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PART 1

TO THE END
CONFLICT

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JUNE 14 1943

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"CONFLICT"

6/14/43

PART I

2ND REV. FINAL

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1 SCRIPT

6/14/43

Title "CONFLICT"

PART I

2ND REV. FINAL

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R. 15652

"CONFLICT

Dwight Taylor

ADDED SCENES

"CONFLICT"

6/19/43
A.

FADE IN

INT. MASON BEDROOM

NIGHT

The room is in that peculiar state of chaos common to marital bedrooms when husband and wife are both trying to dress for dinner at the same time and are already half an hour late. Female garments, as if picked up and deposited by a hurricane, are strewn all over the place. The husband has also evidently removed his business clothes in a hurry and they are flung around at the foot of his bed.

At the moment, Richard Mason is standing in front of the mirror over his bureau, vainly trying to get his evening collar on to its stud. His wife, Kathryn, is rapidly opening and closing doors, pulling out dresser drawers, rummaging through them like a squirrel and slamming them shut again. The action through this scene should be one of nervous tension, hurry and bad temper.

As Kathryn proceeds with her noisy search for whatever is missing, she keeps up a running line of chatter, not so much as a matter of conversation -- for she pays very little attention to Dick's answers -- but more as an outer outlet for inner spleen.

KATHRYN:

Really, Dick, I don't know why you couldn't make a little effort on our fifth anniversary to get home on time for once --

(she slams a drawer)

-- what with the maid's day out and Phillips' gone down to the village to get the mutton --

(bang)

--- it makes it very difficult --
(slam)

MASON:

Mutton? What's he getting mutton for? We're going out to dinner.

KATHRYN:

We're having mutton tomorrow.
(bang)

MASON:

But, I don't like mutton --

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

KATHRYN:

(with the patient
tone of a martyr)

Now, why do you say a silly thing
like that? I've seen you eat it
a thousand times.

MASON:

I only ate it because you got it.
I've told you I don't like it.
(he has now succeeded
in getting his collar
on the stud)

KATHRYN:

Nonsense -- that's all your ima-
gination. You can eat anything
if you put your mind to it.
(she resumes her
pulling out of
drawers and slamming
them again)

Mason opens the top drawer of his bureau and takes out
his evening tie.

MASON:

I don't eat with my mind -- I
eat with my stomach.
(he starts to
tie his tie)

KATHRYN:

Is that supposed to be funny?

MASON:

No.

Kathryn hops up and starts opening the closet doors,
one after the other, and closing them again with a
bang. Mason suddenly turns and shouts at her.

MASON:

(shouting)

For Pete's sake, Kathryn, what
are you looking for?

KATHRYN:

That bunch of green roses for my
hair. It was here only yesterday.

MASON:

Well, I didn't take it.

KATHRYN:

(with an exclamation of
delight)

Oh, here it is!

(CONTINUED)

6/19/43

C.

(Cont.1)

She finds it on her dressing table behind the mirror at which she has been sitting at the beginning of the scene - she picks up a pin and crossing to a full-length mirror on the bathroom door, proceeds to arrange it on her head.

CUT TO:

MED. CLOSE SHOT KATHRYN

as she is arranging the bunch of green roses on the top of her head. It is one of those silly looking things some women nowadays affect with evening clothes, and it is particularly unbecoming to Kathryn, but she herself seems quite pleased with it and gives it a final, complacent little pat.

KATHRYN:

How do you like it?

CUT TO:

MED. CLOSE SHOT MASON

as he turns slightly away from the mirror to look at her across the room, and then with an expression of obvious distaste, turns back again to put the finishing touches on his tie.

MASON:

Not much -- it's too big.

KATHRYN:

That shows all you know -- it's supposed to be very fashionable.

Nevertheless, she takes it off again and flings it viciously at the dressing table. As she exits into bathroom,

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM MASON HOUSE

NIGHT

as Kathryn enters and crosses to the basin and prepares to turn on the water. As she stops, with an expression of disgust -

CUT TO:

6/19/43
D.

FLASH INSERT OF WASHBASIN

Mason has evidently been shaving in a hurry. His brush and his razor are standing on the side of the basin.

CUT TO:

MED. CLOSE SHOT KATHRYN

as she turns away with a wrinkled nose and crosses to door of bathroom.

CUT TO:

MED. SHOT INT. MASON BATHROOM

NIGHT

taking in both, as Kathryn appears in door from bathroom.

KATHRYN:

Really, Dick, you might at least put away your shaving things. If I've told you once, I've told you --

MASON:

--- a thousand times.

KATHRYN:

And yet you insist on leaving your razor --

MASON:

Listen, Kathy, I don't insist on anything --

(he crosses to closet and takes down the coat and waistcoat)

I was tired and in a hurry --

(he puts on his waistcoat)

I work hard all day. I can't keep coming home to a running monologue of abuse. You don't go on like this in public or in front of other people. What's the matter with you?

(having put on his waistcoat, he now takes down his coat)

Kathryn marches across the room, her jaw set in a trap-like line and stands in front of him.

CUT TO:

MED. CLOSE SHOT KATHRYN AND MASON

Kathryn looking up at Mason as he puts on his coat.

KATHRYN:

You have the nerve to stand
there and ask what's the matter
with me?

MASON:

Sure -- I'd just like to get
things straightened out.

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT KATHRYN

looking up at Mason with hate in her eyes.

KATHRYN:

(bursting forth in
all her venom)

You'll never get them straightened
out. Do you hear? Never! And do
you know why? Because you're in
love with Evelyn -- in love with my
sister.

(working herself up)

Oh, you thought I didn't know that,
didn't you? You must think I'm
blind. I've seen the way you
listen to her. I've seen the way
you look at her, hanging on her
every word. I suppose you're
going to deny it?

REVERSE ANGLE SHOT DIRECTLY AT MASON

looking back at her. It is impossible to tell from
his expression for the moment, what he thinks. When
he speaks, his voice is quiet and completely natural
in tone.

MASON:

(slowly)

No -- I'm not going to deny it.

CUT TO:

6/19/43
P.

MED. CLOSE SHOT TAKING IN BOTH

Kathryn is completely taken aback for a moment by his unexpected answer.

KATHRYN:

You're not?

MASON:

No.

As he turns away from her and goes towards the bureau,

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT KATHRYN

as she looks after him, expecting him to say more, to defend himself in some way -- to do something. She is a little fearful of his poise, detachment, his seeming inner confidence. But when she speaks, she covers her fear with an attempt at truculence.

CUT TO:

MED. CLOSE SHOT MASON

Kathryn is still watching him warily in the background.

KATHRYN:

(at length)

Well - what are you going to do about it?

Mason starts picking up his wallet, keys, money, etc., from the top of bureau, and distributing them in their proper place in the pockets of his dinner clothes.

MASON:

I'm not going to do anything about it. I've never told her, and I don't intend to. When I married you, Evelyn was just a kid. Now she's a young lady and I just happen to find that I'm in love with her. These things can't be helped.

CUT TO:

MED. CLOSE SHOT KATHRYN

as her mouth sets in a determined line.

KATHRYN:

Well, I'll never let you go --
do you understand? Never, never,
never!

MASON:

I know that.

KATHRYN:

And there's no use your trying to
leave me because she'd never marry
you, anyway...She's too loyal.

MASON:

I know that, too.

KATHRYN:

(with bitter,
ironical laugh)

You know, Dick, it's really rather
funny -- I hope Evelyn never finds
out. I'm afraid she'd laugh at
you, too.

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT MASON AT THE MIRROR

His face is a mask of tension. Perspiration stands
out on his forehead. When he speaks it is almost as
if the voice is coming from somebody else.

MASON:

I wish you hadn't said that.

CUT TO:

MED. SHOT TAKING IN BOTH

Kathryn swings away petulantly back towards her dressing
table and starts undoing the strap of her gown.

KATHRYN:

I'm not going to the party.

(CONTINUED)

6/19/43
H.

(Cont.)

MASON:

Oh, yes you are -- it's our Fifth Anniversary -- you wouldn't miss it for anything -

(he opens the top drawer of his bureau and takes out a crisp, clean, white handkerchief)

You'll go, and I'll go -- like thousands of others go - and laugh with the rest of them.

(he puts the handkerchief in his breast pocket)

There is a KNOCK on the door.

KATHRYN:

Who is it?

EVELYN'S VOICE:

Evelyn.

Mason and his wife look at each other across the room.

KATHRYN:

Come in.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

shooting directly at the door as it opens - a lovely looking young girl in her early twenties is standing on the portal in an evening gown and carrying a bunch of flowers. She looks from one to the other with a fresh, eager, friendly smile.

MED. SHOT TAKING IN THIS TABLEAU

The girl in the doorway -- Kathryn seated at her dressing table on the left, Mason standing by the bureau on the right.

EVELYN:

Happy Anniversary!

(she tosses the flowers to Kathryn who catches them)

CLOSE SHOT MASON

looking in the mirror with a deadpan as he puts the final touches to his dressing.

MASON:

Thanks.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

FADE IN

1. CLOSE SHOT ROSE BUSH

The bush is illuminated by light shining from a window o.s. It is raining hard, and the tightly-budded flowers are drenched. CAMERA begins to PAN TOWARD the direction from which the light comes.

OVERLAP TO:

2. EXTERIOR DR. HAMILTON'S HOME NIGHT
MED. SHOT

into the dining room window. Through the rain-streaked, mullioned panes, we can see an informal dinner party in progress, consisting principally of Mason, his wife KATHRYN, her sister, EVELYN, PROFESSOR HOLDSWORTH, and the genial, fatherly host, DR. MARK HAMILTON. As we first pick them up, they are laughing at some joke which their host has just told, and the SOUND of their laughter comes to us muffled, out into the night, through the window. Dr. Hamilton then rises from the table. As he pushes back his chair, the others rise with him, still laughing and chatting, but unheard by us. The ladies start towards the living room but Dr. Hamilton calls out something to them and they stop, looking towards him with an expression of curiosity. He then turns away from them and comes directly toward the window, through which we have been watching, opens it, leans out and plucks a rose from the bush directly before us. As he turns back into the room, we follow him with the CAMERA and for the first time, pick up the conversation which follows.

3. INTERIOR HAMILTON DINING ROOM NIGHT
MED. SHOT

as Dr. Hamilton returns with the rose.

DR. HAMILTON:

A very low fog tonight!

(CONTINUED)

3.(Cont.)

KATHRYN:

Oh, what a beautiful rose, Doctor!
Is it one you developed?

DR. HAMILTON:

Yes -- it did turn out well, didn't
it?

MASON:

What do you call it?

DR. HAMILTON:

I call it the "Janie-Belle".

He puts his arms around the shoulders of the two other
men and starts shepherding them all toward the living
room.

EVELYN:

That's suspiciously romantic, Doctor.

KATHRYN:

Yes -- just who is Janie-Belle?

DR. HAMILTON:

The subject of the greatest mistake
I ever made.

Having succeeded in gathering them through the door, he
turns his head and nods in the direction of the cook
who has stuck her head through the kitchen door.

CUT TO:

4. FLASH CLOSE SHOT COOK'S HEAD STICKING THROUGH
KITCHEN DOOR

as she nods in reply as if for some pre-arranged plan.

CUT TO:

5. INTERIOR HAMILTON LIVING ROOM NIGHT

as the guests come in, followed by Dr. Hamilton.

PROFESSOR HOLDSWORTH:

This sounds serious --! Come clean,
Doctor.

(CONTINUED)

5 (Cont.)

DR. HAMILTON:

Don't jump to conclusions -- the mistake was mine, in not asking a very beautiful young lady to marry me.

He crosses to Victrola and starts putting a record on as the others distribute themselves around the room.

DR. HAMILTON:

(continuing)

I was a much younger man -- I'd just received my Master's -- about to start teaching my first class at the University. Picture me at the same age, and in the same position, as young Professor Holdsworth here.

CUT TO:

6. MED. SHOT ANGLING PAST THE DOCTOR TO CENTER
PROFESSOR HOLDSWORTH

He grins, a bit embarrassed.

DR. HAMILTON:

Like all young psychologists with brand new Master's Degrees, I knew everything there was to know. But I didn't know enough to get married.

Holdsworth grins sheepishly, as Evelyn looks at him amused. Phonograph starts to play "THE VERY THOUGHT OF YOU". Mason and Kathryn look at each other and then towards Dr. Hamilton in surprise.

CUT TO:

7. ANOTHER ANGLE

as the cook enters, carrying a small wedding cake with five lighted candles. As Evelyn takes it from her, we can read the inscription:

KATHRYN AND RICHARD

HAPPY FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

We PAN CAMERA with Evelyn as she carries the cake to Kathryn.

(CONTINUED)

7 (Cont.)

EVELYN:

To the darlinest sister that a
girl ever had!

She sets down the cake in front of Kathryn and then
kisses her.

KATHRYN:

(her eyes brimming)
Thank you, Evelyn!

EVELYN:

And I only hope that some day I'll
find a husband as good as Dick.

She gives Mason a friendly peck on the cheek. He re-
mains motionless, unsmiling.

HOLDSWORTH:

(stepping forward)
Congratulations, old man!

He shakes him by the hand and Mason responds like an
automaton, looking after Evelyn as she has turned to
help her sister cut the cake.

KATHRYN:

Oh, how wonderful of you, Doctor...
to arrange all this for us!

(turning to Mason)

Isn't it wonderful of Dr. Hamilton,
dear?

MASON:

Yes -- it certainly is.

KATHRYN:

Even down to playing our favorite
tune.

(to Dr. Hamilton)

How did you ever find out?

DR. HAMILTON:

(beaming over at
Evelyn)

A little bird told me!

Kathryn and Mason follow his glance.

KATHRYN:

Oh, I see -- my sister!

CUT TO:

8. MED. CLOSE SHOT MASON

watching Evelyn.

KATHRYN'S VOICE:

Remember dear -- they always played
that when we were courting?

Mason nods dutifully without taking his eyes off
Evelyn.

CUT TO:

9. MED. CLOSE SHOT EVELYN

You two were the most difficult
couple to locate -- you always
seemed to be out in the canoe,
with the portable phonograph.

CUT TO:

10. FULL SHOT THE PARTY

as the others laugh.

KATHRYN:

(to Dr. Hamilton)

I just think this is lovely of you,
Doctor. I don't know how to thank
you enough.

DR. HAMILTON:

(pleased)

Well, never having been married my-
self, I've always had a warm spot in
my heart for those who have achieved
it.

EVELYN:

Achieved it?

DR. HAMILTON:

Certainly! As a psychologist, I can
assure you that a happy marriage is
a rare achievement.

KATHRYN:

Isn't that rather cynical?

DR. HAMILTON:

Well, perhaps it is -- but you
see, marriage is a very tricky

(CONTINUED)

DR. HAMILTON: (Cont.)
business. People have impulses, compulsions -- drives, let us say, toward escape -- escape from loneliness. They seek that escape in the companionship of somebody else, and LO ---! just when they think they have achieved it, they find they have put on their own handcuffs.

CUT TO:

11. MED. CLOSE SHOT MASON

looking at Evelyn.

KATHRYN'S VOICE:
(tolerantly)
Well, you are a kind-hearted man, Doctor -- in spite of the things you say.

Everybody laughs.

CUT TO:

12. FULL SHOT DINNER PARTY

as Dr. Hamilton throws an amused, quizzical expression in the direction of Professor Holdsworth.

DR. HAMILTON:
What do you say to that, Professor Holdsworth?

CUT TO:

13. MED. CLOSE SHOT HOLDSWORTH

sitting beside Evelyn.

PROFESSOR HOLDSWORTH:
(smiling awkwardly)
Now you have me on a spot, Doctor!

HAMILTON'S VOICE:
Professor Holdsworth says that the thing he admires about me is that in the pursuit of pure science, I have learned to put my heart in a cage.

EVELYN:
(kiddingly - to Professor Holdsworth)
And is your heart in a cage, Professor Holdsworth?

- (CONTINUED)

13 (Cont.)

PROFESSOR HOLDSWORTH:

(looking back at her
in admiration)

Well, I give it a little bird seed
now and then.

CUT TO:

14. MED. CLOSE SHOT MASON

watching Evelyn and Holdsworth.

EVELYN'S VOICE:

That sounds very strong-minded of you --
but I'm not quite convinced.

DR. HAMILTON'S VOICE:

Neither am I. I regret to say, Miss
Turner, that pure science is not the only
thing that the younger professors pursue.

CUT TO:

15. FULL SHOT DINNER PARTY

EVELYN:

Just what kind of doctor are you, any-
way, Dr. Hamilton? I know you mess
around with the brain, but how?

DR. HAMILTON:

Well, I don't do trepanning or any such
vulgar hammering and sawing of the skull.
I deal with thoughts and dreams, which
no amount of surgery can handle. You see,
sometimes a thought can be like a malig-
nant disease, and start to eat away the
willpower. When that happens, it is my
business to remove the thought before it
can cause destruction.

There is a moment's silence. Curious tenseness has come
amongst the company.

MASON:

What causes these thoughts?

DR. HAMILTON:

Any number of things -- but I should
say love and its frustration is the worst
offender.

PROFESSOR HOLDSWORTH:

You see, Dr. Hamilton belongs to the
Freudian school of psychology -- that
believes that frustrated love, rather than
money, is the root of all evil.

(CONTINUED)

15 (Cont.)

Evelyn suddenly jumps to her feet in a burst of youthful indignation.

EVELYN:

Why, it's nothing of the kind!

Everybody turns and looks at her. Then regretting her outburst -

EVELYN:

Oh, I beg your pardon, Dr. Hamilton, but love can't always cause unhappiness and trouble. It's been man's inspiration for centuries -- it's been the basis of some of the greatest stories ever written -- look at Romeo and Juliet -- Anthony and Cleopatra -- Abelard and Eloise --

MASON:

(kiddingly)

Yes -- but look what happened to them!

EVELYN:

Oh, Dick; that's not fair. You know what I mean -- it doesn't matter what happens to people, as -- as long as they've got something to live for.

HAMILTON:

But they didn't live for it -- they died for it.

KATHRYN:

Evelyn, darling -- perhaps you had better leave this entire subject alone until you get married.

EVELYN:

(reseating herself)

Oh, dear, I wish I could express myself better.

CUT TO:

16. CLOSE SHOT MASON

looking at Evelyn across the table with a serious absorbed expression.

MASON:

I think you expressed yourself very well.

SLOW LAP DISSOLVE TO:

PART II TO FOLLOW

Changes
"CONFLICT"

6/19/43
9.

17. EXT. DR. HAMILTON'S HOUSE NIGHT

It is raining. Dr. Hamilton is standing in the lighted doorway, waving.

DR. HAMILTON:
Goodnight!

CUT TO:

18. EXT. DR. HAMILTON'S HOUSE NIGHT
MED. CLOSE SHOT MASON'S BUICK SEDAN

Mason and Kathryn are in the front seat -- Evelyn in the back.

ALL:
Goodnight! Goodnight! Thanks
for a wonderful time, etc.!!

