

## AMERICAN

FADE IN

### A VAST GATEWAY OF GRILLED IRON

(In the middle of which is clearly seen a huge initial "K") stretching clear across the road. As the CAMERA MOVES toward it, the gate opens and the CAMERA PASSES through. A few feet further on, the gate having closed behind it, the CAMERA REVEALS, either because it has reached the top of a small incline or because it has turned a bend, (depending upon the topography to be selected).

### THE LITERALLY INCREDIBLE DOMAIN

Of Charles Foster Kane. Its right flank resting for nearly forty miles on the Gulf Coast, it truly extends in all directions farther than the eye can see. Designed by nature to be almost completely bare and flat -- it was, as will develop, practically all marsh-land when Kane acquired it and changed its face -- it is now pleasantly uneven, with its fair share of rolling hills and one very good-sized mountain, all man-made. Almost all the land is improved, either through cultivation for farming purposes or through careful landscaping, in the shape of parks and lakes. The castle itself, an enormous pile, compounded of several genuine castles, of European origin, of varying architecture -- dominates the scene, from the very peak of the mountain.

DISSOLVE

### GOLF LINKS

Past which we move. The greens are straggly and overgrown, the fairways wild with tropical weeds, the links unused and not seriously tended for a long time.

DISSOLVE

### SIX CHAMPIONSHIP-SIZED TENNIS COURTS

Only one is in even fair condition. The others have torn and sagging nets, there are fissures in the cement, baselines have been obliterated. The one court alone clearly has been used, and that not too carefully, to the exclusion of the others, for a long time.

DISSOLVE OUT

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DISSOLVE IN

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WHAT WAS ONCE A GOOD-SIZED ZOO

of the Hagenbeck type. All that now remains, with one exception, are the individual plots, surrounded by moats, on which the animals were kept, free and yet safe from each other and the landscape at large. (Signs on several of the plots indicate that here there were once tigers, lions, giraffes). The indicated exception is a plot full of monkeys, on terraces, with the surrounding moat so sheer and deep that escape is impossible. They are chattering and screaming weirdly, loudly.

DISSOLVE

THE COTTAGES

in the shadows, literally the shadows, of the castle. As we move by, we see that their doors and windows are boarded up and locked, with heavy bars as further protection and sealing.

DISSOLVE

A DRAWBRIDGE

over a wide moat, now stagnant and choked with weeds. We move across it and through a huge solid gateway into a formal garden, perhaps thirty yards wide and one hundred yards deep, which extends right up to the very wall of the castle. The landscaping surrounding it has been sloppy and casual for a long time, but this particular garden has been kept up in perfect shape. As the CAMERA MAKES ITS WAY through it, towards the entrance of the castle, there are revealed rare and exotic blooms of all kinds. The dominating note is one of almost exaggerated tropical lushness.

DISSOLVE

HEAVY CLOSED DOOR

of the castle. Through which we move as we,

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

3

INT. CASTLE

A great baronial hallway, completely furnished but empty, silent, abandoned, unreal, fairylike. Moving through it, we

DISSOLVE

THE GREAT CEREMONIAL STAIRCASE

up which we are moving.

DISSOLVE

A LONG GALLERY

vast and luxurious, filled with museum pieces, sumptuous draperies, carpets, crystal chandeliers, etc. etc. We move through it towards a tall door at the end of the gallery. On the door is painted a charming, peaceful, rustic scene in the Louis XVI manner. The CAMERA comes to a STOP as the door suddenly opens. Past the camera moves a nurse, seen only from the waist down, who is propelling a white hospital table on rubber wheels. We catch only a quick glimpse of the sordid paraphernalia on the table -- a basin, some surgical instruments, some soiled towels -- as the table moves out of the angle and the door closes. Before it closes, however, we have caught the sound, faintly, of a shrill, choked voice -- Kane's -- through the door, uttering the one word, "Rosebud!" From the door's rustic scene -

DISSOLVE

A NORTHERN LANDSCAPE

Under a snowstorm of great violence, with exaggerated flakes. The storm almost blots out completely a simple, two-story frame house in the middle of a field. As the CAMERA PULLS BACK, it reveals that the snowstorm is in a small globe, which is being held in a near-death grip, a foot off a huge bed, in the hand of a person otherwise unseen (except for his arm and the lower part of his figure underneath the bedclothes.) The hand is shaking ever so gently, causing the storm to continue. Once more is heard the voice.

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

KANE'S VOICE

Rosebud!

The movement of the hand becomes less.

KANE'S VOICE (cont'd)

Rosebud!

Now the hand has become perfectly still. The snowstorm in the glass globe has begun to subside.

KANE'S VOICE (cont'd)

(barely audible)

Rosebud!

The hand opens and the glass globe falls to the floor, shattering into bits. There is a brief flurry of the snowflakes for a moment. Then they are still. The CAMERA PULLS BACK SLOWLY to reveal the owner of the hand: in the dim light, a vast, still figure on the bed, over whom a sheet is being drawn, so that the face is not seen.

FADE OUT



FADE IN:

"THE MARCH OF TIME"

This is a regular, official "March of Time" two-reeler, exactly as it is exhibited in the theatres. As will be revealed, it is being shown to its producer for his final okay. (Another name, of course, may have to be invented for "March of Time"). The main title is in the usual style.

U. S. A.

PATH TO TYCOON GLORY

Narrator:

To forty-four million U. S.  
news buyers,

more newsworthy than the  
names in his own headlines,  
more potent and more  
bitterly discussed than the  
world figures he helped to  
create,

was Charles Foster Kane,  
greatest newspaper tycoon  
of this or any other  
generation.

Shots of newspaper distribution.

Papers being run through a press.

Delivery wagons.

Mail cars.

Bundles of papers being thrown off  
moving trains.

Papers being thrown by a boy on a  
bicycle onto a suburban porch.

Papers in mail box.

Papers on news-stand.

SHOT of a huge, screen-filling picture  
of Kane. PULL BACK to show that it  
is a picture on the front page of  
the Enquirer, surrounded by the  
reversed rules of mourning, with  
mast-head and headlines.

DISSOLVE

Narrator:

A GREAT NUMBER of headlines, set in different types and different styles, obviously from different papers, all announcing Kane's death. These headlines are thrown on the screen in rapid succession. The huge picture of Kane remains, though faintly, as the canvas on which they appear. (Perhaps a fifth of the headlines are in foreign languages). An important item in connection with the headlines is that many of them -- positively not all -- reveal passionately conflicting opinions about Kane. Thus, they contain variously the words, "patriot," "democrat," "pacifist," "war-monger," "traitor," "idealist," "American," etc. Attached to some of these headlines are newspaper photographs of Kane, at various stages in his life, some of Kane alone, some of Kane with world-famous personalities.

CONTINUED

TITLE:

1895 to 1940

All of these years he covered,

Many of these years he was.

(Specimen news events, to be supplemented and changed, either because desired genuine pictures are not available or because better notions are thought of. Among others are suggested -- The Sinking of The Maine; An early automobile race organized by Kane; A famous murder case, etc., etc.,)

Narrator:  
1906. The San  
Francisco Earthquake

Newsreel of San Francisco during and after the fire, followed by shots of special trains with large streamers: "Kane Relief Organization."

1918. Almost eight hours in advance of their competitors, the Kane papers publish complete details of the armistice terms granted the Germans by Marshall Foch from his railroad car in the forest of Compiègne.

Artist's painting of Foch's railroad car and peace negotiators, if actual newsreel shot unavailable.

CONTINUED

Narrator:

1898. (To be supplied)

1910. (To be supplied)

1922. (To be supplied)

Narrator:

For forty years there was  
no public issue on which  
he did not take a stand.

HEADLINES, cartoons, contemporary  
newsreels or stills of the  
following:

1. Oil scandals.
2. Woman Suffrage. (The celebrated  
newsreel shot of about 1914).
3. Prohibition. (Breaking up of  
a speakeasy and such).
4. T. V. A.

No public character whom he  
did not support or denounce  
-- sooner or later, support  
and denounce.

BRIEF CLIPS of old newsreel shots  
of William Jennings Bryan, Stalin,  
Walter P. Thatcher, Al Smith,  
McKinley, Landon, Franklin D.  
Roosevelt and such.

From a dying daily

SHOT of a ramshackle building  
with old-fashioned presses showing  
through plate glass windows and  
the name "Enquirer" in old-  
fashioned gold letters.

DISSOLVE

CONTINUED

Narrator:

he created an empire which at its height, controlled thirty-seven newspapers, two weeklies, eleven magazines, a radio chain from coast to coast.

An empire through which for fifty years, in an unending stream, flowed the wealth of the world's third richest gold mine...

A second "Enquirer" building of the middle period.

DISSOLVE

THE MAGNIFICENT ENQUIRER BUILDING of today.

1891 - 1920 A MAP OF THE USA, covering the entire screen, which in animated diagram shows the Kane Publications spreading from city to city. Starting from New York, miniature newsboys speed madly to Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Washington, Atlanta, El Paso, etc. screaming, "Wuxtry, Kane Papers, Wuxtry."

SHOT of a large mine going full blast, chimneys belching smoke, trains moving in and out, etc.

A large sign reads "Colorado Lode Mining Co."

Sign reading: "Little Salem, Colo., 23 Miles."

DISSOLVE

An old still shot of Little Salem as it was 70 years ago. (Identified by copper-plate caption beneath the still).

## CONTINUED

Narrator:

Famed in American legend  
is the origin of the great  
Kane fortune.

How, to a kindly, generous,  
humble boarding-house  
keeper, Mary Kane, by a  
defaulting boarder, in the  
Spring of 1868 was left the  
worthless deed to an  
abandoned mine shaft;  
The Colorado Lode.

Fifty-seven years later,  
before a Congressional  
Investigation, Walter P.  
Thatcher, famed head of  
the financial house of  
that name, for years the  
chief target of the  
Kane Papers' attacks  
on "the trusts," recalls  
a journey that he  
made as a  
young man.....

SHOT of early tintype stills of  
Thomas Foster Kane and his wife  
Mary on their wedding day.

A similar picture of Mary Kane  
some four or five years later with  
her little boy, Charles Foster Kane.

SHOT of Capitol in Washington, D. C.  
SHOT of Congressional Investigating  
Committee. (Reproduction of existing  
J. P. Morgan newsreel). This runs  
silent under narration. Walter P.  
Thatcher is on the stand. He is  
flanked by his son, Walter P.  
Thatcher Jr., and other partners.

He is being questioned by some Merry  
Andrew congressman. At this moment  
a baby alligator has just been placed  
in his lap, causing considerable  
confusion and embarrassment.

Newsreel close-up of Thatcher, the  
sound track of which now FADES IN.

CONTINUED

Narrator:

Thatcher

I have not! It is preposterous to imagine for one moment that I've entertained any feeling of any kind about Charles Foster Kane because of that trivial incident...

Investigator

It is a fact, however, is it not, that in 1870 you did go to Colorado?

Thatcher

I did.

Investigator

In connection with the Kane affairs?

Thatcher

Yes. My firm had been appointed trustees by Mrs. Kane for the fortune which she had recently acquired. It was her wish that I should take this boy, Charles Foster Kane, back with me to the East ...

Investigator

Is it not a fact that on that occasion the boy personally attacked you after striking you in the stomach with a sled?

Loud laughter and confusion.

Thatcher

Mr. Chairman, I must refuse further to remain the target of these childish attacks. I will read to this committee a prepared statement I have brought with me -- and I will then refuse to answer any further questions. Mr. Johnson, please!

(A young assistant hands him a sheet of paper from a brief case).

CONTINUED

Narrator:

Thatcher  
(reading it)

With full awareness of the meaning of my words and the responsibility of what I am about to say, it is my considered belief that Mr. Charles Foster Kane, in every essence of his social beliefs and by the dangerous manner in which he has persistently attacked the American traditions of private property, initiative and opportunity for advancement, is -- in fact -- nothing more or less than a Communist.

That same month  
in

Union Square --

NEWSREEL OF UNION SQUARE meeting.

section of crowd carrying banners urging boycott of Kane Papers. A speaker is on the platform above the crowd.

Speaker  
(fading in on  
sound track)

--till the words "Charles Foster Kane" have become an insult and a menace to every working man and every working woman in this land. He is today what he has always been and always will be -- a Fascist!

And still a third  
point of view --  
Charles Foster Kane's.

SILENT NEWSREEL on a windy platform, flag-draped, in front of the magnificent Enquirer Building.

On platform, in full ceremonial dress, is Charles Foster Kane. To great applause and cheers, he points his hand dramatically toward the very square of the Enquirer Building, at the top of whose flagpole the American flag is flying in the breeze.



CONTINUED

TITLE:

Narrator:

As a boy at Northeastern  
Military Academy.

Old still of Charles Foster Kane  
in-cadet's uniform at 13.

At Brookfield,

Old still of Charles Foster Kane at 15.

At Groton,

Old still of Charles Foster Kane at 17.

He was a maladjusted  
unsuccessful student.

At Princeton,

Old still of Charles Foster Kane at 19.

At Nuremberg,

Old still of Charles Foster Kane at 21,

His stay was a flashy,  
brief, notorious...

in a German student cap.

RECONSTRUCTED SCENE: A board of  
professors at Nuremberg University.

An elderly, pedantic figure rises.

Professor  
Mr. Charles Foster Kane!  
Mr. Bradford Leland!

A figure rises so that only the top  
and back of his <sup>HEAD</sup> comes into the  
frame. He is coiffed with a German  
student cap. A second similar figure  
follows him.

Professor  
We have heard and duly weighed  
the evidence before us.  
(he glances over to a  
table where a minor  
official in uniform  
holds, somewhat gingerly,  
a large iron chamber pot)  
For placing an unspeakable object  
on the spire of the San Josef  
Tower, you are hereby deprived  
of your academic privileges and  
dismissed from this university.

CONTINUED

TITLE:

FEW PRIVATE LIVES WERE MORE PUBLIC

Narrator:

Twice married -- twice  
divorced -

First, to Emily Norton  
debutante and President's  
niece, on the White House  
lawn.

Sixteen years later, two  
weeks after his divorce  
from Emily Norton, to  
Susan Alexander, singer,  
at the Town Hall in  
Trenton, New Jersey.

For Susan Alexander Kane  
an opera house was purchased  
-- rebuilt and decorated  
for her first operatic  
appearance.

For her the Alhambra was  
created.

RECONSTRUCTION of very old silent  
newsreel of wedding party on the  
back lawn of the White House. Many  
notables, including the bridegroom,  
the bride, Thatcher Sr., Thatcher Jr.,  
and recognizably Bernstein, Leland,  
et al, among the guests.

RECONSTRUCTED SILENT NEWSREEL. Kane,  
Susan and Bernstein emerging from  
side doorway of City Hall into a ring  
of press photographers, reporters,  
etc. Kane looks startled, recoils  
for an instant, then charges down  
upon the photographers, laying about  
him with his stick, smashing whatever  
he can hit.

SHOTS of the opening crowd --  
without and/or within the opera --  
the night of Susan's first  
appearance as Thais.

SHOT OF FLORIDA COAST. A flat  
desolation of sand, palms, etc.

## CONTINUED

## Narrator:

Arid and flat is the Gulf  
coast of Florida, flat as  
the plains of Kansas,  
barren as the deserts of  
Arabia.

RECONSTRUCTED SCENE. A sign on a  
wall, "Office of the Commissioner of  
lands." PAN DOWN to show man behind  
a desk, reading a document.

## Man

Sold this day by the State of  
Florida, hereinafter known as  
the party of the first part,  
to the Alhambra Land and  
Development Company, hereinafter  
known as the party of the second  
part, four hundred thousand  
acres....

What nature had not  
dared, Charles Foster  
Kane achieved.

SHOTS of truck after truck, train  
after train, flashing by with  
tremendous noise.

SHOTS of vast dredges, steamshovels.

SHOT of ship standing offshore  
unloading into lighters.

In quick succession, SHOTS follow  
each other, some reconstructed,  
some in miniature, some real shots  
(Maybe from the dam projects) of  
building, digging, pouring concrete,  
etc.

## CONTINUED

Narrator:

Eighty thousand tons of rock, twenty thousand tons of marble, a hundred thousand trees are shipped in.

From Europe, from Asia, from museums, from private homes, from the Manhattan warehouses where they had moldered for years, come paintings, tapestries, statues, buildings.....

From all the far parts of the world, animals are assembled for a private zoo.

At last, after six years, in his fifty-first year, it is finished. The Alhambra, the greatest private pleasure ground ever conceived by the mind of man.

