwelling on the rich details of the architecture, as the voice describes them.

VOICE (Cont'd)

...four centuries old. Mark says it's a felicitous structure, its walls, pillasters, vaultings built so that here only events of joy can happen...

The CAMERA comes to a stop on the back of a man standing before the altar rail, his dark figure silhouetted against the glittering altar.

VOICE (Cont'd)

...and something new is Mark himself...

The man lifts his left hand from the altar rail, looks at his wrist watch, and half turns toward the CAMERA searching the church with his eyes. This is MARK LAMPHERE, a handsome man about forty years old, whose face, with deep-set eyes and slightly hollow cheeks seems somehow tragic.

VOICE (Cont'd)

And love is new for me.

Mark turns once more toward the altar.

VOICE (Cont'd)

Borrowed is my dress...

DISSOLVE INTO

5 CLOSE SHOT OF WEDDING DRESS - (CHURCH ANTE ROOM) - DAY

The CAMERA PANS slowly up the full, lace-laden folds of a wedding gown.

VOICE (cont'd)

...the lace had turned brittle and yellow, but we bleached it with something made from mountain berries... Twenty years ago. Paquita wore it.

The CAMERA STOPS briefly on PAQUITA, a middle-aged Mexican woman who is kneeling to pin the waist of the dress to make it snugger. She looks up from her work.

PAQUITA (Spanish accent)

Last spring I saw my daughter married in this dress, senorita...

CAMERA GOES ON PANNING and comes to a stop on the back of a girl's head and her bare shoulders. She is studying herself in a hand mirror in which her face can be seen. This is CELIA BARRETT, a young and very beautiful American girl. (It is her thoughts which have been expressed by the VOICE.) Her usual polish and sophistication are much softened by the delicate lines of the traditional, Spanish wedding gown, its sheer lace bodice cut low over her breast and shoulders, its sleeves, long and close-fitting to the wrists. She smiles at herself in the mirror, then glances down at Paquita. (When she speaks her voice is more precise and clipped in contrast to the warmth of her spoken thoughts.)

CELIA

Was she a happy bride, Paquita?

6 MED. FULL SHOT - CELIA AND PAQUITA - (FACING CELIA) - DAY

PAQUITA

Si... She danced all the night.
(sighs)

The young are easily happy.

Beyond Celia and Paquita, is a third woman, EDITH POTTER, standing against the rough white plaster wall. She is a brisk, fashionable American woman who looks about 10 years older than Celia, but who has a veneer which is both international and ageless.

EDITH (drily)

Or slap-happy.

Celia smooths her waist and hips fondly, turning to Edith.

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6 CONTINUED

CELIA

I think it's tight enough now.
Don't you, Edith?

EDITH

My dear - are you afraid Mark isn't
entirely sold?

CELIA (amused)

My darling, have you ever heard
about love?

EDITH (quizzically)

You were relatively sane until you
came to this filthy Chamber of Commerce
climate. Blue skies...I loathe blue.
My last husband - the one before Arthur -
always wore blue shirts. He used to
drop salad dressing on them to break
the monotony.

Paquita who walked off to pick up a mantilla and Spanish comb
returns to insert the comb in Celia's hair and arrange the
mantilla over it. Celia leans sideways toward the window,
looking out and up.

7 CLOSE SHOT - CELIA - DAY

Her fingers are playing with the mantilla.

VOICE

Something borrowed - something blue.
Yes, the sky is blue. Father Gomez
said this morning it's as blue as
the Madonna's eyes.

She is smiling to herself,

EDITH'S VOICE (o.s.)

That look in your eyes...

Celia, coming out of her thoughts, turns and CAMERA
INCLUDES Edith.

EDITH (cont'd)

Gruesome, my dear. A lamb to the
slaughter...I wish they served
Martinis here.

There is a SOUND of a DOOR OPENING o.s. and a SOUND of
ORGAN MUSIC. The three women turn.

8 A FLIGHT OF CURVED STONE STEPS

Leading up into the church nave. DOOR CLOSING o.s. cuts the ORGAN MUSIC and a shadow falls down the steps. A Mexican altar boy appears. (and disappears.)

9 MED. FULL SHOT - CELIA, EDITH AND PAQUITA - DAY

Paquita picks up a bridal bouquet and hands it to Celia.

EDITH (looking at Celia)

Stagefright?

Celia nods with gallow humor. Edith kisses her on both cheeks.

EDITH

My worthless husband might have sobered up -- just this once to give you away.

CELIA

I don't need Arthur. I'm giving myself away.

She starts toward the stairs, and Edith and Paquita fall in behind her, CAMERA FOLLOWING. The ORGAN MUSIC COMES IN once more.

10 NAVE TOP OF STAIRS

Celia, followed by Edith and Paquita, emerges into the nave. Paquita crosses herself with holy water, and kneels down. Edith pauses behind Celia when she hesitates briefly behind a pillar and puts her hand to her heart. The ORGAN MUSIC, which was SWELLING triumphantly FADES and once more Celia's Thought-Voice is HEARD.

VOICE

My heart is pounding so, the sound of it drowns out everything.

She walks forward to the center of the nave, CAMERA WITH HER as she turns to face the altar and walks toward it. (Edith follows behind her and slightly to her left).

VOICE

It's said that when you drown your whole life passes before you...like a fast movie...

DISSOLVE INTO

11 COLLEGE CAMPUS LAWN - DAY

A group of young girls is walking across the lawn, all of them dressed in graduation "mortar board" cap and gowns. One of them is Celia.

VOICE

In a way my life...began with graduation... when I was a finished commodity, attractively packaged, wrapped in the brightest, shiniest things. Of such

CONTINUED

11 CONTINUED

VOICE (ont'd)

girls there is always an under-supply
and an over-demand... DISSOLVE INTO

12 PLATFORM - OUTDOOR AMPHITHEATRE

The same girls walk across a platform, and are each given a diploma by a male professor also in cap and gown.

CELIA'S VOICE (cont'd)

...My friends said, "Celia Barrett won't stay long on the shelf." - because I had learned just what makes a desirable blend...lipstick, small talk, sheer stockings...But I wasn't in any hurry. I didn't have to be.

New York was a whirl those first years.

DISSOLVE INTO

13 NEW YORK OFFICE - (MASTER SCENE) - DAY

RICK BARRETT, Celia's older brother, is sitting behind his desk. He is a handsome, but slightly dissipated-looking man of around forty-five. His desk is piled with work, and he looks tired. Before him are a glass of milk and a dish with two soft-boiled eggs. He cuts the top from one of the eggs with a knife and glances up. Celia is sitting opposite Rick and to the right. She is dressed in afternoon clothes, wears a hat. She is swinging one leg restlessly.

RICK

Let me point out, infant, that baby skin and long legs aren't cast iron.

CELIA

Rick, I'm late now.

RICK (mildly

dripping a mouthful of egg)
Relax. Let him wait.

He puts down his spoon, picks up a folded newspaper which lies near.

RICK (cont'd)

I've been hearing rumors, and here it is in twelve point bold that my young and gaudy sister...
(he bows to her mockingly)
has broken another engagement...

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED

Celia gets up impatiently, comes and sits on the side of his desk.

CELIA
Rick, I never dreamed of marrying him.

Rick lays the paper down, returns to his eggs.

RICK
For which I gave you due credit. A trombone player - Heaven forbid. I'd sooner see you marry that witchdoctor of yours.

CELIA
Curtis? He's a brilliant psychoanalyst....

Rick shudders at the word, then noticing the time he takes pills from his desk drawer, tosses two in his mouth and washes them down with milk. Then he looks up at Celia.

RICK
Chit chat aside...what are you holding out for? It may be there isn't any Prince Charming.

CELIA
I haven't believed in him for years.

RICK
Your trouble is, you're too popular.

CELIA
I still have time, Rick. Why should I tie myself down?

Rick gets up from his desk, walks around in front of her and puts his hands gently on her shoulders.

RICK
I'm not trying to rush you, but being mother, father and check signer for you has its worrisome moments. And I don't want you to find out the hard way how lonely life can be.

Celia slides off the desk and steps close to Rick, looking at him anxiously.

CELIA
Rick, are you lonely?

Rick playfully punches her chin.

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED - 2

RICK

Don't pry, infant...Just take it from me...time flies...Today, New York's bull market for you in good, solid, eligible men...

Celia pulls Rick to her impulsively.

CELIA

Are there any as good as you, Rick?

RICK (grinning)

Very likely not. I wasn't proposing a miracle.

(his face suddenly grave)

But I won't be around as long as you, Celia.

(indicates his heart)

They don't make spare parts for this, and mine has a lot of mileage on it.

Celia doesn't want to hear. She shakes her head, presses her cheek against his chest, then kisses him ardently.

The SOUND of a DOOR OPENING o.s. and an embarrassed cough is heard. They turn to look. CAMERA PANS to the door, and HOLDS on a MED. SHOT of BOB DWIGHT.

He stands half in and half out of the door. He is younger than Rick but somehow similar - a blond, well-groomed, successful looking man whose personality is warm and engaging but totally lacking in fire.

He starts to back out through the door in embarrassment.

BOB (stammering)

Terribly sorry, Rick. Your secretary said I could...

14 RICK AND CELIA

He has one arm around her, and the other one stretched toward Bob.

RICK

Hey, hey! Come in Bob. This is strictly legal.

(turning to Celia)

Speak of the devil, Celia...

His arm still around Celia, he walks her toward the door, CAMERA WITH them. Bob coming back, meets them.

CONTINUED

14 CONTINUED

RICK (cont'd)

Here is a thoroughly eligible man -
and a top-flight lawyer...Bob Dwight...
my sister Celia.

Celia and Bob shake hands, CAMERA PANNING to a TWO SHOT of them. Celia turns to smile at Rick, and CAMERA PANS back to a CLOSE SHOT of him.

VOICE (tender, and

an echo of Rick's line)

My brother Rick.

Rick is smiling toward Bob and Celia, his eyes crinkling with pleasure. He puts his tongue in his cheek, rubs it with his knuckle.

VOICE (cont'd)

That was the last time we were close.
And when you died, Rick, life was
lonely.

DISSOLVE INTO

15 CELIA AND BOB - AT RICK'S DESK - DAY

She is dressed in black and is sitting in Rick's swivel chair behind the desk which is now clear of work. She is signing papers which Bob, standing at her elbow, hands her.

BOB

Rick was plenty cagey with the market.
But now that it's your money, I've set
up a trust fund so that no one but you
can ever touch the capital...unless you
revoke the trust...not even your husband.

During his speech, Celia has signed and Bob has blotted her signature. Now she smiles wanly, swings her swivel chair so that she faces him.

CELIA

Did a fortune hunting husband pop up?

BOB (smiles)

The woodwork is crawling with them -
you know that.

CELIA

I wasn't looking.

Bob methodically puts the papers into his briefcase and locks it. After a slight pause he starts to speak hesitantly.

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED

BOB

I like you very much, Celia.

CELIA (quickly - she
sees a substitute for Rick)

I like you too, Bob...

BOB

When you're settled, I'm going to ask
you to marry me.

Celia reaches up from her chair and takes both his hands.
For the first time she looks eager. (Without Rick she feels
defenseless, but Bob is a possible refuge.)

CELIA

Dear Bob, I'm settled now.

BOB (shaking his head)

Celia, I want you to be sure.

CELIA

Believe me, I'm dead-tired of being
the darling of the stag line.

BOB

You're depressed about Rick. It's only
been two months.

Celia rises impulsively, but Bob holding her hands keeps her
at a distance. He is always business-like, even with love.

BOB (cont'd)

No, I really don't want an answer now.

He drops her hands and hope of understanding dies in her face
He picks up his brief-case, closes it -- all his motions
methodical.

BOB (cont'd)

The Potters asked you to go to Mexico
with them. Why don't you take them up
on it...find some sun.

CELIA (seizes on
the idea)

You come too!

He turns to her once more, brief-case tucked under his arm.

BOB

Uh-uh. Call it your last fling. I'll
still be here, when you come back...

Celia's face is once more sad and tired as we

DISSOLVE INTO

16 MEXICAN STREET - MOVING SHOT - DAY

CAMERA IS ON a group of street musicians with drums and primitive flutes called chirimias, who are playing a weird music traditional for fiestas. As they walk down the center of a crowded market street CAMERA MOVES with them. The street is jammed with American tourists and Mexican people of all classes. Merchants (both men and women) sit along both curbsides under improvised white sheet and blanket awnings, their merchandise displayed around them - on the ground, on tables and in rude stalls. There are heaps of vegetables and fruit, baskets, pottery, displays of silver and serapes. CAMERA PASSES a woman cooking enchiladas over a charcoal burner - a barber shaving his customer in the open street. As CAMERA MOVES BEHIND a stall displaying leather goods and hammered silver, the musicians move on - out of scene, their music gradually drowned out in the general noise. CAMERA STOPS on Celia and Edith, SHOOTING across the counter and past the proprietor of the stall who is showing Celia a leather wallet. She looks at it doubtfully.

CELIA (to Edith)

It's awfully commercial-looking.

EDITH

My dear, it's perfect for Bob.

Celia hands it with a nod to the proprietor.

CELIA

All right -- the initials are R.D.

17 REVERSE SHOT - PAST CELIA AND EDITH TO PROPRIETOR - DAY

He takes the wallet, holds up a silver R and D. Celia nods, and he starts to fasten them to the wallet.

EDITH

I almost married a man who was the image of Bob. But he broke our engagement, simply because he found out I....

A piercing shriek cuts the general street noise. Celia and Edith whirl to look, and see:

18 MED. SHOT - MEXICAN GIRL AND MAN OPPOSITE - DAY

Across the crowded street, the young Mexican woman who screamed is frantically trying to hold a man to keep him from fighting. He throws her back, violently, so that she falls against a table on which baskets and pottery are displayed. The table over-turns and the wares roll and break on the ground. People begin to scatter.

The man -- small, dark, wiry -- pulls a vicious looking knife from his belt, winds the girl's shawl around his left forearm, advancing in a crouch. CAMERA AHEAD of him PULLS BACK, revealing, from the back, his opponent, a much larger man who

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED

is stripped to the waist, wears a bandana on his head, is also armed with a knife and has wound a serape around his left forearm. The two men begin to circle each other, warily, until the big man faces the CAMERA. He is confident, his mouth smiling, his eyes hard. A heavy, primitive, silver necklace flashes on his bare chest. The crowd forms a wide jostling circle around them.

19 MED. SHOT - CELIA AND EDITH

People are packed around the stall, and Edith is trying to pull Celia away. Celia has braced herself against the stall.

EDITH

Celia, let's get out of here!
I won't be an innocent bystander...
(shaking Celia's arm)

Celia, come on! What's wrong with you?...

CAMERA MOVES INTO CLOSE SHOT of Celia, staring toward the circling men, her expression showing both fear and fascination. The crowd noise FADES.

VOICE

There was nothing wrong with me -
but I was strangely held...I'd seen
fights before...night club brawls...
a fist fight over a cigarette girl.
When one man was knocked down the fight
was over. But this was different...

20 MEXICAN STREET - CELIA'S VIEW OF FIGHT

The men still circle each other. The small man's forehead has become wet with sweat and he wipes it quickly with his shawl-wrapped arm. During this scene the crowd draws closer. The SOUND of the crowd comes faintly in, egging the men on as if in a cock-fight.

VOICE (cont'd)

...A woman and two men..who may have
known her an hour or less...fighting
for her with naked knives...Death was
in that street...and I felt how proud
she must be...

21 CLOSE SHOT - MEXICAN GIRL

She steps slightly out from the crowd, smiling her pleasure and pride that two men are fighting for her.

22 MED. LONG SHOT OF FIGHT

The larger man has circled so that his back is to the CAMERA.

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED

The smaller man suddenly raises his knife, and as he throws it there is a gasping sound, as the hundred hushed people let out their breaths. The large man lurches and the knife flies straight toward the CAMERA.

23 CLOSE SHOT - CELIA

She moves her head slightly, her eyes glance down. CAMERA PANS to her hand, beside which the knife, its point buried deep in the wooden counter, is still quivering. CAMERA PULLS BACK as several Mexican children dive in, fighting to get the knife, jostling Celia aside.

24 CLOSE UP - CELIA

She looks away from the children, back toward the fight.

25 LONG SHOT - MEXICAN STREET - CELIA'S VIEW OF THE FIGHT

The crowd is silent. The small man is in the background facing the CAMERA, the big man in the foreground his back to the CAMERA. Without a weapon he feels like a trapped animal and looks right and left for a possible escape. The crowd, sensing his fear, immediately changes its sympathies. They begin this time to egg on the big man. They want to see blood.

26 REVERSE ANGLE - MED. SHOT - BIG MAN

Feeling the wave of approval, he smiles and swaggers, very deliberately he unwinds the serape from his arm and throws it to the street, and still deliberately, shifts his knife in his hand. He no longer needs to throw it. He can close in for a direct kill.

27 MED. SHOT - SMALL MAN

His face shows stoic fear. His eyes riveted on his opponent, he backs away, the hostile crowd making way for him until he is trapped against the wall of the house. The big man comes forward into scene, his back to the CAMERA. He moves slowly in for the kill.

28 CLOSE - CELIA

She is still watching the fight, but her expression begins to change.

VOICE

Suddenly I felt that someone was watching me. There was a tingling at the nape of my neck, as though the air had turned cool.
(she turns from the fight,
searching the faces of the
crowd)

29 CROWD - PAN SHOT

VOICE (Cont'd)

I felt eyes touching me like
fingers... prying eyes, from some-
where in the crowd.

CAMERA PANS OVER THE eager, intent faces of the crowd,
and STOPS ON face of MARK who is obviously looking at
Celia.

30 CLOSE - CELIA

She is staring toward Mark, as though hypnotized. There
is absolute silence.

31 CLOSE - MARK

He is staring toward Celia, his expression thoughtful
and almost yearning. He does not smile.

VOICE

There was a current flowing between
us - warm...and sweet -

32 CLOSE - CELIA

She tries, but is unable to look away from Mark.

VOICE (Cont'd)

...yet frightening too, because he
saw behind my makeup, what no one
had ever seen...something I didn't
know was there.

Celia turns away with an effort, CAMERA WITH HER, bring-
ing Edith INTO SCENE. Celia looks at her almost
without recognition.

CELIA (tight and
breathless)

Let's go.

EDITH (amazed)

That's what I've been telling
you for the last ten minutes!..

Celia has turned away from the stall. The proprietor
looks up.

PROPRIETOR

Senorita!

32 CONTINUED

Celia fumbles in her purse and puts money on the stall counter.

CELIA

I'll pick it up tomorrow.

She takes Edith's arm, starting through the crowd. Edith pulls back, bewildered and on Edith's bewilderment, we

DISSOLVE INTO

33 INT. CAFE OPENING ON MEXICAN STREET - CELIA AND EDITH AT TABLE - DAY

A small low-ceilinged cafe and bar. Celia and Edith have ordered drinks and Celia is drinking. Guitar plays sentimental Spanish music. Her thoughts are obviously elsewhere. Edith, looking at herself in a compact, snaps it shut and glances at Celia who is putting her drink down.

EDITH

You look better, darling.

Celia glances at her fondly - nods.

EDITH (Cont'd)

When you finally snapped out of your trance, you looked...as though you'd seen Death himself.

Celia shakes her head with smiling thoughtfulness.

CELIA

That's not how he looked to me.

Edith's mouth drops open in bewilderment and she starts to ask, "What?"

CELIA (cont'd. hastily)

Weren't you going to phone the hotel about Arthur?

Edith looks at her watch in alarm.

EDITH

Good heavens, yes! He's a lamb up to a point, but one drink too many and he's a raging beast.

(to a passing waiter)

Waiter, where's the telephone?

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED

The waiter indicates a phone booth across the room.

EDITH (looking)

Oh yes. Thanks.

(to Celia as she rises)

I'll tell the bell-hop to put him
to bed, if he has to hog-tie him...

Otherwise...

Edith spreads her hands in a gesture of disaster and hurries out of scene. Celia watches until she disappears. She sits up straight, and for a moment plays with her glass.

VOICE

I sent Edith away because I'd
planned my strategy. I wanted to
meet him on my own grounds -- not
his.

She turns slowly and deliberately toward the bar, her face betraying anticipation.

34 MARK AT BAR

looking toward Celia. He catches her look, barely nods, picks up his drink, walks toward her, CAMERA BACKING AWAY to include Celia in scene.

Mark, coming to the table, pulls out a chair, sits, placing his drink before him. There is a strange determination in him.

MARK

The fight finished just as you left.

CELIA

How did it end?

MARK (shrugs)

The big fellow had the knife.

CELIA

What did the woman do?

MARK (smiling)

To the victor belong the spoils.
I saw her hanging on his arm,
as I was leaving.

Celia takes cover in her drink.

CONTINUED

34 CONTINUED

MARK (pause - mockingly)
 By the way, I don't think R.D. would
 like that wallet...if he's anything
 like me.

Celia is startled for a moment, but smiles in spite of
 herself.

CELIA (shaking her
 head - low)
 He's not a bit like you.

MARK
 And you're not a bit like you.
 (she looks questioningly)
 I mean, you aren't what you
 seem to be.

(matter of factly -
 belying the words -
 Mark's way of expressing
 emotions)

There's something in your face I saw
 once before...in South Dakota in the
 wheat country. Cyclone weather. Just
 before the cyclone the air had a still-
 ness...

(he gestures)
 a flat, gold, shimmering stillness.
 You have it in your face... the same
 hush before a storm.

35 CLOSE - CELIA

She smiles.

36 CLOSE - MARK

MARK
 And when you smile, it's like the
 first breath of wind bending down
 the wheat.

(his voice begins
 to fade)

I know that behind your smile there is a
 turbulence, that...

37 CELIA - SHOOTING PAST MARK (MASTERSCENE)

She continues looking at him, her eyes wide. His
 voice has faded entirely out.

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED

VOICE

I heard his voice and then I didn't hear it anymore because the beating of my blood was louder. This was what I'd hunted those foolish years in New York. For an endless moment I seemed to float...like a feather blown to a place where time had stopped. Strange - I thought then of daffodils.

MARK (fading in)

I'm sure that most of your friends have never seen beyond your beautiful face.. and that you never let your real thoughts reach the surface... You were living that fight...You weren't afraid...

CELIA (protesting)

I was fascinated by the woman. That was all.

MARK

But you soaked it all in...love, hate, the passion. You've been starved for feeling, any real feeling. I thought - a twentieth century Sleeping Beauty...

(Celia smiles)

...a wealthy American girl, who's lived her life wrapped in cotton wool. But she wants to wake up. Maybe she can.

CELIA

Is it as hard as all that?

MARK

Most people are asleep...

EDITH'S VOICE (cutting

in before Celia can answer)

My dear, it must have been frightful...

Celia and Mark look up as though startled out of sleep. CAMERA PULLS BACK and INCLUDES Edith as she sits down. Mark rises, and she looks at him, her face vague.

MARK

I'm Mark Lamphere.

Edith gives him an absent nod and continues.

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED - 2

EDITH (absently)

How do you do.

(to Celia)

Arthur went absolutely berserk after his twelfth Bourbon. Chased the chambermaid down three flights of stairs!

(explaining)

He only wants to pinch, but...

(she shrugs)

Well, he ended up bathing in the patio fountain for an audience of hundreds.

(sighs)

I'm afraid they had to hurt the poor dear to quiet him.

(to Mark)

Sit down. I'm not as poisonous as I look.

(as he sits)

What did you say your name is?

MARK

Mark Lamphere.

CELIA

He's been telling me,

(looking at Mark)

that I'm a sleeping beauty.

EDITH (turns to

Mark, eyebrows raised)

Oh? Quite an original approach. I suppose that you, Prince Charming, will kill the dragon, hack your way through a hedge and give her the magic kiss.

Mark looks toward Celia.

MARK (lightly)

I'd forgotten about the dragon until now...

(Edith looks indignant)

and somehow I think the hedge is only camouflage.