As the car pulls out, Dr. Hamilton withdraws into the house.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

19. INT. MASON'S BUICK SEDAN (PROCESS) NIGHT

Mason is driving, peering carefully through the blinding rain. The windshield wiper is clicking monotonously across the glass.

KATHRYN:
Do drive carefully, dear.

MASON:
I am driving carefully.

KATHRYN:
(calling to Evelyn
in the back seat)
I think that young Professor Holdsworth
is awfully nice, dear, don't you?

EVELYN:
Oh, I guess he'll be all right when
he grows up.

(CONTINUED)

KATHRYN:

(laughing - looking
at Mason out of the
corner of her eye)

To hear you talk, you'd think you
were 180. As a matter of fact,
I think he's just about your own age.
After all, he has a good, steady
job at the college, and---

EVELYN:

(laughing)

Now, listen here -- don't start
marrying me off before I've made up
my mind. When I marry I want it to
be something solid -- like you and
Dick.

CUT TO:

20. CLOSE SHOT MASON

as his face sobers and he glances up at the image of
Evelyn in the overhead mirror. She gives him a
friendly, sisterly smile.

EVELYN'S VOICE:

(lightly)

Hello, Dick -- are your ears burning?

MASON:

(attempting to be light)

Positively.

CUT TO:

21. MED. CLOSE SHOT MASON AND KATHRYN

KATHRYN:

(glancing at Mason)

What a pretty compliment, isn't
it Richard?

Mason grunts.

MASON:

Ugh!

KATHRYN:

(casually)

By the way, Evelyn -- I got a letter
from mother today. She seems to be
awfully lonely. I got the feeling
she thought it was about time you
came home. She didn't say so in
exactly so many words, mind you,
but --

(CONTINUED)

21 (Cont.)

MASON:

(dryly)

-- you felt she wanted Evelyn to come home.

KATHRYN:

(throwing him a dagger-like glance)

Yes.

22. CLOSE SHOT EVELYN

EVELYN:

As a matter of fact, I've been feeling a little guilty about that, Kathy, and I thought perhaps some time next week --

23. MED. CLOSE SHOT MASON

as he looks up into the overhead mirror, hanging on her answer.

EVELYN'S VOICE:

-- I'd see if I could get plane reservations and --

The windshield is abruptly illuminated by the headlights on an approaching car.

KATHRYN:

(screaming)

LOOK OUT!

Mason snaps his eyes forward, but it is too late. There is a rending, tearing CRASH.

24. - 25. OMITTED.

26. SPECIAL EFFECTS SHOT

The screen is suddenly filled with a whirling group of concentric circles. They seem to recede into the distance -- into Infinity -- and then come towards us again. There is a weird accompaniment of SOUND - monotonous, metallic, rhythmical. The whirling circles recede and advance, recede and advance, in rhythmical accompaniment to the SOUND. The tempo of this movement starts to slow up and the sound to diminish in volume. Now we HEAR a man breathing heavily, in synchronization with the movement of the images on the screen.

(CONTINUED)

26 (Cont.)

DOCTOR'S VOICE:

(off scene)

I think he's coming out of it now.

Suddenly the face of Kathryn looms enormously in profile on the left side of the frame.

KATHRYN:

(with a bitter,
ironical laugh)

You know, Dick, it's really rather funny -- I hope Evelyn never finds out -- she'd laugh at you, too.

She goes off into fiendish, exaggerated laughter as in a bad dream.

Hamilton's face comes in from the left.

DR. HAMILTON:

Sometimes a thought can be like a malignant disease --

KATHRYN:

I'll never let you go, do you understand -- never, never, never!

DR. HAMILTON:

---they find they've put on their own handcuffs.

KATHRYN:

And there's no use your trying to leave me, because she'd never marry you, anyway -- she's too loyal.

The upper figure of Evelyn suddenly appears between the two large heads in the f.g., but at some distance and well above them. She tosses her pretty head defiantly.

EVELYN:

Love has been man's inspiration for centuries --

The large head of Kathryn MOVES FORWARD towards the two on the screen and blots out the image of the girl.

KATHRYN:

You know, now that you've started to show your age, it's really rather funny.

DR. HAMILTON:

Sometimes a thought can be like a malignant disease --

(CONTINUED)

26 (Cont.1)

The image of Evelyn COMES THROUGH the other two images, larger now -- and closer to the f.g.

EVELYN:

(exhilarated -- like
a battle cry)

It doesn't matter what happens to
people -- as long as they've got
something to live for.

KATHRYN:

(shrieking)

I'll never let you go -- do you
understand?

The image starts to FADE.

DR. HAMILTON'S VOICE:

(faintly)

Sometimes a thought can be like a
malignant disease --

Nothing is left on the screen now but a large face of
Evelyn looking down in compassion. The SOUND is stopped.

SLOW LAP DISSOLV
OVER THE FACE
OF EVELYN

27. CLOSEUP A PRETTY TRAINED NURSE

looking down from above at Mason.

NURSE:

He's all right now, Doctor.

CUT TO:

28. INTERIOR HOSPITAL
REVERSE ANGLE SHOOTING AT MASON

DAY

The doctor and the trained nurse are standing by his
bed, but only the edge of their white garments are in
the shot. The CAMERA is on a low tripod, shooting
directly at his face.

DR. GRANT'S VOICE:

Well, old man, you had quite a
jolt, didn't you? How do you feel?

CUT TO:

29. MED. CLOSE SHOT DOCTOR AND NURSE

standing by bed, looking down at Mason. He does not answer.

DOCTOR:

(attempting to be
genial)

It wasn't your fault, you know --
They say the other fellow was as
high as an owl. He's being held
on a felony charge.

CUT TO:

30. PREVIOUS SHOT LOW ANGLE SHOOTING DIRECTLY AT
MASON'S FACE

He never moves his eyes, holding them fixed as if on
some inner thought or image. He lies without speaking
for a moment.

MASON:

How's Evelyn?

DOCTOR'S VOICE:

Oh, she's all right - just a few
scratches.

MASON:

(after a pause)

And Kathryn -- is she dead?

DOCTOR'S VOICE:

(cheerfully)

No -- she escaped without a mark.

As Mason continues to stare at the ceiling.

SLOW FADE.

(PART III TO FOLLOW)

FADE IN

31. INT. MASON LIVING ROOM CLOSE SHOT MASON DAY
dressed in lounging robe and pajamas, reading an open telegram.

CUT TO:

32. INSERT: TELEGRAM

in Mason's hand, reading as follows:

"MISS YOU ALL FRIGHTFULLY. HOW
IS DICK? PLEASE WRITE SOON.

EVELYN"

CUT TO:

33. CLOSE SHOT MASON

reading the telegram. We PULL BACK CAMERA to reveal him standing at the mantelpiece in his living room. Suddenly he cocks his head as if listening to some faint sound out of scene. He replaces the telegram on the mantelpiece and turns. We PAN CAMERA with him as he limps back to a wheelchair some feet away. As he seats himself and pulls a steamer rug up over his knees, we HEAR Kathryn's voice o.s.

KATHRYN'S VOICE:

This way, Doctor.

CUT TO:

34. ANOTHER ANGLE

as the door opens and Kathryn enters, followed by Dr. Grant.

DR. GRANT:

(with professional
cheerfulness)

Well, well, well -- and how's the
patient today?

MASON:

How are you, Doctor?

(CONTINUED)

34 (Cont.)

DR. GRANT:

I'm fine, thanks -- Doctors can't
afford to be sick, you know --
Just rich people,

(he laughs at his own
joke and seats himself
on an Ottoman at Mason's
feet)

Now let's see how we're coming
along.

(he rolls up Mason's
pajama leg and starts
gently massaging the
muscles at the knee
joint)

Do you feel that?

MASON:

No -- not a thing.

DR. GRANT:

Try to flex it.

As Kathryn watches, Mason bends his knee slightly
but seems unable to raise the leg very far. He lets
it fall again as if it has caused him great effort.

DR. GRANT:

How does it feel?

MASON:

I can't feel anything very much.
It's just as if it belongs to
somebody else.

DR. GRANT:

Well, don't worry, Dick -- none
of the nerves were cut, and it
will come back to you if we're
patient.

CUT TO:

35. ANOTHER ANGLE FEATURING KATHRYN

as she notices the telegram that she has left lying on
the mantelpiece.

KATHRYN:

(crossing toward
mantelpiece)

That's what I tell him, Doctor...
but for the past five weeks he has
been grumbling around here like an
old bear.

(CONTINUED)

35 (Cont.)

She crumples the telegram and throws it into the fire.

CUT TO:

36. MED. CLOSE SHOT MASON AND DR. GRANT

Mason has been watching Kathryn out of the corner of his eye.

MASON:

Listen, Doctor -- you don't have to spare my feelings -- we've known each other much too long. Tell me the truth -- will I or will I not be able to walk again?

DR. GRANT:

(laughing at his earnestness)

Of course you will, my boy. The x-ray plates show the fracture to be completely healed. Your present condition is entirely neurasthenic -- neural asphasia, we call it -- and that doesn't show on the plates.

(he rolls down Mason's pajama leg and rises)

But if you keep on religiously with those flexing exercises I showed you, you will be walking again sooner than you think.

(he rises from the stool)

MASON:

(impatiently)

But there must be something else I can do! Sitting around in a wheelchair all day is enough to drive a man crazy.

DR. GRANT:

Well, you might try swimming in warm water. It's worked wonders in similar cases -- relaxes the muscles.

(CONTINUED)

36 (Cont.)

MASON:

Well, why didn't you say so
in the first place? That's a
good idea.

(as if getting
an inspiration)

Say, Kathy, why don't we put the
wheelchair in the car and go up
to Mountain Springs for a week?

KATHRYN:

(hesitatingly)

Well, I ---

DR. GRANT:

That's a splendid idea -- as
long as you don't over-exert
yourself.

MASON:

(ruefully)

Fat chance!

DR. GRANT:

(picking up his bag)

Very well, then.... I'll give you
a letter to the house physician
and tell him to look after you.

(he starts for the
door and turns)

CUT TO:

37. ANOTHER ANGLE

as Dr. Grant turns in the doorway.

DR. GRANT:

By the way -- what do you hear
from Evelyn?

Mason turns his head and looks at Kathryn with a
peculiar flicker of amusement in his eyes.

MASON:

I don't know. What do we hear
from Evelyn, Kathy?

She throws him a glance and then addresses the
Doctor.

(CONTINUED)

37 (Cont.)

KATHRYN:

As a matter of fact, I got a telegram from Evelyn this morning. She says she's very happy and is glad to be back home.

DR. GRANT:

Oh! Well, we'll miss her. She's a lovely girl.... Goodbye!

KATHRYN:

Goodbye, Doctor!

He exits.

CUT TO:

38. MED. CLOSE SHOT MASON AND KATHRYN

as the door closes behind the Doctor and they look at each other for a moment.

MASON:

Did you tell him?

KATHRYN:

About what?

MASON:

About our quarrel -- about Evelyn?

KATHRYN:

What do you think I am -- a fool? I'd rather die than tell anybody.

MASON:

I'm glad. These things happen in the best of families and they blow over. I'm afraid I've said a lot of things I didn't mean, Kathy, and -- I'm sorry.

CUT TO:

39. MED. CLOSE SHOT KATHRYN

standing at the door.

KATHRYN:

(laughing)

It's funny how virtuous a man can get when he's helpless.

(CONTINUED)

39 (Cont.)

She exits.

CUT TO:

40. CLOSE SHOT WASON

looking at the closed door through which she has gone.

FADE OUT.

PART IV TO FOLLOW

Changes
"Conflict"

6/29/43
22.

FADE IN

41. INT. MASON HOME CLOSE SHOT DAY

Smart looking luggage in the hands of Phillips, the butler. As he descends the stairs PULL BACK CAMERA revealing that we are in the hall of the Mason home as Phillips crosses towards the open front door with the bags. Phillips is dressed in a topcoat and bowler. Mason's voice calls from o.s.

MASON'S VOICE:

Oh, Phillips!

As Phillips turns in the direction of the sound SWING CAMERA to reveal Mason seated at a desk in the study.

MASON:

Is the car ready?

PHILLIPS:

Yes, sir -- I'm just putting in the last bag now...Are you ready, sir?
(looking at watch)

MASON:

What's the matter -- you seem to be in a hurry.

PHILLIPS:

Cook and I rather thought we'd like to catch the morning train, sir, if that's all right with you.

MASON:

By all means -- go along.

PHILLIPS:

But how about you, Mr. Mason?

MASON:

Mrs. Mason and I will manage very nicely, thank you. You two go along...Have a good vacation.

PHILLIPS:

Thank you very much, sir.

As Phillips exits with the bags, Mason reaches for the phone.

MASON:

(into telephone)
Give me Orchid 319.

CUT TO:

6/29/43
23.

42. MED. CLOSE SHOT KATHRYN

as she comes out of her bedroom, dressed in an attractive green tailored suit and a vanity case.

KATHRYN:

(calling)

Richard -- Richard -- are you ready?

MASON'S VOICE:

Be with you in a minute.

KATHRYN:

Well, hurry up. We can't take all day?

CUT TO:

43. INT. STUDY FULL SHOT

as Kathryn comes toward door. This study is obviously Mason's home office; there are filing cabinets, a draftsman's desk, blueprints cabinets, an office desk, etc., etc. Mason is seated by the desk in his wheelchair, talking over the telephone. As Kathryn stands waiting by the door:

MASON:

(into phone)

Freston, I've just been looking at those core samples, but I'm not satisfied... Suppose you get down there and find you're tying onto a fault cleavage?But I can't afford to gamble on a job that far away....You'll have to come out to the house tonight. There's a train leaving at about 10:30.....I'm afraid there's no other way out of it.....OK, I'll see you then.

He hangs up and turns to Kathryn.

MASON:

Kathryn, there'll have to be a switch in our plans.....That was Freston at the office. There's been a change in design that I've got to check over before Freston leaves. The new blueprints won't be ready until late this afternoon, so I'm having him bring them out this evening.

(CONTINUED)

KATHRYN:

Oh dear, this sort of thing always happens when we're going away.

MASON:

Well, it can't be helped, Kathy. Work's work, and it's just got to be done.

KATHRYN:

Oh, well, I suppose we can go tomorrow just as well as today. I guess I had better have Phillips get the bags out of the car.

(she turns and calls)

Phillips! Phillips!

In the silence that follows, we HEAR the sound of a disappearing motor. She looks back questioningly at Mason.

KATHRYN:

Have they gone?

MASON:

Yes, I told them to go along.... and I want you to go along, too. I can meet you down there. I can come down by train when my work's finished, tomorrow, and you can pick me up at the Mountain Springs Station.

KATHRYN:

But how will you get along tonight?

MASON:

Oh, don't worry about me... I'll call up Phillips in town and have him come out with Preston....In the meantime, I have plenty to do.... You'd better get going now if you want to reach there before dark.

She crosses to wall safe and fumbles around in her bag as if looking for a key.

KATHRYN:

Have you got your key to the safe?

MASON:

No, I'm afraid I left mine in the bedroom.

KATHRYN:

Oh, it doesn't matter...Here's mine.

(CONTINUED)

6/29/43
25.

43 (Cont.1)

Having succeeded in finding the key in her bag, she opens the safe and takes out a jewel box.

MASON:

You aren't going to take all that junk with you, are you?

KATHRYN:

I just wanted to take a few things.

She opens the jewel box and fishes around inside it.

MASON:

We're not going to the Ritz, you know.... It's just a simple mountain resort.

KATHRYN:

(she takes out a cameo ring and slips it on her finger)

All I wanted was this cameo ring. It goes well with this dress.

She returns the jewel case to the safe, locks it and drops the key in her purse.

MASON:

You do look nice at that.

KATHRYN:

(a little surprised)

That's the first compliment you've paid me in a long time.

MASON:

Oh, I'm not such a bad guy when you get to know me.

He adjusts the monogrammed handkerchief in her suit pocket.

MASON:

Be sure to drive slowly, won't you? Some of those mountain roads can be pretty dangerous.

He closes the safe, locks it, and returns the key to her. Kathryn looks at him guardedly for a moment. She is a little touched by this unexpected solicitude for her welfare. She turns away, starts for the door and then turns back.

KATHRYN:

Richard.....!

MASON:

Yes?

(CONTINUED)

43 (Cont.2)

She hesitates a moment, but then is apparently unable to overcome her pride in attempting to heal the breach that has come between them.

KATHRYN:

Never mind----

She starts out again.

MASON:

Kathryn!!!

She turns with a little expression of eagerness and expectancy.

KATHRYN:

Yes?

MASON:

(smiling)

Goodbye!!!

Kathryn's face falls.

KATHRYN:

Goodbye.

As she turns quickly and EXITS.

DISSOLVE TO:

44. INT. MASON GARAGE MED. SHOT

as Kathryn backs the sedan out of the garage. She turns the car so that she drives off past the front of the house.

CUT TO:

45. INT. MASON LIVING ROOM

DAY

46. MED. CLOSE SHOT MASON

47

standing at the window, watching Kathryn drive away.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

48. EXT. SUBURBAN HIGHWAY DRIVE-THRU SHOT KATHRYN DAY

in the sedan, driving through a district with homes similar to Dr. Hamilton's.

CUT TO:

49. EXT. DR. HAMILTON'S FRONT YARD MED. SHOT DAY
DR. HAMILTON

dressed in old clothes, he is at work trimming and cutting his rose bushes. SOUND of approaching car COMES OVER, but he is too involved with his task to look up until:

KATHRYN'S VOICE:

Hello, Doctor.

DR. HAMILTON:

(looks up, smiles)

Well, hello, Kathryn!

50. MED. SHOT DIFFERENT ANGLE

as Kathryn gets out of the car, comes over to him. He straightens up, proudly displays a canvas container half-full of freshly cut yellow roses.

DR. HAMILTON:

How do you like the results of fertilizer and lumbago?

KATHRYN:

Oh, they're lovely!

She takes one, smells it, gives an appreciative "mmm!"

DR. HAMILTON:

Give me five minutes and I'll cut you enough for a vaseful.

KATHRYN:

Not today, Doctor. I'm on my way to Mountain Springs.

DR. HAMILTON:

(glance at car)

Without Richard?

KATHRYN:

(makes a move)

Something came up at the very last minute - he insisted that I go on alone; he'll follow by train in a day or so.

He puts down the canvas container.

DR. HAMILTON:

It would serve him exactly right if you were to meet a dark, fascinating stranger.. Unfortunately, I'm neither dark nor a stranger -

(CONTINUED)

50 (Cont.)

He takes the rose she is holding, slips the stem through a pin on her suit lapel.

KATHRYN:

But you are fascinating.

DR. HAMILTON:

Thank you, my dear. And if I were one hundred and twenty years younger --

KATHRYN:

Oh - Doctor. And now - I'll have to be on my way - I only stopped to ask if you'd look in on Richard and - make certain he was all right -

They start toward her car.

DR. HAMILTON:

I'll be glad to --

KATHRYN:

Evelyn's gone to visit Cousin Earl -- the servants are in town, but they'll be back this evening -

DR. HAMILTON:

I'll clean up and go over right away --

KATHRYN:

There's no need for that -- he'll be working all afternoon - tonight too, for that matter -

(gets into car)

But if you'd just stop by tomorrow morning --

DR. HAMILTON:

I will - I promise.