More SHOTS as before, only this time we see (in miniature) a large mountain -- at different periods in its development -- rising out of the sands.

SHOTS of packing cases being unloaded from ships, from trains, from trucks, with various kinds of lettering on them (Italian, Arabian, Chinese, etc) but all consigned to Charles Foster Kane, Alhambra, Florida.

SHOTS of elephants, apes, zebras, etc., being herded, unloaded, shipped, etc., in various ways.

SHOTS of the finished Alhambra, a magnificent fairy-tale estate built on a mountain. Finally, on the main terrace, a group of persons in clothes of the period of 1917 - in their midst clearly recognizable, are Kane and Susan.

CONTINUED

Narrator:

From here, for the past  
twenty-five years, the  
Kane enterprises have  
been directed, many of the  
nation's destinies shaped.

He hastened his country's  
entry into one war.

Bitterly he opposed our  
participation in another.

A decisive factor in the  
election of one American  
President ---

SHOTS of various authentically  
worded headlines of American  
papers since 1895.

Spanish American War shots.

Newsreels of the great war.

RECONSTRUCTED NEWSREEL. Surrounded  
by photographers, mikes, etc. a  
jovial, bald-headed man is speaking.

Man

The nomination has met with  
unanimous approval all over  
the country. Our candidate  
will arrive here this afternoon  
and address the convention  
before it adjourns.

(A drunk somewhere in the room  
shouts "Whoopze!" The bald man looks  
up for a moment and smiles.)

And I would like to take this  
opportunity publicly to thank  
Mr. Charles Foster Kane and  
the Kane papers the country  
over for their tireless support  
which did so much to make our  
victory possible!

CONTINUED

Narrator:

He was openly accused of bringing about the shooting of another -- when Kane newspapers, bitterly attacking the President's policies, were found in the pocket of the would-be assassin. The rage of the American people was instantaneous, instinctive, bitter....

RECONSTRUCTED NEWSREEL -- modeled on Florida attempt upon President Roosevelt -- of assassin in hands of crowds and police.

INSERT of a particularly virulent headline and/or cartoon.

NIGHT SHOT OF CROWD burning Charles Foster Kane in effigy. The dummy bears a grotesque, comic resemblance to Kane. It is tossed into the flames, which burn up

The President, fortunately, recovered.

and then down....

FADE OUT

CONTINUED

## TITLE:

IN POLITICS -- ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID,  
NEVER A BRIDE.

Narrator:

Molder of mass psychology  
though he was, he was  
never granted elective  
office by the voters of  
his country.

Once the prize seemed  
within his grasp. As  
Independent candidate  
for Governor in 1910.

NEWSREEL SHOTS of great crowds  
streaming into a building --  
Madison Square Garden -- then  
SHOTS inside the vast auditorium,  
at one end of which is a huge  
picture of Kane.

SHOT OF BOX containing the first  
Mrs. Kane and young Howard Kane  
aged five. They are acknowledging  
the cheers of the crowd.

(SILENT SHOT)

NEWSREEL SHOT of dignitaries on  
platform, with Kane, alongside of  
Speaker's table, beaming, hand  
upraised to silence the crowd.

(SILENT SHOT)

NEWSREEL SHOT - close-up -- of  
Kane delivering speech...

CONTINUED

Narrator:

On election day --

A LITTLE MAN, in an overcoat, with a card in his hat reading "Watcher," is being given the bum's rush out of a laundry. (Sign in the window of the laundry reads "Polling Booth")

A line of about twenty people is stretched outside the door, with a policeman guarding the head of the line. As the Watcher is dragged through the door, he stands his ground firmly and turns to the policeman. The policeman deliberately turns his back on him. The Watcher is dragged along.

SMALL BACK ROOM. Three men in overcoats and hats are sitting around the table. One has in front of him a huge pile of unfolded ballots.

MOONLIGHT. A row-boat in the East River. A man reaches into the bottom of the boat, brings up a ballot box, and, helped by another man, throws the box into the river.



CONTINUED.

Narrator:

As midnight approaches -- RECONSTRUCTED SHOTS -- INTERIOR OF ENQUIRER. We see that alternative headlines have been set up. Proofs have been pulled and are on a table. One of them reads, "KANE ELECTED," the other, "FRAUD AT POLLS." The phone rings. The first man picks it up.

Man  
Yes? Number Two?  
Okay.

PAPERS pouring out of a press.

It is now generally conceded that on that occasion Charles Foster Kane did poll a majority of the votes. Had he won the election, there is little doubt he would have been President of the United States.

Huge headlines reading, "FRAUD AT POLLS."

Never again, before he abandoned politics, did he come close to public office.. second, then a poor third. First headline: For Mayor, dated 1910. Second headline: For Congressman, dated 1915.

CONTINUED

Narrator:

Still his empire grew..

Then in the third year  
of the great  
depression....

Suddenly, without warning,  
a Kane paper closes.  
Within four years,  
eleven Kane papers  
and four Kane magazines  
were merged, sold or  
scrapped.

In the winter of 1936

ONCE MORE REPEAT THE MAP OF THE U.S.A.

1926-1931. A few more cities are  
raced to by the newsboys -- a few  
more radio stations pop up out of  
the map -- then the years fade into  
1932-1939 and suddenly the cartoon  
goes into reverse, the empire begins  
to shrink, illustrating the  
narrator's words.

SHOT OF PRESSES COMING TO A STOP.

SHOT OF A MAN, obviously a reporter,  
opening a pay envelope. Among the  
bills is a typed slip of paper,

"The management regrets to inform  
you that after January 1, 1935, your  
services will not be required."

THE DOOR OF A NEWSPAPER OFFICE, with  
the signs, "Closed."

THE FRONT OF THE THATCHER & CO. BLDG.  
in Wall Street. (Indicated by name  
of building over entrance.)

SHOT of Conference Room. A clerk is  
standing at the end of a long table,  
reading a statement to newspapermen  
who are sitting around the table.

CONTINUED

Narrator:

Clerk

On behalf of Thatcher & Co.,  
Mr. Walter Thatcher, Jr., has  
authorized the following  
announcement. The Kane papers  
will remain under the editorial  
direction and supervision of  
Mr. Charles Foster Kane, but  
their financial management,  
effective March 1, 1939, will  
henceforth be under the direction  
of a Trustee to be appointed  
by Thatcher & Co.

For four years more  
alone in his pleasure-  
palace, aloof, seldom  
visited, never photographed,  
Charles Foster Kane continued  
to direct his falling empire  
...vainly attempted to sway,  
as he once did, the  
destinies of a nation that  
has ceased to listen to  
him...

SHOTS OF THE ALHAMBRA

ceased to trust him...

DISSOLVE

There, last month, as it  
must to all men, in his  
seventy-fifth year, death  
came to Charles Foster Kane.

Cabinet Photograph (Full screen)  
of Kane, as an old, old man.

THE END

"THE END" is not allowed to proceed to a conclusion. The lights go on, but there remains on the screen the final shot of Kane as an old man. We are in a dimly lit projection room with some half dozen men seated in easy chairs, facing the screen. As they speak, we see them in profile against the screen and mostly from behind. Throughout the scene, the shot of Kane remains on the screen, dominating the silhouetted figures.

THOMSON

Well?

Second man nods in grudging approval. There is a buzz and one of the men from the back (the third man) picks up a 'phone.

THIRD MAN

Stand by. I'll tell you if we want it run again.

SECOND MAN

It was a tough job, Harry. Seventy years of a man's life.

THIRD MAN

See what Arthur Ellis wrote about him in the American Review?

SECOND MAN

I read it.

THIRD MAN

(taking a clipping out of his wallet)

I'm going to keep this thing with me till I die. Listen!

(he reads)

Charles Foster Kane, the great publisher, is dead. Charles Foster Kane contributed to the journalism of his day the talent of a mountebank, the morals of a bootlegger and the manners of a pasha. He and his kind have about succeeded in transforming a once noble profession into a seven percent security -- no longer secure.

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

SECOND MAN

That's what Arthur Ellis is writing now. Thirty years ago when Kane gave him his chance to clean up Detroit and Chicago and St. Louis, Kane was the greatest guy in the world. If you ask me --

THIRD MAN

Charles Foster Kane --

SECOND MAN

I know people worked for Kane will tell you -- look how he raised salaries. You don't want to forget --

THIRD MAN

You have his labor record alone, they ought to hang him like a dog.

These observations are made almost simultaneous.

RAWLSTON

Just a minute, boys. Just a minute.

They stop as if their voices were controlled by wires in his hand.

RAWLSTON (cont'd)

Thomson, I want to congratulate you on that clip. It's a capital piece of work.

THOMSON

Thank you.

RAWLSTON

But it seems to me you've missed what might be the best angle on the whole thing.

(pauses)

What about 'Rosebud'?

(CONTINUED)

SECOND MAN

A tough guy, huh?  
(derisively)  
Dies calling for 'Rosebud'!

THIRD MAN

A race-horse he bet on once, that  
didn't come in -- probably!  
Rosebud!

RAWLSTON

If it was a race-horse, what was  
the race? Why did it make such  
an impression? Why --

(he pauses)

Here's a man who's been an  
important part of American life  
for fifty years. With a bit of  
luck, he might have been President.  
He's been loved and hated and  
talked about as much as any man  
in our time -- but when he comes  
to die, he's not thinking of any  
of the things that should have  
been important to him. No. He's  
got something on his mind called  
'Rosebud'. What is it?

SECOND MAN

Search me!

RAWLSTON

Can you let that share-cropper  
clip go for a while, Thomson?

THOMSON

Yes, sir.

RAWLSTON

Good. Then I tell you what we'll  
do. Hold this thing up for a week.  
Two weeks if you have to. Get  
after the 'Rosebud' angle!

THOMSON

(fearfully)

But, don't you think, if we release  
it now -- he's only been dead two  
days -- it might be better than if --

(CONTINUED)

RAWLSTON

(decisively)

No. Nothing is ever better than finding out what makes people tick. Go after the people that knew Kane well. That manager of his -- the little guy, Bernstein -- those two wives -- all the people who knew him -- who worked for him -- who loved him -- who hated his guts --

(pauses)

I don't mean go through the City Directory, of course --

The third man gives a hearty 'yes-man' laugh.

THOMSON

I'll get to it right away,  
Mr. Rawlston.

RAWLSTON

(rising)

Good!

The camera from behind him, outlines his back against Kane's picture on the screen.

RAWLSTON'S VOICE (cont'd)

It'll probably be a very simple thing.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

THE EXTERIOR OF A GREAT CABARET IN ATLANTIC CITY

It is night and it's raining. There is a marquee with electric lights, giving the name of the joint -- "MARIGOLD". This exterior is much like the lobby of a small-town movie, with a languid blonde -- at the moment she is doing no business -- to sell admission tickets. Boards on each side of the box-office read:

"MARIGOLD"  
Dining & Dancing.  
Floor show  
Twice Nightly

Susan Alexander and her Alexander Girls

DISSOLVE

THE INTERIOR OF THE MARIGOLD

It's a second rate place, with few customers. An orchestra is playing. (It need not be shown) Thomson, preceded by a captain, in a tuxedo, walks across the rear of the room. As the captain stops, Thomson standing alongside of him, we see whom they have been walking toward. It is, alone at a table, Susan. She is fifty, though she tries to look much younger, cheaply blonded, in a cheap, enormously generous evening dress. She looks at them, throwing a crink into her mouth. Her eyes, which she thinks she is keeping on them commandingly, are bleared and watery.

THE CAPTAIN

(a Greek)

This is Mr. Thomson, Miss Alexander.

SUSAN

So what?

THOMSON

We've got mutual friends, I think, Miss Alexander, and as I happened to be in Atlantic City, I thought --

SUSAN

Who cares?

(to the captain)

I want another drink, John.

THE CAPTAIN

(seeing his chance)

Right away. Will you have something, Mr. Thomson?



Thomson looks at the captain, who shrugs his shoulders.

THOMSON

I'm sorry. Maybe some other  
time --

If he had a notion he would get a response from Susan, who thinks she is looking at him steelily, he realizes his error. He nods and walks off, following the captain to the door. After they have walked a few feet, they come upon a waiter standing in front of a booth.

THE CAPTAIN

Get her another highball.

THE WAITER

Another double?

THE CAPTAIN

(after a moment,  
pityingly)

Yes.

They walk to the door.

THE CAPTAIN (cont'd)

I warned you this might happen,  
Mr. Thomson. She's not talking  
to anybody.

THOMSON

She's plastered, isn't she?

THE CAPTAIN

(nods)

I don't blame her.

THOMSON

I don't either, but I wish she  
wasn't.

(CONTINUED)

THE CAPTAIN

She'll be all right in a couple of days. I got a notion, after the funeral, she'll snap right out of it. Why, until he died, she'd just as soon talk about Mr. Kane as about anybody. Sooner. If people don't ask her questions, she'd work the subject round to talking about him. I guess the shock of his death and all --

He doesn't finish.

THOMSON

I'll come down in a week or so and see her again.

He pulls a bill out of his pocket which he hands the captain.

THE CAPTAIN

Don't you want to stick around? We've got a pretty good floor show and --

THOMSON

(shaking his head)

I'll catch the 10 o'clock back to New York. Say, you might be able to help me -- when she talked about Kane -- did she ever happen to say anything -- about Rosebud?

THE CAPTAIN

(shakes his head)

Matter of fact, yesterday afternoon, when it was in all the papers -- I asked her. She never heard of Rosebud.

THOMSON

(adroitly, he thinks)

You never heard anybody call her Rosebud, did you?

(CONTINUED)

The captain looks at Susan's table. Susan is drinking her new highball hungrily. She is not an attractive sight. The captain, with a slow smile, shakes his head.

THOMSON (cont'd)

(cighing)

Thanks all the same.

He exits.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

THE THATCHER MEMORIAL LIBRARY

A simple structure of white marble, architecturally pure, classically Greek, in the middle of a block in the East Forties, set fairly deep in a grassy, landscaped plot, with brownstone houses and moderne apartments on its right and left, trucks, automobiles and passersby are on the street.

DISSOLVE

A COLD, SPARE, SEVERELY CLASSICAL OFFICE

Bertha Anderson, an elderly, mannish spinster, is seated behind her desk. Thompson, his hat in his hand, is standing before her.

BERTHA

(looking up from  
the card she has  
been inspecting)

The directors of the Thatcher Library have asked me to remind you again of the conditions under which you may inspect certain portions of Mr. Thatcher's unpublished memoirs. To begin with, their permission may be withdrawn at any time.

(Thompson nods)

Under no circumstances are direct quotations from his manuscript to be used by you.

(Thompson  
nods again)

Before it appears in print, however, anything written by you is to be submitted to the directors for their approval and their decision shall be final.

THOMPSON

That's all right.

BERTHA

(very  
sarcastically)

You may come with me.

Without watching whether he is following her or not, she rises and starts out of the room. Thompson, with a bit of a sigh, follows.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

A LARGE, COLD ROOM

Valuable paintings are on the walls. (Particularly a large oil of Thatcher, in Renaissance style.) A long, rectangular marble table, flanked by marble chairs, is in the center of the room. As Bertha enters, followed by Thompson -- she's still taking it for granted he's behind her -- a guard, who's been seated underneath a barred window at the far end of the room, rises. He's in a khaki uniform, with a revolver holster at his hip. Bertha, indicating with her hand, without turning to look at him, that Thompson is to take a chair at the big table. She fiddles with a marble dial on the wall, the guard protectively alongside her, his eye on Thompson, and swings open a safe door. She carefully takes out a bulky, hand-written manuscript, exquisitely bound. Holding it gingerly in both hands, accompanied by the guard as if he were escorting a bullion shipment, she places it in front of Thompson.

BERTHA

You will confine yourself, it is our understanding, to the chapter dealing with Mr. Kane.

THOMPSON

That's all I'm interested in.

BERTHA

(to the guard)

Pages eighty-three to one hundred and forty-two, Jennings.

GUARD

Yes, Miss Anderson.

BERTHA

You will be required to leave this room at four-thirty promptly.

She leaves. The guard takes the manuscript, turns the first 82 pages over and shoves the manuscript directly in front of Thompson. Thompson, smiling a bit, takes copy paper and pencils out of his pocket, and starts to light a cigarette. The guard shakes his head. With a sigh, Thompson bends over to read the manuscript.

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

INSERT MANUSCRIPT. It's in a very neat, precise handwriting. (The page is numbered 83 at the top.)