Celia glances at him quickly, then turns to Edith.

CELIA

Shouldn't you be with Arthur, darling?

Edith looks at her, with an expression of blank surprise.

38 CLOSE SHOT - UNDER TABLE

Celia's foot reaches toward Edith's and kicks it - hard.

39 THREE SHOT - FAVORING EDITH

Edith reacts...a half suppressed jump, looks quickly at Mark and then back at Celia's innocent face.

EDITH

Oh yes...

(gathers her purse and rises)

Arthur will be touched when I tell him you're so concerned.

(giving her hand to Mark who also stands)

You may consider the dragon routed, Mr. Lamphere.

As Edith hurries out of scene, Mark sits down. Celia smiles. He raises his glass and she hers. As they drink we HEAR:

VOICE

As Bob said, it was my last fling..

The next days we were together - twenty-four hours a day...

DISSOLVE TO

40 CLOSE SHOT FROM ABOVE - MEXICAN WISHING WELL - NIGHT (MASTERSCENE)

VOICE (Cont'd)

The third night we stopped together at the little wishing well.

A small wishing well in a courtyard. The rim, about two and a half feet high, is built of field-stone, ornamented with glass and crude carvings and lit by candles set in the edge. The bottom of the well is visible.

CAMERA PANS UP to a TWO SHOT of Mark and Celia standing near the well. Celia has hooked her arm through Mark's and is looking down into the well. Mark looks at her with a tender half-smile.

CONTINUED

40 CONTINUED

MARK

Celia.....

(she turns to him)

When are you going back to New York?

She is startled by his question -- visibly hesitates.

CELIA

We're taking the noon plane....tomorrow...
I wasn't going to tell you.

MARK

(disappointed in spite
of his premonition)

I wanted you to know me much better...

CELIA

(light and somewhat
false)But I know you fairly well. You're
an architect. There's a vogue for
your work among people who know. You
publish a magazine on modern architec-
ture that leads the field.....

MARK

Yes, that's the factual Mark Lamphere...
But there is another Mark I'd like you
to know....Celia blocks him with a quick hard gesture. She doesn't
want to be lured further.

CELIA

Uh-uh.....

(with finality)

I want to be honest with you, Mark...
something these last three days...some-
thing in you....threw me off my course.
I'm afraid I might close the door to a
quiet, familiar room....where I'll be
safe. There's a warm fire burning on the
hearth, and....

MARK

.....and R.D.?

(Celia nods)

I didn't think you were looking just
for safety, Celia. I thought you were
looking for life without illusions...
for love.

CONTINUED

40 CONTINUED - 2

Celia is silent. After a moment Mark puts his hand in his pocket, pulls out a coin and hands it to her.

MARK

You want to make a wish?

CELIA

(looking at the coin)

You believe in it?

MARK

(shrugs - smiling)

There's probably a dusty little man who rakes the centaves out every morning and blesses the credulous fools who threw them in.

CELIA

(smiles - turns toward the well)

Well....to be on the safe side....

She closes her eyes to concentrate on her wish, shaking the coin as though it were dice. Then she tosses it.

41 INSERT - WELL

The coin spins down into the water, splashes a little and then, turning over and over sinks to the bottom where other coins can be seen. On the surface of the water, ripples move out, reminiscent of the ripples in the dream pool.

42 TWO SHOT - CELIA AND MARK

They look after the coin then Mark looks tenderly at Celia.

MARK

(gently)

What did you wish?

43 CLOSE UP - CELIA

Celia slowly turns toward him, wonderingly, and the answer can be seen in her face.

44 MED. CLOSE - MARK

As he realizes what she has wished, he pulls Celia suddenly into his arms.

CONTINUED

44 CONTINUED

MARK

Celia.....I need you.....
 (she looks at him
 almost with surprise)
 I need you more than.....

He breaks off and kisses her passionately. She responds, throwing her arms around him and clinging to him. Her Thought-VOICE is HEARD.

VOICE

One door closed and another opened wide and I went through and never looked behind....because wind was there and space and sun and storm...everything was beyond that door.....

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

That night I wrote to Bob.....

45 INT. CHURCH - MED. LONG SHOT - CELIA - DAY

The SOUND of ORGAN and BELLS begin to FADE IN. CAMERA MOVES AHEAD of her as she makes her last few steps to the altar. Her face is trance-like. She pauses, looking ahead and comes out of her memories.

46 ALTAR AND PRIEST - CELIA'S VIEW

The priest still faces the altar. CAMERA PANS from the priest to Mark, standing at the altar rail, watching Celia approach. He smiles slightly and starts to walk toward her.

47 CLOSE - CELIA

She is looking toward Mark and starts to smile. Then her expression changes to a fleeting look of danger and alarm. Her thought-VOICE is HEARD.

VOICE

Suddenly I'm afraid. I'm marrying a stranger.....a man I don't know at all.

48 MED. SHOT - CELIA'S VIEW

He is walking toward her.

VOICE (cont'd)

I could leave. I could run away. There is still time.

49 MED. CELIA

VOICE (cont'd)

But what would people say? No, I can't leave. It just isn't done. But I'm afraid...

CONTINUED

49 CONTINUED

She stands watching Mark approach, and her face betrays the doubts which have momentarily blotted out her love. The organ music swells as Mark's hand comes INTO SCENE and takes Celia's hand. CAMERA PULLS BACK so that Mark and Celia are in a TWO SHOT. Edith steps up and takes the bridal bouquet from her. She steps back as Celia and Mark side by side walk forward to the altar rail and kneel.

50 ALTAR AND PRIEST - THEIR VIEW

The ORGAN MUSIC comes to a STOP. The priest turns from the altar and advances to the rail. CAMERA MOVES AHEAD of him to INCLUDE the kneeling couple from their backs. The priest begins his exhortation.

PRIEST (in Spanish)

My dear friends, you are about to enter upon a union of which God himself is the author....

51 OMITTED

DISSOLVE TO:

52 DREAM POOL - DAY

The ripples fan out slowly from the center, CAMERA PANNING with them.

PRIEST'S VOICE

(cont'd in Spanish)

....and which our divine Savior has consecrated in a special manner.

The priest's voice is wiped by music, which FADES as CAMERA REACHES the boat.

CELIA'S VOICE

I, Celia Barrett, take thee, Mark Lamphere for my lawful husband, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health.....

CAMERA has come to the edge of the pool along which the daffodils grow.

CELIA'S VOICE (cont'd)

.....till death do us part.....

MUSIC FADES IN

DISSOLVE TO:

53 INSERT - HANDS OF CELIA AND MARK - DAY

Mark's hand slips the ring on Celia's finger. Then she cups her hands and his hands - dropping 13 gold coins into them... The SOUND of the BELLS COMES IN.

DISSOLVE TO:

54 BELLS IN TOWER

They are ringing clamorously -- harsh and mellow -- swinging back and forth in the dimness of the bell tower. They fade and her thought-VOICE is heard again.

VOICE

Maybe I should have followed the dark voice in my heart... Maybe I should have run away --

It started on our honeymoon..... SLOW DISSOLVE
It was honey at the start -- but
it changed with the moon.....
We were driving to the volcanos...

55 A COLUMN OF STEAM - (MEXICAN DIRT ROAD)- DAY

White against the sky. CAMERA PANS AWAY, revealing its source -- the radiator of a big American convertible sedan, covered with dust. CAMERA STOPS on Celia and Mark, sitting on the running-board. She wears well-cut slacks, shirt and huaraches and is studying the map of a guide-book, open on her knees. Mark, absolutely unconcerned, is unscrewing a thermos bottle and pours coffee into a cup.

CELIA

It's seventy miles to the next village...

MARK

(shakes his head)

The radiator is bone dry. Our absolute limit is twenty.

Celia flips a page in the guide-book. Mark offers the cup.

MARK

Coffee....?

CELIA

(absently)

Mmm-hm.

Then he looks up toward the back seat of the car.

MARK

How about Paquita?

56 BACK SEAT OF CAR - PAQUITA - THEIR VIEW

The seat is piled high with expensive-looking and varied luggage. Wedged between suitcases, under a big, black umbrella, in the center of the seat, is Paquita - asleep, her mouth open. A fly bothers her - instinctively she bats at it without waking up.

CELIA'S VOICE

Let her sleep.....poor lamb.

57 TWO SHOT - MARK AND CELIA

MARK

She'll have a fit when she hears we may have to spend the night here.

CELIA

(drily)

How about me? Am I a chipmunk?

Mark bends forward to look at the map. He rubs his cheek against hers.

MARK

(intimately)

I regret it too.

CELIA

(pulls her face away)

Shush!

(still looking at the guide-book)

Here's something - "Mayutla.....off the main road but worth a detour...rich in colonial and pre-Conquest architecture -- notably the Hacienda Dos Encantos." That should be something for you.

Mark shakes his head doubtfully.

MARK

It doesn't move me much.

CELIA

(beginning to be eager)

But it sounds wonderful. Listen....
"In the courtyard is a famous fountain. Legend says that if lovers drink from it, they will thereafter speak only from their hearts and will keep no secrets from each other."

(closing the book; turns to Mark)

That's for me - I want to check up on you.

DISSOLVE INTO:

58 TROPICAL COURTYARD - AN OLD STONE FOUNTAIN - AFTERNOON

With the DISSOLVE, the SOUND of the water is HEARD, marmurously splashing into a semi-circular basin built out from the wall of the courtyard. CAMERA PANS from it, over the tropical vegetation of the courtyard, to a primitive hammock - very wide - which is hung between tropical trees. Beside the hammock is a low raw-hide table on which there are books, magazines, cigarettes, a 16 mm movie camera, the portable cocktail case, etc. Mark and Celia lie together, close and quiet. He is smoking a cigarette, one hand under his head; she holds a book lazily in her fingers. Her head is on his shoulder. The silence is disturbed only by the musical sound of the water. The book slips from Celia's fingers and slides to the ground. Mark starts to reach for it, but she moves her head dreamily against his shoulder.

CELIA

M-m-m-mm.....don't move.

Mark smiles -- she nestles closer. Then, with the SOUND of water is a strange, harsh but cooing SOUND. Mark turns his head slightly, looks past Celia's head and sees:

59 A BIRDCAGE

built from peeled willow, hanging from another tree. In it, two handsome cockatoos are complaining sleepily.

60 CLOSE SHOT - MARK

He smiles, turns his head languidly, looking around.

61 COURTYARD - PAN SHOT

CAMERA (HIS VIEW) PANS slowly over the primitive architecture of the porticos, grillwork, old walls -- all softened by lush vegetation. One of the walls apparently dates from Mayan times.

62 CLOSE TWO SHOT - MARK AND CELIA (MASTERSCENE)

He turns his head back and looks dreamily up into the sky.

MARK

Distilled romance...It's built into the place...into the doorways and grillwork... the walls...Do you know what I think?

CELIA

(tender protest)
Don't think....just feel....

MARK

(resigned, and somehow, he means it)
I should have known. No woman can think.

CONTINUED

62 CONTINUED

Boom -- Celia sits up so that the hammock rocks, but Mark remains undisturbed.

CELIA

Now wait.....

MARK

(mockingly)

But darling, no woman should even try.
Thinking is the prerogative of men.

CELIA

(the pot starts to boil)

So.....?!

MARK

Because women are closer to nature, they feel...they don't think. A man may need hours of hard thinking to come to the same result to which a woman comes in a split second by instinct. There's a poet who said: "Women are happy, and children, and animals -- but we human beings, we are not."

The pot boils over. Celia pushes Mark viciously so that he rolls out of the hammock and hits the ground. "Ouch." Celia sits on her heels and glares.

CELIA

If that's spoken from your heart --
darn the fountain.

Mark has recovered to a sitting position. He laughs up at her.

MARK

But it's true, my gentle dove.
(pointing to himself)
As intelligence improves, instinct
wITHERS AWAY.

(gets up - kneeling beside
her)

We become over-civilized -- inhibited.

CELIA

(sarcasm)

Inhibited is certainly a word for you.

MARK

(acknowledging the compliment)

Oh thank you.

He tries to embrace her, but she wards him off, sitting back in the hammock.

CONTINUED

62 CONTINUED - 2

CELIA

You stay away!

Mark settles himself beside her, looks around with satisfaction.

MARK

Seriously darling, I would have needed months of research to find a place like this. It's really felicitous....inviting for love.

CELIA

(relaxing; sighs with pleasure)

It is a happy place.

MARK

(warming to his subject)

You know, I have a hobby. I'm collecting rooms....felicitous rooms.

CELIA

(teasing)

Felicitous rooms for felicitous people?

MARK

(picking up magazine from table)

Right! That's why I put out this magazine. I can't always build houses according to my theories but at least I can talk about them. My main thesis is that the way a place is built determines what happens in it.....

(he thumbs through the magazine - stops on an illustrated page - Celia bends her head to look)

For instance, this is a church in Austria where miracles happen.....The lame walk... The blind see....that sort of thing....

(he closes the magazine - picks up another and opens it)

And here's a room at Carter's Grove near Williamsburg,

(points to illustration)

known as "the refusal room" because it jinxes love affairs. A girl refused George Washington there, and later Jefferson proposed and was turned down cold in the same room.....

(starts to look further in the magazine)

Then, certain rooms cause violence.....murders.....

CONTINUED

62 CONTINUED - 3

CELIA
 (shakes her head in
 mock pity)
 Mark, my sweet lamb...you're tetched in
 the head.

MARK (looking at
 her teasingly)
 Yes, maybe I am.....

CELIA
 (puts out her arms)
 Come here, darling. That fountain's
 done enough damage.

Mark tosses the magazines away, puts his arms around her.

MARK
 Complaints? Do I talk too much?

CELIA
 Right now I'd settle for less talk.

She smiles invitingly and Mark kisses her with emotion.

PAQUITA'S VOICE (shouting, O.S.)
 Senora!.....Senora!.....

Mark releases Celia with a groan and they both look up
 toward the voice.

63 UPSTAIRS WINDOW - THEIR VIEW - PAQUITA

She gestures toward them.

PAQUITA
 Senora, come. Your bath is ready.

64 MARK AND CELIA

Celia starts to get up from the hammock, and Mark releases
 her reluctantly.

MARK
 Paquita's sense of timing needs ad-
 justment. I was going to mix you a
 drink.

CELIA (on her feet,
 Mark standing too; she raises
 an eyebrow)
 I bet!

CONTINUED

64 CONTINUED

CELIA (cont'd)
 (sees his disappointment;
 tenderly and charmingly)
 Come up as soon as Paquita leaves me.
 I'll take a rain-check on that drink.

She bites his ear as we

DISSOLVE TO:

65 OMITTED
 66 "
 67 "
 68 "

69 SMALL OLD MEXICAN ROOM - AFTERNOON

CAMERA STARTS on Celia's bath equipment -- bath salts, powder, cologne, brushes, a big sponge, etc....arranged on a rough wooden stool, and PANS ACROSS a huge, primitive, wooden tub set on three bricks -- three quarters full of water and foaming bubble bath -- CONTINUES MOVING from the tub to the floor to where water has leaked, making a small puddle. From the puddle, leading across the floor, are clearly defined wet footprints. CAMERA MOVES OVER two or three of them, OVERTAKING Celia's bare wet feet walking. There is shiny polish on her toes, and around one ankle a gold chain with one dangling charm. CAMERA MOVES two steps with her feet, and HOLDS, as she continues walking ahead, then PANS SLOWLY UP to INCLUDE Celia, in full figure, as she comes to a stop on a bath towel, spread on the floor in front of an adobe fireplace. The fireplace is broad, high and deep, and over it, from the ceiling there is a huge cone-shaped, over-head apron to catch the smoke. A low fire burns, a steaming kettle sings. Celia is just tying a fluffy white, terry cloth robe. Her hair is piled high on her head. She is obviously just out of her bath. In the background and to the left is Paquita, absorbed in her leisurely tasks. Celia sits down on a chair to the right and looks toward Paquita.

CELIA (almost childlike)
 Hurry Paquita....Hurry, hurry.....

70 MED. CLOSE PAQUITA

She is picking up a towel folded near the fire to warm, and in the other hand she holds a pair of slippers. She moves as though she had all the time in the world.

PAQUITA

Si, si...O.K.
Hurry is for catching flies...

She turns and lumbers slowly toward Celia, CAMERA WITH her.

PAQUITA (cont)

I know he's waiting. Good. So, he waits. That way, love isn't too soon fire and too soon ice.

Celia is INCLUDED in TWO SHOT and Paquita kneels and begins to dry her feet.

CELIA (looks down;

smiling)

Whose honeymoon is this, Mother McCree...?

PAQUITA (wisely)

Si, si...and a mother you need to tell you first law for marriage. The one who waits is always the one that loves most.

She puts on one of Celia's slippers.

CELIA

That's easy to say, Mommie...but love isn't turned on and off like a faucet, you know...

The other slipper is on. Celia gets up and walks OUT OF SCENE. CAMERA HOLDS on Paquita, still kneeling, looking after her.

PAQUITA

Senora, we have a way to tell it. Follow love...it flees. Flee from love, it follows you. A woman must make her lover wait for her.

71 LARGE OLD MEXICAN ROOM - DRESSING TABLE - CELIA
(PAQUITA'S VIEW) - DUSK

Seen through a doorway into the adjoining room. (It is an old adobe room -- cool, dim, white - with rough whitewashed walls, a floor of broad hand-hewn planks, polished and

CONTINUED

71 CONTINUED

satiny from years of use and care, a low ceiling fashioned from rough sticks and painted to bring out the herringbone design. There are other evidences of ancient Mexican-Spanish culture in the furnishings, (no export stuff) and in incongruous contrast to these is Celia's elegant, modern luggage. Some of her bags stand open, revealing all the luxuries of wardrobe and toiletries which a spoiled, wealthy, American girl would class as necessities.)

Celia has gone to an impoverished dressing table. On either side of the mirror are richly carved, baroque candlesticks, and the table is loaded with perfumes, brushes, mascara, lipsticks, lotions, creams, atomizers, a silver-framed make-up mirror, tweezers, etc. Celia pauses in front of the mirror and looks doubtfully over shoulder toward Paquita.

CELIA

Paquita darling. Life is so short...

72 PAQUITA (CELIA'S VIEW)

On her feet she follows Celia, closing the drapes in the doorway, talking as she goes, CAMERA WITH HER.

PAQUITA

Hija, some days, when my husband Luis is like...you say a puppy in love... I send him all day on errands. Luis, go here, Luis go there...no time for foolishness...be off!

She has reached Celia's side at the dressing table. Celia looks up at her, amused by the picture of Luis. Paquita picks up a hair-brush from the table.

PAQUITA (cont'd)

At day's end....believe me...all the time spent comes back to you many times in later years...

(poising brush)

Today, two hundred times?

Celia shakes her head, reaches up and gently takes the brush from Paquita .

CELIA

Uh...uh...you're plotting to make me late...

PAQUITA

Senora - in marriage, where one is wise, two are happy. A woman has patience - a man none.

Celia smiles as she starts to brush her hair. Paquita leaves toward the door leading to the corridor.

CONTINUED

72 CONTINUED

PAQUITA'S VOICE

Senora.....

Celia interrupts her brushing, turns her head to look at Paquita.

73 DOOR (CELIA'S VIEW)

PAQUITA (smiling; wise)

Let him wait.

She goes out, closing the door behind her.

74 DRESSING TABLE (OVER SHOULDER SHOT TOWARD MIRROR)

Amused by Paquita's preaching, Celia continues to brush her hair. There is a slight, happy smile on her lips, but slowly her expression changes to thoughtfulness. After two more strokes she stops brushing and almost unconsciously looks toward the door. She resumes her brushing. Again she stops. She gets up, CAMERA WITH HER and walks over to a big travelling handbag, takes a cigarette case out, chooses a cigarette. She stands holding the cigarette, not lighting it. A playful, roguish smile on her lips, she drops the cigarette - walks decisively to the door and turns the key.

75 INSERT - KEY

Celia's hand turning the key.

76 DOOR

Celia, CAMERA WITH HER, goes back to the dressing table and starts once more to rhythmically brush her hair.

CELIA (pleased decision)

Two hundred times.....

She looks very pleased with herself, but her expression changes to one of listening. She stops with the brush poised over her head, turns her head slowly and looks at the door.

77 INSERT-DOOR HANDLE AND KEY

The handle turns and the SOUND of the door being tried is HEARD. The handle moves back into place. Then silence.

78 DRESSING TABLE

Celia smiles, mischievously, tenderly, and with an exaggerated nonchalance again brushes her hair. She is obviously waiting for Mark to ask if he may come in. But there is no sound. She glances toward the door, turns back with determination, completing a brush-stroke. Then quickly she pivots on her seat looking at the door.

79 DOOR

The handle doesn't move. There is no sound - nothing but SILENCE.

80 DRESSING TABLE

CELIA (laughs tenderly)

Oh, Mark...Mark!

Celia gets up, starts toward door, CAMERA WITH HER. She unlocks the door, throws it open, takes a step through, and stops, looking up and down the corridor.

CELIA (chidingly)

Where are you, Mark?

81 CORRIDOR (HER VIEW)

It is empty, dark...and leads to a dark staircase, going down.

CELIA

You sweet dope...

She hurries eagerly down the corridor and down the stairs.

82 STAIRCASE LEADING TO COURTYARD PORTICO

Celia runs lightly down the steps, CAMERA AHEAD of her, and through the doorway. She stops at the threshold of the portico.

83 COURTYARD - MARK (FROM HER VIEW)

It is dusk, and lanterns hung at intervals around the portico are lit and flaring. Mark stands, his back to the CAMERA, (in the same lighting and pose as when seen for the first time in the church). A candle, burning in a lantern, throws some light on him.

CELIA'S VOICE

(o.s., clear and happy)

Mark...

CONTINUED

83 CONTINUED

He turns toward Celia. (In turning there is an imperceptible pause as though he were an actor slipping into a part he is to portray, not really noticeable, except as a feeling or as something to discover in retrospect.) Celia rushes into scene and embraces him, and he returns the embrace, though not quite so warmly.

CELIA

You can't get away from me.
 (almost tears in
 her eyes; swept away
 by her emotion)
 Mark, I love you so much...

MARK (after a pause)

We won't be separated long...

CELIA (confused -
completely at sea)

What...?

MARK

If I start now, I can make El Valle in five hours...allowing for the bad roads and night driving. There's a midnight plane from there to Mexico City...

CELIA (now she is
really confused)

What are you talking about?

MARK (aloof)

The Stanton Publishing Company in New York has always wanted to buy my magazine.

He separates from her and walks, CAMERA WITH HIM, into the darker part of the portico.

MARK (continuing)

But their offer holds only until day after tomorrow.

He is only a silhouette now, while she is lit by the candle in the lantern standing where Mark left her.

CELIA

You wanted to sell the magazine.

He answers out of the deep shadow. One feels more than one sees when he turns to her.

CONTINUED

83

CONTINUED - 2

MARK

Who said anything about want? -- But
it's lost money.....steadily.....

CELIA (hopeful, one

step toward him)

But darling, if it's a question of money....

MARK (touchy)

I know you have money my dear. It's
not what I married you for.

CELIA

But why give up something you have
your heart in.....?

MARK (shrugging)

Actually, I'm glad their offer is big
enough to force me to make a decision...
Shall we have a drink?

He goes to the raw-hide table in the courtyard and starts
preparing drinks.

84

CLOSE SHOT - CELIA

She watches him. Doubt creeps into her face.

CELIA

What made you decide so suddenly?

85

MED. LONG SHOT - MARK (HER VIEW)

His back to her, without turning, preparing the drinks, he
answers.

MARK

I got a telegram from their Managing
Editor, an hour ago. I'll send the car
back for you with a driver....You can meet
me in a few days at Levender Falls.....

85A

CLOSE UP - CELIA

CELIA (wonder-suspicion)

....Not in New York?

MARK'S VOICE (o.s.)