51. MED. CLOSE TWO PAST KATHRYN, AT WHEEL, TO DR. HAMILTON

leaning on car door. He smiles, but his speech is given seriously;

DR. HAMILTON:

You see - you and Evelyn are my very favorite people --

KATHRYN:

Thank you, doctor.

DR. HAMILTON:

As head of the Psychology Department at the University, I spend little time teaching classes, a great deal in giving advice to individuals.... distracted husbands, unhappy wives. Sometimes I almost lose my belief in the existence of a happy marriage... then I think of yours.

52. MED. CLOSE KATHRYN

She turns, apparently to adjust her purse and fur on car seat, actually to hide her face from Dr. Hamilton.

KATHRYN:

We've been - very fortunate.

53. MED. CLOSE KATHRYN AND DR. HAMILTON

DR. HAMILTON:

More than anyone expected five years ago, my dear.

She looks at him, surprised. He chuckles softly.

DR. HAMILTON:

I guess it's quite safe now to tell you that I wouldn't have bet an old umbrella on your marriage lasting as much as a year..all the experience charts were against it: rich girl, poor boy; outdoor man, home-loving woman; no mutual acquaintance group; no communal interest...it's really a great tribute to you both to have proved me so utterly wrong. And to have made me so very happy to know I was wrong!

(steps back a half pace)

Have a wonderful time at Mountain Springs, my dear, and don't worry about Richard -- I'll look out for him!

KATHRYN:

(constrained)

Thank you - thank you very much.

(steps on starter)

Goodbye, Doctor...

DR. HAMILTON:

Goodbye -

54. MED. SHOT

as she drives off, CAMERA PANNING to HOLD car while still keeping Dr. Hamilton in f.g.

OVERLAP TO:

55. EXT. HIGHWAY MED. SHOT WINDY DAY
PICKING UP KATHRYN IN THE SEDAN

as she turns off the main highway onto a lateral, CAMERA PANNING with her. PAN ENDS on a MED. CLOSE SHOT of a sign reading:

MARTINEZ CANYON	6 MILES
MOUNTAIN SPRINGS	120 MILES

A sign at right angles reads:

MUNICIPAL AIRPORT	3 MILES
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DISSOLVE TO:

56. EXT. MOUNTAIN COUNTRY MED. CLOSE SHOT SIGN
VERY WINDY

reading "Mountain Springs 100 Miles." Beneath sign, nailed to the same post, is a warning reading: "SLOW - GRADES AND CURVES." CAMERA PANS FROM the sign to a LONG SHOT of Kathryn's sedan. She has passed the sign, is driving up a rather narrow, twisting mountain road. It is apparent that she will be on this type of road for a number of miles, and that there is no other traffic on the road.

57. EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD DRIVE-THROUGH SHOT DAY
KATHRYN IN THE SEDAN

She is traveling at about thirty.

58. PROCESS SHOT THREE-QUARTER ANGLE ON KATHRYN

driving. She wears Dr. Hamilton's rose on her suit-coat, disclosed by her open topcoat. The continual turning and twisting of the road occupies her full attention.

59. REVERSE ANGLE SHOOTING PAST KATHRYN AT WHEEL
TO ROAD AHEAD

As the car (apparently) rounds a turn, we see the Mason convertible coupe parked across the road some twenty yards ahead. Kathryn lets out an involuntary gasp. She stops the car, starts to shift into reverse.

60. EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD MED. SHOT KATHRYN'S CAR

as she starts to back up - her action inexpert because of her panic.

61. INSERT SHOT REAR RIGHT WHEEL OF KATHRYN'S CAR

as it is backed off the road and into a drainage ditch, the bumper lodging against a boulder.

62. MED. CLOSE SHOT KATHRYN

seated in the car. She tries to maneuver the car out of the ditch, cannot. She looks toward the convertible coupe o.s.

63. MED. LONG SHOT KATHRYN'S ANGLE

The coupe and its lone occupant are silhouetted against the darkening sky. The man gets out of the coupe, starts slowly toward CAMERA.

64. MED. CLOSE SHOT KATHRYN

Now thoroughly frightened, she gives up her fruitless attempt to get her car moving, strips off her rings, grabs up her purse, clambers from the car. She's about to run when:

MASON'S VOICE:

Kathryn --

She turns, and the fright on her face turns to relief.

KATHRYN:

Richard -- Richard!

The CAMERA DOLLIES to LEAD her as she moves toward Mason, who is o.s. back of CAMERA. The reaction from her fright has set in, making her slightly hysterical.

KATHRYN:

Oh, Richard, I was so afraid - I thought - But you're walking! You're walking without help - Richard!

Something that she sees in his face slows her down, turns her surprise into a slowly growing horror.

KATHRYN:

(continuing)

Richard, how did you get here - Why are you here? Richard, why are you here?

Her clenched hand goes to her mouth, she starts to back away FROM CAMERA as the terrible realization comes to her.

KATHRYN:

No - no! No - Richard, NO!

As she turns to run, Mason moves directly in front of the CAMERA, BLOTTING OUT THE ENTIRE SCENE.

DISSOLVE TO:

65. CLOSE SHOT KATHRYN'S LIFELESS HAND ON DIRT ROAD

As her body is lifted, and the limp hand rises, her green cameo ring, her engagement ring and her wedding ring fall from the lifeless fingers. The cameo ring rolls a short distance, disappears into a rut. The other two fall flat. CAMERA DOLLIES TO CENTER Mason's feet as they move to the sedan; there is a certain unsteadiness in the way he plants his right foot. The DOLLYING CAMERA HOLDS his legs at low level - we see the open front door of the sedan, see Mason's feet move as he tries to maneuver the body into the car. The rose Kathryn was wearing falls to the ground as though the stem had been snapped off during Mason's effort to get the body past the steering wheel. CAMERA ELEVATES SLIGHTLY: Mason blocks our view of Kathryn's body, but we do see her left hand sprawled on the car seat. (N.B. At no time do we see anything of Kathryn except her hand.)

66. MED. SHOT MASON

as he moves away from the car, our ANGLE such that the car door hides Kathryn. Mason goes first to the purse; five yards away, open on the road. His gloved hands gather up the compact, folded currency, sun glasses and sundry other objects that have spilled, toss them into the purse, snaps it shut. He then moves back to the rings - which are between the purse and the car - picks up the wedding ring and the solitaire. He returns to the sedan.

67. MED. CLOSE SHOT MASON

CAMERA ANGLING from a position CLOSE to the rear left wheel of the sedan. Mason tosses Kathryn's purse into the car, then picking up her limp left hand, he slips first the wedding ring and then the solitaire onto the proper finger. He pushes the limp arm back into the car, then climbs into the car himself. As he does so, CAMERA DOLLIES to a point even with him. He is about to close the car door when he catches sight of the rose, leans down and picks it up, tosses it toward Kathryn's body which is hidden from CAMERA by his own. He starts the engine of the car, begins to "rock" it out of the ditch, shifting rapidly from first into reverse and back again.

68. MED. SHOT THE SEDAN MASON AT THE WHEEL

as he succeeds in rocking the car out of the shallow ditch and onto the road. He drives it down the road a short distance, then off of the road on the far side until it's nosed down a gentle slope which leads toward a precipitous canyon, some forty feet deep.

69. FULL SHOT THE CANYON AND THE CAR

The slope from the road is comparatively gentle - eight degrees or less. On this slope is a pile of huge logs held in place by stakes driven into the ground on the downhill side. Twenty feet beyond the log pile the gentle slope ends at the lip of the narrow canyon. We see him step out of the car, then reach in to release the emergency brake and allow the car to start forward.

70. PANNING SHOT SWINGING WITH THE CAR

as it rolls down the slope. One front wheel strikes a rock, the car veers, hits the end of the log pile a glancing blow. The car continues on, but the log pile has been dislodged, one of the retaining stakes having been snapped off.

71. FULL SHOT THE CAR

as it falls into the canyon without turning over or tipping - falls almost vertically to the canyon floor. The dislodged logs are rolling down the gentle slope with increasing speed, to topple into the narrow canyon on top of the sedan.

72. SPECIAL EFFECT SHOT ANGLING UP TOWARD FALLING LOGS

as, with a terrific rumble and roar, they hurtle free of the canyon lip, drop toward the car. Some of them lodge cross-wise in the narrow canyon, the others fall on top of them.

73. SPECIAL EFFECT SHOT FALLING LOGS

as they pile atop each other in jackstraw pattern, the last of them dropping into the form of a pentacle.

74. EXT. THE SLOPE MED. SHOT MASON

as he makes his way down the slope to the lip of the canyon, peers down toward the piled logs o.s. For the first time in this sequence we get a clear view of his face. Except for a slight sadness, it is almost expressionless.

75. REVERSE ANGLE PAST MASON TO THE LOG PILE

FLAT LIGHTING accenting the pentacle formation of the top logs. (Throughout this special effect sequence, the logs should fall in such a way that there is one chance in a thousand of the first logs having wedged above the car in such manner as to protect it from the crushing force of those that followed.)

76. ANGLE SHOT SHOOTING UP TO MASON

standing on the lip of the canyon, staring down toward the logs below. Mason turns his trench coat collar up against the increasing wind, turns and walks off up the slope.

77. MED. LONG SHOT MASON

as he climbs the slope toward the convertible, limping slightly.

78. MED. SHOT MASON

as he gets into coupe starts it, wings it expertly around and drives off. The CAMERA PANS to the shallow tracks made by the sedan at the point where Mason drove it off the road, moves to a CLOSE SHOT on the tracks. The wind is filling the tracks rapidly as we -

FADE OUT.

PART V TO FOLLOW.

FADE IN

79. EXT. MASON HOUSE MED. SHOT NIGHT

As a suburban taxi draws up in front of the dark house. It is raining. The vehicle is definitely of the type found only in suburbs, not a slicked up city cab. Phillips is the first to get out of the cab. He holds the door for ROBERT FRESTON. As Freston pays the cab driver, Phillips has been getting his bag and a tubular blue-print case from the front seat beside the driver.

CAB DRIVER:

Goodnight.

FRESTON:

Goodnight.

He takes the blue-print case and his own grip, moves with Phillips to the entrance.

CUT TO:

80. MED. CLOSE SHOT THE ENTRANCE

FRESTON:

(to Phillips)

Looks as if there wasn't anyone home --

PHILLIPS:

Mr. Mason is probably at the back of the house in his study.

He takes a key from his pocket, unlocks the door, steps in.

CUT TO:

81. INT. ENTRY HALL MED. SHOT

as Phillips enters, switches on entry hall light.

MASON'S VOICE:

(from distance)

Hello, there.

Phillips leads the way to the study door, steps aside to allow Freston to precede him. As the door is swung open we see Mason, in his wheelchair, at the desk, the telephone held to his ear. He wears a smoking jacket, slack flannels, slippers.

(CONTINUED)

81 (Cont.)

MASON:

Hello, Bob -- Hello, Phillips.

CUT TO:

82. INT. MASON STUDY

NIGHT

MED. CLOSE SHOT MASON AT TELEPHONE

looking towards Phillips and Freston in the doorway.

MASON:

Sorry -- I meant to have the porch
light on for you...

(into phone)

Hello -- Mountain Springs Hotel?...

I'll wait.

(to Freston)

I want to apologize for having to
drag you down here on a rotten night
like this, Bob, but --

(into phone)

Hello--- Mountain Springs Hotel?

I'd like to speak to Mrs. Richard

Mason, please --- this is Mr. Mason.

(to Freston)

--- with me cracked up like this,
it seemed the only way.... Make
yourself comfortable.Freston proceeds to get out his blueprints and remove
his coat.

MASON:

(into phone)

Hello -- Yes.... She hasn't?...You're quite sure?.... Well, have
her phone me the moment she gets
in, will you?.... Yes.... Thank
you, very much.

(he hangs up and

addresses Phillips)

Sorry I had to break up your vacation,
Phillips, but I'll make it up to
you later.

PHILLIPS:

That's all right, sir, I quite
understand.

(CONTINUED)

82 (Cont.)

MASON:

Do you think you could rustle
up some food for Mr. Freston
and myself?

PHILLIPS:

Yes, sir... I think there's some
cold mutton in the icebox.

MASON:

Mutton? But ---
(he pauses a moment,
thinking of Kathryn --
thinking he had done
with these petty
annoyances forever)
Oh, very well.

As Phillips starts for the door, Mason turns almost
impatiently towards Freston.

MASON:

All right, Bob -- let's get
on with our work.

As Freston hands him the first blueprint

LAP DISSOLVE
TO:

83.

INT. MASON STUDY

NIGHT

MED. CLOSE SHOT MASON AND FRESTON

Their coats off, collars loosened, hair rumpled, sitting
at the drawing table in the smoke-filled study. We
should get the feeling that they have been working for
some time. As we come in, Freston is going over one
of the blueprints on the drawing table and Mason is at
the telephone. As he speaks, he conveys great concern.

MASON:

(into phone)

But are you absolutely certain
that Mrs. Mason hasn't arrived?
She may have neglected to register.

(a little impatiently)

Are you the same desk clerk I
talked to before?.... Well, be
sure and have her call me the
moment she comes in, understand?
.... It's most important....

(he hangs up)

(CONTINUED)

83 (Cont.)

MASON: (Cont.)

Freston, I'm really getting worried.

FRESTON:

Now, don't get all worked up -- she may have had engine trouble or a flat tire or something.

MASON:

But she left here about two o'clock. If she'd had trouble on the road she'd have let me know before this.

FRESTON:

She may have had trouble getting to a phone. After all, those mountain roads --

The telephone rings.

FRESTON:

(continuing -
brightening)

There -- what did I tell you...
There she is now.

Mason wheels his chair back to the phone and picks up the receiver eagerly.

MASON:

Hello! Hello!

As he realizes that the voice is not Kathryn's, his face falls.

CUT TO:

84. INT. DR. HAMILTON'S HOME
CLOSE SHOT DR. HAMILTON

NIGHT

in a smoking jacket or lounge coat, speaking into the phone.

DR. HAMILTON:

Hello, Dick? ... This is Dr. Hamilton. Kathryn stopped by on her way up to the Springs and asked me to look after you. I'm keeping my word -- how are you?

- CUT TO:

85. INT. MASON HOME NIGHT
CLOSE SHOT MASON AT TELEPHONE

MASON:
Frankly, I'm a little worried,
Doctor. Kathryn hasn't arrived
yet and it's getting late.

CUT TO:

86. INT. DR. HAMILTON HOME NIGHT
CLOSE SHOT DR. HAMILTON AT TELEPHONE

as his face takes on an expression of concern.

DR. HAMILTON:
I say --- that is something to
worry about. Why --- she came
by here shortly after two o'clock.
.... If you don't hear from her
soon, Dick, I should inform the
Highway Patrol.

CUT TO:

87. INT. MASON HOME STUDY NIGHT
MED. CLOSE SHOT MASON AT TELEPHONE

Freston is working at the drawing table nearby.

MASON:
(into phone)
That's a good idea, Doctor...
Thanks for calling.
(he hangs up)
Now, let's see, Freston, are we
finished?

FRESTON:
Almost ---

Freston picks up the blueprint case and starts fishing
around in it for something as Mason picks up the
telephone receiver again.

MASON:
(into phone)
Hello! -- Give me Police Head-
quarters.

(CONTINUED)

87 (Cont.)

Freston evidently finds what he has been looking for -- a small blueprint sheet, and throws it on the desk beside Mason.

FRESTON:

This is the detail of the guy-brace anchor...

CUT TO:

88. MED. CLOSE SHOT MASON

as he takes the small, detail blueprint. His face tightens in an almost imperceptible reaction.

CUT TO:

89. INSERT THE BLUEPRINT

It shows a guying cable anchored to a pentacle-shaped dead-man of welded beams.

DISSOLVE TO:

90. INSERT THE PENTACLE OF LOGS IN THE CANYON

SAME SHOT as previously used.

OVERLAP TO:

91. CONTINUATION OF BLUEPRINT INSERT.

92. CLOSE TWO MASON AND FRESTON

Freston has moved to a position beside Mason. Mason's expression is inscrutable. He rubs a hand across his eyes, as though they were tired, and then looks up at Freston.

MASON:

Where did you get this idea?

FRESTON:

Howard recommends that pentacle pattern for loose shale.

(CONTINUED)

92 (Cont.)

MASON:

(looking back at
the print)

Yes...

(slowly)

Yes, that ought to work very
well.

There is the SOUND of somebody talking in the receiver
and he snaps out of his trance-like mood.

MASON:

(into phone)

Hello -- Police Headquarters?
I want to report a missing
woman.

He continues to stare at the pattern on his desk as
we

FADE OUT.

PART VI TO FOLLOW

FADE IN

93. INT. MASON HOME LIVING ROOM DAY

DETECTIVES EGAN AND WORKMAN are questioning Dr. Hamilton while Mason looks on from his wheelchair nearby. Workman is taking notes of the conversation.

WORKMAN:

Now, you say Mrs. Mason stopped by your house for a moment on her way out of town... How long did she stay?

DR. HAMILTON:

Only a few minutes -- she didn't come into the house.

(turning to Mason)

She said that you, Richard, were here all alone -- asked if I'd mind looking in on you.

Mason nods in confirmation.

DR. HAMILTON:

(continuing)

I offered to do so at once -- but she said you'd work to do and that this morning would be soon enough.

EGAN:

Did she seem to be any different than usual -- excited or morose -- anything like that?

DR. HAMILTON:

(thoughtfully)

No, I'd say she was in normally good spirits.

EGAN:

Thank you, Doctor.
(refers to his notes,
then turns to Mason)
Mr. Mason, you said she was wearing a green cameo ring --

MASON:

That's right.

WORKMAN:

Did she have any other jewelry with her -- a bracelet, necklace, anklet?

(CONTINUED)

93 (Cont.)

MASON:

No, she left the rest in the safe...
 Oh, yes -- she did have a locket --
 one she always wore. I -- gave it
 to her. It was heart-shaped,
 flat, yellow gold, engraved "Richard
 to Kathryn". She -- had my picture
 in it.

EGAN:

A brooch of any kind?

MASON:

No -- but she did have a monogrammed
 handkerchief in her coat pocket.

WORKMAN:

White handkerchief?

MASON:

No -- green -- a darker green than
 her suit -- and she was wearing a
 rose..... I'm trying to visualize
 her as I last saw her. She looked --
 very smart. I remember I commented
 on it.

SOUND of doorbell o.s.

EGAN:

You have done excellently, Mr.
 Mason. If you knew what we usually
 have to work on.

WORKMAN:

Do you have a picture of her?

MASON:

Yes.

(he moves his wheelchair
 towards the desk and then
 stops)

It's over there.

(he points in the
 direction of the desk)

Workman moves over to get the framed picture resting
 on a table nearby. As he brings it back and removes
 the picture from the easel-type frame, Phillips enters,
 followed by a Highway Patrolman in a regulation
 motorcycle uniform and leather gaiters.