"CHARLES FOSTER KANE

I am confident that, when these lines appear in print, fifty years after my death, the whole world will agree with my opinion of Charles Foster Kane, assuming that he is not then completely forgotten, which I regard as extremely likely. Even as I write, more and more people are beginning to see the truth, though they are still in a small minority, I must admit. A good deal of nonsense has appeared about my first meeting with Kane, when he was six years old. A Congressional Investigating Committee even saw fit to make merry about it. The facts are simple."

DISSOLVE

AN OLD PRINT OF "LITTLE SALEM"

On it, at the top of the frame, are the figures "1876". (The print shown in the "March of Time".)

DISSOLVE

THE PARLOR OF MRS. KANE'S BOARDING HOUSE

Kane, Sr., who has been elegantly groomed for this meeting since daybreak; and Thatcher, already on the side of the conservative banker in his clothes (his stovepipe hat is on a chair). Thatcher is seated at a table, littered with papers, with Mrs. Kane next to him. Kane, Sr., amusedly aloof, is standing. Thatcher is 26, Mrs. Kane, 28, Kane, Sr., 31. A castiron stove in the corner is red hot, but a window is open and through it -- from the proper angle later, not now, is to be seen a desolate landscape, with a light snowfall. (About 30 feet from the house -- also to be revealed not now but at the proper time -- with a not too expert snowman as the center of his activities, Charles Foster Kane is playing. When he tires of racing along with his sled held in front of him, then to flop on this high wooden conveyance for the few feet it will slide with him on the level ground, he makes four or five snowballs, which he holds in his left hand and under his left arm, before advancing on the snowman, throwing snowballs as he runs, screaming battle cries. He's a husky kid, with clean, home-made clothes and a home-made haircut, just past his sixth birthday.) At the moment, his cries come faintly through the window.

THATCHER

If you're absolutely certain that things are exactly the way you want them, Mrs. Kane --

(he indicates a little paper in front of them)

-- the papers are all ready to sign.

MRS. KANE

Everything is exactly the way I want it, Mr. Thatcher.

KANE, SR.

Judge Cowl was telling me again yesterday --

MRS. KANE

(a bit impatiently).

Jim!

KANE, SR.

You people all seem to forget that I'm the boy's father. I've been talking things over with Judge Cowl and I still don't see --

MRS. KANE

It's no use, Jim. It's going to be done exactly the way I've been discussing with Mr. Thatcher -- or it's not going to be done at all.

KANE, SR.

Judge Cowl says, if I want to, I can go to court. He says a father has the right to...

THATCHER

(annoyed)

You haven't got a leg to stand on, Mr. Kane, and you know it. The stock certificates that Mr. Graves left here are made out to Mrs. Kane, in her name. Hers to do with as she pleases.

(CONTINUED)

KANE, SR.

(darkly)

There's laws in this country  
and --

MRS. KANE

(quietly)

I want you to stop all this  
nonsense, Jim.

KANE, SR.

But it's my duty to protect you  
and the boy! It's my duty --

MRS. KANE

(even more

quietly)

I want you to stop all this  
nonsense, Jim.

She meets his eye. He tries to triumph over her  
and loses.

KANE, SR.

(sulkily)

Don't say I didn't warn you.

THATCHER

There'll be other papers to  
sign from time to time, Mrs.  
Kane, but this takes care of  
the basic agreement.

(he clears

his throat)

In brief, subject to the control  
of a board of five people to be  
approved by you --

KANE, SR.

(interrupting)

Of whom I'm to be one.

THATCHER

Of whom you're to be one -- the  
bank will assume full management  
of the Colorado Lode -- of which  
you are the sole owner. The sum  
of fifty thousand dollars a year  
is to be paid to yourself and Mr.  
Kane as long as you both live,  
the survivor, in the event of  
death, to receive the full amount  
of fifty thousand dollars annually  
until his or her death. (cont'd)



THATCHER (cont'd)

Everything else -- the principal as well as all monies earned -- is to be administered by the bank in trust for your son, Charles Foster Kane until his twenty-fifth birthday, at which time he is to come into complete possession.

As aforesaid, the cries of the boy have been heard faintly through the open window from the beginning of the scene. Mrs. Kane, listening to Thatcher, of course, has had her other ear bent in the direction of the boy's voice. Thatcher is aware both of the boy's voice, which is counter to his own, and of Mrs. Kane's divided attention. As he pauses, Kane, Sr. genteely walks over to close the window. This constitutes our first view in this scene through the window, of Kane.

DISSOLVE

KANE, FROM WINDOW

He is advancing on the snowman, snowballs in his hands, dropping to one knee the better to confound his adversary.

KANE

If the rebels want a fight, boys,  
let's give it to 'em!

He throws two snowballs, missing widely, and gets up and advances another five feet before getting on his knees again.

KANE (cont'd)

The terms are unconditional  
surrender. Up and at 'em!  
The Union forever!

DISSOLVE

THE PARLOR

Kane, Sr. closes the window.

THATCHER

There will be a semi-annual  
accounting to you, Mrs. Kane,  
which can be made more frequently,  
upon written request from you.

(CONTINUED)

In the middle of the sentence, Mrs. Kane rises and goes to the window.

MRS. KANE

Go on, Mr. Thatcher.

Thatcher continues, as she opens the window. His voice, as before, is heard with overtones of the boy's.

KANE, FROM WINDOW

He is now within ten feet of the snowman, with one snowball left which he is holding back in his right hand.

KANE

Don't you know you can't lick  
Andy Jackson! Old Hickory;  
that's me!

He fires his snowball, well wide of the mark and falls flat on his stomach, starting to crawl carefully toward the snowman.

THATCHER'S VOICE

(while, with Mrs.

Kane, we've been

looking at the boy)

The Bank is to become the official legal guardian of Charles Foster Kane as of the signing of these papers. Its decision in all matters concerning his education, his places of residence and similar subjects will be final.

THE PARLOR

Mrs. Kane leaves the window and slowly walks back to her seat at the table. She looks at her husband for a moment before sitting down.

THATCHER

Mrs. Kane shall be permitted at any time to see her son. It is expressly understood, however, that Mr. Kane shall be allowed access to him only upon written order from Mrs. Kane.

(CONTINUED)

KANE, SR.

That's another thing. I say  
it's not right that a father --

MRS. KANE

That'll do, Jim.

THATCHER

If there is ever, in the opinion  
of the bank and Mrs. Kane any  
violation of this agreement by  
Mr. Kane, it shall constitute an  
essential point in these articles  
of trust that the annual income  
provided for Mr. Kane shall  
instantly be declared null and  
void and cease to operate.

Kane, Sr. opens his mouth once or twice, as if to say  
something, but chokes down his opinion.

MRS. KANE

(who has been  
reading past  
Thatcher's shoulder  
as he talks)

Where do I sign, Mr. Thatcher?

THATCHER

Right here, Mrs. Kane.

Mrs. Kane lifts the quill pen.

KANE, SR.

Mary, I'm asking you for the  
last time -- anyone'd think  
I hadn't been a good husband  
and a --

Mrs. Kane looks at him slowly. He stops his speech.  
She puts the pen to the paper and signs.

KANE, SR. (cont'd)

Well, let's hope it's all for  
the best.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. KANE

It is.

(she rises)

We'd better go out and tell him now, Mr. Thatcher. It's nearly five. I've got his trunk all packed --

(she chokes a little)

I've had it packed for a couple of weeks -- and then right after supper we can go down to the depot with him and you and --

She can't say any more. Kane, Sr., ill at ease, has no idea of how to comfort her.

THATCHER

I think we can make little Charles quite contented about the whole thing. I've arranged for a tutor to meet us in Chicago. I'd have brought him along with me, but you insisted so strongly that the whole thing be kept a secret --

MRS. KANE

(opens the door)

You've handled the whole thing very nicely, Mr. Thatcher. I'm much obliged to you.

THATCHER

Our lawyers have established to their complete satisfaction that Mr. Graves died with absolutely no heirs-at-law. Even if he had, of course, the stock would be yours, beyond a shadow of doubt, but there might have been a costly suit --

He stops, as he realizes that Mrs. Kane has paid no attention to him and, having opened the door, is already well into the hall that leads to the side door of the house. He takes a look at Kane, Sr., tightens his lips and follows Mrs. Kane. Kane, shoulders thrown back like one who bears defeat bravely, follows him.

KANE, IN THE SNOW-COVERED FIELD

With the snowman between him and the house, he is holding the sled in his hand, just about to make the little run that prefaces a belly-flop. The Kane house, in the background, is a dilapidated, shabby, two-story frame building, with a wooden outhouse. A sign in the front yard can be seen but not read. A similar sign, running parallel to the side of the house, reads, but not as an insert:

MRS. KANE'S BOARDING HOUSE  
HIGH CLASS MEALS AND LODGING  
INQUIRE WITHIN

Kane looks up as he sees the single file procession, Mrs. Kane at its head, coming toward him.

KANE

H'ya, Mom.

Mrs. Kane smiles.

KANE (cont'd)

(gesturing at  
the snowman)

I took the pipe out of his mouth.  
If it keeps on snowin', maybe I'll  
make some teeth and --

MRS. KANE

I want you to meet a gentleman  
from the East, Charles. This is  
Mr. Thatcher, Charles.

THATCHER

How do you do, Charles.

KANE

Hello. Hello, Pop.

KANE, SR.

Hello, Charles.

KANE

If you take some pebbles, Mom,  
and sharpen 'em off and make some  
paste out of flour and water,  
there ain't anybody that could  
tell the difference between --

(CONTINUED)

MRS. KANE

You better come inside, son.  
You and I have got to get you  
all ready for -- for --

(Kane looks  
at the group)

Mr. Thatcher is going to take  
you on a trip East with him  
tonight, Charles. You'll be  
leaving on Number Ten. That's  
the train with all the lights.

KANE

You goin', Mom?

MRS. KANE

Not right away.

KANE

Where'm I going?

MRS. KANE

You're going to see Chicago and  
New York -- and Washington,  
maybe. Isn't he, Mr. Thatcher?

THATCHER

(heartily)

He certainly is. I wish I were  
a little boy and were goin' to  
make a trip like this. By  
you, Charles.

KANE

Why aren't you comin' with us,  
Mom? Pop can take care of the  
folks 'stead of going down to  
Stone's Livery Stable all day  
long, you can just get up early  
and --

MRS. KANE

We have to stay here, Charles,  
both of us.

(she can't quite  
think up good  
reasons)

You see, they're opening up the  
Lucky Martin again, and a lot of  
new people will be driving in and --

(CONTINUED)

KANE SR.

(a bit more)

Oh, what's the sense in trying  
to fool the boy?

MRS. KANE

(hastily)

Jim!

KANE SR.

You're going to live with Mr.  
Thatcher from now on, Charles.  
You're going to be rich. Your  
Ma figures -- your mother and I  
have decided that this isn't the  
place for you to grow up. You'll  
probably be the richest man in  
America some day and you ought to --

MRS. KANE

You won't be lonely, Charles.  
You'll have a lot of things --

THATCHER

We're going to have a lot of good  
times together, Charles. Really  
we are.

(Kane stares at him)

I'm delighted I've met you at last,  
Charles. Let's shake hands.

(extends his hand)

Charles continues

to look at him)

Now, now! I'm not as frightening  
as all that! Let's shake, what  
do you say?

He reaches out for Charles' hand. Without a word,  
Charles hits him in the stomach with the sled.  
Thatcher stumbles back a few feet, gasping.

THATCHER (cont'd)

(with a sickly grin)

You almost hurt me, Charles.

(he moves towards him)

Sleds aren't to hit people with.  
Sleds are to -- to sleigh on. When  
we get to New York, Charles,  
we'll get you a sled that will make  
this one look silly! It's got a  
thing you can steer with. You turn  
it the way you want to go and --

(CONTINUED)

He's near enough to try to put a hand on Kane's shoulder.  
As he does, Kane kicks him in the ankle.

KANE  
(frightened)  
Mom! Mom!

He throws himself on her, his arms around her. Slowly  
Mrs. Kane puts her arms around him.

MRS. KANE  
It's all right, Charles, it's  
all right.

Thatcher is looking on indignantly, occasionally bending  
over to rub his ankle.

KANE SR.  
Sorry Mr. Thatcher! What that  
kid needs is a good thrashing!

MRS. KANE  
That's what you think, is it,  
Jim?

KANE SR.  
Yes.

Mrs. Kane nods her head a few times.

MRS. KANE  
(slowly)  
That's why he's going to be brought  
up where you can't get at him.

DISSOLVE

OLD-FASHIONED RAILROAD WHEELS

underneath a sleeper, spinning along the track.

DISSOLVE OUT



DISSOLVE IN

AN OLD-FASHIONED DRAWING ROOM

Thatcher, with a look of mingled exasperation, annoyance, sympathy, and inability to handle the situation, is standing alongside a berth, looking at Kane. Kane, his face in the pillow, is crying with heartbreaking sobs.

KANE

Mom! Mom!

DISSOLVE

INSERT

THE THATCHER MANUSCRIPTS, WHICH FILLS THE SCREEN  
It reads:

Charles Foster Kane was nothing but a lucky scoundrel, in short. The characteristics he exhibited on my first meeting him in Little Salem were born out in later life. The very manner, for instance, in which the whim seized him to be a newspaper publisher.

The true story of that alone should convince anyone willing to be convinced.

I would gladly have dispatched a subordinate to visit him in Rome on the occasion of his twenty-fifth birthday to consummate the transfer of his interests from our guardianship to his own management. He was, however, after all, even though through no merit of his own, the possessor of a huge fortune. Foolishly enough, I now see, I hoped that perhaps I could impress upon him some sense that this should constitute for him a sacred trust.

DISSOLVE

THE FRONT OF KANE'S PALACE

It is the oldest and most elegant and most expensive Renaissance palace in Rome. (From the beginning of the DISSOLVE, there is SUPER-IMPOSED at the top of the frame -- Rome, 1890. This disappears as soon as it's been established.) A canopy stretches from the street to the superb doorway. Two callers are being helped out of a magnificent open equipage. They are -- formal as hell, in morning coats and top hats -- Jefferson Parker, the American ambassador, a stuffed shirt in his sixties, and Thatcher, now about forty-five.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

A LONG, DIM, CANDLE-LIT HALLWAY

Magnificently Renaissance, covered with tapestries, invaluable statuary and a Michelangelo ceiling. Thatcher and Parker pass through lines of impassive footmen, standing a few feet apart.

THE DRAWING ROOM

not particularly large, of the palace. It reeks both of millions of dollars worth of art treasures and of the class of the assembled guests. They are -- perhaps thirty of them, at the most -- pimps, Lesbians, dissipated Army officers, homosexuals, nymphomaniacs and international society tramps -- without exception. Kane, aged twenty-five today, is draped along the fireplace, talking to a hideous woman, under five feet in height and weighing three hundred pounds, who is sixty-five years old and trying to look twenty-five.

BUTLER

(at doorway)

The American Ambassador and  
Mr. Walter Thatcher.

(repeats)

The American Ambassador and  
Mr. Walter Thatcher.

Kane comes rushing across the room as he hears them announced, looks up and sees them. No one else has paid any attention to their entrance. (Kane is receiving his guests in a dandified velvet costume of his own design.)

KANE

(booming)

Hello, Mr. Thatcher. Have a  
nice crossing?

THATCHER

It was very pleasant.

(stiffly)

My congratulations on your  
birthday.

KANE

Thanks. Getting to be a big boy  
now, aren't I? How are you,  
Mr. Parker?

(CONTINUED)

PARKER

Thank you. Mrs. Parker asked me to be sure to include her in my felicitations. She's terribly disappointed she couldn't come herself, but --

KANE

I know. That migraine of hers.  
(he waves his hand  
around the room)  
You know everybody, don't you?

Parker tries, not successfully, to control a wince.

THATCHER

A magnificent place you've got here, Charles.

KANE

You like it, oh?

THATCHER

As I remember, it was built originally in 1493 by Prince di Raspeggi for his first wife. Among its many treasures, I understand, there are two very well authenticated Donatellos...

KANE

Say, if that's what you're interested in, I've got a book upstairs somewhere tells all about those things. I'll have one of the boys dig it out for you. Oh, excuse me....

(his hand has been  
resting, almost like on  
a table, on the fat  
woman's shoulder)

I guess you don't know the Duchess della Cordoni. Allow me to present Mr. Thatcher, Duchess.

THATCHER

(stiffly)  
How do you do?

The Duchess simply stares at him.

(CONTINUED)

KANE

Mr. Thatcher is my guardian, you know.

DUCHESS

(a bit alarmed)

Not after today, Carlo?