(casual)

No, the Lampheres have lived in Levender
Falls since Sixteen ninety-eight....It's
on the other side of the river, a little
better than an hour's drive from New York.

CONTINUED

85 CONTINUED

Mark comes INTO SHOT, carrying two drinks. She takes the glass and he raises his with a wry smile.

MARK
Our first so long...

But she doesn't drink. Her thoughts have discovered another discrepancy.

CELIA
Mark, didn't you come upstairs just now?

MARK
No.
(the slightest pause; he looks at the glass in his hand)
To be honest, I was too upset when I got the telegram.

CELIA
But...I saw the door-handle move...

Mark gives a sharp exclamation of pain and jerks his head upwards.

86 INSERT - MARK'S HAND

The stem of the glass has broken. He drops the drink. A finger is cut.

87 TWO SHOT - MARK AND CELIA

CELIA (all her love)
Mark, you're hurt...

She reaches her hand out to take his and look at the cut, but he pulls it back and puts the finger briefly between his lips.

MARK
Nothing important...Just the perfect ending for a beautiful day.

He wraps the finger in his handkerchief. Celia watches him, hurt and fearful because she feels the growing estrangement between them, which she cannot explain nor ever understand.

MARK
Well then...till Levender Falls...

CONTINUED

87 CONTINUED

He steps closer, puts his hands on her elbows and kisses her,

DISSOLVE

(Just before DISSOLVE IS COMPLETED, her Thought-VOICE IS HEARD)

VOICE

His kiss seemed cold, as though he weren't my husband, but a stranger whom I'd never met before. In an hour he was gone...

88 LARGE OLD MEXICAN ROOM - LONG SHOT - NITE

VOICE (cont'd)

...and I was alone.

It is night. Two candles are burning on the dressing table and one on the table beside Celia's bed. Paquita is preparing the bed for the night, and watches Celia who walks nervously up and down in the big room, looking small and lost. She stops at the table, picks up her cigarette case, finds it empty, but in the ash-tray are a dozen or more cigarettes which have been merely lighted and immediately crushed out. She takes one, lights it, but again almost immediately she grinds it out. Her eye roving around the room is caught by a portable gramophone which sits on a chair opposite the dressing table. Beside it is a stack of records. She crosses to the gramophone, picks the records up, shuffles through them, selects one and puts it on the gramophone. Her mind is only half-involved in what she is doing. She starts the record, turns away from the gramophone, but as the first blaring introductory chords of music break the silence, she turns back with a gesture of irritation and stops the record. She goes to the window and stands looking out...

Paquita, putting a blanket at the foot of the bed, had paused once or twice to look at Celia. She obviously wished to speak. Now she pats a pillow, rearranges the nightgown on the bed, the slippers on the floor, looks toward Celia...distress plain in her face.

PAQUITA

Senora...

89 MED. SHOT - CELIA AT WINDOW - (PAQUITA'S VIEW) - NIGHT
Without turning to Paquita.

CELIA (turns to her
over controlled)
I won't want anything more tonight,
Thank you, Paquita.

90 MED. SHOT - PAQUITA (FROM CELIA'S VIEW)

PAQUITA (subdued)
Si, Senora,

She gives Celia one last look and leaves the room.

91 MED. SHOT - CELIA AT WINDOW

As the door closes, Celia crosses to the dressing table, and as she does so CAMERA PULLS AWAY AND BACK to HOLD her in a LONG SHOT. She sits down. After a moment, she aimlessly starts to take the top from a jar of cold cream. The door opens and Celia turns to see Paquita come in again.

CELIA (a little edge
to her voice)
Yes, Paquita...?

92 MED. SHOT - PAQUITA AT DOOR (CELIA'S VIEW)

There is a hesitation in Paquita as if it were painful for her to say what she has decided to say.

PAQUITA
Senora, I am an old meddling woman,
but of pain I know much.

93 MED. SHOT - CELIA AT DRESSING TABLE

She turns nervously to her mirror, her back to CAMERA.

CELIA (her head bowed -
impatient)
Paquita...

PAQUITA'S VOICE
Better you know it now, Senora, There
was no telegram, Here no telegram can
come.

Celia's back is still toward the CAMERA. She doesn't look at Paquita. When she answers her voice is tight.

CONTINUED

93 CONTINUED

CELIA

Thank you, Paquita. But you must
be mistaken.

PAQUITA'S VOICE

Si, Senora.

The door is heard closing. CAMERA STAYS on Celia's back. She visibly sags and grief is apparent in the lines of her body, as her thoughts are heard again.

VOICE

Of course there was no telegram.
But when Paquita told me, the pain
started. Why had he gone? Why had
he lied? Why had he gone?....Why
had he lied? I racked my brain...

DISSOLVE

94 LONG SHOT - MEXICAN ROOM - NIGHT

Celia is pacing back and forth as if caged by the empty room. The candles have burned lower.

VOICE

It was a long night, and it was agony...
I tried not to think any more.

She takes a book and sits in an easy chair as though to read, but almost immediately she closes it.

VOICE

...but my mind was on a treadmill.
Why had he gone? Why had he lied?

She gets up and starts pacing again but stops after some steps.

VOICE (cont'd)

Because I locked the door?

(she resumes her
restless walk)

He said he hadn't come up. But he had.
I knew it was Mark who tried the door.
I knew it all the time. But surely my
childish prank couldn't have changed his
love for me. So why had he lied? Why
had he gone?

CONTINUED

94 CONTINUED

Pacing...pacing...

VOICE

I couldn't stand it any longer.
I had to try to sleep.

She crosses to the table beside her bed, takes a pill from a box, washes it down with water which is in a glass, drops herself onto the bed and leans forward to blow out the candle burning on the table. As she blows out the candle, the time can be seen on her travelling clock: 1:10.
Darkness.

As she lies back, her body rigid, her eyes open, CAMERA PANS to CLOSE SHOT. The VOICE starts again.

VOICE

Maybe Paquita was wrong. Maybe the telegram came by mail or was sent from the next town. But Paquita wasn't wrong. There was no telegram. For some impossible reason, he lied to me...I lay there for hours....

She leans toward the table and lights a match to look at the clock. It is 1:15.

VOICE (Cont'd)

...or so it seemed to me...
I couldn't sleep....

She drops the match and lies down, eyes wide open.

VOICE

Over and over and over and over - the one thought - why doesn't he love me any more?

(she seems to relax;
her eyes close)

Finally I must have fallen into a kind of half-sleep...

(a very faint, humming sound is heard; such as a car, far off, might make on a still night)

...and I dreamt I heard the car coming back...

(the sound increases gradually)

...It came closer and turned into the town and stopped in front of the Hacienda... Mark was in it. He had come back. But I wasn't glad. I was afraid and my fear woke me up.

Celia comes out of sleep with a start and sits up.

95 OMITTED
96 "

97 LONG SHOT OF ROOM (HER VIEW) SHOOTING TOWARD DOOR

The light has changed. It is morning. A knock is HEARD on the door.

98 MED. SHOT - CELIA

She sits, the fear slowly draining out of her face. Again, knocking is HEARD. Celia is still half in her dream.

CELIA (alarm and fear)

Yes...?

99 LONG SHOT OF ROOM (HER VIEW) SHOOTING TOWARD DOOR

The door opens and Paquita ENTERS, a letter in her hand. She rushes toward Celia, CAMERA AHEAD of her.

PAQUITA

Senora, the car came back...The driver said I must give this to you, pronto.

As Celia is INCLUDED in scene, Paquita hands her the letter and, Celia, trembling and eager, opens it. Paquita watches. Celia reads.

100 INSERT LETTER

It reads:

Darling -

I just made the plane in time.
Hurry home to Levender Falls. I'll
be waiting at the station. I need you.
I love you.

Mark

101 TWO SHOT - CELIA AND PAQUITA

Celia is reading happily and Paquita beams.

PAQUITA

The letter is good? Si?

Celia turns and throws her arms around Paquita.

CELIA

Oh, Paquita, I've been such a fool...
such a silly, stupid fool.

CONTINUED

101 CONTINUED

As Faquita hugs her tight, Celia's Thought-Voice is HEARD.

VOICE

Five long days later, my train pulled
into Levender Falls.....

DISSOLVE

102 TRAIN WINDOW (PROCESS) - DAY

Reflected on the window surface are telephone poles, trees,
etc., which the slowly moving train is passing. As the
DISSOLVE is COMPLETED, we see behind the window, Celia
eagerly looking out, watching for Mark.

VOICE (cont'd)

I was watching for Mark's dark head....

103 STATION - SLOW MOVING SHOT (HER VIEW)

A long wooden platform level with the train cars slides
past.

(Beyond it, commuters' cars are parked. The station build-
ing with its sign reading LEVENDER FALLS comes INTO SCENE.
There are perhaps a dozen people on the platform, two or
three farmers standing by an express cart loaded with milk
cans, station attendants, one lounging near the station,
another standing forward near the edge of the platform.)

VOICE (cont'd)

....I wanted to catch that moment
when he would first see me.....

There is a final shrieking of the wheels. The train has
come to a stop.

STATION AGENT (shouting)

Train for Hartsville, Pemsan,
Schirmerville.....

104 TRAIN

Celia steps off and stands beside her luggage that the
conductor is setting down on the platform. She looks up
and down in anticipation.

VOICE

There was no sign of Mark
anywhere.....

CONTINUED

104 CONTINUED

The conductor goes into the train for more luggage, and Celia, frowning slightly, turns and almost collides with a handsome, middle-aged woman who embraces and kisses her. CAMERA MOVES IN to TIGHT TWO SHOT.

VOICE (Cont'd)

...but I found myself being kissed
by an astonishing female replica
of him...

CAROLINE (brisk and effusive)

You must be Celia. Mark said
you're beautiful and you are,
(sees a momentary look
of blank astonishment
on Celia's face; laughs)
I'm Caroline...Carrie...Mark's
sister!

Celia stares the briefest moment longer at her. CAROLINE LAMPHERE is a woman in her middle forties, handsome, well-groomed, fashionably but conservatively dressed, who exudes restless vitality.

CELIA

Of course...You look like him.

CAROLINE (rueful)

I know...the dark, lean Lampheres.
On the men of the family it looks
good. Anyway, I'm relieved to hear
that Mark mentioned me. He's apt
to disregard minor details....
(indicates luggage)
Is this all yours?

105 INSERT - LUGGAGE

The conductor's hands are setting down the last of Celia's luggage. There are between eight or nine pieces of matched, blonde-rawhide luggage, monogrammed -- all sizes and shapes, and three hat-boxes.

CELIA'S VOICE

Part of it... and some trunks...

106 REVERSE SHOT - TOWARD STATION BUILDING - CELIA AND CAROLINE

CAROLINE

Give me the checks...
 (there is quite a
 handful of these)
 I'll have them picked up tomorrow....

Celia tips the conductor who moves out OF SCENE to get back on the train. Then she turns back, looking preoccupied.

CELIA

I wired Mark....

CAROLINE (voice raised
 against sound of train)

Yes, but he's delayed in New York.
 He'll be here tomorrow for sure,
 but I think it's beastly of him...

Behind them the train is HEARD moving off, and smoke drifts back across them. An elderly, gnarled stationman, dressed in overalls, is passing, and Caroline turns toward him before Celia can even attempt to answer.

CAROLINE (calls)

Oh Lem...
 (he turns)
 Put this luggage in my car, please.

LEM (moving to carry
 out her orders)

Yes, Miss Lamphere.

CAROLINE (takes Celia's arm)

It's a twelve mile drive from
 Levender Falls to Blaze Creek... DISSOLVE TO

107 INT. STATION WAGON (PROCESS) - NEW YORK STATE COUNTRYSIDE
 LATE AFTERNOON

It is late afternoon and the last sunlight slants across the rocky, rolling farmland outside. Caroline drives and chatters. Celia sits silently beside her, still uneasy because Mark wasn't at the station. The luggage is piled in the back.

CAROLINE

We Lampheres are rooted here. Mark does all his creative work at the house. For a time he even thought of moving his New York office to Levender Falls...when rentals became simply criminal....

CONTINUED

107 CONTINUED

CAROLINE (Cont'd)

(Celia looks at her;
Caroline sighs)

We had to cut a lot of corners to
make ends meet...but Mark decided
he needed the New York front...

CELIA (thoughtfully)

Y'know...I took it for granted I'd
always live in New York....

CAROLINE

You'll love Blaze Creek....
there's no place like it.

(warmth and love
for the house)

Every generation of the Lampheres
has added to it... two or three
rooms... a wing... Mark too...
but somehow it all seems to go
together... The front wing is just
as it was in seventeen hundred.

DISSOLVE TO

108 BLAZE CREEK - FRONT DOOR - DUSK

It is almost completely dark. Lights made from old car-
riage lanterns burn on either side of the door. The SOUND
of a car HORN is HEARD.

108A UPSTAIRS WINDOW

The curtain is cautiously moved back. A woman is looking
down holding the curtain back with one hand. Her face is
partially covered by a scarf. The SOUND of the car stop-
ping is HEARD and the woman bends closer to the window.

109 WALK LEADING TO FRONT DOOR - DOWNSHOT (WOMAN'S VIEW)

The station wagon stands in the driveway in front of the
house, and Celia is getting out. Caroline has already got-
ten out on the far side and comes around the car to her.

CAROLINE

We're rather short on servants...
We've only one old couple...

CONTINUED

109 CONTINUED

As Caroline starts up the walk to open the door, Celia follows, but stops after a few steps and looks up at the house, and turns her head toward the upstairs window.

110 UPSTAIRS WINDOW (CELIA'S VIEW)

The woman behind the curtain drops it immediately and steps back and there is no one in the window.

111 FRONT DOOR - TWO SHOT

Celia is still looking up, startled by what she has seen. Caroline finishes opening the door, looks at her, then looks up too.

CAROLINE

That was probably Andrew, sizing you up.

She walks into the dark entrance hall. Celia looks questioningly from the window toward Caroline. Andrew isn't a woman's name.

CELIA

Andrew...?

CAROLINE'S VOICE (out of the darkness)

Yes...Mark's son...

112 MED. SHOT - CELIA

She has started to look once more toward the window when Caroline's words sink in. She forgets the woman in the shock of this new revelation. She looks toward the darkness behind the door.

113 DOOR - CELIA'S VIEW

The light inside the entrance hall goes on. Caroline steps out.

CAROLINE (smiling)

Welcome home, Celia.

114 MED. SHOT - CELIA

She is struggling to cover her shock and surprise.

CELIA

Thank you...Carrie...

CONTINUED

114 CONTINUED

CAMERA AHEAD OF HER, she slips past Caroline into the ENTRANCE HALL.

Dutch-American architecture...white plaster and dark wood...dark oil portraits hanging on the walls. Caroline closes the door and walks to the middle of the hall and claps her hands together sharply.

CAROLINE (calls)

John! John!

(to Celia)

John and Sarah are both slow as molasses....John!

An elderly man comes hurriedly from a door under the stairs. This is JOHN, chauffeur and general handy man at Blaze Creek.

CAROLINE

Oh -- didn't you hear the car?

JOHN

No'm,

CAROLINE

This is Mrs. Lamphere, John.

JOHN (to Celia)

How do you do, Ma'am...

CELIA (gives him
her hand and attempts a
smile)

How do you do, John.

CAROLINE

Mrs. Lamphere's luggage is in the car.

He goes toward the front door, as Caroline crosses the entrance hall toward the stairs, turns a switch to light the stairs and darts up.

CAROLINE (to Celia

as she crosses)

I'll show you to your room.

115 STAIRWAY MED. SHOT - CELIA MOVING SHOT

CELIA (automatic;vague)

Thank you,

CAMERA AHEAD of her she follows Caroline up the stairs. As she comes CLOSER to the CAMERA her Thought-VOICE is HEARD.

VOICE

Why didn't Mark tell me that he'd been married...that he has a son? I want to have Mark's children, but not another woman's child...

The staircase has a white plaster wall on which hang South Sea Island and American Indian masks between dark, oil portraits. Caroline's off-stage VOICE CUTS IN.

CAROLINE'S VOICE (o.s.)

Don't let the Lamphere tribe frighten you. They weren't as formidable as they look.

Celia, coming out of her thoughts, stops on the stairs and glances at the portraits.

116 THE PORTRAITS ON THE WALL (CELIA'S VIEW)

Dark oil paintings, none modern, of past generations of Lampheres -- an old man from the eighteenth century, a middle-aged, arrogant looking woman in the dress of the early nineteenth century, an elderly sea-captain, etc. CAMERA STARTS TO MOVE over them (as Celia resumes climbing the stairs.)

117 MED. SHOT - CELIA - (MOVING SHOT)

As she climbs the stairs, she looks away from the paintings and her Thought-VOICE begins again.

VOICE

How could he let me come into all this...blindfolded? It's like stumbling into a dark maze...

118 MED. SIDE SHOT - CAROLINE - (MOVING SHOT)

She is moving a little faster than the CAMERA, passing a group of masks.

CAROLINE

The masks were collected by my great grandfather, Leslie. He was a sea-captain. Hideous, aren't they...?

CONTINUED

118 CONTINUED

Caroline moves ahead OUT OF SCENE, and Celia ENTERS SCENE. She looks toward the masks, then ahead toward Caroline. (This is an entering wedge.)

CELIA

I suppose that...
(she hesitates)
Andrew loves them...

119 TOP OF STAIRCASE - (CELIA'S VIEW)

Caroline pauses a few steps from the top and turns toward Celia.

CAROLINE (matter of fact)

Not any more.

She continues climbing. Celia comes INTO SHOT and CAMERA STARTS TO MOVE BACK of her.

CELIA (after a
lame pause - to Caroline's
back)

Strange. I should think any boy
would...

CAROLINE (at the top
of the stairs)

Andrew's a strange boy...

As Celia reaches her side, Caroline turns a switch to light the upstairs corridor and CAMERA COMES TO A STOP BACK of them, as the two women stand side by side.

CAROLINE (cont'd)

This is one of the newer wings.

119A CORRIDOR - (THEIR VIEW)

CAROLINE'S VOICE

Father started it and Mark did the
rest. When he needed more space
for his workroom...

Caroline and Celia have ENTERED the SHOT. Caroline takes a step or two ahead to open a door at her left, throws it open and goes through, Celia following.

120 SITTING ROOM - AT DOOR TO CORRIDOR - (MASTERSCENE) - NIGHT

As they come in, Caroline stands to one side, watching Celia look around.

CONTINUED

120 CONTINUED

CAROLINE

I think you'll be comfortable here -
once you're settled.

Celia walks forward. CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY to a LONG SHOT.

CELIA (not too convincingly)

I'm sure of it.

as Celia takes off her suit jacket and lays it on a chair. Caroline comes toward Celia who, lost in thought, is taking off her hat... running her fingers through her hair.

CAROLINE (cautiously)

I imagine you'll want a day or
two to adjust before you take
over...

CELIA (turns toward

her - startled out of
her thoughts)

What...? Sorry Carrie. I was
wool gathering...

CAROLINE

I asked when you wanted to start
managing the house...?

John has ENTERED, carrying a load of suitcases, and before Celia can answer, Caroline turns to him.

CAROLINE (cont'd)

Just put them anywhere, John.

He crosses to set them on a table and on chairs and Celia turns to Caroline. She has decided to be diplomatic - to make Caroline her friend.

CELIA

Look Carrie, I'm bone lazy. I
like to sleep till eleven or later.
I'm not even conscious until I've
had three cups of coffee. You'd
save my life if you kept on.

CONTINUED

120 CONTINUED - 2

CAROLINE (stiffly but
pleased)
Whatever you say. I was managing
Blaze Creek even before mother
died.

Behind them, John goes out after another load.

CELIA (another opening)
And anyway...I'll need time to make
friends with Andrew.

CAROLINE (drily)
That will take time.

Celia is unable to suppress a startled look and Caroline
changes the subject.

CAROLINE
I told Sarah to keep the water
heater going until you got here...
I thought you might want a bath...

CELIA
I would...yes...

CAROLINE
I'll run it for you...

Caroline walks past Celia and disappears into the doorway
leading to the bathroom. Celia follows, slowly.

121 PASSAGEWAY TO BEDROOM

The bathroom door is opposite the dressing room, and the
SOUND OF RUNNING WATER is HEARD. Celia comes INTO SCENE
her face showing her preoccupation with the mystery of
Andrew. She looks toward the bathroom.

CELIA (projects over water)
What does he like?

CAROLINE'S VOICE (projecting)
Who?

CELIA
Andrew...

CAROLINE (coming out
of bathroom)
Oh... books...

CONTINUED

121 CONTINUED

CELIA

That's all?

Caroline goes toward doorway, leading to bedroom.

CAROLINE

He's difficult since his mother died.
Didn't Mark warn you?

CELIA (lamely)

Yes...he did...

Caroline has pushed back the drapes leading to the bedroom.

CAROLINE

This is the bedroom.

Celia stands beside her, looking in.

CELIA (really pleased)

Oh....It's lovely...

122 BEDROOM - THEIR VIEW - SLOW PAN SHOT

This room is entirely different from anything else in the house -- a different world. The furnishings are rich, romantic, gay yet delicate. There is a small French fireplace - on its mantel tall, ornate candlesticks with long wax tapers. The bed has a peaked half canopy. On the walls there is delicate, muted paper, giving the effect of tapestry. There are tall, narrow mullioned windows with long, full drapes.

CAROLINE'S VOICE

The wallpaper is very old. Mark got it at an auction in Paris...The candlesticks, too.

123 MED. TWO SHOT - CELIA AND CAROLINE

They are standing together outside the bedroom. Celia walks in, Caroline following.

CELIA

That couch is dreamy...

CAROLINE

I've always liked this room... Eleanor had a real flair for decoration...

124 MED. SHOT - CAROLINE

She sees Celia's reaction to the name "Eleanor".

CAROLINE (cont'd -
one eyebrow up)
Oh...Mark does neglect details.
He didn't tell you...

125 TWO SHOT - CELIA OVER CAROLINE'S BACK

She tries to cover quickly.

CELIA
I'd forgotten her name was ...Eleanor...

CAROLINE
That shows you aren't jealous at
any rate.

Celia is jealous and she is fighting it. She walks away
with exaggerated casualness, pretending to look at the room.

CELIA (her voice tight)
It would be rather foolish of me...
wouldn't it?

CAROLINE
Very sensible, my dear... Eleanor
had a certain charm...
(Celia turns, vitally
interested after all)
but there was an enamelled quality --
an aloofness...
(again changing subject)
Anyway...I never asked if you were hungry.
What would you like?

CELIA (her thoughts
elsewhere)
Oh...I eat everything...

CAROLINE
Fine. I'll fix you a tray while you
start your bath.

She goes out briskly. Celia thinks a moment longer, then
CAMERA AHEAD OF HER, she follows, looks into the bathroom
a second, then walks into the sitting room to a chair near
the door on which a small travelling case has been set.
In the meantime, John has brought in all her luggage. She
snaps it open and from the top takes out a tailored dress-
ing gown.

CONTINUED

125 CONTINUED

About to go back, she notices that the door leading to the corridor is ajar, and as she starts to close it she realizes there is no key on the inside. She steps out into the dimly lit corridor. There is no key on the outside either. The SOUND of a door being closed makes her look down the corridor.

CELIA (tentatively)

Carrie...?

126 CORRIDOR - (HER VIEW)

Down at the end of the dimly lit corridor there is a bright line of light from under a door.

127 CORRIDOR - CELIA

Her dressing gown over her arm, she goes to the door, hesitates, knocks, and as there is no answer, pushes the door open.

128 ARCHITECT'S WORKROOM - (HER VIEW) - NIGHT

A modern functional architect's office. There are a long drafting table, some other tables covered with models and blueprints, blueprints on the walls, filing cabinets, etc. Everything including the lighting fixtures is extremely functional. Only one of the cone shaped chromium light fixtures is turned on so that most of the room is dark.

The room is empty!

129 CELIA AT DOOR

CELIA (reassuring herself)

Carrie...?