(CONTINUED)

93 (Cont.1)

PHILLIPS:

The Highway Patrol, sir.

Workman looks up sharply from the picture and addresses the Patrolman.

WORKMAN:

Found anything?

PATROLMAN:

No, sir. We've combed the road all the way to Mountain Springs and back. There's no sign of a crackup or skid marks of any kind..... Of course, last night's rain didn't help any.

EGAN:

(to Mason)

Mr. Mason, are you sure which road Mrs. Mason took to Mountain Springs?

MASON:

(a little surprised
and annoyed, but covers
his reaction very well)

By Martinez Canyon, I suppose.

EGAN:

(thoughtfully)

Of course, she could have taken the Allison Highway past Palomar and then cut over to the Martinez Canyon Road.

MASON:

I doubt if she would....It's
several miles longer that way.

EGAN:

(to Patrolman)

All right, Roberts, you can go.

As the Patrolman EXITS,

CUT TO:

94. MED. CLOSE SHOT MASON

as Egan turns back to him and Workman comes up on
the other side.

(CONTINUED)

94 (Cont.)

WORKMAN:

Mr. Mason, I'm going to ask you something now which you may take offense at, but I hope you'll understand my position. It's not a usual thing for a woman and a car to vanish suddenly into nowhere. We've sent out the license number on the teletype and so far there has been no reply.....but there can be only two explanations of what's happened -- either your wife's car skidded and went off into one of the canyons which we have yet to search, or ---

(he pauses)

---- she didn't go where she said she was going.

MASON:

Exactly what do you mean by that?

WORKMAN:

Well, if you'd had a quarrel, say -- she might have gotten mad -- and decided to go and visit some friend without telling you. Do you think it could be anything of that kind?

MASON:

Oh, I see what you mean.... No, I don't think there's any chance of anything like that. My wife and I always got on very well together and when we parted, it was on the best of terms.

WORKMAN:

Nevertheless, women sometimes are very unpredictable -- she may have been nursing some secret sorrow or grudge, of which you were unaware... Isn't there some intimate friend or relative of hers we could question?

CUT TO:

95. MED. CLOSE SHOT DR. HAMILTON

as he removes his cigar and leans forward in his chair.

(CONTINUED)

95 (Cont.)

DR. HAMILTON:

Richard -- I hope you won't mind
my making this suggestion, but --
don't you think we should send
for Evelyn?

CUT TO:

96. MED. CLOSE SHOT MASON

as he looks back at Dr. Hamilton.

MASON:

(laconically)

I already have.

FADE OUT.

(PART VII TO FOLLOW)

FADE IN

97.

INT. MASON LIVING ROOM
CLOSE SHOT MASON'S FEET

NIGHT

advancing tentatively across the floor with the aid of a cane.

EVELYN'S VOICE:

Good, Dick -- that's fine...
Much better than yesterday.

PULL BACK CAMERA to reveal Mason practicing walking, lightly supported by Evelyn on one side. The wheelchair has disappeared.

EVELYN:

Dr. Grant will be very pleased.

MASON:

And I'll be pleased when I see the end of Dr. Grant -- You're the only Doctor I need.

EVELYN:

I've got nothing to do with it -- it's just your own spirit and will-power. Now try it yourself.

She withdraws from his arm and he negotiates the rest of the distance by himself.

EVELYN:

(continuing)

Well - what did I tell you?

(she arranges an
armchair for him)

Now, we mustn't overdo it -- that's quite enough for today.

(she helps him into
the armchair)

MASON:

(lightly)

What - so soon? I was hoping we could go dancing somewhere.

Evelyn laughs and then her face sobers as she looks down at him, a light of real admiration in her eyes.

EVELYN:

Dick -- I want to tell you how much I've admired you this last week. I know what a terrific strain you've

(CONTINUED)

7/6/43
48.

97 (Cont.)

EVELYN: (Cont.)

been under since Kathryn disappeared
and yet you've tried to be so
courageous and cheerful. I just
want you to know I appreciate it.

CUT TO:

98. ANOTHER ANGLE FEATURING MASON

as he looks up at Evelyn from his armchair.

MASON:

Thanks -- But I deserve no credit
for that -- there just doesn't seem
anything else to do.

Evelyn walks away from him, as if trying to frame a
question in her mind and then turns back again.

EVELYN:

(earnestly)

Dick -- I'm going to ask you a
question that I've wanted to ask
for some time.

MASON:

Go ahead - shoot!

EVELYN:

(after a pause)

Did you notice anything strange
or unusual about Kathryn before
she disappeared?

MASON:

(after a pause)

Why? Did you feel anything like
that when you were here?

EVELYN:

Yes, I did -- I felt something
was worrying her -- something she
was trying to hide.

CUT TO:

7/6/43
49.

99. MED. CLOSE SHOT MASON

MASON:

Well, as long as you've mentioned it, I may as well tell you that I felt the same thing. Kathryn had been far from herself for some weeks. She had unexpected, short, sharp bursts of temper -- she started to imagine things and would very often take them out on me.

CUT TO:

100. TWO SHOT TAKING IN BOTH

EVELYN:

What sort of things?

MASON:

Oh, I don't think there's any reason to go into them -- they were just the results of her over-wrought condition, and --

EVELYN:

(firmly)

No, Dick -- I think I have a right to know. If there's the possibility of her having done anything rash or foolish, we've got to face it -- together.

MASON:

Well, for one thing --
(he pauses)

Now, you must realize, Evelyn, that I'm telling you this in confidence -- but for some reason she imagined that I had fallen in love with you.

Evelyn looks back at him for a moment in stunned astonishment.

EVELYN:

(incredulously)

With me?

MASON:

Yes --

EVELYN:

Where on earth did she ever get that idea?

(CONTINUED)

7/6/43
50.

100 (Cont.)

MASON:

I don't know....Ridiculous,
isn't it?

Evelyn gets up off the arm of the chair and walks away
from him without answering, as he watches her narrowly.

CUT TO:

101. MED. CLOSE SHOT EVELYN

as she goes across the room, worried, turning this
information over in her mind. As the window at the
further end of the room comes into view, there is a
knock on the pane and Dr. Hamilton is discovered in the
garden outside.

DR. HAMILTON:

May I come in?

EVELYN:

(her expression
lightening)

Of course, Doctor, we're expect-
ing you.

DR. HAMILTON:

I was just admiring your roses.

CUT TO:

102. MED. CLOSE SHOT MASON

looking across the room at Evelyn at the window, Dr.
Hamilton outside.

MASON:

(genially)

You'd better come around by the
door, Doctor, unless you want to
put on a false beard and come down
the chimney.

DR. HAMILTON:

(laughing)

I guess I'm a little too old for
those tricks.

As he disappears from view, Evelyn turns back to Mason.

CUT TO:

7/6/43
51.

103. MED. CLOSE SHOT EVELYN

as she turns back to Mason.

EVELYN:

(with deep seriousness)

Dick -- we must never tell anybody this.

MASON:

I realize that.

EVELYN:

If Kathryn has -- has committed suicide because of -- of things she has imagined, we've got to protect her memory. She just wasn't herself.....You must promise never to tell a living soul what you've told me..... Understand?

MASON:

(solemnly)

I promise.

As Dr. Hamilton enters from the hall, Mason rises.

MASON:

Good evening, Doctor.
(he holds out his hand)

DR. HAMILTON:

(taking it)

Well, Dick -- it's good to see you up and around again.

MASON:

Thanks.

DR. HAMILTON:

I hope I'm not late, Evelyn.

EVELYN:

Not at all, Doctor-- I was just about to make the cocktails.

As she starts out of the room for the cocktails, the phone RINGS and she stops, turning expectantly. Mason quickly limps towards the phone.

CUT TO:

104. MED. CLOSE SHOT MASON

as he picks up the receiver.

MASON:

(into phone)

Hello --yes, this is Mr. Mason
speaking --

(sharply)

What! All right, I'll be right
down.

(he hangs up and
turns back to
Evelyn and Dr.
Hamilton)

That was police headquarters --
they've found a clue of some
sort -- This may be the end of
our waiting.

As he limps toward the table and picks up his hat.

DISSOLVE TO:

105. INT. HOMICIDE SQUAD ROOM CLOSE SHOT NIGHT

Egan's hands are opening a folded square of paper
to disclose the green cameo ring worn by Kathryn.

EVELYN'S VOICE:

It's her ring -- I'm sure of it.

CUT TO:

7/6/43
53.

106. MED. SHOT

Egan, Mason, Evelyn, Holdsworth, Dr. Hamilton and Workman are grouped around a table where Egan has just placed the ring. This squad room is furnished with large, battered tables, straight-backed chairs, filing cabinets and cuspidors. Partitioned offices open onto it.

EGAN:

What do you say, Mr. Mason?

MASON:

Either Kathryn's, or an exact duplicate.

EGAN:

(to Workman)

Bring him in.

Workman goes to door. A cop brings the hobo in. The hobo is sullen, hanging his head.

CUT TO:

107. CLOSE TWO SHOT

EGAN:

Sit down.

(hobo sits down -

Egan shows ring)

Where'd you get this ring?

HOBO:

Out of a lady's pocketbook.

EGAN:

Snatch the pocketbook?

HOBO:

No - dug my hand in and come out
with it.

WORKMAN:

Come on -- make it clearer.

What happened?

(a pause)

CUT TO:

108. MED. SHOT INCLUDING MASON

HOBO:

Well, we was waiting to cross the
street -- see? A big crowd --
see? The red light was holding us
up -- see?

WORKMAN:

Oh, this was downtown in traffic?

HOBO:

That's right.

WORKMAN:

When?

HOBO:

Couple o' days ago,

WORKMAN:

Go ahead.

HOBO:

And this lady -- she's standing
right side of me, see? The people
on other side must have been pushing
her some, because she changes this
pocketbook to the hand right side of

(CONTINUED)

108 (Cont.)

HOBO: (Cont.)
me. So I just unlatched it --
stuck my hand in and come out with
the ring.

EGAN:
Remember what this lady looked like?

HOBO:
No.

EGAN:
(after short pause)
That's all.
(they start to lead
hobo out)

MASON:
Do you mind if I ask him one
question?

EGAN:
No -- go ahead.

CUT TO:

109. CLOSE TWO SHOT

MASON:
(crosses to hobo)
Was she wearing a hat?

HOBO:
Yes, sir.

MASON:
What was the color of the hat?

Hobo thinks and shakes his head.

MASON:
(continuing)
Was it green?

HOBO:
I don't think so.

MASON:
Nothing on the hat? .. I mean,
just a plain hat?

(CONTINUED)

109. (Cont.)

HOB0:
Nothing....Yeah!.... There was
one thing on it!

MASON:
What?

HOB0:
A big feather.

Mason stares at the hobo for a moment and then swings
around on the detectives.

MASON:
He's lying, can't you see that?
He's lying -- he's either found
the body or killed her himself.
Why don't you do something?
Don't just stand there staring
at me -- beat it out of him.

DR. HAMILTON:
(putting his hand
gently on Mason's arm)
Easy, Richard -- take it easy.

WORKMAN:
(to hobo)
Go along, you.

As the hobo is sullenly led from the room, Workman
turns back to Mason.

WORKMAN:
I agree with you -- he knows a lot
more than he's admitting, but we'll
question him again later.

CUT TO:

110. MED. CLOSE SHOT FEATURING MASON

as he appears to pull himself together, Evelyn and Dr.
Hamilton watching him sympathetically.

MASON:
I'm sorry for blowing up -- it's --
it's the strain of waiting -- not
knowing what's happened to her.
(he picks up his hat
off the desk)
Come on, let's get out of here.

As he starts for the door

DISSOLVE TO:

(PART VIII TO FOLLOW)

111. INT. & EXT. POLICE STATION - CORRIDOR AND STREET
112. OUTSIDE POLICE NIGHT
113. As Mason, Hamilton and Evelyn come out of office.

MASON:

I think that man knows a lot more than he's admitting.

HAMILTON:

Well, if he does, you may be sure they'll get it out of him. They won't let him go until they do. It's just a matter of time. Meanwhile, Richard, I'd like to offer a suggestion.

MASON:

Go ahead.

HAMILTON:

You should get away from all this for a while. Get out of that house. Too many associations. Too hard on the nerves.

MASON:

My nerves are all right.

HAMILTON:

Are they?

MASON:

How would you expect me to feel?

HAMILTON:

Precisely as you do - and it's time you did something about it. -- I'm leaving for Rainbow Lake tomorrow to spend my Spring vacation - why not come up there with me?

MASON:

With Kathryn still missing?

HAMILTON:

There's 'phone service at the Lodge. - Lakes, mountains and good fishing. It will do you good.

EVELYN:

Oh, go along, Dick. It's exactly what you need.

MASON:

But how about you? I can't leave you here alone

(CONTINUED)

111-112-113 (Cont.)

EVELYN:
Oh, I'll be all right.

HAMILTON:
Why don't you come with us? We'd love to have you.

EVELYN:
I'd like nothing better. If you really wouldn't mind, Dr. Hamilton.

HAMILTON:
Mind? Of course not. Let's consider the matter settled then, eh Richard?

MASON:
Well, - I guess so.

During the scene they have come out of the building and walked to their car, which is parked a short way down the street.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

114. INT. MASON HOME

PART 1X TO FOLLOW

114. INT. MASON HALLWAY MED. SHOT NIGHT

as Mason and Evelyn enter and start down the hallway together. He stops at the door to his bedroom.

MASON:

I'm glad I'm getting away from
all this for a while -- and that
you've decided to come with me.

EVELYN:

So am I -- this house has become --
terribly oppressive lately.

Mason stops at the door to his bedroom.

MASON:

I'm afraid I'm depending a good
deal on you, Evelyn.

EVELYN:

(smiling back at him
in a frank, sisterly
fashion)

That's all right, Dick -- I like
to be depended on.....Goodnight.

MASON:

Goodnight.

As she continues on towards her room, CAMERA HOLDS
on Mason.

115. INT. MASON'S BEDROOM

as he enters and switches on the light. His pajamas
are laid out on the bed, his slippers near them. He
stops dead in his tracks as if sensing something out
of the ordinary. He looks around the room enquiringly
then crosses and rings a call-button near the head of
his bed. Still with an air of speculation, he starts
removing his coat, necktie, as we HEAR a knock on the
door.

MASON:

Come in.

Phillips ENTERS.

(CONTINUED)

115 (Cont.)

MASON:

I thought I told you to put away
all Mrs. Mason's things.

PHILLIPS:

I have, sir.

MASON:

(after a pause)

Who was in this room tonight?

PHILLIPS:

No one, sir.

MASON:

Someone was -- someone wearing
Mrs. Mason's perfume.... Can't
you smell it?

PHILLIPS:

Yes, I think I can, sir.

MASON:

Then, what's your explanation?

PHILLIPS:

I don't know, sir, unless Miss
Evelyn ----

MASON:

Miss Evelyn's been out with me
all evening.

(pause)

That's all, Phillips -- you can go.

PHILLIPS:

Thank you, sir.

(he EXITS from
the room)

Mason stands for a moment in indecision, trying to
figure it out, then as he starts to undress:

DISSOLVE TO:

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61.

Changes
"CONFLICT"

116. INT. MASON'S BEDROOM MED. SHOT MASON NIGHT

now wearing pajamas and slippers, pulling on his robe. He moves to the dresser where he has placed the contents of his suit pockets -- keys, change, wallet, etc. He takes a cigarette from his case, slips the case into the upper breast pocket of the robe. He takes lighter from dresser, lights cigarette, then slips the lighter into the pocket of the robe. His hand encounters something in the robe pocket. He takes it out, looks at it.

CUT TO:

117. INSERT CLOSE SHOT THE KEY IN MASON'S HAND

It is a key to the study safe, a key tarnished and corroded as though it had been exposed to the elements.

CUT TO:

118. CLOSE SHOT MASON

He stares at the key for a moment, then picks up his own keys from the dresser, compares the tarnished key with the safe key on his chain. He turns abruptly, leaves the bedroom.

CUT TO:

119. INT. HALLWAY MED. SHOT MASON

as he goes down the hall to the study door.

CUT TO:

120. INT. STUDY MED. SHOT NIGHT

as Mason enters, and closes study door, he crosses to wall safe. The room is lit solely by moonlight. He slides back panel of safe and slips Kathryn's key into the lock, turns it and the safe opens. After a moment's hesitation, he reaches in and brings out jewelcase and crosses to desk.

CUT TO:

7/28/43
62.

121. MED. CLOSE SHOT MASON

as Mason seats himself at desk and turns on a drop lamp -
he opens box - looks in - then picks up phone and dials
for operator.

MASON:

Give me Police Headquarters....

as he waits he examines the jewelry in the box, taking
some of them out and placing them on desk, as though
checking them.

MASON:

Hello --- I want to speak to
Lieutenant Egan. This is Richard
Mason speaking.

(he starts to return
jewelry to box)

Hello, Egan.... This is Mason..
Somebody has been in my house
tonight.... No... Nothing has
been taken but one thing has been
added. The wedding ring my wife
wore the day she went away....

FADE OUT.

(PART X TO FOLLOW)

FADE IN

122. EXT. RAINBOW LAKE SMALL BOATHOUSE LATE AFTERNOON

Mason and Evelyn, dressed in rough country clothes, are seated on the pier, fishing. They are not particularly concentrated on it, but are talking to each other, and we should get the feeling that the fishing is more a method of passing the time with them than an actual sport. A number of rowboats and outboard-powered boats are tethered nearby and a sign, prominent on the building reads:

STRAT ENRIGHT
BOATS FOR RENT
BY HOUR, DAY OR WEEK
TACKLE - FLIES - BAIT

EVELYN:

You know, Dick, it's like a different world up here -- it makes everything that has happened back home seem like a bad dream.

MASON:

(looking at her
intently)

I know -- I was just thinking the same thing.

EVELYN:

But it's not a dream, Dick -- it's a reality... and I don't know how much longer I'm going to be able to stand it.

At this moment the cheerful voice of Dr. Hamilton is heard hailing them from o.s.

DR. HAMILTON'S VOICE:

Ship ahoy, mates! Any luck?

As they look in the direction of the voice

CUT TO:

123. ANOTHER ANGLE

As Dr. Hamilton comes floating into the scene, dressed in fishing regalia and being rowed by a country boatman.

MASON:

(calling back)

Not much!

He holds up a small sunfish.

(CONTINUED)

123 (Cont.)

EVELYN:

I caught one bigger than that, but
I didn't like the way he looked
at me -- so I threw him back.

MASON:

(scrambling to his feet)
I don't really fish for fish any-
way -- I just like an excuse for
doing nothing.

He helps Dr. Hamilton up onto the pier.

DR. HAMILTON:

You two should have come out where
the Titans are.

With a proud flourish he opens his basket and holds
up a good sized bass.

MASON:

Say, you did all right, didn't
you? Now I know what we're going
to have for dinner.

As Hamilton pays off the boatman and they start along
the pier.

CUT TO:

124. EXT. END OF PIER

as the three of them reach the boathouse.