KANE

Up to and including midnight.

DUCHESS

Will you come to dinner next Tuesday night, Mr. Thatcher? The Palazzo Ordua. Nine thirty.

THATCHER

(flustered)

Thank you, Duchess, but I'm not sure -- I'm afraid maybe I --

(his face brightens)

I'm sailing from Naples Tuesday.

(now that he's on safe ground)

I'm sure otherwise I would have been delighted --

The Duchess has turned away from him.

DUCHESS

(to Parker)

Mrs. Parker, I take it, will have her customary migrains Tuesday night, Excellency?

PARKER

(flustered)

Mrs. Parker hasn't been feeling at all well lately. She's terribly sorry she --

DUCHESS

I'm in luck again, Charles. All the dull people have declined.

She walks off. Parker and Thatcher stiffen. Kane laughs happily.

KANE

Amazing woman. Always says what she thinks.

PARKER

Some control over her thoughts  
might be advisable.

(to Thatcher)

You'll be coming back to the  
Embassy to dress, Walter?

THATCHER

Yes.

KANE

If you'd care to have dinner with  
us, Mr. Parker --

PARKER

Thank you.

(shakes his head  
a bit)

Mrs. Parker and I are dining with  
the foreign minister tonight.

KANE

I sympathize with Mrs. Parker. The  
foreign minister and a migrains.

PARKER

If you'll excuse me.

He bows and leaves.

KANE

Wouldn't you like to meet the  
folks, Mr. Thatcher?

THATCHER

(trying to dodge)

I thought perhaps I'd just stand  
here and look around.

KANE

(aware of his  
disapproval, smiling)

They're all right, Mr. Thatcher.  
Maybe not your kind, exactly, but  
after all -- When in Rome, live  
and let live... After all, you've  
got to kill time some way and --

(CONTINUED)

He stops, as he becomes aware that Thatcher, his mouth open, is looking at another corner of the room. There, on a piano stool, is a Lesbian of about 40, loaded with pearls, who is blowing smoke rings from a large black cigar. A very fairytish young man is angrily pushing the smoke rings away almost as soon as they are formed.

KANE (cont'd)

Oh!

THATCHER

(coming back to life)

Is that -- that person a friend of yours?

KANE

Mabel?

(Thatcher nods)

That's Roger Coburn with her.

(he interrupts himself)

He's my buddy. Guess you thought I didn't know any American words, huh?

THATCHER

(wetting his lips and controlling himself)

Very interesting, very interesting.

KANE

I want you to meet them all.

THATCHER

Really, Charles, I --

KANE

(taking him by the shoulder)

You'll get to like them after you know them, Mr. Thatcher, believe me you will.

Thatcher's look, as he starts to be pulled forward, indicates that Kane was never more mistaken in his life.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. EXQUISITE ROOM

Still mostly in its original form, which a Grand Rapids desk and swivel chair, plus a few books, have converted into a library. There is a Titian on the wall. Kane and Thatcher, in dinner clothes -- Kane's with frills of his own design -- have about finished their coffee and liqueur.

THATCHER

(pointing to a  
large, beautifully  
tooled and bound  
book on the desk)

I think I can safely say it contains everything you could conceivably want to know about your holdings. It has been extensively cross-indexed and --

KANE

(casually)

I'll read it one of these days. You're leaving for Naples tomorrow.

THATCHER

(quietly)

I've got to get back to my desk as quickly as possible.

(pauses)

Charles, wouldn't you like to examine this book? As I said, I think everything pretty thoroughly explains itself, but there might be some things --

KANE

I'm sure everything's all right.

Thatcher has risen. It's too much for him. He takes the book in his hand.

THATCHER

(handing it  
to him)

You might find some matter or other --

Kane takes the book, continuing to smile, his eyes never leaving Thatcher's face.

(CONTINUED)

KANE

I guess I was never meant to  
be a captain of industry.  
This stuff bores me.

He lifts the book up, holding it almost arm's length in  
front of him and looks at it idly. In gold letters, on  
the cover, there is stamped:

Complete Holdings of  
Mr. Charles Foster Kane  
November 7, 1953

He rifles through it, like a producer estimating the  
value of a script by the number of its pages.

THATCHER

We will, of course, always be  
at your disposal, and we hope  
that you will seek our counsel  
as often as you feel --

KANE

(idly)  
Sure, sure.

Suddenly he brings the book nearer to him. It is opened  
at a page, which does not need to be shown in an insert.

KANE (cont'd)

What's this?  
(casually)  
New York Enquirer?

THATCHER

That's a newspaper --  
(pauses)

KANE

A newspaper, eh?

THATCHER

In a manner of speaking. A few  
years ago we were forced to  
take over the building -- a very  
rickety, inadequate structure --  
in a foreclosure proceeding.  
Unfortunately, we were also  
required to take the paper over  
with it.



KANE

Well! So that's the way  
business is done!

—THATCHER

By extremely conservative  
management, if I may say so,  
we have been able to conduct  
the paper so far without any  
appreciable loss.

KANE

Bravo! Bravo!  
(he grins)  
That's the Italian influence  
on me. I meant hurray!

THATCHER

You'll find it all explained in  
detail. If I'm not mistaken --

KANE

(very idly)  
What's this notation mean  
alongside the name Enquirer?  
One hundred thousand dollars --  
with a question mark after it?

THATCHER

Oh, yes. An offer of a hundred  
thousand dollars was made to us  
recently by some people who  
propose to convert the property  
into an office building. The  
offer is almost too good to  
believe, Charles. However,  
since it was so near the date  
at which you're taking over  
your own affairs, we decided to  
get your technical approval of  
the sale. In my opinion, the  
offer is a God-send. The amount  
of money that would be needed to  
convert the premises --

KANE

(calmly)  
I don't care to sell.

THATCHER

I beg your pardon, Charles.

(CONTINUED)

KANE

I said I don't care to sell.

THATCHER

(patiently)

Perhaps you don't understand.  
The property is worthless to  
you. Not only that, but I'm  
afraid with conditions as they  
are, it would involve a  
substantial annual loss if you  
were forced to hold on to it.  
This way --

KANE

Maybe you're right, Mr.  
Thatcher, but -- well, I had  
no idea I owned a newspaper.  
I think it might be fun to run  
a newspaper.

THATCHER

Fun? It's the most involved,  
precarious and highly  
specialized business in America  
today. People with a lifetime  
of experience have found that --

KANE

Oh, I don't intend to have a  
lifetime of experience -- at  
publishing. At any one thing.

(smiles)

But for a while -- I can just  
picture people saying, "There's  
Charles Foster Kane -- you know,  
the publisher."

THATCHER

If you're interested in being  
a publisher, Charles, we can  
discuss the matter --

KANE

(slamming the  
book shut  
lightly)

There's nothing to discuss.

(he looks at  
him squarely)

I'm not selling the Enquirer,  
Mr. Thatcher!

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

THE ELEGANT EQUIPAGE PREVIOUSLY SHOWN

It is late in the evening. The carriage starts to move from the palace. Thatcher, his eyes as if they were seeing something both unpleasant and unbelievable, sighs deeply, letting all the air leave his lungs.

DISSOLVE

INSERT

THATCHER'S MANUSCRIPT. IT READS:

I had occasion to call upon him at his office, a few years after his descent upon New York as the publisher of the "Enquirer". His behaviour was, typically, both insolent and irresponsible.

DISSOLVE

EXT. THE CORNER OF 42ND AND BROADWAY

As it was in 1897. Three or four kids, with pasteboard signs reading, "Enquirer" on their caps, are hollering brassily in the street. Their cries, in the familiar technique of those selling extras, cannot be distinguished as to words.

A man buying a paper from one of the boys.

INSERT

PAPER'S HEADLINE

TYRANT'S ARMADE OFF JERSEY COAST

DISSOLVE

Similar headline which, as CAMERA PULLS BACK, is revealed to be on Kane's desk, in his private office. Kane is sprawled in an armchair back of the desk, beaming at Thatcher, who is huffing and puffing in front of the desk.

THATCHER

(whose shaking  
finger is still  
pointing at the  
headline)

It's dishonest, Charles.  
Flagrantly dishonest.

Kane's eyes open wider with amusement.

(CONTINUED)

THATCHER (cont'd)

(sputtering)

You know you haven't the  
slightest proof that this --  
this armada, as you call it --  
is off the Jersey Coast.

KANE

Can you prove it isn't?

Thatcher looks at Kane with rising blood-pressure. The  
door opens and Bernstein, in his shirt sleeves, bursts  
in.

BERNSTEIN

Oh, excuse me.

KANE

That's all right. You know  
Mr. Thatcher.

Thatcher nods stiffly.

BERNSTEIN

Not personally. He's back of  
this street-car gang, ain't he,  
that's....

THATCHER

I beg your pardon!

KANE

You'll have to forgive Mr.  
Bernstein, Mr. Thatcher. He  
believes everything he reads  
in the Enquirer.

(he points to  
the paper in  
Bernstein's  
hand)

What is it?

BERNSTEIN

We just got a cable from Mr.  
Loland.

(he hesitates)

CRAIG

Go ahead.

(CONTINUED)

BERNSTEIN

(reading)

Dear Charles, it's lovely here. The food is marvelous, the señoritas beautiful. Stop. I could send you indefinitely beautiful descriptions of the palm trees at sunrise and tropical colors blending in the far-off landscape. Stop. I do not feel right in spending your money for this, much as I personally enjoy it. Stop. There is no war here. With kindest regards, Brad.

THATCHER

There you are! Even your own men tell you you're making all this fuss about nothing at all. There hasn't been a true word --

KANE

I think we might send our friend Leland a cable, Mr. Bernstein. Of course, we'll have to make it shorter than his, because he's working on an expense account and we're not. Let me see.

BERNSTEIN

(grabbing a piece of paper and pencil off the desk)

Go ahead, Mr. Kane.

KANE

Dear Brad --

(pauses a moment)

Dear Brad, you provide the tropical colors. I'll provide the war.

BERNSTEIN

(beaming)

That's exactly right, Mr. Kane.

KANE

I think he'll understand.

(CONTINUED)

BERNSTEIN

Glad I met you, Mr. Thatcher.

He leaves.

THATCHER

Is this really your idea of  
the way to run a newspaper,  
Charles?

KANE

I don't know how to run a  
newspaper, Mr. Thatcher. I  
just try everything I can  
think of.

THATCHER

(sighs)

I'll tell you why I came to  
see you, Charles. I --

KANE

You came to see me about our  
attacks on the Traction Company,  
didn't you?

Thatcher is a bit taken aback and doesn't answer.

KANE (cont'd)

(genially)

Don't be alarmed, Mr. Thatcher.  
I'm just practising deduction.  
I got it from those new  
detective stories we're  
running Sundays. The name's  
"Sherlock Holmes". You ought  
to read them.

(pauses)

Most important banker in New  
York has largest interest in  
Traction Company. Upstart  
publisher attacks Traction  
Company. Most important banker  
visits upstart publisher.

(he beams)

Elementary, my dear Thatcher.

(CONTINUED)

THATCHER

I'm pleased you're amused...

(pauses)

It is true that my holdings in Metropolitan transfer and Street Railroads are substantial. But I beg to remind you, my dear Charles, that your own holdings are not inconsiderable.

Charles sighs in acknowledgment.

KANE

What do you suggest I do?

THATCHER

Stop this senseless attack on everything and everyone that hasn't got more than ten cents in his pocket and --

KANE

Uhuh. The trouble is, Mr. Thatcher, you don't realize you're talking to two people.

Thatcher doesn't understand and looks at him.

KANE (cont'd)

As Charles Foster Kane, who has eighty-two thousand, six hundred and thirty-one shares of Metropolitan Transfer -- you see I do have a rough idea of the extent of my holdings -- I sympathize with you. Charles Foster Kane is a dangerous scoundrel, his paper should be run out of town. A committee should be formed to boycott him and render him harmless wherever possible. You may, if you can form such a committee, put me down for a contribution of one thousand dollars.

THATCHER

(angrily)

Charles, my time is too valuable for me --

(CONTINUED)

KANE

On the other hand,  
(his manner  
becomes serious)

I am the publisher of the  
Enquirer. As such, it is my  
duty -- I'll let you in on  
a little secret; it is also  
my pleasure -- to see to it  
that the decent, hard-working  
people of this city are not  
robbed blind by a group of  
money-mad pirates because,  
God help them, they have no  
one to look after their  
interests!

(his seriousness  
leaves him and  
he is his  
cheerful bland  
self again)

I hope I've made myself clear,  
Mr. Thatcher.

Thatcher bites his lip to cut off his angry answer. He  
picks up his hat.

KANE (cont'd)

Must you leave, Mr. Thatcher?

Thatcher, after a moment of indecision, decides to make  
one last try.

THATCHER

I happened to see your  
consolidated statement  
yesterday, Charles. Could I  
not suggest to you that it is  
unwise for you to continue  
this philanthropic enterprise --  
(sneeringly)  
-- this Enquirer -- that is  
costing you one million dollars  
a year?

KANE

You're right. We did lose a  
million dollars last year.

(CONTINUED)



Thatcher thinks maybe the point has registered.

KANE (cont'd)

We expect to lose a million  
next year, too. You know, Mr.  
Thatcher --

(he's starting  
to break  
himself up  
with his joke)

-- at the rate of a million a  
year -- we'll have to close  
this place -- in sixty years.

DISSOLVE

INSERT

THATCHER'S MANUSCRIPT. It reads:

My last talk with the man -- I pray the Lord  
that it will be my last -- was exactly what  
I might have expected from him. Why I ever  
hoped for anything different I shall never  
know.

INT. LIBRARY - THATCHER'S TOWN HOUSE

It is a fairly small room. Present are Thatcher -- he is  
now in his eighties -- his son, Walter Thatcher, Jr.,  
about fifty, and a definite chip off the old block, and  
three or four other leading figures of the banking world.  
Normally well-fed, ruddy and ruthless gentlemen, they are  
now in varying stages of distress. Thatcher Jr., is in  
evening clothes. Thatcher is in a lounging robe. He is  
at the telephone. A uniformed nurse, disapproving, is  
standing back of him.

THATCHER

(at the 'phone, with  
a great effort at  
self-control)

I'm afraid you don't understand.  
This is Mr. Walter Thatcher and  
I insist upon speaking to Mr. Kane  
personally. I have already called  
Mr. Kane four times today, and I  
insist --

(he interrupts and  
listens for a moment)

I know definitely that Mr. Kane  
is at Alhambra. I've received  
advices today --

(he loses control  
and screams)

I insist on speaking to Mr. Kane.

He can't -- He can't --

(CONTINUED)

He stops both in response to a light tap on the shoulder from the nurse, and apparently to the voice from the other end to which he listens carefully. He swallows hard.

THATCHER (cont'd)

Very well, I'll listen. Very well. Take this down, Wally.

Thatcher Jr. takes a pencil and puts down what the old man repeats to him over the 'phone.

THATCHER (cont'd)

Mr. Kane does not believe that any purpose would be served by further discussion of the matter with Mr. Thatcher.

The bankers look at each other.

THATCHER (cont'd)

(continuing)

The documents in his possession, publication of which will begin in the Kane papers tomorrow morning, indicate clearly the methods of bond flotation now practised by the leading investment houses of this country are irresponsible, unsound and dishonest.

FIRST BANKER

Do we have to listen to that?

THATCHER

(going on)

In the special case of the Greenridge Corporation --

SECOND BANKER

(interrupting)

Ask him how he's going to like it when half the investment houses in the country close down. Ask him how that's going to affect his own --

1 (CONTINUED)

THATCHER

Gentlemen, please!

(at 'phone)

Will you say that again,  
please. In the special case of  
the Greenridge Corporation,  
Mr. Kane has received Mr.  
Thatcher's telegram. Mr. Kane  
does not believe, however, that  
the collapse of that  
institution, or the arrest of  
its officers, will severely  
affect the general financial  
welfare of the common people of  
this country. Mr. Kane further  
believes that it is well within  
the resources of Mr. Thatcher  
and his associates, should they  
so desire, to repair any losses  
suffered by the investors in  
this or any other of their  
corporations.

He swallows very hard. The bankers are staring at him.

THATCHER (cont'd)

Yes, I understand. But isn't  
it possible --

(he is pleading  
now)

isn't there some way --

THATCHER, JR.

If he'd wait for a few days --

THATCHER

If I could only talk to Mr.  
Kane, I think I could --

(he interrupts  
himself)

Very well. Good-bye.

He hangs up the 'phone slowly.