130 ARCHITECT'S WORKROOM - (HER VIEW)

A door at the back opens and a woman is silhouetted in it. Her features are not visible but it is obviously not Caroline.

131 CELIA AT DOOR

CELIA (embarrassed)

I'm sorry...I was looking for Miss Lamphere...

132 ARCHITECT'S WORKROOM - (HER VIEW)

The woman comes forward into the light. Her face combines

CONTINUED

132 CONTINUED

efficiency and beauty. Her left ear and part of her left cheek are covered by a chiffon scarf caught loosely over her hair and held with a rhinestone clip beneath her chin. Her voice is low and musical.

THE WOMAN

I'm Miss Robey...Mr. Lamphere's secretary. Can I help you?

133 CELIA AT DOOR

CELIA (flustered)

I'm Celia Barrett...I mean, Mrs. Lamphere...I think I saw you at the window when I came in...

134 MED. SHOT - MISS ROBEY

Her face is expressionless.

CELIA'S VOICE

It was you I saw...?

MISS ROBEY (flat+toneless)

No.

135 CELIA AT DOOR

CELIA (deciding not to press it)

It was rather dark...Caroline thought it was Andrew..

136 MED. SHOT - MISS ROBEY

MISS ROBEY (noncommittal)

Very likely.

137 TWO SHOT - CELIA AND MISS ROBEY

Celia takes a few steps forward. She tries to be casual.

CELIA

I'm looking forward so much to meeting him.

MISS ROBEY

He isn't feeling well tonight.. since this afternoon...

CELIA (quick honesty)

I suppose it's because of me.

CONTINUED

137 CONTINUED

MISS ROBEY (cautious,
always on the alert)
He was very much attached to his
mother...

CELIA
I can understand how that makes
him somewhat difficult.

MISS ROBEY (baited
into defending Andrew)
He isn't difficult...Only someone
who hasn't the time, or doesn't care
to take the trouble to know him,
would think that... Andrew is a fine
boy...nervous maybe, and sensitive...

Beyond Celia and Miss Robey, Caroline appears in the door-
way and pauses. Neither woman is aware of her presence.

MISS ROBEY (cont'd)
...but he resents domination.

Caroline comes in, a flash of anger on her face.

CAROLINE
Ridiculous, Miss Robey. He's plain
spoiled.
(that's final!
turning to Celia)
We almost had a flood, my dear...

CELIA (realizing)
Good heavens...the tub...

CAROLINE
I turned it off, just in the nick
of time. Your supper's waiting.

Caroline goes into the corridor and waits.

CELIA (very warmly)
Goodnight, Miss Robey.

MISS ROBEY (non-committal)
Goodnight, Mrs. Lamphere.

Celia turns to go.

138 CORRIDOR - CELIA AND CAROLINE - (MOVING SHOT)

Celia closes the door as she comes out and she and Caroline

CONTINUED

138 CONTINUED

walk side by side toward her room (CAMERA AHEAD OF THEM).
Caroline glances back with an expression of annoyance.

CAROLINE

I wish she'd mind her own business.
Domination...nonsense! I know what
Andrew needs...love, of course...
but a firm hand.

CELIA

I suppose he misses his mother.

CAROLINE

Eleanor pampered him...probably because
she and Mark became so completely es-
tranged.

(Celia looks up at her)

The break was final after he came back
from the war. He moved into a small room
adjoining his study...and then, when she
became ill, she shut herself off from
everyone -- except Andrew.

During Caroline's speech, some of Celia's doubts about
Mark have disappeared.

CELIA (thoughtfully)

I noticed there were none of Mark's
things in there...

(she points ahead -- looks
up at Caroline, suddenly
lighthearted)

I was going to file a protest.

They have reached Celia's door. Celia, going in first,
stops suddenly.

139 INT. SITTING ROOM - (CELIA'S VIEW) - (MASTER SCENE)

On a table there is a tray with Celia's supper, and stand-
ing beside the tray is a vase filled with several dozen
long stemmed roses.

CAROLINE'S VOICE

They came this afternoon. Sarah kept
them in the refrigerator until you
got here.

Propped among the roses is an envelope. Celia comes INTO
SCENE -- tosses the robe she is carrying onto a chair and
eagerly picks up the envelope and opens it. As she reads,
a secret, pleased smile comes to her lips.

CONTINUED

139 CONTINUED

CELIA (to herself)

The rat....

Caroline comes up to the table, and Celia looks up from her note, folding it hastily and shoving it into her pocket. Her expression is embarrassed but very happy.

CELIA

They're from Mark.

CAROLINE (drily)

So I imagined.

CELIA (giving her

attention to the tray)

And now, to coin a phrase.....

I could eat a horse....

She sits down in a chair set near the table looking eagerly at the cold chicken, salad, stewed fruit, milk, etc...while Caroline watches her - pleased and proud.

CAROLINE

Everything was raised right here at Blaze Creek.

(handing Celia a napkin)

.....even the milk. We keep a Jersey.

CELIA (again absent-minded, but happily so - reaching for glass of milk)

...She's very good-looking.....

CAROLINE (at sea)

Who.....?

CELIA

Miss Robey.

CAROLINE

Oh!.....She used to be.

(Celia looks up)

When Andrew was about four, the summer house caught fire, and she saved his life. Her face was burned on one side.

CELIA (eyes widen with sympathy)

I wondered why she wears that scarf.

CONTINUED

139 CONTINUED # 2

CAROLINE

It's a shame for a woman to be disfigured,
but she uses it as a hold on Mark. I
think gratitude has its limits, but you
know Mark.....

(Celia gives her a
thoughtful look...
does she know Mark?)

You'd think he was old enough to know
these things himself.

CELIA

I guess men don't live to be that old.
Incidentally, what time does my beast get
in tomorrow?

CAROLINE (arch)

The middle of the night for you. Ten A.M.

CELIA

Good grief....how could he do that to me...?
But I'll fix him....I'll be there.

She smiles with anticipation.

DISSOLVE

140 STATION AT LEVENDER FALLS - PARKING SPACE - MORNING

It is a bright summer morning. In the foreground are the
steps which lead up to the platform. Just beyond the steps,
the station wagon from Blaze Creek has come to a stop. John
is driving and Celia gets out eagerly.

CELIA

Cheers....we made it.

JOHN

Yes'm....with a minute to spare by
this hyer clock.

In front of her is a hedge of lilac bushes growing beside
the steps. The bushes are heavy with blossoms. She selects
a spray which she leans forward to pick. As she pins it to
her lapel with a jewelled lapel clip, the SOUND of a train
coming in is HEARD. Still fumbling with the lilac she runs
on up the steps.

141 TRAIN WINDOW (PROCESS)

Mark stands behind the window in the door of the train which
moves slowly to a stop. Trees and telephone poles are re-
flected on the glass. He watches for Celia.

142 STATION PLATFORM (TOWARD STATION BUILDING)

SOUND of train coming to a full stop. Celia comes out onto the platform, looking eagerly and anxiously toward the tracks. Her view is momentarily obstructed by a cart piled high with chicken crates, but as it moves past Mark ENTERS SCENE from CAMERA, carrying briefcase and overnight bag.

CELIA

Mark...! Mark...!

The cart passed, he sees her. Half running they come together and he embraces her, CAMERA MOVING IN. He holds her close for a long moment. They kiss. They are speechless with happiness. He holds her pressed against him.

MARK (happy)

Your heart is beating so fast.....

CELIA

I'm flesh and blood....remember....?
I feel yours too....

She turns her head back to look at him. They are both smiling idiotically. As he bends forward to kiss her again, he stiffens and his hands slip.

143 MED. CLOSE - CELIA

She has leaned back slightly to be kissed. Her face, neck and shoulders are visible, including the lilac on the lapelshe looks wonderingly at Mark....

144 CLOSE SHOT - MARK

He stands motionless, his face strained, looking at her almost without recognition, two fingers pressing hard against his temple. Then he speaks with effort.

MARK

I'm tired.

145 TWO SHOT (OVER MARK'S SHOULDER)

CELIA (anxious)

You look tired, darling....

(ghost of a smile)

...efficiently tired. Has it been bad?

MARK (tight-lipped)

Not good.

He starts walking and Celia walks with him.

CONTINUED

145 CONTINUED

CELIA

Didn't the sale go through?

MARK (shakes his head)

When they found out I needed the money,
they got cagey and withdrew the offer.
I've got to see Townsend at the bank
before lunch....

CELIA

(protestingly taking
his arm)

Oh, darling....our first day.

They have reached the top of the steps. Mark, freeing his
arm to look at his watch, stops.

MARK

(in a hurry to get away)

Tell John to pick me up at five.

(impersonally)

See you at dinner....

He hurries away from her, and she stands, momentarily
stunned, watching him till he disappears in the station-
house. She turns slowly and goes down the steps. Un-
consciously, her hand goes up to her lapel and her fingers
start shredding the lilac. On the last step, she stops,
and with sudden determination, pulls the lilac blossom
off, drops it, turns abruptly, climbs the steps and walks
toward the station house.

146 TICKET OFFICE

The man sitting behind the window looks up as Celia steps
in front of him.

CELIA (hard and determined)

When does the next train leave for
New York?

TICKET MAN

Four-forty, Ma'am.....

CELIA

Thank you.

She turns away. The station attendant, Lem, has just come
around the corner and is passing.

LEM

Mornin' Miz Lamphere. You want John
to take your trunks now?

CONTINUED

146 CONTINUED

CELIA

No, thank you....leave them here....

She leaves him looking after her, puzzled.

147 PARKING SPACE

John has turned the car around. When he sees Celia, he opens the door. She gets in, her face hard and determined. John closes the door.

CELIA (to John)

Home.

148 CLOSE SHOT - CELIA (PROCESS)

Sound of starting motor. The car starts. Over the SOUND of the motor, her Thought-VOICE is HEARD.

VOICE (self-pity)

Home....Where is home....
Not with Mark. Not any more.

She takes her cigarette case and lighter from her bag, lights a cigarette and takes a deep, determined drag.

VOICE (hard)

It was a gamble....and I lost. Period.
I'm going back to New York.

She takes one more drag from her cigarette, looks at it and throws it out of the window.

VOICE (bitter)

Back to what? To Bob? I could have
married him before....before Mark. If
only Rick were alive. I could go home
to Rick.

There is yearning in her face. Some of the hardness is gone.

VOICE (cont'd)

But what would he say?
(she smiles a little;
remembering)

There's only one question involved,
he would say - Do you love him or don't
you - and can that stuff about your
pride and how your feelings are hurt,

CONTINUED

148 CONTINUED

VOICE (cont'd)

(tears)

Your tears aren't worth the salt in them.
You're a spoiled brat!

(she shakes her head
in denial)

Do you want a man? Or do you want a
gadget - a husband off the assembly line
with free wheeling end finger tip control?...
Those were big words you said in front of
that altar baby -- love and honour for better
for worse....including the times when he's
worried and moody....After all, you're no
easy dish yourself.

The car has come to a stop some time before. Now the
SOUND of the OPENING OF THE DOOR is HEARD. Celia turns.

149 FRONT DOOR TO BLAZE CREEK

The car has stopped on the driveway in front of the house.
John is holding the door open and Celia steps out. She
walks toward the front door and casts a casual, unconscious
glance up to the window where she saw Miss Robey the night
before. Behind her, John slams the car door. She pauses,
then turns back to John.

CELIA

John, would you mind driving back to
the station? I'd like you to pick
up my trunks.

DISSOLVE TO

150 INSERT - CELIA'S SITTING ROOM - TRUNKS - NIGHT

CAMERA PANS OVER two wardrobe trunks standing open and
partially unpacked, fairly bursting with a part of Celia's
elaborate, expensive wardrobe and lingerie. A steamer
trunk beside them is still closed, but a small suitcase set
on top of it stands open, filled with Celia's jewelry.

DISSOLVE TO

151 LIBRARY BLAZE CREEK - NIGHT

(The room is not too large, part of the oldest wing.
Opposite the door leading to the entrance hall is a wide,
Dutch stone fireplace. The windows look out on the garden.
All available wall-space from floor to ceiling is filled
with books. The furniture in the room is conservative but
not stuffy -- deep chairs, broad couches, low, wide tables,

CONTINUED

151 CONTINUED

simple reading lamps. There is an alcove on the side between the fireplace and entrance leading to a corridor and staircase.)

Celia comes down the corridor. She is dressed for dinner. On the wall of the alcove is a pewter-framed mirror. Celia pauses before it, leans forward to inspect her lipstick, then stands back looking at herself with approval and pleasure. She runs her hands fondly over her waist and hips.

CELIA (to herself)

And he saw everything he had made....
and behold.....it was very good...

She smiles and turns, takes a cigarette and inserts it in a holder. The smile lingers on her lips as she strikes a match, then she stops, her eyes widening in surprise at what she sees beyond the match flame.

152 LIBRARY CHAIR (HER VIEW)

Curled up in a deep chair facing her is a thin, frail-looking boy. His face is sensitive and introspective and he looks younger than fourteen. He holds a book open on his lap but he isn't reading. He is staring at Celia with cold curiosity. There is a moment's pause, then he unwinds his long thin body and stands up in a gesture of mocking formality.

ANDREW

How do you do. I'm Andrew.

153 MED. SHOT - CELIA

Realizing he has witnessed her at the mirror, she is somehow embarrassed.

CELIA

How do you do, Andrew.
(the match has burned out in
her hand; lamely)
I'm glad you're feeling better.

154 MED. SHOT - ANDREW

He is watching her warily like an animal at bay, with a slight bow - almost inaudibly.

ANDREW

Thank you.

155 TWO SHOT - CELIA AND ANDREW

Decided to make conversation, she walks toward him.

CELIA
I didn't know you were here.
(indicating chair)
Am I disturbing you?

Andrew shakes his head slightly and Celia sits. Andrew strikes a match for her cigarette.

CELIA
Thanks.
(while he sits)
I'm glad I have the chance to meet you alone....
Miss Robey told me lots of nice things about you....
(another uncomfortable pause)
I like Miss Robey --

ANDREW (a fleeting smile)
Aunt Caroline wouldn't agree with you.

There is quite a long pause this time. This is a subject Celia doesn't dare pursue. She searches her mind for a safer one.

CELIA (finally)
What are you interested in, Andrew?

ANDREW
In what way?

CELIA
In becoming...an architect too, I suppose.

ANDREW (determined and sharp)
No.

Another deadlock....then Celia sees the book Andrew holds.

CELIA
What are you reading?

ANDREW
"Commonsense...." by Tom Paine. It's very positive. I like it.

CONTINUED

155 CONTINUED

CELIA (now she is in
deep water - but she struggles)
I never read it, I'm afraid. When
you're finished with it, could you...?

Andrew is watching her with wisdom and a touch of compassion.
He breaks in to save her.

ANDREW
I appreciate that you're trying to
make friends with me....

CELIA (grateful)
Yes, I am.

ANDREW (oddly superior
and gentle)
But there are things I'm afraid you
won't understand.

CELIA
I'll never try to take your mother's
place, Andrew.

ANDREW (with finality)
You couldn't.

Celia doesn't dare to press him. He lets the statement sink
in. Then, patiently, as though she were the child:

ANDREW
Let's leave it this way. Apparently you
are honest. It's not usual in this house.
I was prepared to dislike you...but I find
I have nothing against you.
(another pause)
I shall call you Mrs. Lamphere.

Celia offers her hand with a slight smile - and Andrew
takes it. She knows this is progress.

CELIA
Fair enough. I hope later we...

She breaks off as the SOUND of a car outside is HEARD. She
turns her head to look toward the open windows. Andrew
glances at the window then looks at her knowingly.

ANDREW
It's father.

CONTINUED

155 CONTINUED - 2

Celia is on her feet. For the moment, the problem of Andrew is forgotten.

CELIA (quickly-
absently)
Excuse me, will you, Andrew?

She goes past him and quickly across the room.

156 ENTRANCE HALL

Celia crosses to the front door, and pulls it open. Mark is coming up the walk. He looks at her and his step falters.

157 MED. CLOSE CELIA

She looks at him, suppressing a smile, then she offers her hand.

CELIA
You want me to carry you over the
threshold?

158 MARK SHOOTING PAST CELIA

He pauses only a second, joy and disbelief on his face, then with one last stride he takes her in his arms and kisses her. Then still holding her in his arms:

MARK
You aren't angry?

CELIA (bending back)
I've buttered my bread and now I
have to lie in it.

Mark laughs, starts to kiss her again, but she wards him off with her hand, shaking her head.

CELIA
Uh-uh...I choose the weapons and the
battleground...
(beckoning with a finger)
Come upstairs.

DISSOLVE TO

159 CELIA'S SITTING ROOM (MASTERSCENE) - NIGHT

The room is in tremendous, feminine confusion with Celia's

CONTINUED

159 CONTINUED

trunks and suitcases everywhere, half-unpacked, a wilderness of hats, shoes, furs and heaps of shimmering dresses. As the door from the corridor swings open, Celia walks in and Mark stands on the threshold, looking around in delight.

MARK

Was there a cyclone....?

CELIA (drily)

I'd call it an earthquake. The ground's been shaking under my feet ever since I got here...Lampshades skeletons come rattling out of every closet...

(Mark looks at her
questioningly)

Mark....why didn't you tell me you'd been married?

MARK (apparently

genuine surprise)

Darling, I thought....

(she shakes her head)

but you must have seen it when we got our marriage license. I remember thinking how tactful you were not to mention it...

CELIA (rueful; smiles
a little)

Rick always told me to read everything - including the fine print....

(serious again)

but you never even mentioned Andrew....
or....

MARK

Celia, it all seemed so far away...
so unrelated to you....

CELIA (decisive -

straight from the shoulder)

Mark, after you left me at the station I wanted to go straight back to New York...
but then I had a talk with Rick...

(smiles as she sees
Mark's amazement)

I conjured him up -- and he read me the riot act. Finally he asked me one straight question and the answer was yes.

CONTINUED

159 CONTINUED - 2

MARK

Yes what?

CELIA

Yes I love you...

(a pause)

...but I can't help wondering if
you love me...

MARK

You're talking about Eleanor...

Celia nods, and Mark, his face grim, begins to walk up and down. When he starts to explain, he has to struggle to express himself.

MARK

She was a gentle person, Celia...
not cold...yet I couldn't give her love,
I blame myself. But it just wasn't a
marriage...

CELIA (this is beyond
her experience)

But you had a son.

MARK (a touch of bitterness)

I was never close to him either...
and he blamed me for her unhappiness..

CELIA (a woman's
pity for Eleanor)

She was...very unhappy...?

MARK (sandpapered raw)

I didn't understand the things she
cared for, and I couldn't make her
understand the things that were im-
portant to me...

CELIA (goes to him; gentle)

Then let's not make the same mistake,
Mark...

(Mark looks questioningly)

I can understand...if you don't shut
me out...

(Mark still doesn't get
the drift)

What about this morning?

CONTINUED

159 CONTINUED - 3

MARK (hesitant-
evasive)

I'm always like that when I'm worried.
That's no excuse...I know...but I couldn't
get the magazine out of my mind...

CELIA

What happened at the bank...?

MARK (shrugging)

I went in -- but I couldn't ask for
a loan. The Lampheres have been
locked up to for so many years...
I can't let the town know I need
money -- I'll have to sell, that's all...

CELIA

Now, listen darling, and please don't
interrupt. When I mentioned this before,
you were awfully stuffy and old hat about
it. I'm not rich, but I have money.

MARK (trying to stop her)

Celia, I couldn't...

CELIA

I'm your wife, Mark...and that means
I'm more than the babe you whistled at...

MARK

I whistled?

CELIA

You whistled with your eyes...

(going on)

I'm that...but I want to be everything
else too. I want to share your life...

MARK

No Celia, please...I'd feel ashamed.
I can't discuss it.

CELIA (exasperated; sighs)

You're like a turtle, Mark. One
wrong word...and boom...I'm talking
to a shell...

(measures with her hands)

that thick...

MARK (teasingly)

A family characteristic...come down
from Snapper Lamphere, known as the
swamp king.

CONTINUED

159 CONTINUED - 4

MARK (cont'd)
 (looks at watch)
 Now may I change shells for
 dinner?...

CELIA (stops him with hand)
 There's one thing more...
 (beckons with
 her fingers)
 I want to collect on that rain check
 you gave me in Mexico.

Mark laughs and pulls her into his arms.

MARK
 I can see this is the day my
 sins have Found me out.

He kisses her and over the kiss her Thought-VOICE is
 HEARD.

VOICE
 We had passed our first test, and I
 was happy as the proverbial lark.

Mark was my world.

A week later we had our house-warming -
 a garden party for all my friends and
 Mark's...or rather Caroline's...SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

160 BLAZE CREEK FRONT LAWN LONG DOWN SHOT AFTERNOON

The party is in full swing. The entrance of the house
 is visible and the lawn and the garden rimmed by trees
 and shrubs. People stand in groups or sit together in
 garden chairs - talking and drinking. Celia's New York
 friends can be identified by their citified 'Abercrombie'
 country clothes.

There are a scattering of country gentry -- older people --
 old family friends of the Lampheres. Featured is a long
 picnic table, presided over by Caroline, Miss Robey and
 Sarah, with an old fashioned punchbowl, plates of fancy
 sandwiches, cakes and cookies.

Celia's Thought-VOICE HAS CONTINUED as a satiric counter-
 point to the seemingly peaceful, idyllic scene.

VOICE (cont)
 ...and it was grim. It was absolutely
 brutal. It couldn't have been worse if
 we'd tried. New Yorkers against the
 gentry of Levender Falls...with Emily Post
 tossed out the first round...and the second...
 no holds barred...Then, fortunately, nature
 took a hand.

CONTINUED

160 CONTINUED

A long, grumbling ROLL OF THUNDER INTERRUPTS the Thought-VOICE. The people on the lawn look up. It begins to rain. There is a moment of paralysis but as the rain becomes a downpour, there is a stampede toward the house.

DISSOLVE TO

160A ENTRANCE HALL FRONT DOOR

The guests push in through the door and mill in the small space in hopeless confusion. The first ones in are fairly dry and the later ones are drenched. The SOUND of the rain is loud and over it there is considerable babble and gasping as people mop themselves with handkerchiefs, etc.

160B ENTRANCE HALL AT MIRROR

An anxious New York debutante has stopped in front of a mirror to assess damage. Near her, a venerable old Levender Falls Lady is carefully wringing water from the hem of her black silk skirt.

NEW YORK DEBUTANTE

I never saw anything so sudden.

(the old lady looks at her coldly - unmoved by the complaint in her voice)

Do you think it's ever going to stop?

LEVENDER FALLS LADY

I wouldn't know about New York, but it always has in Levender Falls.

MAN'S VOICE (o.s.)

Gangway folks...! Gangway!...

160C ENTRANCE HALL FRONT DOOR

The rush is still on. People turn toward the outside door and make way for a short, fat, breathless man in shirt sleeves, drenched to the skin, swinging the punch-bowl ladle. Caroline, the man's coat over her shoulders, has the punch bowl. Mark, Miss Robey and Sarah follow precariously balancing different trays.

CAROLINE (the perfect hostess)

Don't blame the hostess...the rain wasn't scheduled. Drinks will be served in the library.

There is an impromptu cheer as they hurry through.

DISSOLVE INTO

161 LIBRARY TOWARD FIREPLACE - DAY

SOUND OF RAIN and of guests crowding into the library, laughing and gasping as their individual reactions to the rain.

A fire blazes in the fireplace. Edith holds her hands to the warmth, facing Celia.

EDITH

Bless the rain. When it started I was in the clutches of one of your local hayseeds...

She turns her back to the fire, sees someone across the room, nods and wiggles her fingers. Celia looks too.

162 MED. SHOT COUNTRY SQUIRE

Standing with a group of Levender Falls people, both men and women, is an elderly man who, though dressed in his Sunday clothes, is type casting for a New England farmer. His bony face is deeply seamed. His head is bald, fringed by rather long snow-white hair, and in front of his ears, are cotton-puff sideburns which look strangley frivolous against his granite face. They all are gradually repairing the damage of the rain - mopping their faces with handkerchiefs, brushing water off coats, etc. The elderly man catches Edith's look and nods gravely and curtly.