DR. HAMILTON:

Let's take the path to the right --
the boatman tells me it's shorter.

As they start along the path.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

125. EXT. PATH MED. CLOSE DOLLY SHOT LATE AFTERNOON

Mason, Dr. Hamilton, Evelyn walking abreast.

DR. HAMILTON:

(to Evelyn)
It must be a little dull for you,
my dear, to be up here with two
old fogies -- like Dick and me.

(CONTINUED)

125 (Cont.)

MASON:

Speak for yourself, John -- I don't feel old, and I don't feel fogey -- whatever that is.

DR. HAMILTON:

Nevertheless, I thought that Evelyn needed the companionship of someone her own age, so when we get back to the hotel, I'm hoping that she will find a very agreeable surprise.

MASON:

Who?

DR. HAMILTON:

Professor Holdsworth.

EVELYN:

Really, Doctor -- you shouldn't have done that. What will the man think?

DR. HAMILTON:

Leave your mind at ease, my dear. Professor Holdsworth is under the impression that I wish to consult him in regard to our work for the next semester.

128.

They have now reached a point where the path narrows so that it is only wide enough for one person. Dr. Hamilton and Mason hold back, allowing Evelyn to lead, Mason to come next, Dr. Hamilton to bring up the rear.

CUT TO:

126.

EXT. ANOTHER SECTION OF PATH DUSK
MED. SHOT EVELYN, MASON AND DR. HAMILTON

as they come along the path which winds among the pine trees and along the hillside.

MASON:

(masking his real feelings under an attempt at lightness)

You're quite a matchmaker, Hamilton -- Why don't you let the girl make up her own mind?

EVELYN:

(laughing)

I will, Dick -- don't worry.

(CONTINUED)

126 (Cont.)

DR. HAMILTON:

(with a shrug of
his shoulders)There you are -- I try to play
Cupid and that's all the thanks
I get.As Mason rounds a turn and comes close to CAMERA, he
stops abruptly, a look of surprise, tinged with horror,
spreading over his face.

SWITCH PAN TO:

127. EXT. SMALL GULLY MED. LONG FROM MASON'S ANGLE

A number of logs - neither as large nor as long as
those in the murder sequence, but in equal proportion -
are piled in the gully just as the logs piled on top
of Kathryn's car. Five logs on top of pile form a
distorted pentacle, a pentacle emphasized by the
lighting.SWITCH PAN
BACK TO:

128. MED. CLOSE MASON

as he silently struggles to control his reaction. Dr.
Hamilton comes up abreast of him.

MASON:

What's that?

DR. HAMILTON:

Oh - the woodpile for the out-
door bonfires...He follows Evelyn down a fork of the path. Mason holds
for a moment, then follows Dr. Hamilton.

DISSOLVE TO:

129. INT. HOTEL DINING ROOM FULL SHOT NIGHT

Part of the dining room has been converted into a dance
floor by pushing the chairs and tables to the wall.
A six-piece orchestra is playing for the dancers. The
French doors to the terrace are open; we can see
some of the guests seated outside, watching the
dancers and listening to the music.

CUT TO:

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67.

Changes
"CONFLICT"

130. INT. HOTEL DINING ROOM MED. CLOSE SHOT
MASON & DR. HAMILTON

seated at a table, watching the dancers. Dr. Hamilton is filling his pipe, while Mason is watching Evelyn and Holdsworth with an absorbed expression.

CUT TO:

131. INT. HOTEL DINING ROOM MED. CLOSE SHOT EVELYN AND
HOLDSWORTH

dancing together.

CUT BACK TO

132. INT. HOTEL DINING ROOM MED. CLOSE SHOT
MASON WATCHING

Dr. Hamilton looks up from filling his pipe and catches the direction of Mason's gaze.

DR. HAMILTON:

They make a nice looking couple,
don't they?

MASON:

(as if absorbed)

What?

DR. HAMILTON:

I say they make a nice looking
couple, don't they?

MASON:

Yes, I suppose they do -- but I wish
he wouldn't keep asking her to
dance... People have read the
papers -- they know what's happened --

DR. HAMILTON:

I took the liberty of suggesting
it myself...

(then as a delicate
hint to Mason)

You see, it's better for a person
to try and forget something like
this for a while than to brood
upon it too much.

(CONTINUED)

132 (Cont.)

A BELLBOY comes up to the table.

BELLBOY:
Mr. Mason?

MASON:
Yes?

BELLBOY:
A long distance call for you, sir.

Mason and Dr. Hamilton exchange a quick look. As Mason rises, Dr. Hamilton rises also.

DR. HAMILTON:
I'd better come with you --
it may be something about Kathryn.

CUT TO:

133. FLASH INT. DINING ROOM NIGHT
HOLLSWORTH AND EVELYN

still dancing together, unaware that Dr. Hamilton and Mason have left.

CUT TO:

134. MED. CLOSE SHOT AT SWITCHBOARD

as Mason comes up to the girl operator.

MASON:
I'm Richard Mason.

OPERATOR:
Yes, sir.
(to phone)
One moment, please.
(to Mason)
Second booth, sir.

MASON:
Thanks.

CAMERA PANS WITH him as he moves to the second of several booths placed nearby.

CUT TO:

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69.

135. INT. PHONE BOOTH CLOSE SHOT MASON
as he steps into booth, takes receiver from hook.

MASON:
Hullo.... Hullo... Hullo...

He looks off toward operator, then jiggles receiver hook.

MASON:
Hullo! Hullo!

He puts receiver on booth shelf, steps out of the booth.

CUT TO:

136. INT. LOBBY MED. SHOT AT SWITCHBOARD
as Mason comes from booth, goes to switchboard. Dr. Hamilton is standing by desk, waiting for news.

MASON:
What's the matter with that call, operator?

OPERATOR:
I don't know, sir...
(flips switch)
The line's disconnected now...

MASON:
The party didn't even answer...
get me the city: Main 2020.

OPERATOR:
Yes, sir...

She starts manipulating switchboard. Mason returns to booth.

CUT TO:

137. INT. PHONE BOOTH CLOSE SHOT MASON
He hangs up the receiver, waits a moment. Bell rings, he takes off receiver.

(CONTINUED)

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70.

137 (Cont.)

OPERATOR'S VOICE:

(over phone)

One moment, please... here's
your party...

MASON:

(to phone)

Police department? Homicide
bureau, please --

CUT TO:

138. INT. HOMICIDE SQUAD ROOM MED. SHOT BARTLETT NIGHT

A middle-aged, stockily built detective, BARTLETT,
has obviously been playing rummy with another
detective, has leaned back to answer a phone which
normally rests on a nearby table.

BARTLETT:

(to phone)

Homicide, Bartlett speaking....
Jussa minute.

(calls off)

Egan -- Egan.

EGAN'S VOICE:

Coming up.

BARTLETT:

Richard Mason on number two.

CAMERA PANS to ANGLE THROUGH open door into Egan's
office. He is seated at desk, answers telephone,
CAMERA CREEPS TOWARD him.

EGAN:

(to phone)

Egan speaking -- hello, Mr. Mason...
No - no, I didn't call you...
Must have been someone else....
No, no news here. Sorry.

CUT TO:

139. INT. PHONE BOOTH RAINBOW LODGE CLOSE SHOT MASON
at phone.

(C'ONTINUED)

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71.

139 (Cont.)

MASON:

I see. Well -- sorry to have
bothered you. Goodbye.

EGAN'S VOICE:

(over phone)

Goodbye.

Mason hangs up, leaves booth, CAMERA DOLLYING him to
switchboard. Hamilton moves towards him questioningly.

MASON:

It wasn't Egan...

(to Operator)

Did the man give you his name?

OPERATOR:

It - was a lady, sir.

MASON:

A lady?

OPERATOR:

Yes, sir...

She seems about to add something, but changes her mind.

MASON:

Well, did the lady give you her name?

OPERATOR:

(hesitating)

No - no, I thought that - she didn't
give her name, sir, I'm sure.

MASON:

(provoked)

Just what did she say?

OPERATOR:

(flustered)

Well, I've - excuse me, sir - but
I've read about you - and your wife
- in the papers --

MASON:

Yes, yes?

OPERATOR:

This lady said, "I want to speak to
Mr. Mason" and I said, "Who's
calling, please?" And - and I
thought she said, "Mrs. Mason -"

(a pause)

But she probably just repeated
"Mr. Mason". The connection wasn't
a clear one --

(CONTINUED)

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72.

139 (Cont.1)

DR. HAMILTON:

Is there any way to have the call traced?

OPERATOR:

I'm afraid not, sir. I - I'm certain I heard her incorrectly --

CUT TO:

140. MED. CLOSE GROUP DR. HAMILTON AND MASON

MASON:

I guess it must have been a mistake.

DR. HAMILTON:

(patting him affectionately on the shoulder)

Obviously ... rotten shame it had to happen at all.

CAMERA DOLLIES them as they move back towards the dining room.

MASON:

I can't help but think that that hobo we saw down at the station had something to do with it.

DR. HAMILTON:

I'm afraid I have to disagree with you there, Dick -- he isn't the killer type.

MASON:

You believe all killers are one particular pattern then?

DR. HAMILTON:

All those who commit premeditated murder. They're all egotists -- to the point of egomania.

MASON:

That's rather a broad statement.

DR. HAMILTON:

But based on an obvious premise, I'm afraid.

CUT TO:

7/22/43
73.

141. INT. DINING ROOM

NIGHT

as Mason re-enters, followed by Dr. Hamilton.

DR. HAMILTON:

(continuing)

Only a supreme egotist who would hold his desires above the life of another person could feel capable of achieving a perfect crime.

They reseal themselves at the table.

CUT TO:

142. MED. CLOSE SHOT MASON AND DR. HAMILTON

As Mason talks, his eyes are wandering in and out among the dancers looking for Evelyn and Holdsworth.

MASON:

That's open to argument, Doctor -- since there have been unsolved murderers there could have been perfect crimes.

DR. HAMILTON:

The laws of chance are overwhelmingly against it, so are the laws of human nature. You see, a murderer's whole safety depends upon a complication of lies - that he had no motive, no access, that his alibi is perfect. Even if he feels no remorse, think of the strain he endures in knowing that one error will be his undoing. That if he is forgetful enough to contradict one of his statements, if his act of innocence is unconvincing in any detail, if he so much as talks in his sleep....

(he spreads his hands)

MASON:

(anxious to change
the subject)

I wonder what's become of Evelyn?

CUT TO:

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74.

143. EXT. TERRACE

NIGHT

Evelyn, standing looking at the moonlight over the lake, Holdsworth beside her.

HOLDSWORTH:

(hesitantly)

Evelyn, ever since you've come back, I've been wanting to ask you something that - that's been in my mind all the time you've been away. In fact, I didn't realize until you did go away, that - that it meant so much to me for you to be - to be here -- if you know what I mean.

EVELYN:

(smiling sympathetically)

I think I know what you mean, Norman.

HOLDSWORTH:

Well, I've been thinking it over and although I'm pretty well set with my teaching at the college, I have no background - no home life -- if you know what I mean.

CUT TO:

144. MED. CLOSE SHOT FEATURING EVELYN

She stands without answering for a moment. She starts to say something and then stops, turning over her answer in her mind.

HOLDSWORTH:

Oh, I know this is awfully sudden, but --

EVELYN:

No, Norman -- it's not. I felt that you have liked me for a long time, but --

(she hesitates again)

HOLDSWORTH:

Don't you like me??

EVELYN:

Yes, I do.

(CONTINUED)

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75.

144 (Cont.)

HOLDSWORTH:

Then, what's the trouble? Is there -- some other man?

EVELYN:

Of course not.

(turning and looking
up at him defensively)
Who would there be?

HOLDSWORTH:

I don't know ... but you say
you like me and yet -

EVELYN:

Oh, Norman, I don't quite know
how to explain my feelings at the
moment ... but with Dick in this
terrible situation and Kathryn
missing, I -- I just can't seem
to think of anything else
It's -- it's as if something has
been left unfinished somehow --
something that has to be finished
before I can find my true self
again.

HOLDSWORTH:

(hesitating)

I think I understand.

(pause)

May I go on -- hoping, then?

EVELYN:

Yes, Norman -- let's both hope
that this could that has come
into my life will --

She stops, as if sensing something behind her and
half-turns her face in the direction of the hotel.

CUT TO:

145. MED. CLOSE SHOT MASON

standing against the lighted doorway of the ballroom.

MASON:

Aren't you cold out there?

CUT TO:

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76.

146. ANOTHER ANGLE HOLDSWORTH AND EVELYN

looking towards Mason. He limps towards them with his cane.

MASON:

Don't you think I had better get you a wrap? You've been dancing...

EVELYN:

I'm all right, Dick.

MASON:

Nevertheless, I think you ought to have your wrap.

HOLDSWORTH:

(looking at Mason)

I'll get it.

He exits from scene.

CUT TO:

147. MED. CLOSE SHOT EVELYN

as she turns her back to Mason, standing looking out over the rail. He comes right up to her.

MASON:

He seems to be very fond of you.

EVELYN:

Yes -- in fact, he just asked me to marry him.

MASON:

He did?

(pause)

What did you say?

EVELYN:

I told him he'd have to wait -- that I couldn't make up my mind just now.

MASON:

Why did you say that?

EVELYN:

Because it's true.

(CONTINUED)

147 (Cont.)

MASON:
(persisting)
But why is it true? Why couldn't
you make up your mind?

EVELYN:
(getting agitated)
I don't know, Dick, I was just
unable to give him an answer,
that's all.

Mason reaches out his hand and turns her towards him.

MASON:
Listen -- I'll tell you why --
it's because deep down underneath,
you have the same feeling for me
that I've had for you.

EVELYN:
That's not true.

MASON:
It is true -- it always has been
true.

EVELYN:
(fearful)
What feeling have you for me?
What do you mean --? Oh, Dick -
What are you saying?

Suddenly the music of "The Very Thought of You" floats
out into the night from the lighted ballroom. They
stand looking at each other for a moment, helpless,
caught in the spell of the dead. Holdsworth comes
into scene carrying Evelyn's wrap.

HOLDSWORTH:
Here's your wrap, Evelyn.
(he puts it around
her shoulders)
How about our all taking a walk
down to the campfire near the
lake?

MASON
(curtly)
You can count me out.

He turns abruptly and quits scene.

CUT TO:

7/22/43
78.

148. MED. CLOSE SHOT EVELYN AND HOLDSWORTH
Holdsworth looking after Mason curiously.

HOLDSWORTH:
What's the matter with him?

EVELYN:
I don't know. I've got to find
out.

She starts out after Mason.

HOLDSWORTH:
But how about our walk?

EVELYN:
That will have to keep until
tomorrow....Goodnight Norman!

As she disappears

LAP DISSOLVE TO

149. INT. MASON'S ROOM RAINBOW LODGE NIGHT

as Mason enters, slamming the door after him. He is irritated and disturbed by the interruption of his scene with Evelyn, first by the music and then by Holdsworth, but he has a feeling that she will follow him. As he paces nervously up and down the room, he keeps an eye on the door hoping that what he has last said to her will be sufficiently provocative to have brought her to him. Even as he watches we hear a knock on the door, and the expression of tension and waiting disappears from his face.

CUT TO:

150. ANOTHER ANGLE CAMERA SHOOTING FROM BEHIND MASON

as he stops his pacing and stands looking towards the door in b.g.

MASON:

Come in.

The door opens and Evelyn is standing there.

EVELYN:

I want to talk to you a minute.

MASON:

All right. What is it?

As Evelyn closes the door and comes forward

CUT TO:

151. ANOTHER ANGLE FROM THE SIDE TAKING IN BOTH

as Evelyn comes up to Mason.

EVELYN:

(plunging right into it)
What did you mean just now when you said I had the same feeling for you that you have for me.

MASON:

You know perfectly well what I meant -- I love you.

(CONTINUED)

151 (Cont.)

EVELYN:

You shouldn't have said that,
Dick -- even if it is true.

MASON:

I'm past making any pretenses
about it, either to myself or any-
body else.

EVELYN:

Kathryn was right, then?

MASON:

Yes -- Kathryn was right.

EVELYN:

Did you tell her you were in
love with me?

MASON:

No -- but she seemed to sense it
in some way -- you know how women
are.

EVELYN:

(with a slight smile)

Yes -- I do.

(a pause)

I'm glad you didn't tell her,
for your sake -- If we find she
has done anything rash or foolish,
you won't feel so badly, will you?

MASON:

(evading this)

I couldn't help it, Evelyn --
I tried to fight against it but
it was no use.

EVELYN:

I know. I sensed it too, Dick.
It made me very uncomfortable
sometimes.

MASON:

You say you sensed it, too....
What did you feel about it --
What did you think?

EVELYN:

Well, naturally I was flattered --
I'd always envied Kathryn her
marriage to you -- you were exactly
the kind of man I wanted -- but the
situation became impossible. That's
really why I went away.

(CONTINUED)

151 (Cont.1)

MASON:

And now?

EVELYN:

It's still impossible, Dick.

MASON:

Why?

EVELYN:

Because we don't know what has happened to her -- we don't know whether she's alive or dead -- we --

MASON:

I'm not talking about that....
I'm talking about us.... How do you feel about us?

EVELYN:

It could never be, Dick --
Her shadow would always come between us.

MASON:

Then you do love me?

EVELYN:

I didn't say that.

MASON:

No, but that's what you meant, isn't it? You love me, only you haven't got the courage to face it. If Kathryn came back tomorrow, what would you do?

EVELYN:

I don't know.

MASON:

I do -- you'd go away again. You're afraid of her. You're afraid to face the world and declare the truth.

EVELYN:

But I don't love you, Dick.

MASON:

Then why did you come back?

EVELYN:

What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

151 (Cont.2)

MASON:

Exactly what I say -- Why did you come back when Kathryn was gone?

EVELYN:

Because I worried about her -- I wanted to be here in case -- in case I could do anything.

MASON:

You wanted to come back so you could be with me, didn't you?

EVELYN:

Yes, but --

MASON:

(persisting)

Kathryn was out of the way, so you could be alone with me --

EVELYN:

But you sent for me, Dick.

MASON:

Why did you come up here tonight -- Why are you here now?

EVELYN:

Because I wanted to find out what you meant downstairs.

MASON:

You know perfectly well what I meant downstairs. There was nothing particularly subtle about it. If you hadn't wanted to hear more, you could have gone with Holdsworth.

EVELYN:

But I wanted to have it out in the open, Dick. I wanted to discuss it with you.

MASON:

Very well. We are discussing it. What would you do if Kathryn came back tomorrow?

EVELYN:

(starting to break up)

Oh, I don't know -- I don't know --

(CONTINUED)

151 (Cont.3)

MASON:

You prattle on about Romeo and Juliet, Anthony and Cleopatra and all those romantic story-book characters that died for love, and yet you run away from it.

EVELYN:

But I don't feel that way about you.

MASON:

You do -- that's why you came back. That's why you couldn't answer that little Professor of yours, that's why you're standing here now -- you just haven't the courage to say it, that's all.

EVELYN:

(holding her hands to
her head)

Oh, Dick - Dick, stop it.