THATCHER (cont'd)

(softly, but  
with passion)

The cheap, dirty rattlesnake.  
I've always known --

THATCHER, JR.

It's no use, father. You're  
just upsetting yourself.

(CONTINUED)

THATCHER

It's personal with him, that's what it is. He's hated me from the moment he set eyes on me. I've never done anything to him. I turned his fortune over to him in a better condition than...

(he is starting  
to get very  
excited)

Why, when I was his guardian, I took the loss myself on joint investments that didn't turn out as well as I expected!

(he interrupts  
himself)

You'd think I'd taken things from him -- instead of given him things.

THATCHER, JR.

Father, please!

He rises. The other bankers do likewise.

THATCHER, JR. (cont'd)

Gentlemen, we'll meet in my office -- in the morning -- I'll call Washington tonight --

They start to leave.

THATCHER

(interrupts)

It's not the money -- and Kane knows it. He's getting even with me for something. No matter how often he's attacked me and hurt me, he's never been satisfied. I'm an old man now. Why doesn't he let me alone? Why doesn't he --

(CONTINUED)

He starts to cough and choke. Thatcher Jr. goes to his side, but the nurse shoves him off as she puts her arm about her patient. Thatcher has recovered. He takes a last look at the 'phone before he lets himself be led from the room.

THATCHER, JR.

(touching  
his shoulder)

Come on, father. You'd better get some sleep. We'll straighten out what we can in the morning.

DISSOLVE

Miss Anderson, behind her desk.

Thompson, his hat in his hand, almost as before, is standing in front of her.

MISS ANDERSON

You have enjoyed a very rare privilege, young man. Did you find what you were looking for?

THOMPSON

No.

(he lowers his  
voice)

I'm trying to find out something about --

(he smiles when  
the idea occurs  
to him. He  
bends over and  
whispers in her  
ear)

You're not Rosebud, are you?

MISS ANDERSON

What?

THOMPSON

I didn't think you were. Well, thanks for the use of the hall.

He puts his hat on his head and starts out, lighting a cigarette as he does. Miss Anderson, scandalized, watches him as he goes.

FADE OUT

THE "ENQUIRER" SKY SCRAPER (Shown in March of Time)

DISSOLVE

BERNSTEIN back of his desk, in an enormous office. On the wall behind him is a cabinet photo of Kane, in old age, surmounted by crossed American flags. Bernstein himself, always an under-sized Jew, now seems even smaller than in his youth. He is bald as an egg, spry, with remarkably intense eyes. Thompson is seated alongside the desk.

THOMPSON

I hate to be taking up your time like this, Mr. Bernstein, I know you're a busy man.

BERNSTEIN

(wryly)

Who's a busy man? Me? I'm Chairman of the Board. I've nothing but time...

THOMPSON

(still explaining)

It's just that you were associated with Mr. Kane from the very beginning, and that's why I felt --

BERNSTEIN

From before the beginning, young fellow.

(gets up and starts to walk around the room)

And now it's after the end.

(turns to Thompson)

That, maybe, would be a good slant for you. From before the beginning to after the end. The greatest newspaper man that ever lived!

THOMPSON

I told you -- we're not so much interested in additional data about Mr. Kane as -- well -- Mr. Rawlston feels that maybe, if we can find out what he meant by that last word -- as he was dying --

(CONTINUED)

BERNSTEIN

That Rosebud? It's got me wondering myself. I was closer to him than -- well, there wasn't anybody closer -- and I never heard him use that word -- nor anything like it! Maybe some girl, you think? There were a lot of them back in the early days and --

THOMPSON

Mr. Raulston thinks that quite unlikely.

(quickly)

That is, for it to have been some girl he just knew casually and then remembered after fifty years.

BERNSTEIN

You're pretty young, Mr. --

(he remembers the name)

-- Mr. Thompson. A fellow will remember things you wouldn't think he'd remember. You take me. One day, back in 1896, I was crossing over to Jersey on a ferry and as we pulled out there was another ferry pulling in --

(slowly)

-- and on it there was a girl waiting to get off. A white dress she had on -- and she was carrying a white parasol -- and I only saw her for one second and she didn't see me at all -- but I'll bet a month hasn't gone by since then that I haven't thought of that girl.

(triumphantly)

See what I mean?

THOMPSON

That's just it, Mr. Bernstein. You have remembered that girl -- and you've thought of her -- all these years. I bet you've talked about her. But 'Rosebud' -- Mr. Kane never thought of her apparently, until he was dying. Consciously, I mean. She may have been in his sub-conscious, of course --

(CONTINUED)

BERNSTEIN

Conscious, sub-conscious! You  
one of those analytical fellows?

THOMPSON

(smiling)

Not exactly, but I do believe  
we're controlled more than we  
know by forces inside of ourselves  
that have no basis in -- in the  
realities we see and are aware of --

BERNSTEIN

(chuckling)

You talk like a fellow married  
my granddaughter, Charlotte.  
Every year I have to send him  
money to that college he is teaching  
at, he should be able to send the  
children back to New York for a  
visit.

(he smiles)

So what are you doing about  
'Rosebud', Mr. Thompson?

THOMPSON

I'm calling on people who knew  
Mr. Kane. I'm calling on you.

BERNSTEIN

Who else you been to see?

THOMPSON

Well, I went down to Atlantic City --

BERNSTEIN

I called her myself the day  
after he died. I thought maybe  
somebody ought to --

(sadly)

She couldn't even come to the  
'phone.

THOMPSON

You know why?

(CONTINUED)



BERNSTEIN

Sure, sure.

(he sighs)

How can you tell? Maybe she knows about 'Rosebud'.

THOMPSON

I'm going back there the end of the week.

BERNSTEIN

Who else did you see?

THOMPSON

I went through that stuff of Walter Thatcher's. That journal of his. That --

BERNSTEIN

Walter Thatcher! You thought that maybe Walter Thatcher --

THOMPSON

(smiling)

I didn't think I'd find an actual 'Rosebud'. No. But I did think that Thatcher, without knowing it, might have written something that --

Bernstein, who has started to look out of the window, turns around.

BERNSTEIN

Thatcher! That man was the greatest fool I ever met...

THOMPSON

He made an awful lot of money.

BERNSTEIN

It's no trick to make an awful lot of money if all you want is to make a lot of money.

(his eyes get reflective)

Thatcher!

(CONTINUED)

Bernstein looks out of the window and keeps on looking, seeming to see something as he talks.

BERNSTEIN (cont'd)

He never knew there was anything in the world but money. That kind of fellow you can fool every day in the week -- and twice on Sundays!

(reflectively)

The time he came to Rome for Mr. Kane's twenty-fifth birthday... You know, when Mr. Kane got full control of his own money... Such a fool like Thatcher -- I tell you, nobody's business!

DISSOLVE

A FURNISHED ROOM ON THE THIRD FLOOR OF A PENSION IN ROME,  
IN 1895

The dissolve has actually begun with the words, "the time he came to Rome," etc.)

Moonlight is coming in through the window, through which St. Peter's and such can be seen in the background. There is a pounding on the door. Bernstein, who has been asleep, wakes with a start. (He is in his early twenties, with an enormous head of hair which needs cutting badly.) There is a rat-a-ta-tat at the door, instantly repeated. Bernstein jumps out of bed, lights a lamp and opens the door. The pounding goes on throughout this. Kane, dressed as he was in the Thatcher scene, except that he has an elaborate cloak over his shoulders, enters.

KANE

(full of beans)

Good evening, Mr. Bernstein.

Good evening, Mr. Bernstein.

Good evening, Mr. Bernstein!

Bernstein, not yet completely awake, looks at him.

KANE (cont'd)

(enjoying himself)

Good evening, Mr. Bernstein

Good evening, Mr. Bernstein.

Good evening, Mr. Bernstein!

(CONTINUED)

BERNSTEIN

Please, Mr. Kane. Enough already  
good evening. Yes or no, Mr.  
Kane. Please, Mr. Kane.

Kane walks past him into the room, as Bernstein closes  
the door. He takes a book from under his arm. It is  
the book Thatcher had given him.

KANE

No home is really complete without  
this valuable volume, Mr. Bernstein.  
It's a little volume Mr. Thatcher  
brought me from America. He gave  
it to me this evening.

BERNSTEIN

Please, Mr. Kane. Yes or no,  
Mr. Kane? Please, Mr. Kane.

Kane holds it as long as he can, and then finally breaks  
into a wide smile.

KANE

Yes, Mr. Bernstein. But yes,  
Mr. Bernstein.

BERNSTEIN

You mean really --  
(he cannot finish  
the sentence, it  
is so important)

KANE

(his head still  
going up and down,  
and nodding in  
accompaniment to  
his words)  
I mean really, Mr. Bernstein.

BERNSTEIN

(suddenly screaming)  
Wheel

Kane and Bernstein throw their arms around each other and  
start to waltz around, madly. Bernstein is the first to  
stop. Kane sits down on the edge of the bed.

(CONTINUED)

BERNSTEIN

Was it tough?

KANE

(smiles)

Like taking candy from a kid.  
Let's run a series of articles  
on that some day, Mr. Bernstein.  
Sayings that don't make sense.  
Like, "Hard as taking candy from  
a kid." There's nothing easier  
than taking candy from a kid.

(he smiles)

Unless it's holding on to the  
"Enquirer" without letting  
Mr. Thatcher know it's the one  
thing in the world I care about...

BERNSTEIN

You're a genius, Mr. Kane!

KANE

I think so!

(reflectively)

Running into you in a Paris hotel  
lobby -- and deciding you were the  
man to help me give New York the  
kind of paper it ought to have.  
Yes, I think that's genius.

BERNSTEIN

Me, I get no credit at all, huh?  
For giving up the wholesale  
jewellery business so my whole  
family thinks I'm crazy -- so I  
can't tell them what I am doing --  
I suppose I --

KANE

What do you imagine Mr. Thatcher is  
going to say when he finds out  
you've been on my payroll for six  
months?

BERNSTEIN

So why does he have to find out?

KANE

So why indeed, Mr. Bernstein.

(CONTINUED)

Kane is still sitting on the bed. Bernstein is at his trunk, rummaging through all kinds of suits, shirts, etc., to take out two large files securely hidden underneath them. These he now undoes and scatters over the hotel-room floor. They are copies, respectively, of the "Enquirer" and the "New York Chronicle." The "Enquirer" is a ladylike, sissified paper which, with its deadliness of makeup, its single-column headlines, its lack of illustrations, dares you to read it. The "Chronicle" is a flamboyant, aggressive paper, with comparatively large headlines -- though the largest only covers two columns -- and a two-column sketch by a staff artist.

BERNSTEIN

They came last night, Mr. Kane.

KANE

On the same boat that brought Mr. Thatcher, I imagine.

(he grins and  
takes the  
"Enquirer" from  
Bernstein)

If I lived in New York, they  
couldn't get me to read this paper  
of mine for a bonus of fifty dollars  
a copy.

BERNSTEIN

Say, for fifty dollars a copy --  
but that's the way they all are,  
only not the "Chronicle." That  
fellow that owns the "Chronicle" --  
Mr. Benton his name is --

KANE

I think perhaps we can teach Mr.  
Benton a thing or two!

(he takes the  
copy of the  
"Chronicle")

To start with, why only a two-column  
headline? Why not clear across  
the page?

BERNSTEIN

If the news is big enough.

KANE

If the headline's big enough, it  
makes the news big enough.

(CONTINUED)

Bernstein is digging into the trunk again and comes up with a handful of closely written pages of paper.

BERNSTEIN

The reason I stayed in Manchester longer than I thought, Mr. Kane -- the fellow asked me for more time to get up his estimate. One press for sixty thousand copies an hour, that's one thing -- ten presses -- well, he said to tell whoever was buying them --

(he smiles)

-- he said to tell you you're crazy. Not you he didn't say -- but whoever is buying them is crazy, he said.

Kane has barely heard all this. He is still looking at the "Chronicle."

KANE

There's twice as many stories on the front page here as on the "Enquirer." We ought to start with ten times as many.

BERNSTEIN

(looking at another page in his hand)

About that color process for the comic sections, Mr. Kane, don't you really think we ought to wait for --

KANE

(sharply)

For someone else to do them first, Mr. Bernstein?

BERNSTEIN

No. Only it's going to cost so much and how do we know -- just for a trial order, Mr. Kane, that fellow in Braslaw wants I should give him a draft for ten thousand dollars a week from Saturday, or call off the whole deal. Myself, I really think --

(CONTINUED)

KANE

He'll have his draft, Mr. Bernstein!

(smiles).

Money'll be a little easier to get now anyway. No more fake parties or fake masterpieces. I don't have to invent excuses now for money, Mr. Bernstein.

BERNSTEIN

We keep on, you'll have to invent money maybe.

He looks smilingly, but with an inner concern, at Kane. Kane, with a broad smile on his face, closes his right eye in a large and elaborate wink.

DISSOLVE

THE EXTERIOR OF THE OLD "ENQUIRER" BUILDING

(The same shot as in "March of Time," but this is the real thing, not a still.) A hansom cab comes into the scene. In it are Kane, a year older than in the preceding scene, and Leland, who is Kane's age. He is more intellectual, more introvert, than Kane. They are both dressed like New York dandies. It is a warm summer day. Kane jumps from the cab, as Leland follows more slowly.

KANE

(pointing with his stick)

Take a look at it, Brad. I've got a feeling it's going to look different one of these days!

He is boisterously radiant. Brad agrees with a thoughtful smile. As they start across the sidewalk toward the building, which then they enter, a delivery wagon draws up and takes the place vacated by the cab. In its open back, almost buried by a bed, bedding, trunks, framed pictures, etc., is Bernstein, who climbs out with difficulty.

BERNSTEIN

(to the driver)

Come on! I'll give you a hand with this stuff.

(CONTINUED)

DRIVER

There ain't no bedroom in this joint. That's a newspaper building.

BERNSTEIN

You're getting paid, mister, for opinions -- or for hauling?

THE FRONT HALF OF THE SECOND FLOOR OF THE "ENQUIRER" BLDG.

which constitutes one large city room. Despite the brilliant sunshine outside -- very little of it is actually getting into the room because the windows are small and narrow. The room is lit, dismally, by old-fashioned gas brackets. There are about a dozen tables and desks, of the old-fashioned type, not flat, available for reporters. Two tables, on a raised platform at the end of the room, obviously serve the city room executives. As Kane and Leland enter the room an elderly, stout gent, on the raised platform, strikes a bell and the other eight occupants of the room -- all men -- rise and face the new arrivals. Carter, the elderly stout gent, in formal clothes, rises and starts toward them.

CARTER

Welcome, Mr. Kane, to the "Enquirer."  
I am Herbert Carter.

KANE

Thank you, Mr. Carter. This is  
Mr. Leland.

CARTER

(bowing)  
How do you do, Mr. Leland?

KANE

(pointing to the  
standing  
reporters)  
Are they standing for me?

CARTER

I thought it would be a nice  
gesture...the new publisher...

(CONTINUED)



KANE

(grinning)  
Ask them to sit down.

CARTER

You may resume your work,  
gentlemen.

(to Kane)

If you will have seats at the  
city desk, please -- I didn't know  
your plans and so I was unable to  
make any preparations.

KANE

I don't know my plans myself.

They are following Carter to his raised platform.

KANE (cont'd)

As a matter of fact, I haven't  
got any. Except to get out a  
newspaper.

There is a terrific crash at the doorway. They all turn  
to see Bernstein sprawled at the entrance. A roll of  
bedding, a suitcase and two framed pictures were too much  
for him.

KANE (cont'd)

Oh, Mr. Bernstein!

Bernstein looks up.

KANE (cont'd)

If you would come here a moment,  
please, Mr. Bernstein?

Bernstein rises and comes over, tidying himself as he comes.

KANE (cont'd)

Mr. Carter, this is Mr. Bernstein.  
Mr. Bernstein is my general manager.

CARTER

(frigidly)  
How do you do, Mr. Bernstein.

(CONTINUED)

BERNSTEIN  
How are you?

KANE  
You've got a private office  
here, haven't you?

The delivery wagon driver has now appeared in the entrance  
with parts of the bedstead and other furniture. He is  
looking about, a bit bewildered.

CARTER  
(motioning)  
My little sanctum is at your  
disposal, Mr. Kane.

There is a room with an open door to the left of the  
raised platform.

CARTER (cont'd)  
But I don't think I understand --

KANE  
I intend to live right here.  
(reflectively)  
As long as I have to.