163 LIBRARY FIREPLACE CELIA AND EDITH

CELIA

Cuddlesome, isn't he?

EDITH

There's literally nothing I don't know by now about lamb chops...on the hoof.

MAN'S VOICE (o.s.)

I like mine medium rare.

Edith turns with a start, her eyes widen with surprise, and she fairly leaps forward into the arms of Bob who is smiling with great pleasure.

EDITH

Bob!

(turns her head toward
Celia - eyebrows raised)

Doesn't Mark have the decency to be jealous?

(back to Bob)

Did you just get here?

CONTINUED

163 CONTINUED

BOB (shakes his head)
I saw you on the lawn, but as usual you
were going yakata, yakata, yakata...

EDITH
It's a wonderful party...I got rid
of gallons of repressed poison.

CELIA (teasing)
Paging Mr. Freud.

EDITH
Darling - my subconscious is a booby trap.

CELIA (laughingly)
Behave you two.

She pats Edith affectionately and leaves. Bob and Edith
watch.

164 LIBRARY ANOTHER ANGLE

Four Levender Falls men stand together, all holding plates
heaped high with food. To them a party is for eating and
drinking. One of them is tall, lean, American Gothic, his
head hanging forward from a stringy neck. Beside him is a
small sandy man with close-set eyes and a face that goes all
to points...rather ferret faced. The third, the youngest, is
beefy, stupid, radiating animal good health. They speak with
their mouths full - between bites and swallows. Celia hurries
by and the men look at her appraisingly.

BEEFY MAN
Not bad!

GOTHIC MAN
I liked Eleanor better.

FERRET FACED MAN
I wonder how Caroline's taking it.

BEEFY MAN (chewing stolidly)
I'm told the new one has a lot of
money.

OWL EYES (laughs dirtily)
Take it where you find it, I say.

They chuckle.

165 LIBRARY FIREPLACE - EDITH & BOB

BOB
.Is she happy?

CONTINUED

165 CONTINUED

EDITH (looks at him
with shrewd amusement)
Punch drunk!

BOB (thoughtfully)
He hasn't a button...not a blessed sou...
except for what his magazine brings in:
(looking around the room)
All this...is mortgaged to the hilt...

166 OMITTED

167 OMITTED

168 LIBRARY STAIRS - TOWARD ALCOVE - DAY

Two young, bored, leggy New York sub-debs are sprawled on the stairs. One is busily repairing her makeup, the other is looking toward Mark. A third -- an intellectual looking girl with sophisticated glasses...stands with her back to CAMERA, examining books on the wall.

FIRST SUB-DEB
I could eat him with a spoon....

SECOND SUB-DEB (finished
with lipstick)
Yummy...

INTELLECTUAL SUB-DEB
(patronizing glances over
shoulder toward Mark)
Did you hear about his hobby? Weird!

The other two girls look at her curiously and she bends toward them. The three heads close together...there is a moment of busy, buzzing whispering...and then the first two girls look again toward Mark, their eyes wide and incredulous.

FIRST SUB-DEB
No! Really...?

The three begin to whisper again.

169 LIBRARY - CELIA, MARK

They stand looking at each other as though they were alone in the room. OFF STAGE SOUNDS of the party are HEARD and occasionally a guest passes by them.

MARK (warm)
I've watched you every minute...

CELIA
I too...

MARK
I've missed you...

CELIA (smiling love)
You'd better...

CONTINUED

169 CONTINUED

MARK (warm emotion)
How much longer...?

He breaks off and releases Celia, as CAMERA PULLS BACK slightly to INCLUDE Bob walking up to them.

BOB
I've been trying all afternoon to catch you two alone. Mind if I intrude on your pink cloud?

MARK (friendly)
Come aboard. I appreciate your coming.

BOB
To be honest, Celia's letter from Mexico didn't make me jump for joy...

CELIA
I hope not.

Both men laugh.

MARK (warm and earnest)
I can't promise to make her as happy as I am, but...

CELIA
Now stop. You two make me feel like a beetle on a pin.
(hooks her free arm through Bob's as Caroline rushes up)

CAROLINE
Mark...there are just too many people for the library...I thought if you showed some of them your rooms...

MARK (reluctantly)
I don't know, Carrie. I haven't looked at them myself since I came back.
(to Celia)
... I told you in Mexico, Celia.

CELIA (anticipation)
Oh yes, Mark... I'd love to see them.

CAROLINE (insistent)
You have to Mark, to split them up a little...I'll suggest games to the others.

CONTINUED

169 CONTINUED - 2

MARK

All right Carrie...let's see how many customers we have...

He and Carrie move off. Bob turns to Celia.

BOB

Rooms?

CELIA

Mark has a hobby. He collects rooms like some people collect butterflies. They're somehow connected with happy events...He has a theory...

DISSOLVE TO

170 OMITTED

171 "

172 CORRIDOR OF MURDER ROOMS - TOWARD IRON GRILLWORK DOOR
GROUP SHOT- DUSK

(The corridor has several turnings and branches and begins at an iron grillwork door. It is a wide pannelled passageway between rooms.)

Miss Robey, moving ahead of the group led by Mark, opens the grillwork door, and leaving it open, moves to the door of Room 1, to the left. The two sub-debs are clinging to Mark, and behind them are Edith, Celia with Bob, the Intellectual Sub-Deb and a group of other people, most of them seen previously in the library. Mark talks as he walks through the door and across to Room 1.

MARK

... that under certain conditions, a room can influence.. or even determine the actions of people living in it,

Mark nods to Miss Robey and she throws open the door of Room 1. The guests crowd through. SOUND of "ohs" and "ahs."

173 ROOM "1" - LONG SHOT (THEIR VIEW)

The room is small, French -- an intimate salon. Crystal lustres light it softly. The furnishings are in faded brocade, the walls, dull antique wainscoting. The windows are covered by full, closed, heavy draperies. There is a chaise longue, several fragile chairs, a marquetry taborot on which a book is opened face down. A wine glass beside the book contains a dried crusted liquid. A slipper of

CONTINUED

173 CONTINUED

diamondized gold metal cloth lies near the chaise longue, upon which is a half crumpled woman's handkerchief, deeply bordered in lace.

MARK'S VOICE

This was the boudoir of the Countess de Bleumanoir... sealed by her husband on the morning of August twenty-fifth, fifteen seventy-two.

174 REVERSE ANGLE - GROUP IN DOOR

The people have pushed around Mark into the room or are crowded in the doorway.

MARK (cont.)

I heard of it in Paris nine years ago. It started my collection.

BOB (reflectively)

It must've cost considerable to copy a room like this.

MARK

It's not a copy. These are the original rooms, down to the last detail, as far as possible.

There is some reaction from the group.

FIRST SUB-DEB

I bet there's a love story.

175 MED. CLOSE - MARK AND SUB-DEBS

MARK

Not exactly.

SECOND SUB-DEB (avid)

What happened.....?

MARK

Murder... my dear...

176 MED. CLOSE - CELIA AND BOB

The sub-debs are HEARD to let out identical 'oooohs' and other gasps from the group. Celia looks quickly toward Mark, and Bob looks at her... his face questioning.

CONTINUED

176 CONTINUED

MARK (cont.; a good
teller of tales)

It was the Eve of St. Bartholomew's Day.
The Guise family... to which the Count
belonged.. planned to murder all the
Huguenots in Paris.

177 CLOSE SHOT - MARK

MARK (cont.)

The Count was a religious bigot,
passionately intolerant. When he
discovered that his beloved wife
Celeste was secretly a Huguenot--

178 CLOSE SHOT - CELIA

She stands staring at Mark, surprised and disturbed by
the unexpected murder story.

MARK'S VOICE (cont.)

... she was nothing to him anymore -- a
thing without a soul. She was lying on
the chaise longue reading when he came.

179 MED. CLOSE - MARK AND SUB-DEBS

SECOND SUB-DEB (awe)

Did he poison her?

Mark looks questioningly toward the room, wondering what
made her think poison!

MARK

Why... oh -- you mean the glass....

He points toward the glass on the table. The crowd cranes
its head to see.

180 CLOSE SHOT - CELIA

Later than anybody else, she turns her gaze away from Mark
with effort, looking toward the room.

181 INSERT - WINE GLASS ON THE TABORET

MARK'S VOICE

...No, that's wine...But if you
notice the handkerchief on the couch....

CAMERA PANS ACROSS the chaise longue, and on the lace hand-
kerchief, dull faded splotches can be seen.

CONTINUED

181 CONTINUED

MARK'S VOICE (Cont.)

...there's a little blood -
It was a rapier thrust.

CAMERA PANS to the floor by the chaise longue, and HOLDS on a slender sword, its blade also stained.

PAUSE. Not a breath is HEARD. Then:

VOICE OF MARK

In Room Number Two the weapon
was more unique.

DISSOLVE TO

182 ROOM TWO - A HEAVY WOODEN CHAIR - DUSK

It stands in the center of the room, with slashed lengths of rope knotted to the back.

MARK'S VOICE (Cont'd)

The killer used the floods of nineteen-
thirteen which you may recall....

CAMERA PULLING BACK reveals a low-ceilinged cellar, the walls of which, once white-washed are now uniformly streaked from a line about two feet beneath the ceiling. The room is actually sunken. The only objects in the room besides the chair are various tools, a pick-axe, saw, hammers, etc. hanging on the wall above a work bench.

MARK'S VOICE (Cont'd.)

This was the cellar of a house in
Barton, Missouri, where the floods
were especially severe.

183 REVERSE UP-SHOT - TOWARD STEPS AND ENTRANCE

Part of the group is standing half-way down the rickety wooden steps, peering tensely down. Mark is in the foreground, the sub-debs together behind him; at their side Edith and the intellectual sub-deb.

MARK (grim)

He was a sordid little rat.

EDITH

Who was the victim?

MARK

His mother...

CONTINUED

183 CONTINUED

INTELLECTUAL SUB-DEB

"That's rather rare...murder of a mother
by her son..."

Mark looks at her quizzically, amused by her profession-
alism.

FIRST SUB-DEB (explaining

whisper)

"She's a brain...Psych Major!"

Mark nods with mock-seriousness.

INTELLECTUAL SUB-DEB

Though in many cases, the murder of a
girl friend or a wife has its psychological
roots in an unconscious hatred for the
mother.

Mark smiles - he doesn't take her seriously at all.

MARK

As I see it, his motive was common
as dirt...The old lady was insured...
for very little...

184 MED. SHOT - CELIA AND BOB

She does not look at Mark, but stares toward the chair.
Bob looks at Mark, then toward the chair.

MARK'S VOICE (cont)

...but it was a fortune to him...
The waters were rising...

185 MED. SHOT OF CHAIR

MARK'S VOICE (cont)

He tied her to the chair. You can
see how far the waters rose...

CAMERA BEGINS SLOWLY TO PAN UPWARD, measuring off inch
by inch the meaningful streaks on the wall, stopping on
the dark water mark, several feet above the back of the
chair.

DISSOLVE TO

186 ROOM THREE - ELEGANT DINING TABLE - DUSK

A small refectory table beautifully set with a heavy
white cloth - fragile, exquisite glasses, a champagne
bottle in a bucket, candlesticks and candles...the setting
for a romantic intimate dinner for two. CAMERA PANS to a
silk scarf, looped over the back of an overturned chair.

186 CONTINUED

MARK'S VOICE (ironic and engrossed)
 Don Ignazio couldn't stand the sight of blood. He was a cultivated man....

CAMERA PULLING BACK reveals the rest of the room. It has great style....rich and somewhat extreme, but still done in excellent taste. It is mainly Spanish, but there are touches - long tapered candles in wall brackets, a painting... other objects which make it cosmopolitan.

MARK'S VOICE (cont'd)
 ...as you can see by this room, even in the wilderness of Paraguay, in his hacienda which was surrounded by desolate pampas, he lived a cosmopolitan life. He had been educated in Paris...

187 REVERSE ANGLE

The group have come further into this room and are more spread out.

MARK (cont'd)
 To Don Ignazio, murder as well as love was a fine art, and in both he was a master and a perfectionist. Constancia... Maria...Isabella...they were all girls of flawless beauty...

188 CLOSE SHOT - CELIA

She looks toward Mark, but her eye is unconsciously stopped by something and she turns half-way back.

189 CLOSE SHOT - MISS ROBEY

She has been looking intently at Celia, but as Celia looks at her, she drops her eyes quickly and looks toward the room.

190 CLOSE SHOT - CELIA

Celia looks once more at Mark.

191 CLOSE SHOT - MARK

His VOICE is continuously HEARD over the SHOTS of Celia and Miss Robey.

CONTINUED

191 CONTINUED

MARK (cont'd)

Before Don Ignazio faced a firing squad, he was accused of having celebrated the black mass...he swore that he never intended murder...he hoped for ultimate and lasting love... but something...he spoke of an 'unholy emanation from this room' - drove him inevitably to kill.

192 GROUP SHOT

EDITH

Pretty far fetched...

MARK

To Don Ignazio, it all seemed most apt.

INTELLECTUAL SUB DEB

A pity for him that in his day nothing was known yet about psychoanalysis.

MARK (patronizing)

You think the room had nothing to do with it.

INTELLECTUAL SUB DEB

Course it did...very important. Something happened to him here... perhaps in his childhood and he had made a resolution in this room to kill. His conscious mind had forgotten all about it, but...

MARK (interrupting; ironic)

But he still killed...

INTELLECTUAL SUB DEB

(unruffled)

Natch! But he didn't know why! He just had to. But if he'd been able to tell someone like a psychoanalyst what it was that happened here... no murder would have been necessary...

MARK (suddenly sharp)

Unless his love for his victims made it necessary...

He turns toward the door, and the guests follow him.

CONTINUED

192 CONTINUED

MARK (cont'd)

Our next murderer, compared to Don
Ignazio, was a blundering amateur...

As he goes through the door, his VOICE FADES OUT. The guests
follow, and the CAMERA STAYS on Celia who looks after him.
Then she looks nervously back toward the table.

193 INSERT - SCARF

The SOUND of the crowd leaving FADES OUT.

194 MED. CLOSE - CELIA

She turns back. The room is empty, except for Bob, who has
paused in the doorway waiting for her; his face filled with
concern.

BOB

Didn't you say happy events?

CELIA (thinking - bewildered)

I'm sure that's what Mark said...
or...I must have misunderstood.
Mark wouldn't lie to me.

BOB (hesitantly)

Celia...when Rick died he left me with
certain responsibilities and...

(Celia looks at him vaguely-
collecting her thoughts)

...I may not be alone with you again.
You signed a Power of Attorney last week.
Do you realize it gives Mark the same
power over your trustfund that you have
...complete control over all your
money...

CELIA (what is he

talking about)

He needed money for his magazine.

BOB (surprised - suspicious)

The magazine makes pretty good money...

CELIA (over-reacting;

she refuses to doubt Mark)

Bob...you're jealous.

BOB (steps back stiffly)

If you feel that way, Celia...

CONTINUED

194 CONTINUED

CELIA (pulling herself
together)
I'm sorry...But I know Mark. He'd
never do anything unfair,..

There is a shrill woman's laugh O.S. and Celia and Bob turn.

195 CORRIDOR CORNER (THEIR VIEW)

The ferret faced man and a tall, rangy, middle-aged woman are making their way unsteadily up the corridor. The man is slightly drunk - the woman not quite sober. They have come from the library.

RANGY WOMAN
And they say women are catty!

The man laughs.

196 ROOM THREE - SHOOTING TOWARD CORRIDOR - CELIA AND BOB

They back into the doorway, so they are somewhat hidden from the approaching pair. The couple is passing.

FERRET FACED MAN (slightly
drunk and cheery)
Mark's a lucky fellow. First wife's money
runs out..she dies..second wife with plenty
of scratch. Nice work if you can get it..

Malicious laughter. They go out of sight and hearing, Celia's face is contorted with fury and she tries to follow but Bob holds her back.

BOB (low pleading)
You don't want to make a scene, Celia.

CELIA (terribly angry)
It's vicious...

BOB
Gossip, Celia. Ignore it.

CELIA
I had to beg Mark to use my money. I
forced him to...
(she looks at Bob -- sees
doubt in his face - steps back-
speaks vehemently)
You tell me to ignore gossip, but you
believe it yourself...

BOB (miserable)
Celia...

CONTINUED

Her eyes fill with angry tears and she turns quickly to rejoin Mark and the group. CAMERA HOLDS on Bob in f.g. as she walks toward group just visible beyond a corner in the corridor, grouped around a far door. Bob watches, then follows.

197 CORRIDOR - DOOR TO ROOM SIX

The guests are packed in the doorway looking in. There are ad libs from the crowd: "It's beginning to get me," "I couldn't hear..was she a child?" "Where's the blood?" "Can you imagine such a man?" "I think I read about it."

As Celia comes INTO SCENE, they are stepping backward to give way to Mark, Edith, and the other guests inside. CAMERA MOVES IN with Celia as she goes directly toward the doorway. Beyond her, part of an early American room can be seen. Mark and Edith come out of the doorway, CAMERA STOPS, Celia in f.g. facing them.

EDITH

Not a male in the lot! I admit we women provide plenty of provocation, Mark - but there must be some way short of murder to demonstrate male exasperation!

There is scattered laughter from the crowd, and Mark smiles winningly.

MARK

From Eve till today.....
 (stretching his hand to
 Celia he smilingly pulls
 her arm through his)
women are our greatest temptation.
 (to the crowd - guide style)
 Ladies and gentlemen, this was the last
 to be seen. The guide is not allowed to
 accept tips!

Laughter. All the guests have come out of the room and Miss Robey pulls the door shut.

MARK (cont'd)

Caroline is waiting in the library to
 serve you her famous chicken-pot-pie.

Enthusiastic acclamation by the crowd as they begin to drift down the corridor. Mark walks forward with Celia on one side and Edith on the other. CAMERA AHEAD OF THEM. They are just passing a room on the right marked Number Seven. Edith stops and looks back at it curiously.

CONTINUED

197 CONTINUED

EDITH
 What I need is a drink!
 (indicating door)
 We didn't see this one - did we?

Mark and Celia stop and a few of the guests pause too.

MARK
 (slightest hesitation)
 ...N-o.

EDITH
 Isn't it complete?

MARK
 (still hesitating)
 ...Y-es....

EDITH
 (going to the door)
 Then - don't let's skip it....

Her hand is on the door handle, she tries it.

198 CLOSE SHOT - DOOR HANDLE

Edith's hand turning the knob.

EDITH'S VOICE
 Why it's locked....

199 GROUP SHOT - MARK, CELIA, EDITH AND LIPTON

EDITH (turning)
 This must be tops in gruesomeness.
 Come on - open up, Mark.

MARK (shakes his head,
 smiling)
 A man has to have a few secrets.

EDITH (without leaving the
 door; to Celia)
 Danger, darling, danger! Never trust a
 man with secrets.....

MARK
 Doesn't your husband have any?

CONTINUED

199 CONTINUED

EDITH

Naturally. It's as instinctive for Arthur to hide things from me as for a dog to hide bones under the rug.....
 (she stops, a look of
 ludicrous horror on
 her face)

Arthur!

CELIA

What is it, darling?

EDITH

When it started to rain, Arthur was...
 Oh Heavens....

CELIA

Well, what is it?

EDITH

You know Arthur....one drink too many and he's over the edge. He was sleeping in one of those canvas chairs behind the Forsythia bushes - and I forgot him. He must be drowned by now.

DISSOLVE TO:

200 LIBRARY LONGSHOT (MASTERSCENE) - NIGHT

The room is in all too well-known post party disorder. There is the SOUND of rain hitting the windows. Mark stands at the fireplace, lighting a pipe. An old-fashioned grandfather clock strikes a melodious ONE. She switches off the lights and drops into a chair near the fireplace.

MARK

It's good to be alone with you...
 Nightcap?

CELIA (appreciatively)

Uhm-hmm....

Mark crosses to the table behind her which served as a bar for the party, and where the glasses and bottles are, and starts to mix a drink. CAMERA MOVES INTO A TWO SHOT. The room is lit only by the dying fire in the fireplace. Celia, absorbed by the fire and her feelings on the tour, starts to speak without looking at him.

CELIA

Mark...didn't you tell me, in Mexico, that you collected happy rooms?

CONTINUED

200 CONTINUED

MARK (turning his head)
 Happy? No....
 (remembering)
Felicitous....is that what you mean?

Celia nods, waiting for further explanation.

MARK
 Felicitous doesn't mean happy, darling...
 Look it up in the dictionary. It means
 happy in effect...fitting...apt...
 (coming back, carrying her drink)
 I use the term to describe an architecture
 which fits the events that happen in it.
 (handing her the drink)
 Your favorite...

CELIA (not drinking)
 But why....only murder rooms, Mark?

MARK (rationalizing)
 Murder comes from a strong emotion -
 more direct even than love. It's the
 clearest demonstration of my theory....

CELIA
I was rather shocked.

MARK
 By the stories...? Most people find
 them pretty potent...

He goes back to the table and starts preparing his own
 drink.

201 MED. CLOSE - CELIA

CELIA (groping)
 No, it wasn't that, it....was you....
 Somehow I felt like I did...that night
 in Mexico...and when I met you at the
 station...

202 MED. CLOSE - MARK

He stands with his back to her. There is very much the
 same tenseness in him as in their parting scene in Mexico.

MARK (forced easiness)
 I don't know what you're talking about,
 Celia.

203 MED. CLOSE - CELIA

CELIA

It was the way you immersed yourself
in those stories....as if you were almost
happy about their deaths...

204 MED. CLOSE - MARK

He is still not looking at her.

CELIA'S VOICE (o.s.)

...and when you described...how
Celeste was killed by her husband...
(the slightest motion of
Mark, then he soundlessly puts
glass and bottle on table)
Somehow I felt I was Celeste...

205 TWO SHOT - CELIA & MARK

CELIA (cont'd)

I felt the steel piercing me....
(PAUSE, then impulsively
she turns toward him)
Mark, what's in the seventh room?

MARK (over-control)

It will never be shown to anyone....
(turning and looking
directly at her)
Not even to you.

CELIA (almost a nervous laugh)

Oh, Mark....
(getting out of the chair)
What do you mean by never?

MARK (cold as ice -

facing her)
What would I mean?

CELIA (takes couple of
steps - reasoning with him)

I'm not just curious Mark. I don't want to
pry....
(she puts her hands on his arms)
...but I want to understand you...remember...?

MARK (determinedly

releasing himself from her grasp)
I have to live my own life. Since I was a
child I've been hemmed in by women who want
to live it for me. Caroline...and Eleanor...
and now you, too. No thanks....

CONTINUED

205 CONTINUED

He walks across the room toward the door, leaving her at the table watching him helplessly.

CELIA

Mark!

(he doesn't stop)

Mark, there can't be anything in the room worth quarreling...

MARK (stopping near the door he turns)

I don't want to discuss it.

(suddenly, there is almost hate in his voice)

The room is locked...and will stay locked. Goodnight.

He goes swiftly out of the room. She stands motionless at the table.

DISSOLVE TO:

206 GARDEN BLAZE CREEK - TOWARD HOUSE - DAY

Long shadows indicate early morning. Caroline and John are working in a flower-bed. A wheelbarrow, loaded with tools, boxes of soil, seedlings, plant spray, etc., stands a few feet away. Caroline wears heavy gardening gloves, a man's leather jacket, a broad straw hat and cotton skirt. Celia, lonely and dejected looking, comes from the house. She walks up to them.

CELIA (wanly)

Morning....

Caroline turns with surprise. John mutters something, laconically.

CAROLINE

I thought you never got up before eleven...

CELIA (a forced smile)

I couldn't sleep...

CAROLINE

Butterflies?

CELIA

Uh-uh - a little headache....
What are you planting?

CAROLINE

Carnations....