MASON:

Say you love me.

EVELYN:

No.

MASON:

(grabs her arm and
shakes it)

Say it.

EVELYN:

No --

MASON:

You do, don't you?

EVELYN:

(puts her hands
to her eyes and
starts to cry)

Oh, I don't know, Dick, I don't know.

CUT TO:

152. MED. CLOSE SHOT MASON

as he stands watching her. SOUNDS of crying o.s.
Mason goes to bureau drawer and takes out a handkerchief.

MASON:

Here. You'd better stop your
crying. Somebody might think you
were in love with me.

(he tosses the
handkerchief to
her)

CUT TO:

153. MED. CLOSE SHOT EVELYN

as she dabs her eyes, trying to get herself under
control. Suddenly she looks down at the handkerchief
in her hand.

EVELYN:

(in a low voice,
almost a whisper)

Dick -- it's hers!

Mason crosses quickly and snatches it from her,
examining the initial.

CUT TO:

154. INSERT CLOSEUP OF HANDKERCHIEF WITH THE LARGE
EMBROIDERED INITIAL "K"

CUT BACK TO:

155.
to 159. MED. CLOSE SHOT MASON

holding the handkerchief in his hand as he slowly raises
his head and looks at Evelyn. She looks back at him,
tears in her eyes.

EVELYN:

That's what I mean, Dick -- it
will always be that way.

As she turns and quickly goes to the door.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

160. INT. HOMICIDE SQUAD OFFICE

DAY

Egan is carefully examining the handkerchief as Mason stands looking down at him from the other side of the desk.

EGAN:

Are you absolutely sure that this is the identical handkerchief she wore when she went away?

When Mason answers he is brittle-tempered as if he has gone through a lot of this sort of thing before the scene opened and is rapidly losing his patience.

MASON:

Of course, I'm sure. Otherwise I wouldn't have brought it to you. I asked the maid at the house. She remembers distinctly putting it in the pocket of my wife's suit. In fact, she says it was made for the suit and there is no other.

EGAN:

Well, I've run across some screwy things in this business, but this beats them all.

MASON:

What's the matter with you guys down here, anyway -- you must be half asleep. The ring, the key and the handkerchief can mean only one thing -- either Kathryn's body has been found or she's being held prisoner. If it's ransom they're after, I'll pay it.

EGAN:

Have you received any anonymous letters?

MASON:

(dryly)

Not so far -- I expect that to start any minute ... What happened to that tramp you caught?

EGAN:

We're still holding him -- on a pickpocket charge.

MASON:

I wish I could get at him for just five minutes.

(CONTINUED)

160 (Cont.)

EGAN:

I'm sorry, Mr. Mason -- but that's against the regulations.

MASON:

Regulations, my foot... I imagine it's also against the regulations to sit on your finely upholstered, swivel-backed chair, taking the taxpayers' money without delivering the goods.

(crossing to door)

I warn you, Egan, that unless I get some decisive action out of this office pretty soon, I'm going to put my own detectives on this case -- and if I do, you fellows will have a lot of time to brush up on your gin-rummy.

As he EXITS, slamming the door after him

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

161. INT. OFFICE BUILDING CORRIDOR
MED. SHOT ON DOOR

DAY

lettered

TURNER ENGINEERING CORPORATION
ENTRANCE

Mason comes INTO SHOT from BEHIND CAMERA: as he opens the door we get a flash of the room beyond.

162. MED. CLOSE SHOT DOOR

marked

"MR. MASON - PRIVATE"

Mason enters followed by Harris. In the background the outer office can be seen with several clerks, etc., (NO FEMALES) at their desks.

HARRIS:

(taking Mason's hat
and putting it on a
hat rack)

Mr. Clayborne and I opened the business mail, as you directed, and we have attended to everything.

(CONTINUED)

162 (Cont.)

HARRIS: (Cont.)

(he takes second stack
of mail)

These seem to be personal --
we were going to forward them
to you, but --

MASON:

That's all right, Harris.

He picks up a cable from the desk and starts opening
it.

HARRIS:

Mr. Mason -- several -- all of us --
have been wondering if you've had
any news of Mrs. Mason?

MASON:

Not yet.

HARRIS:

We're very sorry, sir -- all of
us. If there's anything we can
do -- in any way at all --

MASON:

Thanks.

(reading cablegram)

I knew Freston would run into
trouble down there! Were you able
to send him those replacement
parts?

HARRIS:

Yes, sir -- they went out on
yesterday's clipper.

MASON:

Hmmm - Hmmm .. Have you a copy
of the specifications?

HARRIS:

Yes, sir. I'll get them right
away, sir.

He exits from the office, CAMERA HOLDS on Mason as he
starts on the pile of personal mail. The majority
of these letters he glances at, then tosses aside.
Suddenly his attention is arrested by one letter in
particular, his eyes caught by it as with a dreadful
fascination. He picks up the envelope, looks at it
for a moment, and then reaches for a mounted photograph
of Kathryn on his desk.

CUT TO:

163. INSERT MASON'S HAND

holding the envelope beside the inscribed photograph of his wife. The envelope is of an expensive feminine style. There is no return address on it, merely MR. RICHARD MASON, ROOM 246, BLACKWELL BLDG., CITY written in an extremely stylized hand. The postmark is smudged beyond recognition. The inscription on the photograph reads "TO MY HUSBAND RICHARD MASON
AFFECTIONATELY,
KATHRYN"

The handwritings are identical.

CUT TO:

164. MED. CLOSE SHOT MASON

as he compares the writings of one with the other. Suddenly, we hear music - "The Very Thought Of You", played by a noisy, blaring orchestra. Mason reacts to it, tenses, then turns abruptly to the window. Through the window we can see the shops across the street - CAMERA CENTERS a music store with a loud-speaker horn hung prominently above the entrance.

CUT TO:

165. CLOSER SHOT SAME ANGLE

of the speaker horn blaring out a recorded version of "The Very Thought Of You".

CUT TO:

166. INT. MASON'S OFFICE MED. SHOT MASON

as he reacts, relieved by this prosaic solution. Nevertheless, the music annoys him. He closes the window, turns back to his desk. THE SOUND OF THE MUSIC CONTINUES ON FAINTLY. Mason picks up the letter, rips it open, inverts it over the desk. The stub of a pawn ticket falls out. He picks up the ticket.

CUT TO:

Changes
"CONFLICT"

167. INSERT: THE PAWN TICKET HELD IN MASON'S HAND

Printed on it:

GRANVIL LOAN AND JEWELRY COMPANY
17 Bay Street

- - - - -
Liberal Cash Loans on Anything of
Value

2 2 7 7 7

Beneath this, and in type so small as to be almost illegible, is the customary: "Goods not reclaimed within 90 days will be sold - " etc., etc. CAMERA MOVE IN RAPIDLY on the INSERT CENTERING the address.

OVERLAP TO:

167a. EXT. PAWN SHOP CLOSE SHOT ON STREET NUMBER
DAY

The number is 17. CAMERA PULLS BACK to a MED. SHOT, INCLUDING a taxicab which has just driven up. Mason gets out of the cab.

MASON:

(to driver)

Wait for me.

He pauses a moment, surveying the exterior of the small, distinctly third class establishment. The gilt lettering on the window: "GRANVIL LOAN AND JEWELRY COMPANY - We Loan or Buy" has begun to peel. The windows are jammed with the typical heterogeneous collection. Mason enters the shop.

167b. INT. PAWN SHOP MED. SHOT DAY

As Mason enters, the opening door causes a bell to tinkle. Mason stands for a moment, surveying the cluttered showcases, the overhead racks from which hang dusty suitcases, musical instruments, tripods, hand tools, etc., etc. A door at the rear of the shop opens and a large blond man of about thirty appears. The man wears no coat, his vest is unbuttoned, he comes out slowly, takes his time in moving back of the showcase-counter to a point opposite Mason. He stands picking his teeth with a fingernail as he waits for Mason to make the opening remark. Mason takes out a wallet, extracts the pawn ticket, drops it on the counter.

(CONTINUED)

186 (Cont.)

MASON:
Is this your ticket?

MAN:
Yeah. You want to redeem it?

MASON:
Yes.

With provoking deliberation, the man moves to showcase which holds a cluttered tangle of watches and cheap jewelry. A tag is attached to each item.

167c. CLOSE SHOT THE MAN

as he squats, opens the sliding back door of the case. He glances at the ticket.

MAN
(half to himself)
Two, two, seven, seven, seven

He starts turning the various tags so that he can read them. The ticket he holds is in his way, he casually slips it into his vest pocket.

MAN:
(muttering)
Two, two, seven, seven, seven....
two, two, seven -

He pulls out a locket.

167d. CLOSE TWO SHOT FAVORING MASON

as the man places the locket on top of the showcase-counter: a flat, heart-shaped locket with a fine gold chain. Mason picks it up, looks at it.

167e. INSERT THE LOCKET IN MASON'S HAND

It's engraved "Richard to Kathryn" - the engraving worn a bit smooth but still legible. Mason's hands open the locket, disclosing a picture of Mason.

167f. CLOSE TWO SHOT MASON AND MAN

MASON:
Who pawned this locket?

MAN:
Didn't you?

MASON:
No. Who did?

The man turns, takes a ledger book from a shelf against the wall, opens it.

MAN:
(half to himself)
Two, two, seven, seven, seven.

He runs down the consecutive numbers, turns a page, runs his finger down those.

MAN:
A lady - there.

He turns the book so that Mason can see it.

167g. INSERT THE LEDGER BOOK

Opposite the number 22777 is a signature "Mrs. Richard Mason" in the same stylized handwriting previously shown on the envelope. There are other signatures above and below this one.

167h. MED. TWO SHOT MASON AND MAN

MAN:
Mrs. Richard Mason.

MASON:
When did she pawn it? How long ago?

MAN:
The ninth - day b'fore yestaday.

MASON:
You remember her? What she looked like?

(CONTINUED)

167h (Cont.)

MAN:

Yeah - I remember her. Kind of a
nice lookin' lady - blonde - sort of
tall - wore a green outfit - one of
them suits, y'know? Everything green:
her han'bag, her suit, her hat - all
but a little feather -
(gestures)
stickin' up, sort of.

MASON:

(to himself)
Day before yesterday -

MAN:

Yeah.

MASON:

I'll - I'll redeem it. How much?

MAN:

(picking up locket)
Nothin' doin' - come back in eighty-
days and you can buy it.
(moves to jewelry
showcase)

MASON:

(following him)
What do you mean?

1671. MED. SHOT

MAN:

New State Law. Only the party
what pawns stuff can redeem it.

MASON:

But I have the ticket.

MAN:

(replacing locket
in showcase)
That's only half of it -- gotta dup-
licate the signature, or else bring
me a paper from the woman that pawned it.

MASON:

But I'm her husband - Richard Mason.
I've got plenty of identification right
here in my wallet.

(CONTINUED)

1671(Cont.)

MAN:

S'no good, Mister; not 'less gotta
paper signed by her. Course, if'n she
don't show up for ninety days, it goes
on sale.

Mason, angered, exits from the shop, slamming the
door so hard that the bell tinkles wildly. CAMERA HOLDS
on the man as he looks after him.

168. EXT. PAWNSHOP

DAY

as Mason comes out of the pawnshop and starts down
the street. In his abstraction he brushes carelessly
against several passersby who turn and look at him
curiously.

CUT TO:

169. MED. CLOSE SHOT THE TAXI

which has brought him to the place, as the driver
throwing the car into gear, starts cruising quietly
along the curb, watching Mason with an amused
querulous expression.

CUT TO:

170. MED. CLOSE SHOT TRUCKING WITH MASON:

unaware of the taxi driver who is keeping him in sight.

TAXI DRIVER:

(at length - calling
out to him)

Hey, sweetheart -- remember me?

As Mason turns his face in the direction of the call

CUT TO:

171. ANOTHER ANGLE TAXI DRIVER IN F.G.

as Mason stops and looks in dreamy detachment towards the cab.

MASON:

No -- who are you?

TAXI DRIVER:

What did you do -- hock your brains in there?

MASON:

(snapping out of it,
with a smile)

Oh, now I remember --

(he reaches down into
his trouser pocket and
advances towards the cab)

How much do I owe you?

Mason takes out a couple of one-dollar bills.

CUT TO:

172. REVERSE ANGLE MED. CLOSE SHOT MASON & TAXI DRIVER

TAXI DRIVER:

One seventy-five.

Mason holds out the two one-dollar bills.

TAXI DRIVER:

Thanks.

He starts to put down his flag with his right hand and reach for the money with his left. Mason withdraws the money just as he is about to take it, and with his other hand prevents him pushing down the flag.

MASON:

Wait a minute, I've changed my mind -- take me to Police Headquarters.

As he gets into the cab, the Taxi Driver shrugs his shoulders as much as to say: "That's life in a big city."

DISSOLVE TO:

173. EXT. POLICE STATION

DAY

as Mason comes out accompanied by Egan and Workman. They advance towards a black touring car lined up at the curb.

EGAN:

(to Mason)

Are you positive he said Mrs. Richard Mason?

MASON:

Of course I'm positive -- do you think I'm making it up just for an excuse to see you again?

EGAN:

Well, it seems impossible, that's all.

MASON:

It seems impossible that her wedding ring would turn up in my safe -- but it did.

As they start getting into the car

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

174. EXT. PAWN SHOP STREET MED. SHOT DAY

picking up a police car as it comes down the street, brakes to a stop in front of the pawn shop. A uniformed policeman is at the wheel. Mason and Workman get out of the back seat, move toward the pawn shop entrance.

175. INT. PAWN SHOP MED. SHOT

as Mason and Workman enter, causing the bell to tinkle. CAMERA PANS with them as they come to the center of the shop, halt. The PAN has now included MILLER, a small, bald-headed man of about sixty who stands back of the counter, concluding a pawn transaction with a shabbily dressed woman. Mason moves to the jewelry showcase, looks for the locket but cannot discover it. Workman joins him, the two converse in inaudible whispers. The woman exits, putting a few dollars in her sleazy handbag. As soon as the door closes after her, Miller moves to wait on the two men.

(CONTINUED)

175 (Cont.)

MILLER:

Yes, gentlemen?

WORKMAN:

Show us the gold locket Mrs.
Mason pawned.

MILLER:

(blankly)

Gold locket? Mrs. Mason?

MASON:

It's in here, somewhere.

MILLER:

I t'ink you make mistake, mister --
I've no gold lockets. Locketts are
no good; people do not buy them;
so, the few I had, I sold for the
gold.

MASON:

Don't give me that - I saw it here
half an hour ago.

MILLER:

I t'ink you make mistake, mister.
Maybe in some other pawn shop you
saw --

MASON:

In this pawn shop.

Workman takes his wallet from his pocket, holds it out
flipped open to disclose his badge pinned to the inside
of the wallet.

WORKMAN:

Let's see that locket.

176. CLOSE GROUP CENTERING MILLER

He glances at the badge - immediately becomes humble,
worried.

MILLER:

Honest, I swear it -- I ain't had
no gold locket in here - not for
months - maybe a year, I haven't.

MASON:

Where's your partner?

MILLER:

I have no partner.

(CONTINUED)

176 (Cont.)

MASON:

All right - your clerk - helper -
whatever he is - the big blonde
fellow who showed it to me.

MILLER:

Here?

MASON:

Yes, here!

MILLER:

(to Workman)

He makes mistake, Mr. Detective -
I have no partner, no clerk -
nobody. This is my shop, by
myself I run it.

WORKMAN:

Yeah? Well you won't be running
it very long unless you play ball
with us... Where are your books?

Miller half-turns away as if to get the ledger, and
then turns back to Mason.

MILLER:

You have the ticket, maybe?

MASON:

Why, I -

(remembers)

No - he kept it - the big fellow.

WORKMAN:

(sharply)

Never mind the ticket --
get the book!

MILLER:

Yes, sir!

(this time he jumps
into action)

Anything you say.

MASON:

(to Workman)

Now, you'll see - her name, in
her own handwriting.

MILLER:

(putting ledger on
counter)

Here you are, Mr. Detective -
here you are.

Mason opens the ledger, starts searching the pages.

177. INSERT THE LEDGER

as Mason's hand flips to the page which starts with 22700. His hand runs down the numbers 'til it reaches 22777. Opposite this number, in a small crabbed handwriting, is the name "Casmir Imbur."

178. CLOSE GROUP PAST MILLER TO MASON AND WORKMAN

Mason and Workman exchange looks, Mason turns the pages frantically. He fails to find what he's looking for. He comes to the last page, closes the book, his eyes go to Miller - suddenly he reaches across the counter, grabs the front of Miller's collar.

MASON:

You're lying - you've switched books -- you've hidden the locket! Tell me where it is! Tell me or I'll beat the truth out of you! Tell me-- tell me!

He shakes the frightened Miller with a terrific intense anger. Miller half throttled, is making terrified, squeaking sounds. Workman throws his arm over Mason's, exerts leverage to break Mason's hold.

WORKMAN:

Take it easy, Mr. Mason - no need of that -- let go of him!

Workman exerts an extra effort, Mason releases Miller suddenly, Mason's own strength seeming to leave him for a moment.

MILLER:

(half strangled)
Honest, gentlemen - believe me, gentlemen --

WORKMAN:

Come on, Mr. Mason.

MASON:

Yes -- let's go.

CAMERA PANS with them as Workman, still keeping a firm hold on Mason's arm, leads him from the shop. Mason goes quietly, the fight momentarily taken out of him. As the door closes, the trip-bell tinkles. CAMERA PANS to Miller leaning on the counter and rubbing his throat as he gulps to regain his breath.

CUT TO:

179. INT. POLICE CAR
MASON AND WORKMAN

DAY

WORKMAN:

Of course it's possible that you might be mistaken about the pawnshop - they're all very much alike.

MASON:

I tell you I'm not mistaken. It was that pawnshop - at that address - 17 Bay Street. I walked into the shop - I gave the ticket to the man behind the counter. He gave me the locket - I held it in my hand. I saw my wife's signature opposite the number in the book - the number that was on the pawn ticket - 22787.

WORKMAN:

If we only had the ticket.

MASON:

I tell you he kept it - the big fellow.

WORKMAN:

No, there's no reason to get excited, Mr. Mason.

MASON:

No reason? How would you feel if all these things were happening to you?

WORKMAN:

Well, I suppose I'd feel I was getting soft in the head.

MASON:

Look here, Workman, we've had a half dozen clues and you don't seem to be able to do anything about them. - I warned Egan that unless something was done and quickly - I'd take matters into my own hands, and that's exactly what I'm going to do.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

180. EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS STOCK SHOT

DAY

OVERLAP TO:

181. INT. PROFESSOR BERENS' LABORATORY DAY
MED. CLOSE THREE SHOT DR. HAMILTON, PROF. BERENS, MASON

BERENS is seated at his desk, Dr. Hamilton and Mason stand watching him as he examines the envelope in which the pawn ticket came to Mason, compares it with a letter. Our angle includes a segment of a crime detection laboratory, a window through which we can glimpse a portion of the campus.