CARTER  
But a morning newspaper, Mr. Kane --  
after all, we're practically closed  
for twelve hours a day -- except  
for the business offices --

KANE  
That's one of the things I think may  
be changed, Mr. Carter. The news  
goes on for twenty-four hours a  
day.

Bernstein has moved back to the door to retrieve the  
bedding, etc.

KANE (cont'd)  
Let's go, Mr. Carter.  
(loudly)  
Oh, Mr. Bernstein, let's move  
everything into the sanctum.

(CONTINUED)

BERNSTEIN

Huh?

KANE

The sanctum! The sanctum!  
(he indicates the door)

BERNSTEIN

(relieved)

Oh!

Carter, Kane and Leland start toward the sanctum.

DISSOLVE

KANE, IN HIS SHIRT SLEEVES, at a roll top desk in the sanctum. Carter, still formally coated, is seated alongside him. Leland, seated in a corner, is looking on, detached, amused. The furniture has been pushed around and Kane's effects are somewhat in place. On a corner of the desk, Bernstein is writing down figures. No one pays any attention to him.

KANE

I'm not criticizing, Mr. Carter, but here's what I mean. That front page story of the "Chronicle's," about --  
(he looks to make sure  
of the names)

-- Mrs. Harry Silverstone who's been absent from her home for two months, with talk among the neighbors she's been murdered. Why didn't the "Enquirer" have that this morning?

CARTER

(stiffly)

Because we're running a newspaper, Mr. Kane, not a scandal sheet.

KANE

(calmly)

Only the people who get their names in it call it a scandal sheet, Mr. Carter. The editor never does.

(CONTINUED)

CARTER

(hotly)

As a matter of fact, we sent one of our men to see this Mr. -- this Mr. Silverstone yesterday afternoon.

(triumphantly)

He even arrived before the "Chronicle" reporter. The truth, Mr. Kane, is that Mr. Silverstone flatly denied that his wife was murdered. She received a telegram two months ago that her mother in Ohio was ill and left hurriedly to be with her. The story in the "Chronicle" is a cheap fabrication.

KANE

(smiling a bit)

The story in the "Chronicle" doesn't say she's murdered, Mr. Carter. It says the neighbors have been getting suspicious and some of them seem to think there's more there than meets the eye.

CARTER

(stiffly)

It's not the function of the "Enquirer" to report the gossip of housewives. If we were interested in that kind of thing, Mr. Kane, we could fill the paper twice over daily --

KANE

(gently)

That's the kind of thing we are going to be interested in from now on, Mr. Carter.

(suddenly, his finger pointing to an "Enquirer" front page paragraph)

Do you believe that the election of officers, last night, at the American Historical Society is going to make people go without their breakfasts to get to the news-stands?

CARTER

The American Historical Society is one of the oldest institutions in America. Founded in 1693 by Phineas Cortland --

(CONTINUED)

Kane bursts into enormous laughter. Carter is bewildered. Leland smiles.

KANE

Until Mr. Cortland sues, we won't run any more reports of the meetings of his society, Mr. Carter. Right now, I wish you would send your best man up to see Mr. Silverstone. Have him tell Mr. Silverstone if he doesn't produce his wife at once, the "Enquirer" will have him arrested.

(he gets an idea)

Have him tell Mr. Silverstone he's a detective from the Central Office. If Mr. Silverstone asks to see his badge, your man is to get indignant and call Mr. Silverstone an anarchist. Loudly so that the neighbours can hear.

CARTER

Really, Mr. Kane, I can't see that the function of a respectable newspaper --

Kane isn't listening to him.

KANE

Oh, Mr. Bernstein!

Bernstein looks up from his figures.

KANE

I've just made a shocking discovery. The "Enquirer" is without a telephone. Have two installed at once!

BERNSTEIN

I ordered six already this morning! Got a discount!

Kane looks at Leland with a fond nod of his head at Bernstein. Leland grins back. Mr. Carter, meantime, has risen stiffly and started to leave the room with his papers under his arm.

(CONTINUED)

KANE

Oh, Mr. Carter!

Carter stops and turns.

KANE (cont'd)

Mr. Bernstein will give you the details of the new photo engraving plant tomorrow morning.

CARTER

Our readers don't want photo engravings, Mr. Kane!

KANE

How do you know?

CARTER

(triumphantly)

Photo engravings are identified with the "Chronicle" type of paper. Decent people don't take the "Chronicle." When you see the letters we get congratulating us --

KANE

If every one of our subscribers wrote a letter, Mr. Carter, that would be twenty-six thousand letters. Not enough. The "Enquirer" is to be run to sell papers, not to get mail. We're prepared to sell papers even to indecent people.

CARTER

But, Mr. Kane --

KANE

That'll be all today, Mr. Carter. We'll have another meeting of minds, you and I, tomorrow. You've been most understanding today.

Carter, with a look that runs just short of apoplexy, leaves the room, closing the door behind him.

LELAND

The poor fellow! He must have aged twenty years in this one day!

KANE

I've enquired about him. He's  
no worse than any of the rest.

(he shakes  
his head)

What makes these fellows think  
that a newspaper is something  
rigid, something inflexible,  
that people are supposed to  
take on its own terms -- that  
they're supposed to pay two  
cents for --

BERNSTEIN

(without  
looking up)

Three cents.

KANE

(calmly)

Two cents.

Bernstein lifts his head and looks at Kane. Kane gazes  
back at him.

BERNSTEIN

(tapping on  
the paper)

But this is all figured at  
three cents a copy.

KANE

Re-figure it, Mr. Bernstein,  
at two cents.

BERNSTEIN

All right, but I'll keep these  
figures, too, just in case.

(he gets up)

I'm going down to the composing  
room. Mr. Leland, if Mr. Kane he  
should decide to cut the price to  
one cent, or maybe even he should  
make up his mind to give the paper  
away with a half-pound of tea --  
you'll just hold him until I get  
back, won't you?

LELAND

I'm not guaranteeing a thing,  
Mr. Bernstein. You people work  
too fast for me! Talk about  
new brooms!

BERNSTEIN

(to Kane)

Who said anything about brooms?

KANE

It's a saying, Mr. Bernstein.  
A new broom sweeps clean.

BERNSTEIN

Oh!

KANE

What about dinner, Brad?

LELAND

A very worth-while suggestion.  
They tell me there's a chop  
house around here that --

KANE

(accusingly)

Brad! No more of those chop  
houses for -- for people in the  
know -- those little places on  
the Left Bank that only the  
French go to!

(he smiles)

As a rule of life, Brad, when  
you've got the money, you go to  
the best places. For one very  
good reason. They cost so much --  
because they are the best. Guess  
where we're having dinner?

LELAND

(sadly)

Rector's.

BERNSTEIN

When you pay your cheque, Mr.  
Kane, I've got a notion for you.

(aggressively)

Name me one good reason why  
Rector's they shouldn't  
advertise in the "Enquirer."

DISSOLVE OUT



DISSOLVE IN

THE PRIMITIVE COMPOSING AND PRESS ROOM

The ground floor with the windows on the street - of the "Enquirer." It is almost midnight by an old-fashioned clock on the wall. Grouped around a large table, on which are several locked forms of type, very old-fashioned, of course, but true to the period -- are Kane and Leland in elegant evening clothes, Bernstein, unchanged from the afternoon, and Smathers, the composing room foreman, nervous and harassed.

SMATHERS

It's impossible, Mr. Kane. We can't re-make these pages. We go to press in five minutes.

KANE

These pages aren't made up as I want them, Mr. Smathers. The front page is positively repulsive.

(quietly)

Let's re-make these pages, Mr. Smathers. We'll have to publish a half hour late, that's all.

SMATHERS

(as though

Kane were

talking Greek)

We can't re-make them, Mr. Kane. We go to press in five minutes.

Kane sighs, unperturbed, as he reaches out his hand and shoves the forms off the table on to the floor, where they scatter into hundreds of bits.

KANE

You can re-make them now, can't you, Mr. Smathers?

Smathers' mouth opens wider and wider. Bradford and Bernstein are grinning.

(CONTINUED)

KANE (cont'd)

After the type has been re-set  
and the pages have been re-made  
according to the way I told you  
before, Mr. Smathers, kindly  
have proofs pulled and bring  
them to my office. Then, if I  
can't find any way to improve  
them again --

(almost as if  
reluctantly)

I suppose we'll have to go to  
press.

He starts out of the room followed by Leland.

BERNSTEIN

(to Smathers)

In case you don't understand,  
Mr. Smathers -- he's a new  
broom!

KANE AND BRADFORD ENTERING THE SANCTUM - It is gas-lit,  
as, of course, is the city room which can be seen for  
a moment before Kane closes the door. Almost instantly,  
he starts to undress. The bed has been made. A large  
screen cuts off a corner of the room where are located  
his clothes, etc., (he finally plays the scene in his  
dress trousers and undershirt).

KANE

Tired, Brad?

LELAND

(nodding)

It's been a strenuous day.

KANE

(a little  
irritated)

It's been a wasted day.

LELAND

Charles! You've accomplished  
more --

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

BB

KANE

All surface things. Changes in type, in make-up, in treatment -- that's not what I'm after. There's something I've got to get into the very heart of this paper -- something basic, something essential -- that will make it not just a piece of blackened news-print, that people can read or not with no difference either way -- something that will be as necessary and important a part of their lives as -- as the air they breathe.

He seems to be seeing a vision of some kind.

LELAND

That's a pretty ambitious order, Charles.

KANE

If I don't fill that order, I'll be a failure. I might just as well take the money and buy a yacht -- or try to break the bank at Monte Carlo -- or keep a racing stable -- or do any of the things Thatcher thought I'd do with my money.

He is in his trouser pants and underwear now, and sits down at the desk. He draws a piece of paper toward him.

KANE (cont'd)

How about it, Brad? Too tired for --

It's something Leland is to understand, obviously, and Leland shakes his head.

KANE (cont'd)

Good.

(he writes)

'Declaration of Purpose.' I think it ought to run Sunday. That will give us a chance to polish it tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

LELAND

(anxiously)

You're not going to try  
to make it elegant?

KANE

(shaking his  
head, writing)

I have undertaken the active  
management of the "Enquirer"  
with one purpose and one only.

LELAND

'And one only' is redundant.

KANE

(smilingly)

That's to make it clear to the  
people who don't get things on  
first bounce. All right - I'll  
take it out! I will provide  
the people of this city with a  
daily paper that will not only  
present all the news immediately  
and honestly, but that will also  
provide them with a fighting  
and tireless champion of their  
rights as citizens and human  
beings.

He looks at Leland.

LELAND

(nodding slowly)

Excellent. But that's the  
second sentence you've started  
with 'I'.

KANE

Intentionally. There'll be no  
more 'the editor begs to advise,'  
or 'the "Enquirer" is in a position  
to state,' on this paper. People  
are going to know who's responsible.  
The news will be presented as  
simply and as entertainingly as  
possible. No special interests  
will be allowed to stand in the  
way of that presentation. The  
only special interests that will  
be recognized by the "Enquirer"  
are the interests of the people  
of this city, this state, this  
country. The "Enquirer" will  
never learn the meaning of the  
word 'compromise.'

(CONTINUED)

LELAND

I think --

(slowly)

- if there were only some way, when that's printed, to make people know -- as I know -- that you mean it --

KANE

It won't take long before they know I mean it.

LELAND

(trying to hide

his self-

consciousness)

I wonder if you'd let me have that paper, Charles?

KANE

But I'm going to have it printed.

LELAND

I know. I'll copy it -- I'd like to keep that particular piece of paper myself. I've got a feeling that some day it may be among the important papers --

(he can't quite

get the right

word)

- of our time.

(he is getting

a little

ashamed of his

genuineness)

A document. Like the

Declaration of Independence --

Kane is looking at him, a little pained himself by this kind of talk.

LELAND (cont'd)

-- and the Constitution --

(he smiles)

and my first report card at Brookfield....

(CONTINUED)

Kane smiles back at him. They both know that they half believe in the possibility of what Bradford has said, because they both know the genuineness of the document's intent. Kane rises and goes to the window, handing the paper to Bradford as he does. From the window can be seen the New York sky-line. Conspicuous because of its great height, all of twenty stories, is the "Chronicle" building, a few blocks away. Its enormous dome is illumined and black letters against the dome spell out "C H R O N I C L E."

DISSOLVE

BENTON'S OFFICE IN THE CHRONICLE - Benton is at his desk, correcting proofs. It is shortly after midnight. Benton is a lean, hard, powerful, middle-aged gent. Compared with Carter's sanctum, his office is almost moderne. The whole feel of the office, as well as of the man, is that he is a hundred years ahead of Carter. Benton looks up as the door opens -- on the frosted glass is to be read -

"F. W. BENTON, Publisher"

and a much more vital, youthful and buzzing city room is momentarily glimpsed. Reilly enters -- a tall, sharp-featured gent, with glasses.

REILLY

Here are the morning papers, Mr. Benton. They're having some trouble down at the "Enquirer." They won't be on the street for another hour.

BENTON

(smiling)

Young Mr. Kane is finding out that it's not as easy as he thought, I guess. At that, he's done well -- I'd have predicted he wouldn't publish at all -- his first day of active ownership.

REILLY

(smugly)

It wouldn't make so much difference if the "Enquirer" didn't publish, Mr. Benton.

(CONTINUED)

BENTON

Not a lot. It's a bad paper --  
and if the young man thinks he's  
going to get anywhere just by  
pouring money into that  
bottomless pit --

(he smiles)

- he'll find out his error.  
Every few years, somebody comes  
along under the delusion that  
publishing a successful paper  
is easy enough, if you just  
have enough money.

The smile becomes wider, as if addressing somebody.

BENTON (cont'd)

There isn't enough money --  
for amateurs, Mr. Kane.

DISSOLVE

CARTER'S SANCTUM - It is just dawn. Present are Kane --  
still in dress trousers and undershirt, Bernstein and  
Carter. The floor of the room is covered with the  
front pages of the New York morning newspapers. (Six  
in number, including the "Enquirer"). Kane and Bernstein,  
nearly flat on their stomachs, are fresh. Carter,  
bending over to watch, is almost out on his feet.

KANE

It's not that these other  
papers are covering the news  
better than we are, Mr. Carter.

(he indicates  
them)

It's that the "Enquirer" can  
in no sense of the word even  
be called a newspaper at all.

CARTER

(almost  
punch-drunk)

The "Enquirer" has an old and  
honored tradition, Mr. Kane  
that has survived when many  
other, apparently more  
successful papers, have gone  
under. The "Enquirer" is not  
in competition --

(he is quite  
contemptuous)

- with these other rags.

(CONTINUED)

BERNSTEIN

We should be publishing such  
rags, that's all I wish. Why,  
the "Enquirer" -- I wouldn't  
wrap up the liver for the cat  
in the "Enquirer" --

CARTER

(enraged)

Mr. Kane, I must ask you to cea  
to it that this -- this person  
learns to control his tongue.

Kane looks up.

CARTER (cont'd)

(continuing)

I've been a newspaper man my  
whole life and I don't intend --

(he starts to  
splutter)

-- if it is your intention  
that I should continue to be  
harassed by this -- this --

(he's real  
sore)

I warn you, Mr. Kane, it would  
go against my grain to desert  
you when you need me so badly --  
but I would feel obliged to ask  
that my resignation be accepted.

KANE

(leaping to  
his feet)

It is accepted, Mr. Carter, with  
assurances of my deepest regret.

CARTER

But Mr. Kane, I meant --

KANE

I appreciate your attitude, Mr.  
Carter, I really do, but I  
wouldn't think of keeping you  
here when you're so unhappy.  
We can't have unhappy people  
here, can we, Mr. Bernstein?

(CONTINUED)



BERNSTEIN

No unhappy people. Positively  
no unhappy people!

He turns away from Carter, who is open-mouthed, to  
look at the pile of papers on the top of which is the  
"Chronicle."

BERNSTEIN (cont'd)

When I look at the "Enquirer" --  
and then I look at those other  
papers -- I'm so unhappy I want  
to kill myself, Mr. Kane!

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

A MONTAGE OF VARIOUS SCENES

Indicating the growth of the "Enquirer" under the impulse of Kane's personal drive. Kane is shown, thus, at various duties: at his desk, signing checks, on the raised platform, in the city room, working on headlines, tearing up one attempt after another; breaking through a small street crowd in the middle of which a cop and a prisoner can be seen; on the edge of a big fire, with photographers (with old-fashioned cameras) -- seizing a camera and rushing nearer to the fire with it, into a position of obvious danger, in full evening dress; pointing with his finger at something he doesn't like in a cartoon being shown to him by an artist. SUPERIMPOSED on this montage is the word "CIRCULATION" throughout, with underneath it in figures, changing, 26,000 to 11,000, to 21,000, to 32,000, to 62,000. As this last figure appears, the montage ends with a painter on the side of a wall, putting the last zero on the 62,000 figure.