CONTINUED

206 CONTINUED

CELIA

I like carnations, deep red ones...
and lilacs...

CAROLINE

There aren't any now...

JOHN

She liked lilacs too...Mr. Mark's
mother...

(waves a hand widely)

All this side of the house was a
solid bank of it...white and purple...
and that fussy kind they calls Persian...

CELIA

What happened to it?

Caroline raises her head thinking.

JOHN

It was dug out...when Mr. Mark came
home from school...

CAROLINE (remembering)

Yes, Mark had it taken out the summer
after mother died. So long ago...

(to John)

John, I left the bone meal on your
work-bench...

John nods - moves off toward the garage. Celia pulls a
pack of cigarettes from her jacket pocket and offers one
to Caroline.

CAROLINE (shaking her head)

Only after dinner.

(she sits back and drops
her hands in her lap.

There is unexpected
softness in her)

I've been trying for days to tell you --
I'm glad you're here.

CELIA (simply)

Thank you, Carrie --

Caroline looks up with a quick, grateful, almost girlish
smile. She feels she can let her guard down even more.

CONTINUED

206 CONTINUED - 2

CAROLINE

I blame myself so much for Mark's first marriage.

CELIA (reminded of Mark)

But Carrie, you aren't...

CAROLINE

Yes...I picked Eleanor for Mark...I thought him very unsettled...very wild. So I made up my mind and his that he had to be married for his own good - but...

(she shrugs and sighs)

I think I'll have a cigarette.

(Celia gives her the pack and matches)

I watched him yesterday at the party... he must love you very much...

CELIA (touched)

Thank you Carrie...

CAROLINE

You know...as a child Mark was very much like Andrew...emotional...over-sensitive...

(reminiscently)

I remember once, when he was ten, I locked him in his room...just to tease him. When he was let out he was beside himself... screaming and crying with rage...

DISSOLVE TO

207 LITTLE HALLWAY WITH MIRROR LEADING TO LIBRARY - DAY

in the b.g. a short flight of steps leads around a corner to a connecting corridor. Celia comes down the steps into the hallway. She wears a different dress than in the preceding scene. She has taken some steps when she hears o.s. an angry, raging VOICE.

MARK'S VOICE

Are you deaf...? Answer me. I won't put up with your snooping any longer!

Celia crosses hastily to the library door and stops short looking.

208 LIBRARY (HER VIEW) MARK AND ANDREW

Andrew is in the same chair where he was when he talked to Celia. He is sprawled in an attitude that expresses defiant unconcern, pretending to read, not looking at Mark who towers over him in a rage.

MARK

What did you think you'd find in my room?

(Andrew continues reading,
his face expressionless)

Stop reading when I talk to you!

What did you think you'd find?

(no reaction)

Take that smirk off your face and
answer me.

209 MED. CLOSE ANDREW

ANDREW (looking slowly

up cold and quiet)

What are you afraid I could find?

210 TWO SHOT SHOOTING PAST ANDREW'S CHAIR

(so that Andrew is NOT seen)

MARK (raises his arm)

You miserable....disgusting brat...

CELIA'S VOICE (fear)

Mark...no!

But he has already hit. CAMERA PULLS BACK as Celia hurries into SCENE and fairly throws herself on Mark's arm, holding him back. Andrew doesn't even take his hands from his book.

CELIA (hanging on; desperate)

Mark, you can't...he's only a child.

Mark viciously pulls his arm from her grasp and steps away. He stands breathing somewhat heavily, and when he finally speaks to her he is under control, but his voice is deadly.

MARK

Very well, Celia. If you think you
can handle him better than I - you
have my blessing...

He turns and starts out of the room.

CELIA (near the breaking-point)

Mark, what in heaven's name...?

CONTINUED

210 CONTINUED

He turns, his face shows that he is coldly controlling his feelings. He is further away from her than ever before.

MARK

You seem to have great sympathy and understanding for Andrew, my dear, and I can see why you might. But I wish you would try to understand me as well...

He turns and goes out. She stands rooted a moment longer.

211 MED. CLOSE CELIA

When she turns to look at Andrew her cheeks are wet with tears.

212 MED. CLOSE ANDREW

He sits in the same position looking at her with sympathy. His face is old and wise and sad.

ANDREW (quietly)

I'm sorry Mrs. Lamphere...but you must never interfere between him and me... You see...he killed my mother.

213 CLOSE CELIA

Her eyes show horror...her tears have dried up. There is a long pause. Then a low, ominous rippling note of MUSIC BEGINS...as though far off a stormy surf were beginning to roll in on her. Her Thought-VOICE is HEARD - at the beginning very low.

VOICE

Funny...
 Why do I keep on thinking about red carnations...and lilac...
 Maybe when pain becomes unbearable one doesn't feel it any more.
 (trying to concentrate,
 stroking her forehead)
 I came down here to write Edith that the gardner found her husband's wallet...
 (a shadow crosses her face,
 she looks in the direction
 the shadow has moved)
 Andrew is leaving.
 (she looks in the direction
 of the chair)

214 EMPTY CHAIR

VOICE

I shouldn't have let him go like that.

Celia ENTERS SCENE and drops into the chair fatigued by the shock.

VOICE

I should have defended Mark...
The gardner said he had the
lilacs dug out...I'm thinking in circles...
(forcefully pressing her
hand over her face, tilting
her head)

I must pull myself together. The whole
thing is ridiculous. Andrew is over-
sensitive and high-strung.

(she drops her hand,
raises her head and
stares into the void)

But how did Eleanor die?... DISSOLVE
How did Eleanor die?...

215 KITCHEN BLAZE CREEK

AFTERNOON

Celia stands at the sink in the foreground cutting the stems of gladiolas with shears. In the background sits Caroline peeling potatoes. Celia is trying to cover her excessive interest in what they are talking about.

CELIA (casually)

How did she die?

CAROLINE

A kind of gentle fading...The doctors
called it pernicious anemia but I think
she was just tired of living.

CELIA (glancing toward her)

Tired of living?

CAROLINE (nods)

She felt that Mark didn't love her...
When she became ill a desire to live
might have turned the balance...but she
didn't want to...she had no resistance left...

Caroline has finished peeling the potatoes, picks them up in a collander and goes OUT OF SCENE. CAMERA STAYS ON Celia. The Thought-VOICE is HEARD.

CONTINUED

215 CONTINUED

VOICE

Tired of living...She loved Mark,
but he didn't love her.

(she stops cutting the
gladiolas; her hand lowers
the shears; CAMERA PANS
down to her hands, the
shears and the flowers)

Can one kill by purposely denying someone
love...?

By taking away the desire to live...?

DISSOLVE TO

216 CELIA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Sarah is dusting the mantel, on which are the candelsticks.
In the mirror Celia can be seen on the couch, dressed in a
negligee, her breakfast on a low table beside her.

SARAH (as she works)

...I nursed her till she died. When
Mr. Mark came back from war...he
couldn't do enough to help...everyday
brought her books...or fruit or flowers.
He always gave her her medicine himself.

217 MED. CLOSE CELIA

She looks up.

SARAH'S VOICE (cont'd)

Mr. Mark is the soul of kindness...

CELIA (nodding)

I know, Sarah....I know....

There is the SOUND of a car o.s. Celia gets up and,
CAMERA WITH HER, goes to the window and looks down.

218 WALK LEADING TO FRONT DOOR DOWNSHOT (HER VIEW)

A car has stopped on the driveway, and Miss Robey has got
out of it. She is holding the car door open. Mark gets
out holding a mongrel dog in his arms. Caroline comes
into scene from the house and looks questioningly at Mark
and the dog.

CONTINUED

218 CONTINUED

MARK (to Caroline)
Hit by a car. They didn't stop.
(to Miss Robey)
Get the first-aid kit...
(as Miss Robey leaves -
to Caroline)
I don't want to bring him in the
house. His paw's bleeding...

219 MED. SHOT CELIA AT WINDOW

She looks down sadly, yet with love and compassion. She
shakes her head sadly, and her Thought-VOICE is HEARD.

VOICE
The soul of kindness...

220 MED. DOWN SHOT (HER VIEW) MARK AND THE STRAY DOG

Mark has taken out his handkerchief and is gently wrapping
the dog's paw. The dog looks at him, and Mark soothes it
with his hand.

VOICE (cont'd)
...tender and gentle...

What goes on in this mind that he can
change so suddenly...He keeps it locked...

DISSOLVE TO

221 DOOR TO ROOM NUMBER SEVEN - DAY

VOICE (cont'd)
...like this door.....
(a beat of silence)
I have to open them both for his
sake.

DISSOLVE TO

222 LIBRARY ENTRANCE LEADING FROM ALCOVE

Celia hurries through the doorway. She is wearing differ-
ent clothes than in the preceding scene.

CELIA
Oh Carrie... !

223 LIBRARY (HER VIEW)

Miss Robey has been piling books on the table, checking
them off from file cards in her hand, and Caroline, wear-
ing a hat and gloves, carrying a purse and a "reminder"
book, has been talking to her. Both women turn toward
Celia.

CONTINUED

223 CONTINUED

CAROLINE

Can I do something? I'm just leaving
for town.

Celia comes INTO SCENE

CELIA

Oh, don't bother. I think Miss
Robey can help me as well...

(fishing)

I have quite a lot of jewelry. I
hate to leave it lying around...

CAROLINE (smilingly)

This isn't New York, my dear.

MISS ROBEY (has continued

working; speaks over her shoulder)

Mr. Lamphere believes if you lock something
up, it's a dare. Sooner or later it's bound
to be stolen, he says, and then you're more
guilty than the thief.

CAROLINE

I don't believe there's a key in the house...
But if you'd feel safer...

CELIA (hastily)

No...never mind, Carrie...I'm sure
you're right...

CAROLINE (leaving)

Goodbye, then...

CELIA

Bye...

Miss Robey has returned to her books and Celia for a moment
is at loose ends. But when she starts to leave too, she is
stopped by Miss Robey.

MISS ROBEY (hesitantly)

Oh Mrs. Lamphere...

(Celia turns)

Andrew told me what happened here
day before yesterday...

CELIA (warily)

Oh...He told you what it was all about?

MISS ROBEY

He only said they quarrelled...

CONTINUED

223 CONTINUED - 2

CELIA

Yes...I'm very worried about Andrew.

MISS ROBEY

I may be over-stepping, Mrs. Lamphere...
but I'm worried about...Mister Lamphere!...

224 CLOSE CELIA

She looks at Miss Robey, startled and curious.

225 CLOSE MISS ROBEY

MISS ROBEY

Lately, he's been spending a great
deal of time in the rooms...especially
in the locked one...

226 TWO SHOT CELIA AND MISS ROBEY

CELIA (over-casual)

You haven't ever been in it?

MISS ROBEY (shakes her head)

Uh-uh...After the first Mrs. Lamphere
died, I took a long vacation. He ac-
quired the room while I was away.

(a pause)

I thought I ought to tell you...

CELIA (cutting her short)

Thank you, Miss Robey.

(changing subject deliberately)

About Andrew...has it ever been considered
to send him away to school?

MISS ROBEY (rebuffed)

I should certainly suggest it to Mr. Lamphere.

DISSOLVE TO

227 CORRIDOR OUTSIDE MARK'S WORKROOM - DAY

Celia comes up to the door. She taps lightly. There is
no answer. She goes in.

228 MARK'S WORKROOM - DAY

As Celia comes in she hesitates, looking around. There
is no one in the room, but a door to a side room is ajar.
She walks toward it.

229 MARK'S BEDROOM - DAY

The room is almost ascetically simple, just the minimum amount of furniture...a bed, easy-chair, table, books piled up near the bed, a door to a built-in wardrobe standing open...Mark's coat and trousers are tossed over the bed. The stray dog lies on the floor near the bed. The door to the bathroom is open and the SOUND OF RUNNING WATER is heard. Celia ENTERS from the workroom.

CELIA (calls hesitantly)

Mark...?

Mark appears in the door to the bathroom, in f.g. He has been shaving, is stripped to the waist, and carries a shaving towel in his hand.

MARK (non-committal;
patting his face with the towel)

Yes...?

CELIA

Mark...if you won't come to my rooms anymore, I have to come to yours...

MARK (tosses the towel
into the bathroom)

Do we have something to talk about?

CELIA

I think so...Andrew...

MARK

I have no intention of discussing Andrew.

He turns sharply and disappears in the bathroom. Celia crosses to the bathroom door. CAMERA SWINGS WITH HER as she stops in front of the door, looking in. In a small passageway to the bathroom beyond her, built-in cabinets can be seen. Some of the drawers are pulled out, revealing shirts, handkerchiefs, socks, etc. Mark has put on a shirt, but neck and cuffs are still open.

CELIA

Mark, it's such an impossible situation...

Mark comes out the door, walks past Celia, cutting her,

MARK

I have no time to listen...

230 MED. CLOSE MARK (HER VIEW)

He stands at the table on which there are heaped various objects...the contents of a man's many pockets...pipe, tobacco pouch, money, pen-knife, fountain pen, etc. Mark reaches for the first cufflink to fasten his cuffs.

CONTINUED

230 CONTINUED

MARK

I'm in a hurry...I'm having dinner in town...

As he reaches for the second cufflink, CAMERA PANS with his hand and stops on some of the objects on the table. A money clip, some change and, prominent amongst them, A KEY.. the only key in the house! The MUSIC HITS a strange humming note, like a seashell held to the ear.

231 CLOSE SHOT - CELIA

Fascinated, she stares at the table.

232 INSERT - TOP OF TABLE

A close shot, featuring the key...

DISSOLVE TO

233 DOOR TO ROOM NUMBER SEVEN

Holding on it an ominous, significant moment...

DISSOLVE TO

234 CELIA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The drapes are pushed back and sun streams through the windows. Celia, wearing a dressing gown, is pacing up and down the room. Suddenly she stops, looking - her attention held by the mantel over the fireplace.

235 MED. CLOSE - MANTEL

The mirror above it reflects the tall wax candles in their baroque holders and the French clock which reads five to seven. In the mirror, Celia is seen approaching the mantel. When she reaches it she raises her arms and lifts one of the candles from its holder, turns and carries it toward her dressing room.

236 DRESSING TABLE

Celia comes up to the dressing table, and switches on a make-up lamp. From an elaborate manicure set, she takes out short carved scissors, and starts to cut about an inch and a half from the bottom of the candle. Her face is intent.

237 INSERT - CELIA'S HANDS CUTTING THE CANDLE

The blades slice through the wax. There is a moment of difficulty when they reach the wick, then the wick snaps, and the short piece drops off. She lays the candle and scissors aside. Her hands remove the chamois from a nail buffer. She picks up the short piece of wax and carefully wraps it in the leather.

238 MED. CLOSE - CELIA AT DRESSING TABLE

She tests the heat rising from the lamp, then places the wrapped piece of wax against the bulb - leans forward and presses it with her fingers to hasten its softening.

DISSOLVE TO

239 CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE MARK'S WORKROOM

Celia comes up to the door, still in her dressing gown. She carries the wrapped piece of wax in her left hand which is toward the CAMERA. She pauses, listening...There is no SOUND. Cautiously, with her right hand, she opens the door.

240 MARK'S WORKROOM - TOWARDS DOOR

Celia ENTERS. She carefully sets the door ajar and turns. With a suppressed gasp, she stops.

241 MED. LONG SHOT - (HER VIEW) - MISS ROBEY

She stands with her back to the door working at a filing cabinet of the opposite wall. She turns.

242 MED. CLOSE - CELIA

Staring as though hypnotized by Miss Robey.

243 MED. SHOT - MISS ROBEY

She looks rather amazed at Celia. Then she looks left and right - what is Celia staring at? Her eyes stop at the desk, on which is the scarf she usually wears over her face. She realizes she is without it, but instinctively her hand goes up to hide her cheek. There is nothing wrong with her face - not the slightest scar on her cheek...

MISS ROBEY (trapped...

but bracing it)

It was stupid of me to take it off...

but Mr. Lamphere stayed in town overnight

...and its so early...

244 MED. CLOSE - CELIA

CELIA (confused and apologetic)

But...why do you want people to think you're disfigured?

245 MED. SHOT - MISS ROBEY

MISS ROBEY (self-pity

and bitterness)

There was a scar...a very unpleasant one.

(Celia enters the scene)

When I saved Andrew's life, in a way, I saved myself too. I was going to be fired.

CONTINUED

245 CONTINUED

MISS ROBEY (con'd)

(Celia looks shocked)

Is the word too blunt, Mrs. Lamphere?
To me it's basic English...one of the
key words...

CELIA (unbelieving)

Mark was going to...?

MISS ROBEY (shakes her head)

Not he! Caroline and -

(almost spitting the word)

Eleanor wanted me out of the house.

(bitter satisfaction
and sarcasm)

Afterwards...everybody was very grateful.
Their gratitude has been my social security.

Miss Robey puts her fingers to her cheek and absently
strokes it, and Celia's eyes follow her hand.

CELIA

But...?

MISS ROBEY (anticipating
the question)

Plastic surgery during my vacations...I
intended letting them know...but when
I heard he was...

(her tongue has run ahead of
her thoughts - she stops -
covers quickly)

...he was coming back from Mexico.

246 MED. CLOSE - CELIA

CELIA (after a pause,
simple, direct)

When you heard he had married me...
Was that why, Miss Robey? You had hoped
he might marry you?

247 MED. CLOSE - MISS ROBEY

MISS ROBEY (defeated
and bitter)

I suppose now you'll tell him.

248 TWO SHOT - MISS ROBEY AND CELIA

CAMERA SHOOTING past Miss Robey at Celia.

CELIA (shakes her head)

If you don't want me to..no.

Miss Robey who has been looking at her searchingly, suddenly

CONTINUED

248 CONTINUED

sags and turns. Her shoulders shake with sobs, and Celia rushes to her and gently soothes her.

CELIA

I promise I won't tell anyone...

Miss Robey futilely tries to stem the tears with her fingers and Celia pats her shoulder.

CELIA

Come on...come on...Where is your purse?
 (Miss Robey nods dumbly and turns
 toward the office, Celia half guiding
 her with an arm across her shoulders)
 We'll both forget this morning.

They go into Miss Robey's office, leaving the door open and the scarf on the table...

The room remains empty and silent for a second.

Then the door from the corridor opens and Mark, followed by the stray dog, ENTERS, tired, haggard, unshaved - obviously up all night. He walks to the work table on which his morning mail is spread out, looking through it disinterestedly.

MARK (calls)

Miss Robey...?

249 SECRETARY'S ROOM

(A small room containing typing desk, more files, couch and chair.)

The two women stand beside the typewriter, Miss Robey wiping her eyes, looks up, frozen by the sound of Mark's voice. Celia makes a silencing gesture, both looking anxiously toward the door.

250 SAME LONG SHOT OF THE WORKROOM AS BEFORE

Mark has finished looking through the mail. Removing his necktie he goes into his bedroom. The dog follows him. The room remains empty a moment, then Celia cautiously appears in the door to the secretary room. She looks around, walks quickly and lightly over to the scarf, picks it up and takes it back to the secretary room, tossing it inside. Almost immediately, the door closes and Celia crosses noiselessly toward the corridor door. The SOUND of running water from Mark's bedroom stops her. She listens -- looks toward Mark's room, thinking, slides her hand into the pocket where she has put the leather-wrapped wax. Slowly and carefully, flattening herself against the wall, she edges to the bedroom door and waits there, tense, alert, then cautiously peers in.

25 MARK'S BEDROOM (HER VIEW)

It is empty, except for the dog. SOUND of running water continues and is louder, coming from the bathroom beyond.

252 CLOSE SHOT TABLE

Money...bill...clip...the KEY.

253 MARK'S BEDROOM SHOT TOWARD WORKROOM DOOR

Cautiously but moving quickly, Celia crosses to the table. She takes the wax, wrapped in leather, from her pocket and begins to knead it with her fingers to soften it, never taking her eyes from the bathroom door. The dog raises its head and growls.

254 BATHROOM SHOWER

The door to the stall shower is closed and behind it the SOUND of water is loud.

MARK'S VOICE (over the water)

Miss Robey...?

There is no answer. The water is turned off.

255 MARK'S BEDROOM CELIA

In the sudden, deafening silence, Celia hurries away from the table, into the workroom, crosses to the corridor door and goes out, closing the door behind her. Mark comes from the bathroom, fastening a robe. His hair is still wet. He stops, his back to the CAMERA, looking around the empty room, and down toward the dog which is standing.

DISSOLVE TO

256 CELIA'S BEDROOM

Celia crosses from the entrance to her bedside table, pulls out the drawer and carefully lays the wrapped wax impression inside. Then closing the drawer, she picks up the phone, sits on the bed. She lifts the receiver and dials Operator.

CELIA

I want New York...Gramercy four two seven five seven...This is nine two six.

She holds the phone and after a moment there is a rather loud click on the wire.

CONTINUED

256 CONTINUED

CELIA (startled; questioning)
Hello...Operator...? Hello...somebody there?
(pause)
What...? All right...please call me back
then. No! - Mrs. Lamphere.

Celia starts to hang up the phone.

MARK'S VOICE
Are you busy...?

She turns.

257 TOWARD DOORWAY CELIA'S VIEW

Mark has just let the curtain drop into place; he is still unshaven, wearing his dressing gown.

MARK
Shall I come back later...?

258 MED. LONG SHOT CELIA (HIS VIEW)

CELIA (shaking her head)
No...
(dropping receiver in place)
I was calling Edith...

She is nervous and upset but at the same time somewhat happy because Mark has come to her rooms. He ENTERS SHOT.

MARK
Were you in my room just now?

CELIA (covering a
start of guilt)
No, Mark...why?

MARK
I wondered...
(pause; changes subject)
Celia...I think, you're right. We
do have to talk about Andrew...

Celia gets up, feeling her first small, tentative happiness since the quarrel.

CELIA
Yes! Mark...

MARK (apologies come hard to Mark)
It wasn't our first quarrel.
I really love him...but

CONTINUED

258 CONTINUED

MARK (cont'd)

sometimes I feel that he rejects me... It does something to me... I feel a kind of frenzy... And when you defended him... Celia, you mean so much to me... I felt I was all alone. There wasn't anyone I could count on...

(his back to her; he means it sincerely)

...maybe I'm just no good.

CELIA (comes close to him; touches his shoulder lovingly)

You are.

MARK (not looking at her)

How do you know?

CELIA (softly)

How do I know the sun is warm?

Mark turns, presses her face between his hands, looking at her with gratitude touched with sadness. After a moment, he drops his hands.

MARK

What about Andrew...?

CELIA

I've been thinking, Mark... everything here reminds him of his mother... if we sent him to school in New York, he'd be with boys of his age...

MARK (a ghost of a smile)

And you'd have time to tame me...?

CELIA (smiles)

I hadn't thought of that, but now that you... (realizing Mark is not listening but looking past her head and frowning - she turns to look too)

What Mark...?

259 FIREPLACE MANTEL (THEIR VIEW)

The candle Celia cut has been put back in its holder. The discrepancy in the length of the two candles is glaringly apparent. Celia and Mark can be seen in the mirror, looking at the mantel.

CONTINUED

259 CONTINUED

MARK (wondering)
One of the candles is shorter than the other.

CELIA (falsely vague)
Does it matter, darling?

MARK (frowning; shakes his head)
It jars me somehow...breaks the symmetry.

Celia is stunned, searching her mind for an answer. The telephone begins to shrill and she turns toward it in relief...

260 TWO SHOT BED AND TELEPHONE BEYOND

Mark turns also.

CELIA
I'll tell Edith I'll call back...

MARK
Uh-uh...see you later. I have to shave anyway...

He leaves and Celia picks up the phone.

CELIA
Hello... Edith...? Celia.....

DISSOLVE TO

261 BREAKFAST ROOM ADJOINING LIBRARY MORNING

All the household except Mark are in the room, serving themselves breakfast from a long buffet table. There are two hot plates, one with pancakes and the other with bacon and eggs, a silex coffee pot, a toaster, preserves, fruit, etc. Celia sits at the head of the table, her back towards the library. Miss Robey sits on the left side of the table, and Andrew beside her. Caroline is still at the buffet.