DR. HAMILTON:

... Most amazing thing I've ever heard.... I'm glad you sent for me.... There's a partial explanation, of course -- that when you left the stub with the first pawn clerk, he saw a chance to destroy it, hide the locket, and have it for sale before the ninety days elapsed.

MASON:

Risk that for a locket worth only a few dollars?

DR. HAMILTON:

No, I suppose not. I confess it's beyond me, Richard.

MASON:

Well, Professor Berens, what do you think? Are they written by the same person?

BERENS:

(looks up; smiling)
Apparently - yes. But it's possible that certain similarities that appear now may be only the result of certain family characteristics that sometimes appear in the writing of brothers and sisters. But for an absolutely accurate comparison, I must enlarge both specimens, analyze the individual letters, and study the basic angles and group couples.

(CONTINUED)

181 (Cont.)

MASON:

I'm sorry to put you to all
this trouble, Professor.

BERENS:

Not at all. I'm glad to do any-
thing I can for a friend of Dr.
Hamilton's.

DR. HAMILTON:

And he'll enjoy every minute of
it.

(he throws a friendly
hand on Berens' shoulder)
Give Professor Berens a comparison
microscope and he's as happy as
a little boy playing Sherlock
Holmes.

BERENS:

I only hope it will be of some
help.

DR. HAMILTON:

I'll call you some time this evening.

MASON:

Thanks, Doctor.

He starts for the door.

DR. HAMILTON:

Oh, Richard --!

MASON:

(turning)

Yes?

DR. HAMILTON:

Are you going to leave Evelyn up
at the Lake?

MASON:

Yes -- I didn't see any need of
dragging her down here for all this.

DR. HAMILTON:

Good.... As long as she is with
Professor Holdsworth, you can be
sure she's in good hands.

Mason looks at him a moment without replying and then
exits.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

(PART XII TO FOLLOW)

182. EXT. MASON HOME FRONT DOOR

EARLY EVENING

as Mason takes out his keys and enters the front door of his home.

CUT TO:

183. INT. MASON HOME HALL

DAY

as Mason enters. As he comes opposite the living room we can see Phillips pulling the curtains in the living room beyond.

MASON:

Good evening, Phillips.

PHILLIPS:

(a little surprised
at seeing him)

Oh, good evening, sir.

MASON:

Any messages?

PHILLIPS:

No, Mr. Mason -- it's been very quiet.

Mason takes off his hat and crosses to writing desk where he seats himself and starts diligently searching through the desk.

PHILLIPS:

Are you looking for something, sir?

MASON:

Yes -- what became of Mrs. Mason's stationery that was in this desk?

PHILLIPS:

Miss Evelyn took it, sir.

CUT TO:

184. CLOSE SHOT MASON

as he stops his search and turns this information over in his mind.

MASON:

How long ago?

(CONTINUED)

184 (Cont.)

PHILLIPS:

Before she went up to the Lodge.
Sisters have a way of borrowing each
other's things, sir -- I should know
-- my wife has two of them.....
Will you be having dinner here, sir?

MASON:

(abstractedly thinking)
No -- no thanks. I'll dine out.

PHILLIPS:

Very good, sir.

He prepares to exit and turns.

PHILLIPS:

Speaking of borrowing things, sir --
do you remember the night we smelled
that perfume?

MASON:

Yes.

PHILLIPS:

I found that Miss Evelyn did
have a bottle, sir -- just like
her sister's.

MASON:

Oh!

(after a pause)
Well, thanks very much, Phillips --
that will be all.

Phillips exits.

Mason thinks for a moment and then rising, starts down
the corridor towards Evelyn's room.

CUT TO:

185. INT. MASON HOME CORRIDOR

EVENING

as Mason reaches the door of Evelyn's room and enters.

CUT TO:

186. INT. MASON HOME EVELYN'S ROOM

EVENING

as Mason goes to Evelyn's desk and rummages through it.
He comes across a specimen of her handwriting and ex-

(CONTINUED)

Changes
"CONFLICT"

186 (Cont.)

amines it reflectively. Then, as he rises and leaves the room with an air of determination.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

187. EXT. RAINBOW LODGE MED SHOT NIGHT

shooting from the porch toward the driveway as a car drives in from the left and stops. Mason gets out of the back seat. He says something to the chauffeur. The chauffeur nods and starts pulling OUT OF SCENE, as we PAN CAMERA with Mason, who mounts the steps of the porch and crosses toward the lobby of the hotel.

CUT TO:

188. MED. CLOSE SHOT RAINBOW LODGE LOBBY NIGHT

Mason comes into the lobby of the Rainbow Lodge and up to the desk.

DESK CLERK:

Good evening, Mr. Mason.

MASON:

Good evening... Has Miss Turner come up yet?

DESK CLERK:

Why, Miss Turner has already paid her bill and is checking out, sir.

MASON:

Oh, she is, is she?

DESK CLERK:

Yes, sir -- the car is just coming around for her now.

As Mason turns away from the desk and starts for the stairs with an air of determination.

LAP DISSOLVE TO

189. EXT. EVELYN'S ROOM RAINBOW LODGE NIGHT

as Mason knocks peremptorily on the door.

EVELYN'S VOICE:

Come in.

As Mason opens the door -

CUT TO:

8/16/43
100.

190. INT. EVELYN'S ROOM RAINBOW LODGE NIGHT

as Mason and Evelyn stand facing each other. She is in the act of putting a few final articles into the suitcase which is on the bed.

MASON:

What do you think you're doing?

EVELYN:

I'm going back to town.

MASON:

Why?

EVELYN:

Because I've decided that I can't stay up here with you, Dick, after the things you've told me.

MASON:

And Holdsworth --?

EVELYN:

I haven't told him. I'm leaving him a note.

She closes the suitcase.

MASON:

Where are you going?

EVELYN:

I'm going to stay at a hotel in town. I can't go back to the house now, either.

She crosses to writing desk and seats herself, preparing to write a note to Holdsworth.

MASON:

(coming towards her)

Aren't you exaggerating all this a little bit?

EVELYN:

(quickly looking up at him over her shoulder)

What do you think? After the things you said to me -- and I said to you -- it's no longer the same, Dick -- and it never can be.

She turns her head back from him, and pulling some stationery in front of her, she starts writing rapidly.

(CONTINUED)

190 (Cont.)

MASON:

(picking up one of
the sheets of paper
from the desk)

Your stationery's very much like
Kathryn's, isn't it?

EVELYN:

It is Kathryn's.

MASON:

Oh!

(he picks up an ink
bottle)

... and her ink, too!

EVELYN:

Why, yes. I used up all my own
stationery and I didn't think you'd
mind if I used some of hers.

MASON:

Not at all... Your handwriting
resembles hers, too.

EVELYN:

I suppose that's only natural -- we
went to the same school when we were
children, and had the same teacher.

MASON:

(reflectively)

It would only take a few slight
changes to make the two identical,
wouldn't it?

EVELYN:

Yes, I suppose it would... Why are
you looking at me like that?

MASON:

That's funny -- I was just about to
ask you the same thing. Why are you
looking at me in that way -- almost
as if you were afraid?

EVELYN:

What should I have to be afraid of?

MASON:

I don't know -- it's just the way
you're looking at me, that's all.
Like someone who has been doing
something wrong and has been caught
at it.

(CONTINUED)

190 (Cont.1)

EVELYN:

That's nonsense. What have I done
to be caught at -- to be afraid of?

The telephone rings. Evelyn starts for it but Mason
cuts her off.

MASON:

I'll answer that.

(he picks up the
receiver... Mason
into phone)

Yes... What..?

(pause)

Miss Turner won't be needing the car --
no -- I'll drive her down
(he hangs up)

EVELYN:

Why did you do that?

MASON:

Why not? As long as I'm here, I
might as well take you down to
the train -- in fact, I could drive
you back to town myself.

EVELYN:

I'd rather go alone.

MASON:

I'm afraid that's impossible.
As long as we came together, we'd
better leave together -- otherwise
people might talk.

EVELYN:

But it's a long hard drive, Dick,
and at this time of night.

MASON:

I like long hard drives -- I like
driving at night... Come along.
I'll carry your bag.

As he picks up the bag off the bed and starts for
the door, Evelyn reluctantly follows.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

191. RAINBOW LODGE LOBBY

as Mason starts across the lobby with Evelyn. As he
comes around the end of the stairs, he stops for a
moment at the sight of Holdsworth, standing looking
into the dining room.

(CONTINUED)

191 (Cont.)

MASON:

Come along, let's go this way.

Evelyn has not seen Holdsworth, and Mason leads her in the opposite direction so that they will not meet.

CUT TO:

192. EXT. PORCH RAINBOW LODGE

NIGHT

as they go down the steps of the porch and approach Mason's car.

CUT TO:

193. MED. CLOSE SHOT CAR

as Mason opens the door and puts Evelyn's bag in the back, then helps her into the front seat.

EVELYN:

Do drive carefully, Dick - won't you? These mountain roads are so dangerous.

MASON:

(with a little laugh -
looking at her strangely)
Huh! That's funny -- I've heard
that some place before.

He gets in behind the wheel beside her and slams the door.

MASON:

You're wearing Kathryn's perfume
too, aren't you?

EVELYN:

Yes -- she gave me a bottle for
Christmas.

Mason gives her a queer smile as he starts the engine and throws the car into gear.

MASON:

You know, you're getting more
like her all the time.

Just as the car is about to pull out, we hear a voice calling:

VOICE:

Mr. Mason! Mr. Mason!

CUT TO:

8/16/43
104-105

194. MED. CLOSE SHOT RAINBOW LODGE PORCH

BELLBOY standing at top of stairs calling to Mason.

MASON:

(calling back from
the window of the car)

Yes?

BELLBOY:

You're wanted on the phone.

CUT TO:

194a. MED. CLOSE SHOT EVELYN AND MASON

as the latter starts getting out of the car.

MASON:

You wait for me here.

As he crosses to porch of hotel.

CUT TO:

194b. INT. LOBBY RAINBOW LODGE

NIGHT

as Mason crosses lobby to switchboard operator.

CUT TO:

195. INT. RAINBOW LODGE LOBBY

NIGHT

as Mason enters and crosses to telephone switchboard operator.

MASON:

Do you have a call for me?

OPERATOR:

Yes, sir -- Booth two. I'll call the party back.

As Mason enters the booth, the operator starts making the connection.

CUT TO:

196. INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH MED. CLOSE SHOT

Mason at the telephone.

MASON:

(tense, barking
into phone)

Hello -- hello -

The tone of his voice changes to one almost of relief.

MASON:

Oh - it's you.

CUT TO:

197. INT. DR. HAMILTON'S STUDY
MED. CLOSE SHOT

NIGHT

Dr. Hamilton at the telephone.

DR. HAMILTON:

Yes - it's me. Who were you expecting?

CUT TO:

198. INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH RAINBOW LODGE NIGHT
MED. CLOSE SHOT

Mason at telephone.

MASON:

(into phone)

I don't know. Well, what's the verdict?

(CONTINUED)

198 (Cont.)

(NOTE: Both sides of this conversation are carried here without intercutting).

DR. HAMILTON:

I tried to get you at home, and Phillips told me you'd gone to the Lodge.

MASON:

Yes, I - I changed my mind. But never mind that - what did Berens find out?

DR. HAMILTON:

It's the same handwriting, Richard. It's Kathryn's writing.

MASON:

(after a pause)

It couldn't be.

DR. HAMILTON:

There's no doubt about it, Richard. Professor Berens says he'd stake his reputation on it.

MASON:

But what - what does it mean?

DR. HAMILTON:

(slowly and carefully)

I think it means that Kathryn is still alive.

MASON:

But if she can write, why doesn't she write directly to me? Why be so mysterious?

DR. HAMILTON:

(slowly)

I don't know, Richard. That's what we have to find out. Goodnight.

He hangs up.

CUT TO:

199. INT. RAINBOW LODGE OUTSIDE TELEPHONE BOOTH NIGHT

SHOOTING through the glass at Mason, as he jiggles the receiver, then hangs up and, opening the door, comes out. He stands for a moment, bewildered and dazed.

FADE OUT.

199a. INT. RAINBOW LODGE LOBBY MASON, HOLDSWORTH

as Mason comes out of the telephone booth in a daze,
Holdsworth passes him.

MASON:

Oh, Holdsworth!

HOLDSWORTH:

Hello, Mr. Mason... I'm sorry I
didn't see you... I don't know if
I'm coming or going... Did you ever
tell a girl that you loved her -
and been given your walking papers?

MASON:

I don't know -- I guess so ...
I can't remember.

HOLDSWORTH:

Probably not. From what I've
seen of you, you'd be good with
women.

MASON:

What did Evelyn say to you?

HOLDSWORTH:

She was very nice... said she'd like
me to be her friend, but Evelyn's
the only girl I'll never have for
a friend... It's amazing how much
I love her... I love her so much
it's unbelievable that she doesn't
love me.

MASON:

I think I know what you mean.

HOLDSWORTH:

I've said goodbye to her. I'm
going back tomorrow.

MASON:

I wouldn't do that. If I were
you, I'd have one more try... I
think you'll find she's changed
her mind.

HOLDSWORTH:

Where is she?

MASON:

Outside in my car.

Holdsworth starts to go... Mason stops him.

(CONTINUED)

199a (Cont.)

MASON:

Holdsworth!

HOLDSWORTH:

Yes, sir?

MASON:

You're a nice fellow.

HOLDSWORTH:

That goes both ways, Mr. Mason.

MASON:

Good luck.

HOLDSWORTH:

Thanks.

Holdsworth rushes out - Mason stands watching him.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

200. INT. LUGGAGE SHOP DAY
CLOSE SHOT AIRPLANE-WEIGHT WARDROBE CASE

The case blocks out the screen; then, as it is moved by a salesman, we see that it rests on a counter and the salesman is showing it to Mason. The shop is a good one on the ground floor of a busy street.

SALESMAN:

You'll appreciate the splendid construction, sir, twice as strong as the average wardrobe case, but only a fraction of the weight --

Mason examines the wardrobe case, makes a decision.

MASON:

I'll take it. Now for a smaller bag.

SALESMAN:

I have an excellent one in the same matched set -- this way, sir.

201. MED. SHOT DOLLYING WITH MASON AND SALESMAN

as they move to a position near the show window. This show window is of the type that has a low grilled railing on the shop edge of the window display platform. In the window are various pieces of luggage; not enough to block a person in the shop from seeing the passing crowds outside. The salesman turns to shelves against side wall, searching among many airplane-weight overnight bags for one that matches the wardrobe case just seen. Failing to find it, he turns to the window, spies it among those on display.

SALESMAN:

Oh, there it is.

He steps onto the window display platform to get it, Mason naturally and casually watching him.

202. MED. CLOSE SHOT MASON

standing close to the grilled iron railing watching the clerk. Suddenly something outside the shop window catches his attention.

SWITCH PAN TO:

203. CROWD ON SIDEWALK

as seen through window. A couple of people have stopped to look into the window. A third slows down to glance in casually; the third person is Kathryn, dressed in the green outfit. She does not look at Mason, merely glances at the salesman, then moves off down the sidewalk.

SWITCH PAN
BACK TO:

204. MED. CLOSE SHOT MASON

MASON:
I'll be right back.

He reacts, then dashes from the store. CAMERA PANS to keep on him as he can be seen through the shop window, hurrying off in the direction taken by Kathryn. The end of the PAN INCLUDES the salesman who, taken by surprise, watches the customer vanish.

205. EXT. SIDEWALK DOLLY SHOT MED. CLOSE MASON DAY

pushing down the crowded sidewalk at a stride so fast that it's almost a run.

206. REVERSE ANGLE DOLLYING ALONG SIDEWALK
FROM MASON'S ANGLE

A hundred feet ahead we can see the jaunty feather on Kathryn's hat as she moves away from CAMERA.

207. EXT. STREET INTERSECTION MED. SHOT HIGH ANGLE DAY

Kathryn crosses the street just as stop signal changes and heavy traffic bars Mason's path. The rest of the pedestrian traffic stops, but Mason dodges through the cars.

208. MED. CLOSE SHOT TRAFFIC POLICEMAN

as he spots Mason, blows his whistle frantically.

209. MED. SHOT MASON

as he gains the far side of the street, pushes through the waiting pedestrians, continues his pursuit of Kathryn.

210. DOLLY SHOT MED. CLOSE ON MASON
hurrying after Kathryn.
211. REVERSE ANGLE MED. LONG TO KATHRYN
just the feather on her hat visible. We see her turn a corner, go out of view.
212. EXT. STREET CORNER MED. SHOT PICKING UP MASON
as he comes around the corner at a walk that is almost a run. He stops, glances off. CAMERA PANS to a flat building across this side street. Kathryn is just entering the flat building; she disappears through the door. Mason comes INTO SCENE as he races diagonally across the street.
213. EXT. FLAT BUILDING ENTRANCE MED. CLOSE SHOT
Mason runs up to the door, opens it, enters the building.
214. INT. FLAT BUILDING VESTIBULE
as Mason comes in street door. This small vestibule has the typical banks of brass mail boxes with buttons and speaking tubes, an inner door which gives access to a stairway. Mason tries the inner door, it's locked.
215. MED. SHOT ANGLING PAST MASON AT GLASS PANELLED
INNER DOOR
CAMERA ANGLING UP to a door closing at the head of the flight of stairs. Mason pounds on the glass, but Kathryn pays no attention, enters the flat, closes the door after her. Mason struggles with the locked door for a moment, then steps back to the push buttons. He pushes each of them in rapid succession. SOUND of buzzer COMES OVER. Mason quickly opens the inner door, hurries up the stairs.
216. INT. FLAT BUILDING HALLWAY MED. SHOT
PICKING UP MASON
as he comes up the stairs to the door which Kathryn entered. He tries the door -- it's locked. He raps on the door - gently at first, then with increasing severity. The SOUND of another door opening COMES OVER.

217. MED. SHOT INCLUDING MASON AND MRS. ALLMAN

a middle-aged woman, who has just opened the nearby door to another flat.

MRS. ALLMAN:

Are you looking for someone, Mister?

MASON:

Yes. I want to see the lady who lives here.

MRS. ALLMAN:

You've got the wrong flat -- no one lives in there; it's for rent.

MASON:

Are you the manager of the building?

MRS. ALLMAN:

I'm the owner.

MASON:

Oh... May I see the flat?

MRS. ALLMAN:

Why, yes - just a minute, I'll get the key.

She disappears for a moment, then reappears with a tagged key in her hand.

MRS. ALLMAN:

You'll find it a real nice flat, Mister - I've just had new wallpaper all the way through, and the floors all redone --

He unlocks the door.

218. INT. VACANT FLAT MED. CLOSE ON DOOR

as it is opened by Mrs. Allman. She enters, steps aside for Mason to enter. CAMERA PULLS BACK RAPIDLY to DISCLOSE the completely vacant, unfurnished room. The windows are closed, the blinds are half drawn. Rolls of paper have been placed on the floor to form paths over the freshly refinished surfaces. Mason comes in, looking around. Footsteps and voices echo hollowly throughout this sequence.