DISSOLVE

BENTON'S OFFICE

Kane, at ease, is in a chair facing Benton, who is at his desk.

BENTON

In brief, Mr. Kane, I'm prepared to give you a half million dollars for the "Enquirer."

KANE

That's a coincidence. I'm prepared to give you a half million dollars for the "Chronicle."

BENTON

That's absurd.

KANE

Precisely.

(he smiles)

But I'll always remember you fondly, Mr. Benton. I've never made a penny in my life, myself -- maybe I never will -- but it's going to be nice to remember that there was someone once who was prepared to give me a profit.

(CONTINUED)

BENTON

I see no reason to pretend.  
You're the smartest man that's  
come into New York journalism  
in my time. The only smart man.

KANE

(half bows. He  
gets to his feet)  
Mr. Benton, you're turning my  
head.

BENTON

I'd like to -- all the way round.

Kane is edging toward the window.

BENTON (cont'd)

And if what you're doing is  
delicately manoeuvring to get  
me to join you at that window  
and look out -- don't bother  
I've seen you little message.

KANE

(turning toward  
him)  
Has it been irritating you?

BENTON

(getting up)  
Yes.  
(he walks over  
toward Kane)  
Rather an expensive joke, isn't  
it?

KANE

I'm never bothered by expense --  
as long as I feel I'm getting  
my money's worth.

He looks out of the window. Benton, after a quick look  
at him, also looks out of the window.

THE BLANK WALL OF A THREE STORY BUILDING

Separated from the "Chronicle" Building by a vacant lot. The whole side is covered -- a painter on a cradle is just finishing the last zero of the bottom line -- with a sign:

R E A D

T H E "E N Q U I R E R"

NEW YORK'S FINEST

CIRCULATION

62,000

BENTON'S OFFICE

KANE

(with mock concern)

Isn't it terrible how advertisements get dated; Mr. Benton? I ordered that sign three days ago. Our circulation this morning was over seventy-one thousand.

BENTON

Very good! The "Chronicle's" circulation is four hundred and thirty thousand this morning.

KANE

Four hundred and twenty-eight thousand, six hundred and nineteen.

(he smiles)

We expect to pass you in about a year. Should you lose circulation -- it will be sooner.

Benton turns to look at Kane. His eyes are bellicose. Kane meets his gaze, but easily and guilelessly.

BENTON

(angry)

Just because you've learnt a few of the elementary tricks of publishing -- and happen to have stumbled upon one or two important stories --

(CONTINUED)

KANE

Exactly. My luck can scarcely keep up. I know that. I'm just curious to see how long it will!

BENTON

You're going to need more than luck.

KANE

I know. But I mustn't keep you any longer, Mr. Benton --

He walks toward the door, Benton at his side.

BENTON

This may interest you, Mr. Kane.

He indicates a framed photograph, a foot or two from the door. In it are nine men, with Benton proudly in the center of the first row. Kane looks at it politely.

BENTON (cont'd)

That's my executive and editorial council. They're the outstanding newspapermen of New York City -- of America. A newspaper isn't a one-man job, Mr. Kane.

KANE

(looking at  
the picture)  
It certainly isn't.

BENTON

Why don't you reconsider my offer, Mr. Kane? If it's a question of terms, we surely won't have any difficulty. There's really no reason why you and I --

KANE

(very mildly)  
I'll just have to find out my errors for myself, I'm afraid, Mr. Benton. And to tell the truth, a fight'll do me good. I'm too cocky.

He opens the door and leaves the room, closing the door behind him. The CAMERA REMAINS on the wall photograph, which he was continuing to examine until the moment of his exit.

DISSOLVE IN

NINE MEN, ARRAYED AS IN THE PHOTOGRAPH

But with Kane beaming in the center of the first row. (The men, variously with moustaches, beards, bald heads, etc., are easily identified as being the same men.) As the CAMERA PULLS BACK, it is revealed that they are being photographed -- by an old type professional photographer, big box, black hood and all -- in a corner of the city room of the "Enquirer." It is 1:30 at night. Desks etc., have been pushed against the wall. Running down the center of the room is a long banquet table, at which twenty diners have finished their meals. The eleven remaining at their seats -- these include Bernstein and Leland -- are amusedly watching the photographic ceremonies.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER

That's all. Thank you, gentlemen.

The photographic subject rise.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER (cont'd)

A dozen copies, Mr. Kane?

KANE

Yes..

(a sudden  
thought)

I'll tell you -- make up an extra one and mail it to Mr. Theodore Benton, c/o the "Chronicle." Write across it, "Should auld acquaintance..." No, never mind that. I think he'll understand.

Chuckling and beaming, he makes his way to his place at the head of the table. The others have already sat down. Kane gets his guests' attention by rapping on the table with a knife.

KANE (cont'd)

Gentlemen of the "Enquirer." It has, I feel, been good for us all to have dined together at this magnificent feast --

He catches the eye of a captain standing a little way down the table.

(CONTINUED)

KANE (cont'd)

-- provided by my good friend, Mr. Rector. This has, I think, been a fitting welcome to those distinguished gentlemen --

(he indicates  
the eight men)

-- those latest additions to our ranks -- who have at last decided to abandon amateur journalism and come to work on the "Enquirer" instead. It will make them happy, as it will the rest of us, to learn that the "Enquirer's" circulation this morning passed the two hundred thousand mark.

BERNSTEIN

Two hundred and one thousand,  
six hundred and forty-seven.

General applause.

KANE

And to you gentlemen this evening - I have this to say: Everyone of you is receiving a higher salary in his job than is paid on any other paper in this city. You are not only free to handle your own departments as you see fit -- but I prefer it that way. Your contracts are your best guarantee that you won't find yourselves unemployed because of a difference of opinion with --

(he smiles)

-- with an inexperienced and immature boss! Should your immature boss, however, occasionally display his... retarded adolescence -- I believe that's what Mr. Benton called it in his paper the other day -- you know that you will be paid in full for the next two years, come what may! None of you has been hired because of his loyalty. It's your talent I'm interested in. The talent that's going to make the "Enquirer" the kind of paper I want - the best Newspaper in the city!

Applause.

(CONTINUED)

KANE (cont'd)

(his manner  
becomes very  
serious)

With this in mind, gentlemen,  
I have prepared, and will read  
to you tonight, a little  
treatise on "the newspaper --  
its nature, its history, its  
purpose and its duty."

Reilly, sitting next to him, hands him a closely written  
manuscript of at least sixty pages. He looks through it  
a bit as the guests, in fear and bewilderment, stare  
uneasily. His manner is increasingly sober, befitting the  
change in the nature of the dinner. He starts to read.

KANE (cont'd)

The daily newspaper, in one  
form or another, is as old as  
civilization itself. There is  
ample evidence that among the  
Phoenicians --

(he interrupts  
himself)

-- a brief history of the  
attitude of the Phoenicians on  
the general subject of news and  
news gathering may not be  
without interest. For instance,  
it is recorded by the historian  
Herodotus --

(he stops to  
look over the  
table. Suddenly  
his face bursts  
into a smile)

You didn't really think I was  
going to make you listen to  
this tripe, did you?

With his left hand, he hurls the manuscript into the air,  
the pages scattering over the table and on the floor,  
while he inserts two fingers of his right hand into his  
mouth and lets out a shrill whistle. This is clearly a  
signal, because a split second later a concealed  
orchestra breaks into a lively tune, and sixteen  
magnificent maidens, as daringly arrayed as possible in  
the chorus costumes of the period, file into the room  
and go into their dance. (The rest of this episode will,  
and should be planned and staged later. Its essence is  
that Kane is just a healthy and happy young man having a  
wonderful time.) He hums a tune for a moment, and then  
cuts out on to the floor with the ladies, eight of them on  
each arm. Leland smilingly declines his invitation to  
join him. Bernstein, Reilly and one or two others, however,  
join in. Some of the girls are detached from the line and  
made into partners for individual dancing.

DISSOLVE OUT



INSERT

FRONT PAGES OF THE "ENQUIRER," with page-wide headlines, attacking the Traction Trust. It is bleeding the city white, it is making insane profits, it is collecting ten and fifteen cent fares, it is underpaying its employees.

DISSOLVE

INSERT

AN INSIDE PAGE OF THE "ENQUIRER." The lower half of the page is blank, except for -- within a black border -- "This space -- for eight years until this morning -- bought and paid for. by the Metropolitan Transfer and Street Railroads."

INSERT

ANOTHER INSIDE PAGE. The top half this time is blank, except for -- within a black border -- "this space, bought and paid for by Herbert Drake's Department Store. Mr. Drake is a director of Metropolitan Transfer and Street Railroads."

INSERT

ANOTHER INSIDE PAGE. The lower half is blank, except for -- within a black border -- "this space, bought and paid for -- for twenty-two years until this morning -- by Burbank, Jewellers. Mr. D. H. Burbank, and Mr. H. P. Burbank, are directors of Metropolitan Transfer and Street Railroads."

DISSOLVE

#### THE SWINGING DOORS OF A SALOON

A sign, illustrated with a goat's head, reads: BOCK'S BEER. The strains of "There'll Be a Hot Time In the Old Town Tonight," played by a small, crummy string orchestra begin to be heard.

DISSOLVE

#### A BOOTH IN THE SALOON

One of a number of booths along a wall, parallel to a long bar a few feet away. Numbers of men are drinking at the bar, conspicuously soldiers in Spanish-American War uniforms. The music continues. Kane, Leland and Bernstein are in a booth. Kane and Leland have cups of coffee in front of them. Leland is smoking a cigar, Kane a cigarette. Bernstein is still wrestling with a heavy meal.

(CONTINUED)

LELAND

I can't persuade you to go to the opening with me? Richard Mansfield in "Cyrano de Bergerac"?

KANE

I've got too much work to do, Brad.

BERNSTEIN

(without looking up)

Always he's got too much work to do. Never he misses an opening.

KANE

(frowns at him in mock annoyance)

However, this particular attraction doesn't begin until 8:30, does it?

BERNSTEIN

(still not looking up from his meal)

They all begin at 8:30. They've been beginning at 8:30 for years.

KANE

It so happens I could just get off in time for an 8:30 opening. Thank you so much, Brad.

(smiling at Bernstein, who is not looking at him)

It'll be a relief to get to the theatre for an evening. Especially sitting with a critic from one of the leading papers.

BERNSTEIN

(half choking)

Don't get me wrong, Mr. Kane. By me, I think you work too hard. I know you work too hard. Only --

(CONTINUED)

Bernstein is a bit exasperated.

BERNSTEIN (cont'd)

- what is it? Why every day  
this same thing? You don't  
think you can make it, you're  
sure you can't make it, well,  
come to think it over, maybe this  
once, because it's at 8:30 the  
curtain goes up, yes, you can  
make it --. I know. Mr. Leland  
knows. You know. Who are you  
fooling?

LELAND

You'll never learn the usages  
of polite society, will you,  
Bernstein?

BERNSTEIN

(looks from  
one to the  
other)

I got a grandmother would fit  
right in to that polite society  
you talk about. She's crazy  
too.

The men laugh.

BERNSTEIN (cont'd)

At least, when you were in Cuba,  
Mr. Leland, when Mr. Kane wanted  
to go to the theatre, he said he  
wanted to go to the theatre.

Now --

(he sums it up  
with a shrug)

KANE

(to Leland)

I can't teach him the art of  
being oblique about life.

(CONTINUED)

BERNSTEIN

(is annoyed at  
this word he  
doesn't understand)

I've got enough worries.  
Dragonette Brothers was in to  
see me this morning. He says  
yesterday he had quite a talk  
with the Vice-President at  
Thatcher's Bank. The fellow  
didn't really threaten him or  
anything, he said, but just  
told him polite like he didn't  
know if they could extend his  
notes next month or not. The  
way he was throwing money  
around, the fellow said.  
Advertising in the "Enquirer" --

KANE

Thatcher has you convinced he's  
a bogey-man, hasn't he,  
Mr. Bernstein?

BERNSTEIN

(explosively)

Bogey-man! You want to know  
what I think of Mr. Thatcher?  
I think --

LELAND

Now, now, Bernstein! Walter  
P. Thatcher is an empire builder.  
A captain of industry. One of  
the men who has made America  
what it is today. A man like  
Walter P. Thatcher --

As Leland begins, Bernstein is angrily prepared to answer  
him. He catches on, however, that he is being kidded.

BERNSTEIN

You've been reading the  
"Chronicle," Mr. Leland.

KANE

I make him do it, Mr. Bernstein.  
I'm educating him on what to  
avoid.

LELAND

As a reader of the "Chronicle,"  
I am rapidly becoming a member  
of an exclusive New York club.  
We fell under the three-hundred-  
thousand mark last week.

KANE

And Mr. Bernstein and I passed  
the four hundred thousand.  
(he is beaming)

BERNSTEIN

Only I am worried about the  
advertising, Mr. Kane. Oh, I  
know that the money isn't so  
terribly important to you --  
but you can't keep on forever  
running a paper at a loss. Even  
if you can afford it, it's not  
right. A paper that doesn't  
make money -- well, it's just  
not a paper.

KANE

(soberly)  
You're absolutely right,  
Mr. Bernstein.

BERNSTEIN

The way Mr. Thatcher's getting  
after us, I'm sometimes afraid --

KANE

Suppose I give you a reading,  
Mr. Bernstein, out of my crystal?  
(he lifts the  
heavy crockery  
coffee cup)

LELAND

Cassandra!

Bernstein, bewildered, looks from one to the other.

KANE

It says here -- in my crystal  
-- that Mr. Thatcher is doing  
all in his power to ruin us.  
He is bringing pressure on  
advertisers --

BERNSTEIN

For that you don't need a  
crystal.

(CONTINUED)

KANE

(continuing)

It says further in my crystal  
-- that Mr. Thatcher will cease  
and desist in his efforts, as of  
tonight. It says in my crystal  
-- that I'll be visited tomorrow  
-- by Mr. Taylor himself.

Leland looks up interestedly. Bernstein is hypnotized.

KANE (cont'd)

(proceeding)

Mr. Horatio Thorndyke Taylor,  
President of Metropolitan Transfer  
and Street Railroads.

BERNSTEIN

You should live so long! I  
mean it.

KANE

It says in my crystal that  
Mr. Taylor will threaten to  
ruin me. He will be polite and  
persuasive. He will scream and  
pound the desk. He will talk  
to me 'man to man.' And when  
he is through --

(he becomes

a little

aggressive)

-- let me tell you a couple of  
things, crystal. I'll say --

DISSOLVE

KANE BEHIND HIS DESK

Mr. Taylor, limp and beaten, is seated in front of him.

KANE

Mr. Taylor, I can't tell you  
how pleased I am that I've been  
able to convince you of the  
wisdom of my suggestions. I'm  
delighted that you and your  
associates propose to remedy the  
conditions of which the "Enquirer"  
has complained.

(calmly)

In return, I give you my word  
-- my word, I regret, will have  
to satisfy you -- (cont'd)

KANE (cont'd)

-- that the "Enquirer" will not publish the documents that have come into its possession. They will be carefully locked in the safe, against a day that I truly feel will never come. A day, for instance, on which you or your associates will have forgotten their existence.

Taylor opens his mouth to say something, but doesn't. His lips are dry. He wets them with his tongue.

KANE (cont'd)

If you were going to apologize for the harsh words you used earlier, Mr. Taylor, you needn't bother. I agree that it was underhanded to collect copies of your correspondence from the wastebaskets in your office. However, it was scarcely conceivable that you would have sent me the copies directly.

Taylor is choking but manages to control himself.

KANE (cont'd)

That's all, I think, Mr. Taylor.

(he rises,

forcing Taylor

to rise also)

And let me tell you, Mr. Taylor, you have made me very happy as a stockholder. I'll be delighted to get dividends again, Mr. Taylor. I'll be overjoyed to see my stock at par again, Mr. Taylor.

(suddenly)

Good-bye, Mr. Taylor.

Taylor breathes deeply and walks out of the office. Reilly, who has been sitting near the two men, taking notes, closes his book.

KANE (cont'd)

If you ever get to be head of a traction company, Reilly, you won't write incriminating letters to city and state officials, will you?

(CONTINUED)

REILLY

No, sir.

KANE

You'll find a check in your envelope this week, for your services in securing the correspondence Mr. Taylor was unwise enough to write.