ANDREW (to Caroline)
Why can't Miss Robey go with me?
She knows New York.

CAROLINE (over her shoulder;
her usual finality)
The main job will be buying your clothes,
and I know how to shop.

CELIA
I called Bob. He said he'd get here
early in the morning to drive you in -
if he can make it. Otherwise he'll meet

CONTINUED

261 CONTINUED

CELIA (cont'd)
 you at Grand Central.
 (turning to Andrew)
 You'll like Bob, Andrew.

Mark has come in from the library behind Celia, carrying a considerable quantity of mail, letters, magazines, newspapers, etc. He looks at Celia curiously as she says "Bob", but before he can cross to his place, Caroline turns from the buffet to go to her place opposite Andrew, stopping Mark between Andrew and Celia.

CAROLINE
 Is Andrew's registration there?

MARK (shuffling
 through letters)
 Here's something.

ANDREW
 That's it.

Mark drops the letter beside Andrew's place, then turns.

MARK (to Celia)
 From Edith..

262 TWO SHOT MARK AND CELIA

She looks up at him expectantly but somewhat disturbed by his expressionless face. He hands her a small rectangular package, and leaves the SHOT. Celia looks at the package, sets it on the table and instinctively covers it with her hand, then quickly and guiltily pulls her fingers away.

CELIA (guilty - temporizing)
 I asked her to have my old vitamin
 prescription filled.

263 INSERT PACKAGE ON TABLE

Lying beside Celia's plate and knife -- beyond it a coffee cup.

DISSOLVE TO

264 CLOSE SHOT CELIA'S HAND

In the palm of her right hand lies the duplicate key. Her fingers close and she covers the first with her other hand. Her Thought-Voice is HEARD.

VOICE
 Time seems to stand still when you
 wait for everyone else to sleep...

The soft SOUND of a clock striking is HEARD...ping...ping...

265 FIREPLACE MANTEL MED. CLOSE NIGHT

The candlesticks and the candles of different lengths - and the small French clock reading "two"...only the SOUND of the ticking is HEARD.

VOICES (cont'd)

I'll wait till it's three...

(pause; then
beginning again)

It's said the angels in heaven
don't know what time is...for in
heaven there are no days and years...

266 MED. CLOSE CELIA SITTING OPPOSITE ON COUCH

VOICE (Cont'd)

... but for the condemned in hell
each second is an eternity...

Celia is sitting tensely, looking toward the clock, the key clasped between her hands... she looks down at her hands.

267 CLOSE SHOT CELIA'S HANDS

are turning the key over and over in her fingers...

VOICE

If I don't do it now, I'll never dare...

268 MED. SHOT CELIA

She gets up hastily, picks up a small flash-light and crosses the bedroom to the entrance from the sitting room and disappears behind the curtain.

269 LONG SHOT CORRIDOR IN FRONT OF CELIA'S ROOM
SHOT FROM TOP OF STAIRS

The door opens cautiously. Light breaks the darkness. Celia looks out and back toward Mark's room. She carefully and noiselessly closes her door, turns down the corridor toward the stairs. At the top of the stairs she stops - looks down into the blackness and directs the beam of her flash-light into the dark. Then she starts down the stairs.

270 STAIRWELL (MOVING SHOT)

CAMERA PASSES (in the dim, indirect light of Celia's flash-light) the weird South Sea and American Indian masks between the family portraits on the white walls, so that her progress down the stairs is marked only by a series of faces, which seem to watch her intently yet without emotion.

271 LIBRARY TOWARD ENTRANCE HALL DOOR - NIGHT

Celia opens the heavy door, enters...then closes the door behind her. In the weird light the solid furniture of the library looks immense and threatening. Celia starts across the room...a small, lonely figure. Distant chimes begin to strike and she stops to listen. One...two...three. The last note dies away and her Thought-VOICE is HEARD.

VOICE

The chimes of Levender Falls...
how far sound carries through the night...

She walks forward and CAMERA PANS as she goes toward the alcove and disappears in the corridor beyond.

272 CORRIDOR OF MURDER ROOMS

Celia comes up to the iron grill-work door, her flashlight still on. She tries to open the door noiselessly but it nevertheless makes a faint sighing SOUND. She goes through, leaving the door open wide.

273 ANOTHER ANGLE - PAST ROOM 3 to BEND

The light of Celia's flashlight appears at the bend and then she appears, turns and comes toward CAMERA, glancing at the closed door of Room 3, and almost imperceptibly quickening her pace to pass it. As she comes close, she turns to her right and throws the beam of the flashlight ahead. CAMERA PANS as she continues to the door of Room 7.

274 MED. CLOSE - DOOR TO ROOM 7

The circle of light from Celia's flashlight picks out the number 7, holds on it, then moves down and circles the handle and keyhole. Her hand comes INTO SCENE, fumblingly inserts the key and turns it. Her hands remove the key and disappear with it from SHOT.

VOICE

My hands are numb and wet.....

Her hand reappears to press the handle down. Her right hand remains in the picture as it pulls the door open. There is PITCH BLACKNESS beyond the door. Then her flashlight picks out a circle of unidentifiable material which hangs some feet beyond the door.

VOICE

I have to go in.
I'll do what I came to do....
then I'll leave and never come here again....

275 CLOSE CELIA'S FEET

They cross the threshold into the room and STOP.

276 ROOM NUMBER SEVEN SHOOTING TOWARD DOOR

Celia closes the door, and stands, her back against the door, directing the beam of her flashlight ahead.

277 HER VIEW

The flashlight reveals a passageway ending at a curtained doorway, the material of the curtains somehow familiar. Beside the doorway is a light switch. Celia comes INTO SHOT from CAMERA, and flips the light switch on. Light springs on beyond the curtains so that Celia stands silhouetted against them. She starts to pull back the curtains.

278 REVERSE SHOT TOWARD CURTAINS CELIA

The curtains are pulled completely back and Celia stops in bewilderment and disbelief, but as she looks slowly around the room, bewilderment is replaced by absolute horror.

279 ROOM NUMBER 7 (HER VIEW) SLOW PAN SHOT

CAMERA PANS SLOWLY over the walls, wall-paper, couch, drapes.. The ROOM IS AN IDENTICAL COPY OF CELIA'S (AND ELEANOR'S BEDROOM.) CAMERAHOLDS ON the bed.

VOICE (whispering)

It's Eleanor's room... The bed she died in... Andrew is right...

280 MED. SHOT CELIA TOWARD DOORWAY

Celia stands in the doorway, just as she was last seen. Her right arm drops - the curtain falls behind her.

VOICE (Cont'd - after pause)

But no...

(her eyes travel around the room)

This room is a copy...

The others are actual rooms...

(two hesitating steps into the room, still looking around)

What can it mean then...?

Suddenly she crosses to the windows near the couch, and pushes back the drapes. Behind them is a smooth, blank wall. She puts her hand against the wall, testing it - then she turns. Her unconscious terror increases. She looks around and steps to a small chest of drawers near the windows and begins pulling out a drawer.

281 INSERT DRAWERS

As her hands pull the first one out it is seen to be empty.

VOICE

Where are her things...? ... the little things that made the room hers...

(a second drawer pulled - also empty)

Isn't the room finished...?

282 MED. SHOT CELIA

She turns away from the chest, thinking...

VOICE (cont'd)

But Mark said it was finished...

(presses her hand to forehead)

Oh, Mark, darling...you blame yourself...

you torture yourself...you think you killed

because you couldn't give her love...

(lifts her head and looks

around with hope)

That's why the room is only a copy.

You couldn't kill...

She shakes her head, a loving smile on her face. The soft ping of a clock striking is HEARD and Celia turns toward the fireplace, looks wonderingly and then cringes against the small chest, bracing herself with both her hands.

283 FIREPLACE MANTEL CLOSE SHOT

The same small French clock...the same baroque candlesticks ...the same CANDLES OF DIFFERENT LENGTHS.

CELIA'S VOICE (whispered horror)

The candle...!

284 CLOSE UP CELIA

CELIA (paralyzed with fear;

almost inaudibly)

It's my room....!

It's waiting for me!

285 CLOSE SHOT MANTEL

The candles and the clock...

Then in the mirror behind the mantel there is an unrecognizable, flashing blur, as Celia runs past toward the door.

286 THE CURTAINED DOORWAY

Celia has just run through and the curtains are swinging back down into place. She has almost not been seen.

287 CORRIDOR OUTSIDE ROOM NUMBER 7 SHOT FROM BEND

The door bursts open, Celia runs out in blind panic, running TOWARD CAMERA, leaving the door open. At the corner she comes to a sudden stop, freezing against the wall.

288 CORRIDOR HER VIEW

The door of Room number 3 is slightly ajar, and a shaft of light spills out into the corridor.

289 MED. SHOT CELIA

She is only half visible around the corner. Holding her breath, she edges around, step by step down the corridor, her back against the wall. She moves into the shaft of light, forcing herself to pass the lighted door. Once on the other side she begins to run down the corridor.

290 IRON GRILL-WORK DOOR SHOOTING THROUGH TOWARD MURDER ROOMS

The door is closed. Celia runs around the corner and stops at the door, realizing with horror that someone has closed it -- since she went through behind her. The SOUND of a door closing is HEARD and she pulls herself together, fairly tears the door open and races through in terror.

291 LIBRARY TOWARD ALCOVE (MOVING SHOT)

Celia's running footsteps are HEARD, and she appears in the doorway, almost lunging to the right-hand side, where she stops, looking into the library, spent and panic-stricken. Then she hears something. She tenses and looks back into the dark corridor behind her. SOUND of decisive footsteps is HEARD. Once more she runs forward straight TOWARD CAMERA. When she is MED. CLOSE, CAMERA PULLS AWAY AHEAD of her, MOVING so fast the objects in the eerily lighted room seem to be moving away. As she nears the library door, CAMERA PANS and MOVES behind her to the door.

292 ENTRANCE HALL DOOR OF LIBRARY (MOVING SHOT)

Celia races through, CAMERA AHEAD OF HER, across the entrance hall and PANS HER UP the staircase.

293 TOP OF STAIRS AND CORRIDOR TO CELIA'S ROOM

Celia appears at the top of the stairs in f.g. and turns toward her room. The door to her room opens, light streams into the corridor. Celia stops as someone appears in the lighted door and switches on the corridor light. It is Miss Robey.

294 MED. SHOT MISS ROBNEY

MISS ROBNEY (explaining,
matter-of-fact; looking
toward Celia)

I saw light in your rooms...

Celia rushes to her and convulsively clutches her arm, clinging to her and looking back toward the stairs.

295 HER VIEW

The brightly lighted corridor, the dark stairwell.

296 CLOSE TWO SHOT - CELIA AND MISS ROBEY

Celia turns to Miss Robey, and says the only words in her mind.

CELIA (frantic)

I want to get away...
I want to leave.....

MISS ROBEY (calm; knowing)

I know. I'll get your coat.

Miss Robey disengages herself and disappears into Celia's sitting room. Celia, cringing in the doorway, edges backward but never takes her eyes from the stairs. Miss Robey comes back carrying Celia's coat, and Celia lets herself be helped into it, in trancelike obedience. Then Miss Robey takes her arm and they walk toward the top of the stairs, CAMERA PULLING AWAY. When they reach the stairs, they pause and Miss Robey turns another light switch. Light blazes up in the stairwell. Celia takes the first step down. Miss Robey puts out a hand and stops her.

MISS ROBEY

It's miles to the station....
(holding out key)
Here's the key to the station wagon....

Celia takes it.

CELIA

Thank you, Miss Robey....

Holding fast to the bannister she disappears slowly, Miss Robey watching her go.

297 ENTRANCE HALL BOTTOM OF STAIRS

Celia comes down, almost too tired for fear. On the last step she almost stumbles as her foot catches in something. She bends and picks something off the floor. She holds it -- staring without immediate comprehension.

298 CLOSE SHOT - CELIA'S HANDS

She had picked up the scarf of Don Ignazio....

299 MED. SHOT - CELIA

Looking at the scarf in her hands.

CONTINUED

299 CONTINUED

CELIA (the final horror)
Constancia....Maria....Isabella....

She drops the scarf, and CAMERA PANS as she once more runs straight to the front door, throws it open and runs through into darkness and swirling fog outside.

300 BLAZE CREEK - GARDEN - DOWNSHOT THROUGH WINDOW IN HER ROOM - NIGHT

Long, light curtains billow inward like reaching ghosts. Through the open window the lawn and garden are seen, clouds and trailing wisps of fog moving over the scene. Celia runs across the open space in front of the house, her figure blotted out by the fog - reappearing then obscured again.

301 BLAZE CREEK - GARDEN - FOG - CELIA RUNNING - MOVING SHOT

Shrubs and trees are barely visible in the fog. Celia runs blindly up against a hedge, backs away, looks frantically around....then starts off in a different direction.

302 BLAZE CREEK - GARDEN - FOG - CELIA RUNNING - ANOTHER ANGLE

She runs, catching herself on a tree to keep from falling. She realizes she has gone the wrong direction. She looks around, then stumbles on - hopelessly lost in the fog.

303 BLAZE CREEK - GARDEN - FOG - CELIA RUNNING - ANOTHER ANGLE

She stumbles INTO SCENE, stops to look around and turns her back to CAMERA. Then, beyond her, coming toward her, the dark figure of a man appears in the fog. She is spell-bound in the foreground, a dark silhouette. The man comes on SLOWLY.....relentlessly.

THE MAN'S VOICE

Celia.....

He stands rigid.

A SLOW DISSOLVE

BEGINS and just as her figure becomes indistinguishable, a rending shriek of fear is HEARD from Celia - wiped by music which comes in loud and swells threateningly over the slowly appearing

304 DREAM POOL - DAY

The ripples are still panning out but the paper boat has

CONTINUED

304 CONTINUED

almost completely opened. It submerges, and under the rippling water the sodden paper is seen slowly sinking into murky darkness and the picture (but NOT THE MUSIC,) FADES OUT.

The swelling, threatening music segues into a strange, almost but not quite melodic theme -- suggesting torment and madness, as the picture SLOWLY FADES IN TO:

305 MARK'S BATHROOM MED. CLOSE MARK - MORNING

Mark, in shirt sleeves, is shaving, CAMERA SHOOTING PAST him to the mirror. His face is very calm. The razor nicks his cheek. He continues shaving a moment then realizes the gash is bleeding. He pauses, puts his fingers to the cut then takes them away, looking at the blood on his fingers with absorbed, objective interest... Then he continues shaving.

MARK (to himself)

It will be a curious trial...

He drops the razor and looks at his reflection...but he looks, so to speak through it. His Thought-VOICE is HEARD.

MARK'S THOUGHT VOICE

They'll all be there...
Miss Robey...Andrew...Carrie...
It will set Carrie back on her
heels...

He turns from the mirror, smiling a little with bitter satisfaction, and wipes his face with the towel.

306 MED. LONG MARK (MOVING SHOT)

He starts walking into his bedroom, CAMERA AHEAD OF HIM.

MARK'S THOUGHT VOICE (cont'd)

The People of the State of New York,
versus Mark Lamphere...charged with
the murder of his wife Colia...

Mark, in the middle of his bedroom, pauses, looks thoughtfully but somewhat unwillingly toward his bed.

307 MED. SHOT BED

The scarf of Don Ignazio lies on the smooth spread. The

CONTINUED

307 CONTINUED

dog, lying nearby on the floor, raises its head as CAMERA MOVES IN to a CLOSE SHOT of the scarf. Mark's hand picks it up.

MARK'S THOUGHT VOICE

Exhibit A...
What can I answer when I'm asked
if the murder was premeditated?

CAMERA WIPES AWAY from the scarf, REVEALS Mark sitting in the:

308 WITNESS CHAIR AGAINST THE GREY WALLS OF A COURTROOM - DAY

(The entire "Courtroom" scene is backed by disembodied, almost inaudible, yet weirdly insistent MUSIC, a theme of grief and torment. Mark, the Defendant, no longer looks calm. He grips the arms of the chair, leaning forward tensely, his face white.

MARK, THE DEFENDANT (intense)
Premeditated? I planned it all
my life.

309 THE JUDGE'S BENCH

The Prosecutor who questions Mark leans on the bench, bends forward holding the scarf. The judge is a black silhouette against the grey walls - a mirror instead of a face: The Abstract Justice. Most of the light falls on his white hand, holding the gavel and on the Prosecutor...
WHO IS ALSO MARK.

MARK, THE PROSECUTOR
The record shows you met your wife
only this spring, in Mexico.

310 WITNESS CHAIR MARK, THE DEFENDANT

MARK, THE DEF. (still emotional)
Yes...and I loved her very much...
and somehow,
(a vague hand gesture)
I felt as though I had been searching
for her all my life...

MARK, THE PROS. VOICE
To kill her?

MARK, THE DEF. (trying
to untangle his thoughts)
No...that came later.

311 THE JUDGE'S BENCH JUDGE AND MARK THE PROSECUTOR.

MARK, THE PROS. (smoothly)
There is a rumour you also killed
your first wife, Eleanor...

312 WITNESS CHAIR MARK; THE DEFENDANT

MARK, THE DEF. (shakes head)
No...I blamed myself...that's why I
built the room. She died because I
didn't love her...and maybe, unconsciously,
I wanted her to die...
(revolting)
But no man is responsible for his
unconscious thoughts.

313 THE JUDGE'S BENCH MARK

Mark the Prosecutor takes a step toward the defendant.

MARK, THE PROS.
If you aren't responsible for your
thoughts, who is?

314 TWO SHOT PROSECUTOR AND DEFENDANT

Mark, the defendant, seen over the back of the Prosecutor,
struggles to defend himself.

MARK, THE DEF. (fast answer)
A man thinks according to the life
he's led. I was always dominated
by women... As a child by my mother -
when she left me - when she died - by
Caroline...then by Eleanor. I never
lived my own life... and I may have
thought...
(desperate)
But you can't try a man for his thoughts.

315 JURY BOX AND PROSECUTOR

The Prosecutor now stands in front of the jury box. The
jury, like the judge, are twelve, abstract shadowy sil-
houettes with mirror faces against the anonymous grey
of the walls. It is as though reality were focused in
the two Marks, blending off from them into shadows and
nothingness.

MARK, THE PROS. (evenly)
But for the consequences of his thoughts!

CONTINUED

315 CONTINUED

MARK, THE DEF.'S VOICE
(protesting)
I didn't kill Eleanor.

MARK, THE PROS. (cold)
But you did kill your wife, Celia.

He tosses the scarf toward the witness chair.

316 WITNESS CHAIR (PROSECUTOR'S VIEW) MARK THE DEFENDANT

He catches the scarf, looks down at it, then up with terror

MARK, THE DEF.
I tried not to kill!...
(a moment of silence;
explaining)
The first time, in Mexico...I ran away
from her...and the impulse to kill
faded. I thought I'd dreamed it. When
I met her at the station in Levender
Falls I felt a deep - a gentle kind of
love...until...I don't know...what it
was...it swept over me like a haze...
she became someone else...someone I
had to kill... I fought it down over
and over again...
(more and more emotional)
There are dark forces in us...
(getting to his feet)
We're all the children of Cain...We
all have once thought of murder...
(desperate)
I cannot help myself. I love her
but so help me God, if Celia were
here I'd still have to kill her.

The SOUND of a gavel pounding is HEARD, and Mark turns.

317 THE JUDGE'S BENCH - THE JUDGE

The white hand of the black silhouette raises the gavel -
methodically pounding the bench.

318 CLOSEUP MARK, THE DEFENDANT

He looks toward the bench and then as though awakening
toward the Prosecutor. The SOUND of the gavel continues.
The MUSIC has swelled rhythmically louder with every knock.

319 DOOR OF MARK'S BEDROOM - DAY

The SOUND is that of knocking on the door. The MUSIC stops abruptly, the door opens cautiously and Sarah's head appears.

SARAH (startled)
Oh, Mr. Mark, you didn't answer....

320 MED. SHOT - MARK - (HER VIEW)

He stands in the middle of the room, holding the scarf, looking as if he had never seen her before.

SARAH'S VOICE
Miss Caroline wonders -- are you coming down to breakfast?

MARK (looks away from her)
Breakfast?
(cynically)
The condemned man ate a hearty meal....

321 DOOR - SARAH

SARAH
Beg pardon, Mr. Mark?

321-A MED. SHOT - MARK

MARK (looks at Sarah)
Tell Miss Caroline I'll come down.....

DISSOLVE TO:

322 BREAKFAST ROOM - CAROLINE, MARK

Mark is pulling out his chair to sit down, and Caroline looks at him petulantly. The other places at the table are set but empty.

CAROLINE (complaining)
Mark, I can't run an organized household without some cooperation. I'm taking Andrew to New York today and I have to do the breakfast dishes before I leave - John and Sarah are going to Levender Falls for the Grange celebration. No one has the slightest consideration for me...Miss Robey overslept....and Celia isn't even in her room.

MARK (matter of factly)
I know.
She won't be here for breakfast.

CONTINUED

322 CONTINUED

He pours himself coffee, ignoring the startled questioning look on Caroline's face. Then his eyes narrow suddenly, Caroline, seeing his expression, looks toward the library.

323 LIBRARY DOOR MISS ROBEY (THEIR VIEW)

She has come in, walking hesitatingly toward the table.

MARK'S VOICE (very hard)

Miss Robey...

324 TWO SHOT MARK, CAROLINE

Mark watches Miss Robey and Caroline looks at him, surprised by his tone of voice.

MARK (cont'd)

Make out your final check. I want you to leave Blaze Creek as soon as possible.

Miss Robey, coming to the table, freezes in her tracks.

CAROLINE (shocked and wonderingly)

Mark!

MARK (turns to Caroline)

I ask...a certain amount of loyalty of my employees. Miss Robey has demonstrated... (looking back at Miss Robey) very plainly, that she will go to some length to deceive me...

325 MED. CLOSE MISS ROBEY

She stares at Mark, a burning hatred in her eyes. Slowly she raises her hand to her cheek hidden under the scarf.

MISS ROBEY (low and bitter)

She told you. I was stupid enough to trust her when she said she wouldn't...

(with hatred)

Now you don't have to be grateful any more.

She turns and leaves the room.

326 TWO SHOT MARK AND CAROLINE

Mark is still looking toward the library, puzzled by Miss Robey's speech. Caroline is completely bewildered.

CAROLINE

What does she mean?
Who told you what...?

Mark doesn't answer, hurt that Celia kept a secret from him.

CONTINUED

326 CONTINUED

CAROLINE (pressing)
What did she do, Mark?

MARK (looks at
Caroline, his face stony)
She tried to interfere in my life and
I'm sick and tired of interference.

CAROLINE (flustered -
takes the hint)
Yes...well, I always thought she...
(suddenly realizing)
But Mark, now I'll have to stay...
(Mark looks at her unresponsively)
I gather from your attitude that Celia's
gone somewhere...
(no answer from Mark)
I can't possibly ask John and Sarah to
stay. They've been looking forward to this
celebration for weeks. You'll be alone...

MARK
I want to be alone...
(Caroline looks slapped)
And for the first time in your life,
Carrie, I'm going to have what I want.

DISSOLVE TO

327 UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR MARK

He walks from his room to the closed door of Celia's room.
He pauses a second, then opens the door.

328 CELIA'S SITTING ROOM

Mark comes in from the corridor, looks around the room,
then crosses to a table on which some of Celia's things are
lying, a purse, a fur scarf, a pair of gloves. Mark looks
down at them, his eyes tragic. He runs his hand over the
fur scarf...Then he hears something and looks up.

329 TOWARD CURTAIN LEADING TO BEDROOM

Between the curtains, stands CELIA...

330 MARK (HER VIEW)

Staring at her, almost without recognition, then with
horror.

MARK (with difficulty)
I thought you left...last night...