MRS. ALLMAN:

It's a nice light flat and real handy to markets and the shopping center --

Paying no attention to her, Mason crosses the living room, the dining room, exits into the kitchen.

219. INT. VACANT KITCHEN MED. SHOT DAY

as Mason enters. He opens broom closet, looks in, then goes to back door, tries it, finds it locked. There's no key in the keyhole. Mrs. Allman appears at kitchen door.

MRS. ALLMAN:
Double drainboard sink, and plenty
of cupboard space --

MASON:
Where's the key to this door?

MRS. ALLMAN:
On that hook beside it. I never
leave keys in doors -- there's a
trick some people have of pushing
them out and then fishing them through
the crack under the door. That's
practically a new stove I've got
there - put it in for the last tenant --

But Mason, ignoring her sales talk, exits past her.

220. INT. FLAT HALL MED. SHOT MASON

as he comes down hall to an open bedroom door, enters the bedroom.

221. INT. BEDROOM MED. SHOT

as Mason enters, goes to the closet, opens it. The closet is empty. He exits from the bedroom.

222. INT. SECOND BEDROOM CAMERA ANGLING DOWN HALL

as Mason comes from first bedroom, strides down the hall to the second bedroom, enters. CAMERA DOLLIES BACK for a FULL SHOT of the second bedroom. Mason goes to the closet, opens it. It's empty. He exits from the bedroom, starts up the hall.

223. INT. DINING ROOM MED. SHOT

as Mason enters it from hall. Mrs. Allman is waiting in the dining room.

MASON:
There are only two bedrooms?

MRS. ALLMAN:
Yes -- but they're nice and big --

(CONTINUED)

223 (Cont.)

MASON:

Any closets besides those in the
bedrooms?

Mrs. Allman is beginning to be a trifle miffed by this
strange man.

MRS. ALLMAN:

There's a coat closet, right there.

Mason moves to it, yanks the closet door open. Our
ANGLE cuts off the closet floor, but we see that the
closet is empty. He closes the door again and swings
around on the landlady.

MASON:

Where is she?

MRS. ALLMAN:

(bewildered)

Who?

MASON:

The woman who just came in here.

MRS. ALLMAN:

There's no woman came in here...

MASON:

Now, don't give me any of that.
You're in on it. You're all in
on it.

MRS. ALLMAN:

(more and more
bewildered)

Who?

MASON:

There's no use pretending. I saw
my wife come in here and if you
don't tell me where she is, I'll
call the police.

MRS. ALLMAN:

Please, Mister -- this is a respect-
able apartment. We don't take
dogs or children.

MASON:

She's supposed to be dead, under-
stand -- perhaps murdered.

MRS. ALLMAN:

(freezing)

Murdered!

MASON:

Yes, murdered.... Do you know what
that means?

(CONTINUED)

223 (Cont. 1)

MRS. ALLMAN:

Yes, sir.

MASON:

You don't like that, do you?

MRS. ALLMAN:

(hypnotized)

No, sir.

MASON:

Cats come back sometimes, but not women. You put cats in a bag and throw them in the river. They get out sometimes and come back.

MRS. ALLMAN:

(dutifully)

No, sir.

MASON:

Even if they do come back, you mustn't harbor them. It's against the law, understand -- it's against the law.

MRS. ALLMAN:

Yes, sir.

MASON:

Especially a person who has been murdered.

MRS. ALLMAN:

Murdered!

The return of this word into the conversation seems to release her from the hypnotic spell into which she has been drawn, and convinced that she is dealing with a maniac, she rushes across the room, throws up the window and starts yelling at the top of her lungs.

MRS. ALLMAN:

(yelling)

Help! Help!

The SOUND of the woman's screaming seems to bring Mason to his senses and as he quickly turns and exits from the apartment,

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

224. INT. OUTSIDE DOOR OF DR. HAMILTON'S OFFICE DAY

as Mason enters scene and presses door bell. Small metal plaque reads:

"DR. MARK HAMILTON"

(CONTINUED)

224 (Cont.)

The door is opened by a female secretary or receptionist.

SECRETARY:

Yes?

MASON:

Is Dr. Hamilton in?

SECRETARY:

Have you an appointment?

MASON:

No -- just tell him it's Richard Mason. I'm a friend of his.

SECRETARY:

Come in, Mr. Mason.

She opens the door wider and as Mason enters

CUT TO:

225. INT. DR. HAMILTON'S ANTEROOM

DAY

as Mason enters. The secretary crosses to door of study and enters. Mason looks idly around at his surroundings. The secretary returns.

SECRETARY:

This way, Mr. Mason.

She opens door of study and Mason enters.

CUT TO:

226. INT. DR. HAMILTON'S STUDY

DAY

as Mason enters.

SECRETARY:

The Doctor will be with you in a few moments..... Just make yourself comfortable.

She withdraws, closing the door behind her.

Mason, left to himself, wanders over to a bookcase, swinging his hat idly around on his hand and stands examining the books. On top of the bookcase there is a clock, a tray for calling cards and a human skull hollowed out for a tobacco jar. Suddenly, the title

(CONTINUED)

226 (Cont.)

of one of the books seems to arouse his interest. He throws his hat on the book case, where it falls next to the skull, and then pulls out the book which has attracted his attention. As he examines title page

CUT TO:

227. INSERT CLOSEUP OF BOOK IN MASON'S HANDS

The title is:

"The Guilt Feeling in
Human Psychology"

by Dr. Mark Hamilton, J.D., L.L.D.

CUT TO:

228. INT. DR. HAMILTON'S STUDY
MED. CLOSE SHOT MASON

DAY

fanning through the pages of the book as Dr. Hamilton enters from door at rear.

DR. HAMILTON:

Hello Richard, I'm glad to see you.
To what do I owe the pleasure of
this unexpected visit?

Mason hastily replaces the book and turns as Dr.
Hamilton advances to shake hands.

MASON:

Well, I -- I just happened to be
in this part of town and I thought
I'd drop in. Are you busy?

DR. HAMILTON:

No, no -- you've caught me in
one of those brief but blissful
periods between my academic work
and my private practice. I'm not
expecting my first patient for
half an hour.

(indicating chair)

Sit down.

MASON:

Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

228 (Cont.)

As he sits down, Dr. Hamilton passes around behind his desk.

DR. HAMILTON:

(seating himself
behind desk)

What can I do for you?

MASON:

Well, I -- I hardly know where to begin.

DR. HAMILTON:

(leaning forward
across desk)

Just a moment, Richard -- are you about to consult me professionally or as a friend?

MASON:

Both, I guess.

DR. HAMILTON:

I'm sorry, but that's impossible. You see, the proper application of pure science admits of no such human frailties as friendship. That's why Professor Holdsworth says I have learned to keep my heart in a cage. One cannot continue to treat human suffering efficiently if one must also be forced to share it.

MASON:

(a little impatiently)

All right, then -- consider this visit in any way you please. But I need help.

DR. HAMILTON:

(reaching for a cigar)

Really, Richard. That's an unusual admission coming from you. You have always seemed so efficient, so self-reliant, so, shall we say, clever.

(he lights his cigar)

MASON:

What do you mean by that -- are you making fun of me?

(CONTINUED)

228 (Cont. 1)

DR. HAMILTON:

No. I'm just making a simple statement of fact. If you're beginning to doubt yourself, it must be something of a very serious nature.

MASON:

(leaning forward
in his chair)

Listen, Doctor, I don't believe in ghosts -- I don't believe in the supernatural -- I don't believe people live on in this life once they have left it. But I saw Kathryn today, or someone that was like Kathryn.

DR. HAMILTON:

Where?

MASON:

Down town. I saw her passing in the street -- I tried to follow but this leg prevented my catching her. She disappeared in an empty house.

Dr. Hamilton looks at him for a moment without speaking and then, rising, comes around the desk and right up to him where he is seated in the chair.

DR. HAMILTON:

How do you know it wasn't Kathryn?

MASON:

(looking up at him)

Why, I --

(catching himself)

What do you mean?

DR. HAMILTON:

Kathryn may be a victim of amnesia. I've thought of that possibility for some time. I've been hoping that she might be picked up and identified -- some card or address in her purse, perhaps, whereby she could be returned to us.

MASON:

But that couldn't happen -- how about the tramp?

(CONTINUED)

228 (Cont.2)

DR. HAMILTON:
(returning to desk)
His story may have been true.

MASON:
But the key -- the wedding ring?

HAMILTON:
In her sleep-walking state, she
may have returned it herself.
(slowly)
A subconscious desire to renounce
the marriage, perhaps.

MASON:
The phone call?

DR. HAMILTON:
(with a shrug)
A mistake on the part of the
operator.

MASON:
The handkerchief?

DR. HAMILTON:
An accident -- laundry often
gets mixed.

MASON:
(with increasing
emphasis, desiring
to make his point)
But the pawn ticket, the locket?

DR. HAMILTON:
She'd need money, Richard --
it would be a natural thing to do.

MASON:
(jumping to
his feet)
I tell you these things may seem
natural to you and they seem un-
natural to me. You sit there
complacently droning on, trying
to give me logical explanations
for these things, trying to make
me think I'm crazy -- I'm not
crazy, do you hear?

DR. HAMILTON:
I'm not trying to make you think
you're crazy, Richard.

(CONTINUED)

228 (Cont.3)

MASON:
Then what are you doing?

DR. HAMILTON:
(gently)
I'm just trying to understand you.

CUT TO:

229. ANOTHER ANGLE

as Hamilton to break the tension, rises and goes to the liquor cabinet in the corner of the room.

DR. HAMILTON:
Here -- how about a drink?

MASON:
No thanks.

DR. HAMILTON:
Oh, come on --
(he pours the drink
anyway)
-- it will soothe your nerves --
relax you.

He brings the glass back and hands it to Mason. As Mason reaches for it, his hand shakes a little.

DR. HAMILTON:
Your hand is shaking, Richard.

MASON:
Well, what do you expect?

DR. HAMILTON:
There's something troubling you,
Richard -- something you ought to
tell me.

MASON:
I have nothing to say to you that
I haven't already said.

DR. HAMILTON:
Then why don't you accept my
explanations -- why do you go on
torturing yourself with these doubts?

MASON:
(rising - restless)
I don't know what you mean by doubts --
what have I got to doubt?

(CONTINUED)

229 (Cont.)

DR. HAMILTON:

(gently)

I don't know -- that's what I'm asking you.

Mason suddenly throws him the sharp, canny look of an animal that senses danger. Dr. Hamilton looks blandly back at him.

MASON:

(suspiciously)

Say, what are you getting at?

DR. HAMILTON:

(with a shrug and a smile)

Nothing, apparently.

He rises and returns to his desk.

DR. HAMILTON:

But I want to recall to you, Richard, something that I said at the party. Evelyn asked me exactly what I did as a doctor. I replied that sometimes a thought could be like a malignant disease -- that it was my business to remove those thoughts before they could cause destruction. You have refused to give me your confidence; therefore, I am helpless. Nobody can help you now, Richard, except yourself. Whatever is troubling you must be faced by you -- whatever doubts may haunt you can be laid to rest by you, and you alone.

Mason looks at him a moment.

MASON:

Are you dismissing me, then?

DR. HAMILTON:

I'm afraid I have to.

Mason finishes the drink and replaces the glass on the table.

MASON:

Hamilton, you have had great experience with mental cases. Do you think I'm beginning to imagine things? I'm sure I saw Kathryn

(CONTINUED)

229 (Cont.1)

MASON: (Cont.)
 today -- or someone very like her.
 Have you ever run into anything
 quite like this before?

DR. HAMILTON:
 Only once. Many years ago when I
 was a student in Vienna.

MASON:
 Well, what was it?

DR. HAMILTON:
 (slowly)
 A man who murdered his wife.

Mason pauses for a moment looking at Dr. Hamilton,
 then without a word, turns and starts for the door.

DR. HAMILTON:
 Oh, Richard?

MASON:
 (turning)
 Yes?

DR. HAMILTON:
 You've forgotten your hat.

Mason looks at him, then over at the hat lying next to
 the skull. He crosses, exits a moment before picking
 it up and then snatching it quickly, almost defiantly,
 from the position in which it lies, exits from the room
 without looking back.

WIPE TO:

230. EXT. SUBURBAN HIGHWAY DRIVE-THRU SHOT MASON'S SEDAN
 MASON AT WHEEL NIGHT

The car is approaching the intersection of the lateral
 road to Martinez Canyon (as previously established).
 As the car approaches the intersection, it slows.

231. SPECIAL EFFECT SHOT PROCESS

ANGLING past Mason at wheel of car, through windshield,
 to sign illuminated by headlights. Sign reads:

MARTINEZ CANYON	6 MILES
MOUNTAIN SPRINGS	120 MILES

And, at right angles, a sign reading:

MUNICIPAL AIRPORT	3 MILES
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232. EXT. LATERAL INTERSECTION MED. SHOT PANNING WITH
MASON'S CAR

as it turns onto the Martinez Canyon lateral.

OVERLAP TO:

233. EXT. MARTINEZ CANYON MED. LONG SHOT MASON'S CAR
NIGHT

winding its way up the lonely canyon road.

234. EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD CLOSER SHOT SEDAN

as it drives through.

235. EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD NEAR SCENE OF CRIME MED. LONG SHOT
TO ONCOMING CAR

now travelling slowly. The headlights are switched off,
the car comes on in second gear.

236. PROCESS SHOT CLOSE ON MASON

straining to see the road without the aid of the head-
lights.

237. EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD

at point where Kathryn stopped her car. Mason's car
appears, coming around the turn, headlights off. It
stops in the same place where Kathryn halted her car.
CAMERA CREEPS IN as Mason stays in the car for a
moment, looking, listening. He sees nothing, hears
nothing. He opens the glove compartment, fumbles in
it, extracts a small flashlight. He gets out of the
car carefully and quietly. Again he looks all around,
listens, then starts up the road, walking as softly
as possible, every sense on the alert. CAMERA PANS
with him as he leaves the road, following the route
taken by Kathryn's car.

238. MED. LONG SHOT TO MASON

coming down the slope. As he nears the lip of the canyon, he pauses: CAMERA PANS 180°, ANGLES DOWN. The tangle of logs is barely visible in the darkness of the narrow canyon, there is just enough light to show the pentacle of logs, apparently undisturbed.

239. MED. SHOT ANGLING UP FROM CANYON FLOOR TO MASON

as he moves along the canyon brim, stops, holds a hand over the flashlight so that it emits only a narrow beam. By the aid of this beam he locates a way to climb down to the floor of the canyon. Again he pauses, listening, looking, shields the flashlight, flicks it on.

240. MED. SHOT ANGLING PAST MASON TO THE TANGLED PILE OF LOGS

He moves toward the pile.

241. EXT. PILE OF LOGS MED. SHOT

as Mason reaches it, directs the rays of the flashlight through the interstices in an attempt to see the car. MUSIC SCORING begins at this point, softly, and maintaining the atmosphere, but building slowly. CAMERA DOLLIES IN - we can see the car, bridged across by logs that have crushed the top but not the body.

242. MED. SHOT MASON

as he works his way over the log pile, finds an opening that will admit him to the car. He clambers down on the logs, flashes his light down through the opening, then lowers himself through it. CAMERA CRANES OVER to follow his movement as he lowers himself down into the tangle of logs. We can now see the car, the right side of the top crushed by an immense log, the hood and the trunk deck similarly crushed. The car is slimy with mud which has washed down from the logs, mud that renders the shattered windshield and windows completely opaque.

243. MED. CLOSE SHOT MASON

as he gets to the level of the car. We are presumably under the pile of logs. He is working in cramped quarters; he attempts to open the car door, it jams against a log. He rubs the window with his hand to clear off the mud, directs his flashlight through the cleaned space. It is not large enough, he whips out his handkerchief and scrubs a larger area clean. Again he angles the flashlight through this cleared area. CAMERA MOVES IN RAPIDLY to ANGLE THROUGH the cleared glass, disclosing the driver's compartment of the car - empty.

Suddenly a solid beam of light hits him from above.

WORKMAN'S VOICE:

All right, Mason -- you can come up out of that now.

Mason twists his head back over his shoulder, looking up into the beam of light for a moment, like a hunted animal. MUSICAL SCORING, which has continued from the indicated start, swells to a terrific crescendo. Mason quickly raises his own flashlight and breaks the one that is directed at him. The screen is in total darkness for a moment and we HEAR the SOUNDS of heavy breathing and a struggle as the men reach through and try to pull him out into the open.

CUT TO:

244. MED. SHOT THE LOG FILE

as Egan and Workman drag the struggling Mason out of the hole and on to the canyon floor. Workman slips handcuffs on him. Four figures appear from behind CAMERA, two State Police Troopers, Holdsworth and Dr. Hamilton. One of the Trooper's switches on an electric lantern, illuminating the group. MUSICAL SCORING FADES OUT as CAMERA MOVES IN to CLOSE GROUP SHOT.

MASON:

You haven't anything on me.
She's not there -- she escaped --
her body's not there.

EGAN:

We took her body away -- the day
after you killed her.

MASON:

But I saw her -- today -- I saw
her on the street.
(turning to
Dr. Hamilton)
Tell them, Doctor.

(CONTINUED)

244 (Cont.)

DR. HAMILTON:

It was me that told them you killed her, Richard.

MASON:

But you couldn't do that -- you have no proof.

DR. HAMILTON:

You made one slip, Richard -- you said she was wearing a rose the last time you saw her.

MASON:

She was -- pinned to her coat.

DR. HAMILTON:

That was a rose I gave her when she stopped by my house. A rose you could have only seen when you were supposed to be helpless, sitting at home.

MASON:

You're pretty smart, aren't you?

DR. HAMILTON:

(with a shrug)

I was smart enough to know that that wouldn't convince a jury -- I had to drive you back to the scene of the crime.

EGAN:

Come along, Mason.

The two officers try to start him, but he pulls back so that he can face Dr. Hamilton again.

MASON:

Then you did all this?

DR. HAMILTON:

Yes, Richard -- and even if I do say it myself, it took quite a little invention. I had helpers, of course -- the handwriting expert, the man in the pawnshop, the policewoman who impersonated your wife -- but most of all, your conscience.

MASON:

And Evelyn --

(hesitating a moment)

-- was she in on it, too?

(CONTINUED)

244 (Cont.1)

DR. HAMILTON:

No -- Evelyn was absolutely innocent.

MASON:

That's better. That makes me feel better. I'm glad it's over. It's nice to know Kathryn's dead. I'll be happy now. I can get some rest.

He starts away with the police officers up the hill and then turns, and calls back:

MASON:

(calling back)

But you're wrong, Doctor -- you're wrong about one thing.

DR. HAMILTON:

What's that?

MASON:

That Evelyn was innocent. You see, Evelyn was the thought you talked about. Evelyn got in here...

(indicating his head)

She may be innocent to you, but to me -- Evelyn was the cause of the whole thing.

As the two detectives take Mason's arms again and start up the canyon wall, the CAMERA CRANES BACK until the figures are dwarfed, silhouetted by the pool of light cast by the lantern. The MUSICAL SCORING of "The Very Thought Of You" swells up as we

FADE OUT.

THE END