331 MED. CLOSE CELIA

CELIA (casual and calm)
I did...I ran into Bob on the lawn...He'd

CONTINUED

331 CONTINUED

CELIA (cont'd)
 come early to pick up Andrew. I went
 with him to Levender Falls....

332 MED. CLOSE - MARK

MARK (fear)
 Why did you come back?

333 MED. CLOSE - CELIA (MOVING SHOT)

She walks toward him.

CELIA (soothingly, with love)
 Because I love you....Because I married
 you for better or for worse.

She has reached the table where Mark stands. He steps
 back almost as though to ward her off.

CELIA (shakes her head)
 Mark - I don't want to live...without you.

Then there is silence....

334 LIBRARY - ALCOVE - CAROLINE - DAY

She is dressed to go to New York. Her purse and gloves lie
 on a table in front of the mirror. She tucks a strand of
 hair under her hat, picks up her gloves and starts to put
 them on as Mark comes up to her. She turns to him. His
 face is distressed but Caroline doesn't notice.

CAROLINE
 Oh, there you are....John's driving us
 to the station...Bob Dwight didn't show up.

MARK (toneless)
 Celia's back.

CAROLINE (sincere)
 Oh - I'm glad, Mark. I'm so glad.

MARK
 I want you and Andrew to stay.

CAROLINE (shakes her head tenderly)
 No, Mark....now I have to go....

335 MED. CLOSE-CAROLINE

CAROLINE
 Ever since breakfast I've been thinking....
 I always meant it for your own good...
 arranging things for you...planning things
 for you...but I kept you from being happy...

CONTINUED

336 MED. SHOT - MARK

MARK

Carrie, you've got to stay.

Caroline comes close to him and puts her hand on his arm.

CAROLINE

No... if you and Celia have differences, they won't be settled with me here. Go up to her. Talk it out.

(pause)

I know you love her...

(she looks past him)

337 LIBRARY DOOR - ANDREW (CAROLINE'S VIEW)

He looks at Caroline, ignoring his father.

ANDREW

If we are going to catch the train we've got to leave.

He goes out toward the front door.

338 MARK AND CAROLINE

She turns to him, with happy, unknowing affection.

CAROLINE (kissing him)

Goodbye, Mark.

She hurries out of scene. Mark, stunned, watches her go. The SOUND of the closing library door is heard. He doesn't move.

MARK (almost inaudible)

I can't be alone with her. I can't.

STEPS ARE HEARD. He turns. Miss Robey comes into the alcove carrying a suitcase. She is dressed to leave, and no longer wears the scarf. She starts to pass Mark, then stops, looking at him. He stares at her wordlessly. She bears his look without flinching.

339 CLOSEUP MARK

staring at her.

340 CLOSEUP MISS ROBEY

The side of her face, where she pretended there was a scar, is turned toward him. After a pause, she speaks quietly.

MISS ROBEY

I'm leaving now.... goodbye.

341 TWO SHOT - MARK AND MISS ROBEBY

He doesn't answer. She starts across the library, CAMERA AHEAD OF HER. Mark stares after her, then when she is about to open the library door, he takes two steps toward her... but he only says:

MARK
Goodbye, Miss Robey.

Miss Robey hesitates a second, but then she opens the library door and closes it behind her. The SOUND of the opening and closing of the front door of Blaze Creek is HEARD. Then the SOUND of a car driving off is HEARD. Mark stands alone in the big room.

DISSOLVE TO

342 GARDEN - BLAZE CREEK (DOWNSHOT) - AFTERNOON

The long shadows of the afternoon sun...

343 CLOUDS

Rolling, gathering.

344 GARDEN - BLAZE CREEK - DOWNSHOT

A wind comes up, bending the tall birches...

345 CELIA'S BEDROOM - CELIA

She is standing at the window looking out... Mark comes into the room. She turns; he stops a few feet from her, looking at her, struggling with himself.

MARK (very gentle;
haltingly)
Celia... I'm leaving. I have to go
to New York.

CELIA
I'll miss you.

MARK
You'll be all alone here. Everyone's
left. You'd better go to Levender
Falls for the night.

CELIA (smiles; shakes
her head)
I'm not afraid.

A long pause. He looks at her but doesn't move. Then...

MARK (softly)
Celia, I love you very much....

CONTINUED

345 CONTINUED

CELIA

I know.

Another pause, then, without speaking, Mark turns to leave.

DISSOLVE TO

346 LEVENDER FALLS - STATION PLATFORM - NIGHT

Mark stands alone on the station platform, his coat whipped by the wind. He carries no luggage. The SOUND of an approaching train is HEARD. Mark glances down the track. His Thought-Voice IS HEARD.

MARK'S THOUGHT VOICE

In three hours there will be a hundred miles between us...

In three weeks... ten thousand...

I must get away from her...as far as possible.

The SOUND of the train has increased and the lights of its windows flash down on Mark's face. It comes to a stop but he doesn't move. Steam wafts over him.

347 TRAIN CAR

A conductor comes through the lighted car to the door which slides open. There are no passengers in the car. As the conductor steps out on the platform the wind catches his coat. He looks up and down, then toward Mark.

CONDUCTOR (questioningly)

Going to New York?

348 MED. SHOT - MARK (CONDUCTOR'S VIEW)

Mark shaking his head, speaking as though from a trance.

MARK

I forgot something... at home.

He turns and goes slowly across the windy platform toward the station house, there is a low rumble of distant thunder.

CUT TO

349 ENTRANCE HALL - BLAZE CREEK - NIGHT

The hall is brightly lit. The outside door opens, Celia comes in from the windy night, carrying an enormous arm-load of lilac blossoms. The rumble of thunder is louder. She closes the door against the insistent wind, crosses the hall toward the staircase, then changes her mind, and walks to the library door.

350 LIBRARY - LONGSHOT TOWARD ENTRANCE DOOR - NIGHT

The only light is from one dim table lamp. Celia comes in and goes toward the alcove. A telephone shrills. She hurries to it, puts the lilacs down, and picks up the phone.

CELIA (breathless; eager)

Hello... Who is...?

A long, shimmering flash of lightning. Celia holds the phone away from her ear. A clap of thunder follows. She looks toward the windows, then returns phone to her ear.

CELIA

Who?

(disappointed)

Oh... Miss Robey... Mr. Lamphere has gone to New York. No, I don't know when he'll be back.

(a pause)

Goodnight, Miss Robey.

Another flash of lightning and a thunder clap, as she hangs up the receiver. She picks up the lilacs and crosses toward the alcove. At the entrance to the alcove she flips a light switch. Light flashes on in the alcove and corridor, and she disappears from the room.

351 CORRIDOR OF MURDER ROOMS - LONG SHOT TOWARDS IRON DOOR

Celia is coming to the grill-work door. The corridor behind her is brightly lit, and the light dispels some of the darkness beyond the grill-work door. She leaves the door open and walks quickly into the dimness, not looking at the rooms as she passes.

352 CORRIDOR OF MURDER ROOMS

The light is progressively dimmer. Celia comes around the bend, turns and walks without hesitation to the door of Room 7 - CAMERA PANNING. There is a muffled rumble of thunder, but no flash of lightning is seen in the windowless corridor. She bends to insert the key.

353 DOOR NUMBER 7

The number seven is just visible. Celia's hand inserts the key and, leaving it in the lock, she presses the door handle down, opens the door and goes into the inky blackness beyond. The door closes and CAMERA HOLDS on the 7 and the key still in the keyhole.

354 LONG SHOT ROOM NUMBER 7 - TOWARD CURTAINED DOORWAY - NIGHT

The room is fully lit. Wall brackets, night-table lamps and crystal chandelier. Celia, leaving the curtains open, crosses to a table in the middle of the room. She drops the lilacs on the table and, noticing that the drapes she pulled back the night before from the non-existent window, are still open. She crosses and pulls them shut over the blank wall. From the top of the nearby dresser, she picks up a vase and returns to the table to arrange the lilacs. As she bends over them, the soft SOUND of the clock striking is HEARD. Celia looks toward the fireplace.

355 INSERT - FIREPLACE MANTEL

Clock, candlesticks and candles, exactly as they were the night before. The clock reads eleven.

356 MED. SHOT - CELIA AT TABLE

She finishes arranging the lilacs and crosses slowly to an arm-chair near the couch. The lights in the room seem to flicker and she looks up.

357 INSERT - CRYSTAL CHANDELIER

The many small electric "candle"-bulbs, flicker spasmodically.

358 MED. SHOT - CELIA AT CHAIR

She waits, listening till the faint muffled, far-distant booming of thunder is heard. The receding sound leaves a tomb-like silence in the room... She sits down... Then the sound of a door opening is HEARD. Celia looks toward the door. Her face is absolutely calm. And the SOUND of the door closing is HEARD.

359 MED. LONG SHOT MARK (HER VIEW)

He leans against the closed door beyond the curtains, staring at Celia. His face is deathly white, his eyes feverish.

360 MED. LONG SHOT - CELIA - (HIS VIEW)

Celia, sits straight and quiet in the chair. The table with the lilacs is between her and Mark, to the right.

361 MED. LONG SHOT - MARK - (HER VIEW)

MARK (low)

Why aren't you in your room?

362 MED. LONG SHOT - CELIA IN CHAIR - (HIS VIEW) - NIGHT

CELIA (very calm)
I thought you'd come here first.

Mark ENTERS the shot in the foreground, pauses in the curtained archway, silhouetted against the room beyond.

CELIA (after slightest
pause)
I knew you wanted to kill me last night,
Mark.

363 MED. SHOT - MARK

MARK (expressionless)
Yes.

364 MED. SHOT - CELIA IN CHAIR

CELIA (quiet, determined,
but nevertheless tender)
And I know why you came back now...
Last night I wanted to save myself,
but I'd rather be dead than live
without you...

365 MARK (SHOOTING OVER CELIA'S SHOULDER)

CELIA (cont.)
That would be a slow death... for a
lifetime.

Mark walks slowly toward her, but as he passes the table with the lilacs he smells the fragrance and stops, his lips tightening.

CELIA
Yes... lilacs have something to
do with it.

366 MED. SHOT - MARK - AT LILAC TABLE

Mark looks strangely at the lilacs, then his eyes swing slowly toward Celia.

367 MED. SHOT - CELIA - (HIS VIEW)

CELIA
Search your mind, darling. There's
something hidden in your mind so
deep -- hidden so far back, that
you no longer know it's there...!

368 MED. SHOT - MARK AT LILAC TABLE - NIGHT

He doesn't answer - turns to look at the lilacs.

CELIA'S VOICE

(cont. after a moment)

You're keeping something locked up
in your mind, Mark -- for the same
reason you kept this room locked -
because you don't want anybody to
know what is in it...

Mark, staring at the lilacs, still doesn't answer...

369 MED. SHOT - CELIA

She leans forward a little, and though she speaks softly,
she is pressing him.

CELIA (pleading)

Once you said you needed me... but
something hidden forces you to hate
me... to kill me...

370 MED. SHOT - MARK

Looking at her, he shakes his head slowly.

MARK

I don't hate you...

371 MED. SHOT - CELIA

CELIA (rushing on;

pressing more)

The day I met you at the station
you wanted to kiss me... until you
saw the lilac on my lapel...

372 MED. SHOT - MARK

He speaks almost to himself - out of the deep.

MARK

Mother loved lilac.

373 TWO SHOT - CELIA AND MARK

She is concentrating all her energy on Mark, willing him
to remember.

CELIA

You had all the bushes rooted out
when she died.

CONTINUED

373 CONTINUED

MARK (fighting and
resentful)
I loved my mother.

The lights flicker from the storm outside, but neither he nor Celia notice it nor the distant thunder.

CELIA
Caroline told me you loved her very
much...

374 INSERT - DOOR TO CORRIDOR

CELIA'S VOICE (cont'd)
Did your mother hurt you, Mark, when
you were a child?

As her sentence ends, the distinct SOUND of a key turned in the lock is HEARD.

375 MED. SHOT - CELIA

Celia turns and looks toward the door. She has heard the sound, but so faintly it is scarcely more than a feeling. She looks questioningly from the door back to him.

CELIA
Did you hear.....?

But she doesn't finish the sentence. Her eyes widen with sudden fear when she sees Mark.

376 MARK - (HER VIEW)

In his hands is the scarf of Don Ignazio....He starts to walk toward her.

377 CELIA - (HIS VIEW - MOVING SHOT)

She gets to her feet in terror and desperation....then suddenly....

CELIA (realization)
I locked the door in Mexico. That's
when it began.....

378 TWO SHOT - MARK AND CELIA (SHOOTING OVER HER SHOULDER)

He stops, and then speaks slowly as though from far away.

MARK
It was summer - wonderful summer -
I was ten years old. I had forgotten
that summer....all of it....

CELIA (hope returning)
Because you didn't want to remember....

379 MED. CLOSE - MARK

He is oblivious to Celia now - lost in the memory.

MARK

Father and mother were separated...
I didn't care. She was my whole world.
That afternoon I was with her in the
garden. I can hear the bees humming
over the flowers... even now...

He looks toward the lilacs and shakes his head wonderingly..

380 INSERT - THE LILACS

MARK'S VOICE (cont'd)

She picked masses of lilacs... and I
helped her carry them to the house...
we put some in every room...

CELIA'S VOICE (hushed -

..forcing him)

Locking the door.. What about locking
the door?!

381 MED. SHOT - MARK

The memory is sweeping over him, recalled in its entirety.

MARK

Mother was going out that night....
dancing.. and I was jealous...and
Carrie teased me. She always teased
me. I begged mother not to go... and
finally, she said I could come to her
room when I was ready for bed... and she
would read to me.

(his voice becomes tight
with remembered pain)

It would have meant so much. She
should have known...

382 MED. CLOSE - CELIA

hanging onto his words.

MARK'S VOICE (cont'd)

I was in my room getting ready - then
I went to the door and...

(he breaks off)

383 MED. CLOSE SHOT - MARK - (HER VIEW)

CAMERA PANS SLOWLY DOWN from Mark's face to his hands. They
are twisting Don Ignazio's scarf.

384 CLOSE SHOT - CELIA

CELIA (horror and sympathy)
You were locked in.

385 MED. CLOSE - MARK

Behind Mark the scene is becoming hazy -- blurring -- the haze very slowly increasing.

MARK (bitterly)
She locked me in. I heard her turn
the key.

(with hatred)
I called her but she left for the
dance. I pounded on the door until
there was blood on my hands -- till
my nails were torn to the quick...
I ran to the window...and I saw her
drive away... with a man... I called
her... Then I cried...

386 TWO SHOT - CELIA AND MARK

MARK (cont'd)
That was the last time in my life
I cried. I snatched the lilacs...
strangled them... crushed them...
killed them... I wanted to kill her
but I was only ten... I hated her...
and I knew that someday...someday...

He stops, the memory finished.

387 CLOSE SHOT - CELIA

She waits quietly.

388 MED. SHOT - MARK

Behind his head, the haze increases... He looks at Celia
as though his life has burned out...

MARK
...Tonight!

He starts again to step slowly toward her.

389 CLOSE SHOT - CELIA - (THROUGH SLIGHT HAZE)

Watching him with fear and resignation.

390 MARK - (HER VIEW) (THROUGH SLIGHT HAZE)

He comes closer and closer...the scarf taut in his hands.

391 CLOSE SHOT CELIA (THROUGH HAZE) - NIGHT

Motionless from paralyzing terror.

392 TWO SHOT CELIA AND MARK (HAZE)

Mark comes closer and closer to her - then suddenly:

CELIA (final desperation)
Mark, Caroline locked the door. It
wasn't your mother. It was Caroline.
She told me. She told me...

Mark stops short, staring at her.

393 TWO SHOT MARK (OVER CELIA'S SHOULDER)

Both of them are held by this new revelation. Neither of them dare to hope or breathe. Mark's hands are holding the scarf...

394 CLOSE SHOT CELIA

She looks at him, then slowly down toward Mark's hand.

395 CLOSE SHOT MARK'S HAND (HER VIEW)

The scarf slips from his fingers and CAMERA PANS WITH IT as it falls to the floor. Behind it, the blurring haze materializes into a curling wisp of smoke. For the first time a continuous rustling, crackling SOUND is HEARD.

396 TWO SHOT CELIA (OVER MARK'S SHOULDERS)

Mark stands, his emotions spent, but Celia looks up from the scarf toward the door. Then she puts her hand on Mark's arm, and with the other hand points toward the door.

CELIA

Mark!

He looks at her, then at the door. What he sees makes him turn and draw Celia protectively into his arms.

397 DOOR (THEIR VIEW) THROUGH HAZE

Smoke seeps around the edges of the door in long, grey tendrils, and a soft cloud of smoke billows under the door.

398 LONG SHOT ROOM 7 MARK AND CELIA

They cling together. Distant rumbling THUNDER is HEARD above the crackling of fire. The lights flicker and go out.

399 DOOR

The only light in the dark room is a dull glow from under the door which spreads out and dwindles. A final dim flickering up of the lights. Mark and Celia rush to the door. He turns down the handle and finds the door locked. Darkness!

MARK

Locked...!

CELIA

That's what I heard!...the key turn...!

In the darkness they are only moving shapes, barely realized. Mark pushes her against the right hand wall, then smashes against the door with his shoulder, more heard than seen. The third try, it gives way to a rectangle of swirling grey shot through with pulsing light. Mark catapults into the corridor. The sound of flames devouring wood is louder. The stifling smoke grabs Mark's throat, and coughing, he backs into the room to Celia's side and seizes her wrist.

400 CORRIDOR OF MURDER ROOMS LONGSHOT TOWARD ROOM 6 & 7

Room 6 is ablaze. Mark comes out of Room 7, pulling Celia toward the bend, smoke and flames. As they near the bend, CAMERA PANS, and REVEALS the corridor beyond: The pannelled walls are ablaze - Fire licks out of Don Ignazio's room.

401 MED: TWO SHOT MARK AND CELIA

They step back to temporary shelter against the wall - Mark looks from side to side, sees they must go through the flames. Then they start forward...

402 CORRIDOR OF MURDER ROOMS

From CAMERA, Mark and Celia, shielding their faces with their arms, stumble toward the inferno of flame and smoke.

403 FLOOR OF MURDER CORRIDOR (MOVING SHOT)

The stumbling feet of Mark and Celia. Celia's foot collides with something. She lurches, falls heavily. Mark bends down, tries to pull her to her feet. Finally, he picks her up, and his feet stumble OUT OF SHOT, CAMERA HOLDING ON a gasoline tin in the fire light.

404 GARDEN BLAZE CREEK BIRCHES

Miss Robey stands under the slim, ghostly birches, staring toward the house. The wind whips her clothes. Her face is icy calm. A flash of lightning radiantly outlines her figure.

405 CORRIDOR MED. CLOSE MARK & CELIA (MOVING SHOT)

Mark, carrying Celia, fights his way through dense smoke and greedy, reaching tongues of flame.

406 CORRIDOR (THROUGH IRON GRILL DOOR)

Mark appears in the flame and smoke, carrying Celia, using his last strength to reach the door. He makes it, reeling blind and almost suffocated by smoke and throws himself against the door...but on the other side he stumbles forward, crashes into the dense smoke and falls heavily, losing his hold on Celia.

407 MED. CLOSE CELIA (MOVING SHOT)

In the heavy smoke there are no landmarks left. Celia only half-conscious, blindly crawls to the left. CAMERA WITH HER, away from Mark. She reaches a wall, pulls herself to her feet, but immediately falls again to her knees.

CELIA (strangled; pleading)

Mark...Mar...

Her voice is choked off as she collapses in the smoke...

408 MED. MARK (MOVING SHOT)

In the dense, billowing smoke he gropes desperately for Celia, but cannot find her. He crawls blindly toward the grill-work door and pulls himself unsteadily to his feet.

MARK (agonized)

Celia...Celia...

But there is no answer. CAMERA MOVES with him as he reels and staggers through the choking smoke, away from Celia. He falls again, feeling blindly along the floor. After a few feet, he collapses forward.

409 GARDEN BLAZE CREEK BIRCHES

Miss Robey still stands motionless under the birches. The crackling of fire is now audible above the sound of the wind, and the leaping glow of fire falls on Miss Robey's cold and watchful face. Then again her face and figure are brilliantly lit by lightning.

410 MED. CLOSE MARK

He lies without stirring in the heavy smoke. A THUNDER BOOMS outside, almost shaking the house. He raises his head slowly.

411 INSERT WINDOW (MARK'S VIEW)

Through dense, billowing smoke, a tall French window is illuminated by lightning behind it.

412 MED. MARK (MOVING SHOT)

As THUNDER BOOMS AGAIN, Mark crawls blindly toward the window, and pulls himself halfway to his feet but collapses and falls, his hands across a heavy wooden stool. He picks it up, and with a last strength of desperation, hurls it toward the window. Wood splinters. Glass shatters.

413 GARDEN BLAZE CREEK BIRCHES - NIGHT

Miss Robey hears the sound of shattering glass. She steps forward, involuntarily.

414 FRENCH WINDOW LEADING TO TERRACE

Inside is an inferno of flame and smoke and somehow discernible through the broken window panes is a moving human shape. Then the wings of the broken window fly open, and Mark is seen. He staggers out of the smoke onto the terrace. He is spent and only half-conscious. He stumbles forward and falls against the balustrade.

415 TERRACE MED. SHOT MARK

Slowly his strength and consciousness return. He looks almost vacantly toward the house. Then realization comes to him. He is alone. CAMERA PANS AS he stumbles back toward the window and disappears into the smoke.

416 MED. SHOT MISS ROBEY

Horrified, she stands immobile for a moment, her eyes dark with fear. Smoke from the burning house drifts across her. Then CAMERA AHEAD of her she runs forward, stopping at the steps to the terrace.

417 FRENCH WINDOW LEADING TO TERRACE (HER VIEW)

Mark, carrying Celia, emerges out of the smoke onto the terrace. Celia's head is pressed against him and her arms are tight around his neck. When he starts down the terrace steps. CAMERA BEGINS TO MOVE AHEAD OF him and INCLUDES Miss Robey. She puts out her hand as though to stop him, but doesn't have the nerve to actually touch him.

MISS ROBEY (low-sick-horrified)

Mark...I didn't know you were in there...

But Mark doesn't stop or even pause. He passes her, his face expressionless - closed to her, and walks out of SHOT. CAMERA HOLDS on Miss Robey. The music changes, all threat and storm dying away, and then segues into a woman's voice singing, in Spanish, in almost tuneless chant, as the picture

VERY SLOWLY DISSOLVES TO:

418 OMITTED

419 TROPICAL COURTYARD MED. LONG SHOT DAY

The tropical trees, the cockatoos, the flowers, the mellow ancient walls...and in the background, the fountain. Celia lies in the hammock, her head in Mark's lap. The singer's voice floats clearly to them through the still sunlit air. Celia half raises her head to listen more closely.

CELIA

That's further than my Spanish will go.

MARK (his head tilted

slightly; translating)

When you travel for love...

...a thousand miles are like one...

Love cures every wound it makes...

420 CLOSE TWO SHOT MARK AND CELIA

Thinking, he turns and looks down at Celia.

MARK

...That night you killed the roots
of the evil in me...but I still have
a long way to go...

CELIA

We have a long way to go.

MARK

There may be branches...and twigs
left and leaves and tendrils...
but no roots...

She looks up at him - happily, dreamily.

CELIA

A long time ago I read a book that
told what dreams are supposed to mean...
It said that if a girl dreams about
daffodils...

(she smiles)

DISSOLVE TO:

L

421 THE POOL - DAY

The ripples lap quietly against the edge of the pool along which daffodils grow, bending over the pool and reflected in it.

CELIA'S VOICE (cont'd -
warm and vibrant)
...she is in great danger, and is warned
not to go with her lover into any dark
place where her cries cannot be heard.
That means her end...

MARK'S VOICE
Not an end, darling...a beginning...

The ripples diminish slowly and the clear sunlit water of the pool is finally still as the picture FADES OUT.

THE END