(he smiles)

Reilly, I think this new invention -- this carbon paper -- may prove to be a mixed blessing to the business world.

DISSOLVE OUT



DISSOLVE IN

INSERT

"ENQUIRER" FRONT PAGE HEADLINES. The  
"Enquirer" has won the Traction fight.

DISSOLVE

INSERT

IN RAPID SUCCESSION, THE EQUIVALENT of  
the three half pages previously seen,  
only this time they carry the advertising  
that was omitted.

DISSOLVE

THE SIDE OF THE TEMPLE BUILDING. The sign reads:

R E A D

T H E " E N Q U I R E R "

THE PEOPLE'S PAPER

CIRCULATION

580,000

DISSOLVE

KANE'S OFFICE. Kane is very elegantly dressed. Present  
are Leland and Bernstein. (Kane is now about thirty)

KANE

I hate you, Bernstein, for  
pounding away at me in my weak  
moments and persuading me to  
take a vacation.

(he sits down)

I don't think I'll go.

BERNSTEIN

(takes it seriously)

Mr. Kane! You know what your  
doctor said. You're a man of  
iron, all right, but you can't  
keep this up. You have to get  
a change of scenery.

(CONTINUED)

KANE

(enjoying it)

You've worked just as hard as I have these past five years, and I refuse to admit that I'm not as strong as you are. You want to wrestle? Can you tap? (he dances a few steps)

BERNSTEIN

You make him go, Mr. Leland.

LELAND

He's going, Bernstein. He's going to spend a delightful summer in 'Paius,' France. He's going to the Louvre, and Napoleon's Tomb, and Versailles, and --

KANE

If you get reports of my being near any of those places, cable the Prefecture of Police and get me arrested. I'll be an impostor. I'm going to drink the wine of the country -- in the country -- and I'm going to sleep -- and I'm going to do some sailing off Brittany -- and I'm going to make a bicycle tour of Normandy --

BERNSTEIN

And in Paris, the Mademoiselles, eh?

KANE

I don't think so.

BERNSTEIN

If you're in Paris and no mademoiselles, Mr. Kane, I'll cable this -- this, what do you call it, this prefecture of police, and get you arrested. You will be an impostor. A fellow that when he's in New York --

(CONTINUED)

KANE

I apologize, Mr. Bernstein.  
I'll remain in character.

(he reaches  
out his hand)  
Goodbye, Mr. Bernstein.

BERNSTEIN

Goodbye.

KANE

I promise not to worry -- and  
not to try to get in touch  
with the paper -- and to forget  
all about the new feature section  
-- and not to try to think up  
new ideas for comic sections --  
and -- you don't expect me to  
keep any of my promises, do you,  
Mr. Bernstein?

BERNSTEIN

Certainly not.

KANE

(smiling)  
I'll see you downstairs in about  
five minutes, Brad.  
(he leaves)

DISSOLVE

BERNSTEIN AND KANE ENTERING THE CITY ROOM of the "Enquirer."  
It is obviously some time later. Kane, who really did look  
a bit peaked before, is now clear-eyed and tanned. He is  
wearing new English clothes. As they enter the room,  
Bernstein, practically walking sideways, is doing nothing  
but beaming and admiring Kane, quelling like a mother at the  
Carnegie Hall debut of her son.

The room is twice its former size, and yet not too large for  
all the desks and the people using them. (The whole floor,  
that is, is now a city room). The windows have been enlarged,  
providing a good deal more light and air. They stand at the  
entrance for a moment. A few people look up from their work,  
but nobody really pays attention to them, being a good deal  
aided in this by Bernstein's peremptory wave of the hand at  
the room.

BERNSTEIN

Even if you only got a second,  
Mr. Kane, I'm glad you stopped by.  
Only tonight, we go over everything  
thoroughly, eh?

(CONTINUED)

KANE

We certainly do. It's business as usual, starting right after dinner. But right now --

(he smiles)

-- that lady over there --

(he indicates a woman at a desk)

-- that's the new society editor, I take it?

BERNSTEIN

(nodding)

I got three women working now. You said four but I thought --

KANE

I said four, because I knew you'd make it only three. If I'd said three --

(he smiles at him)

You think I could interrupt her a moment, Mr. Bernstein?

BERNSTEIN

Huh? Oh, I forgot -- you've been away so long I forgot about your joking --

He trails after Kane as he approaches the Society Editor's desk. The Society Editor, a middle-aged spinster, sees him approaching and starts to quake all over, but tries to pretend she isn't aware of him. An envelope in her hand shakes violently. Kane and Bernstein stop at her desk.

BERNSTEIN

Miss Townsend --

Miss Townsend looks up and is so surprised to see Bernstein with a stranger.

MISS TOWNSEND

Good afternoon, Mr. Bernstein.

BERNSTEIN

This is Mr. Kane, Miss Townsend.

Miss Townsend can't stick to her plan. She starts to rise, but her legs are none too good under her. She knocks over a tray of copy paper as she rises, and bends to pick it up.

(CONTINUED)

KANE

(very hesitatingly  
and softly)

Miss Townsend --

At the sound of his voice, she straightens up. She is very close to death from excitement.

KANE (cont'd)

I've been away several months,  
and I don't know how these things  
are handled now. But one thing  
I want to be sure of is that you  
won't treat this little announcement  
-- any differently than you would  
a similar announcement, no matter  
where it came from.

(he hands her an  
envelope. She has  
difficulty in  
holding on to it)

KANE (cont'd)

(gently)

Read it, Miss Townsend. And  
remember -- just the regular  
treatment it would get normally!

Miss Townsend finally manages to open the envelope. A  
piece of flimsy, with a few written lines, is her reward.  
She reads it slowly and then, without a word, faints.  
Bernstein catches her in time and sets her on her chair.

KANE (cont'd)

Oh, dear!

Miss Townsend starts to open her eyes flutteringly.

KANE (cont'd)

Believe me, Mr. Bernstein, I had  
no idea this would have such an  
unfortunate reaction. Forgive  
me, Miss Townsend. Read it, Mr.  
Bernstein!

Miss Townsend, thus addressed by God, proceeds to lose most  
of the effects of her recovery, and almost to faint again.  
Bernstein holds the paper with one hand and supports Miss  
Townsend's back with the other.

BERNSTEIN

(reading)

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Monroe Norton,  
announce the engagement of their  
daughter, Emily Monroe Norton, to  
Mr. Charles Foster Kane.

He looks at Kane. His lips are puckered, as if to whistle,  
but no sound is heard. Kane is beaming.

KANE

Let that serve as my excuse, Mr.  
Bernstein, for not starting work  
until after dinner. Miss Norton  
is waiting to take me to her home,  
but I'll be back at 9 o'clock,  
and --

BERNSTEIN

Congratulations, Mr. Kane. I  
don't know what to...

KANE

Thank you.

Bernstein doesn't know whether to shake hands, but Kane  
solves this for him by reaching out his own hand.

BERNSTEIN

And there's nothing awfully  
important going on tonight, Mr.  
Kane. We can handle it all  
right ourselves. If you --

KANE

(withdrawing  
his hand)

Nine o'clock, Mr. Bernstein!

Bernstein watches him go for a moment then turns to Miss  
Townsend.

BERNSTEIN

You all right?

MISS TOWNSEND

I -- I suppose so. But meeting  
Mr. Kane for the first time --  
and -- and this announcement --  
all at once.

(she sighs)

(CONTINUED)

BERNSTEIN

(kindly)

I'll take care of the announcement.

MISS TOWNSEND

(gratefully)

Thank you, Mr. Bernstein, thank you. She's -- she's the niece of the President of the United States, you know.

BERNSTEIN

I know. When you know Mr. Kane better, you won't be so surprised -- or shocked. His kind of feller, it wouldn't be too much if he was to marry the President.

Miss Townsend smiles wanly.

BERNSTEIN (cont'd)

Come on, Miss Townsend.

She looks at him in surprise.

BERNSTEIN (cont'd)

From the window, maybe we can get a look.

He takes her by the hand and leads her off.

BERNSTEIN AND MISS TOWNSEND SEEN FROM their backs, rushing to an open window.

WHAT THEY SEE. KANE IS JUST STEPPING into an elegant barouche, drawn up at the curb, in which sits Miss Emily Norton. She looks at him smilingly. He kisses her full on the lips before he sits down. She acts a bit taken aback, because of the public nature of the scene, but she isn't really annoyed. As the barouche starts off, she is looking at him adoringly. He, however, has turned his head and is looking adoringly at the "Enquirer." He apparently sees Bernstein and Miss Townsend and waves his hand.

BERNSTEIN

A girl like that, believe me,  
she's lucky! President's niece,  
huh! Say, before he's through,  
she'll be a President's wife!

Miss Townsend is now dewey-eyed.

DISSOLVE

1940 - BERNSTEIN'S OFFICE

BERNSTEIN

(slowly)

That's all I know --

(hesitatingly)

-- I guess, the way things turned  
out, I don't need to tell you  
Emily Norton was no Rosebud....

THOMPSON

You want'd to see something?

(he starts to  
reach into his  
breastpocket)

BERNSTEIN

I always like to think I've seen  
everything, young feller, but  
all right.

THOMPSON

Read this.

As Bernstein starts to fumble with his spectacles to read  
the letter, Thompson keeps talking.

THOMPSON (cont'd)

Mr. Rawlston tried to get in  
touch with --

(sarcastically)

-- the first Mrs. Keno for me.  
He knows her socially, you know,  
and that's the answer we got.  
Lucky we didn't get put in jail,  
I guess.

(CONTINUED)



BERNSTEIN

(reading)

Davis, Groblewski & Davis,  
Attorneys-at-law.

(he looks up  
for a minute)

"Stuffed-shirt, feller that does  
the work, and stuffed-shirt."

That's what Mr. Kane used to  
call Davis, Groblewski & Davis.

(continuing to  
read to himself)

My dear Mr. Rawlston, I am in  
receipt of your favour of  
yesterday. I beg you to do me  
the courtesy of accepting my  
assurance that Mrs. Whitehall  
Standing cannot be induced to  
contribute any further information  
on the career of Mr. Charles  
Foster Kane. She has authorized  
me to state on previous occasions  
that she regards their brief  
marriage --

(he interrupts himself)

-- her brief marriage, ten years  
-- as a distasteful episode in  
her life, which she prefers to  
forget. With assurances of the  
highest esteem...

FADE OUT

FADE IN

119

THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

DISSOLVE

THE WHITE HOUSE, FRONT VIEW, from Pennsylvania Avenue.

DISSOLVE

SOUTH LAWNS, WHITE HOUSE IN BACKGROUND.

This is the long shot of the wedding party, of which there is a closer shot in the "March of Time."

DISSOLVE

THE CELEBRATED OIL PAINTING OF LINCOLN that dominates the Lincoln Room in the White House. As the CAMERA PULLS BACK, it reveals that there are present Thomas Monroe Norton, Emily's father; Leland; and Kane. Except for Kane who is in travelling clothes, they are wearing the formal attire in which -- as shown in the "March of Time" shot -- they were dressed for the wedding. Kane is pretty wrapped up in an inspection of the Lincoln painting. (Champagne, glasses and a plate of Sandwiches are on a table.)

NORTON

Great inspiration, don't you think,  
Mr. Kane?

KANE

(coming back  
to life)  
I suppose so.

NORTON

You suppose so?  
(a little snidely)

Of course, he never advocated  
municipal ownership of public  
utilities, or income taxes to  
penalize the industrious and  
the ambitious --

(he's scored, he  
thinks, so he laughs  
indulgently)

but you might forget those  
blemishes in looking at the  
man as a whole. Yes, I rather  
think --

(CONTINUED)

LELAND

You're not being quite fair to Charles, Mr. Norton. If there were any way he could have arranged to be born a rail-splitter --

KANE

I'm pretty lucky. I'm afraid if I'd been born a rail-splitter-- I'd be a rail-splitter now.

(excitedly)

Wait a minute!

LELAND

What is it?

KANE

I was being a bridegroom. I was making sure I had my railroad tickets.

(he pats his breast pocket)

And shouldn't the bridegroom make sure the best man gets a little drunk?

He hands Leland a glass of champagne, invitingly.

KANE (cont'd)

Brad!

They drink.

NORTON

You'll send back messages daily, won't you, Charles?

(as if apologizing for a weakness)

I won't be greatly concerned, but Mrs. Norton --

(he smiles)

-- after all, it is an unusual honeymoon, Charles, and while we all appreciate --

(CONTINUED)

KANE

I'll send a runner daily with the latest bulletin. I'll feel funny making a man travel forty miles to tell you that we haven't caught cold, that we don't get up till noon, that I caught five fish yesterday and that we both love all of you dearly -- but, if it will make Mrs. Norton happy --

NORTON

(stiffly)  
We'll appreciate it greatly, Charles.

The door opens. A butler stands in the doorway.

BUTLER

Beg pardon, sir, but Miss Emily has rejoined the guests in the East Room.

KANE

(jumps to his feet)  
We're off. Goodbye, Brad.  
Goodbye, Mr. Norton.

LELAND

We're coming downstairs with you, Charles! We're going to see you off!

KANE

(genuinely)  
You've all been extremely kind... the President especially...

NORTON

Not at all.  
(he thinks for a second)  
Much as my brother may disapprove of many things in your newspaper, Mr. Kane --

KANE

(impishly)  
My newspapers, Mr. Norton...

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

121a

NORTON

(accepting the  
rebuttal politely)

Your newspapers -- I think he's  
satisfied that his niece has  
chosen wisely.

But Kane has already started out.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

A BEAUTIFUL LAKE

Set deep among woods that completely surround it. Only one vessel is to be seen on the lake -- a magnificent yacht.

THE BOW OF THE YACHT

Which is heading into the wind. Kane and Emily, her hair tousled, he with his arm around her, holding her close, are happily braving a minor gale.

DISSOLVE

Kane and Emily - on the deck of the yacht under an awning. They are at a table, playing cribbage.

KANE

(with his cards  
in front of  
him)

Fifteen, two - fifteen, four -  
fifteen, eight - and one for my  
nob.

(he glances up  
at Emily)

You like being married?

EMILY

I'm almost a street ahead of  
you. Yes.

KANE

(shuffling the  
cards)

I think -- when I get back --  
I'll have my papers come out  
firmly in favour of marriage.  
We may even advocate an amendment  
of the Constitution making it  
compulsory. Of course, there  
are no Emily Nortons left --  
but that's their bad luck.

(he starts  
to deal)

EMILY

Emily Kane, please.  
(she picks up  
the cards)

(CONTINUED)

KANE

Emily Kane.

(he picks up  
his cards)

You cut for me - Emily Kane.

EMILY

(cutting)

Will you let me write one of  
the articles, Charles?

KANE

(turning over  
a card)

We'll give you an eight-column  
headline. Most beautiful girl  
in the world endorses marriage  
-- advises everyone to marry  
Charles Barret Kane. An  
"Enquirer" reporter was yesterday  
granted the rare privilege of  
an interview with ----- You  
play first.

Emily puts down a card. It is a ten. Kane matches it  
with a five and pips two.

EMILY

Mrs. Kane, suddenly realizing  
she was married to a cardsharp,  
refused to talk for publication.

She puts down a six and Kane follows with a jack.

KANE

Thirty-one.

(he pips another  
two)

Passengers playing cards with  
strangers to whom they have not  
been properly introduced are  
warned that they do so at their  
own risk.

(dropping a  
five)

Emily plays a second six, and Kane a second five. Emily  
looks at him a moment before she drops her last card,  
another six.

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

If you have what I think you have, I'll have Uncle James start a Congressional investigation of this whole affair.

CHARLES

(triumphantly  
dropping another  
five)

Which indeed I have -- twenty-nine!

EMILY

Charles!

Charles is beaming.

EMILY

Twenty-nine! Why -- why that's -- why, a thing like that only happens once in a lifetime!

CHARLES

(lifting her  
hand and  
kissing it)

That makes two things that only happen once in a lifetime, all in one week!

They look at each other adoringly.

DISSOLVE

Kane and Emily - walking through a clearing, on the side of the lake, toward a very modest log cabin. Evening. Pitched about the house are a number of large tents and two huge outdoor fires are burning, with chefs in uniform, assistant chefs, etc., preparing the evening meal. Kane and Emily are greeted respectfully by these people. As they approach the cabin, two men come down a narrow path from the woods behind. Walking single file, they have a heavy pole over their shoulders, to which are attached boxes and a burlap bag. They are very tired.

KANE

Hya, boys!

1st MAN

Hullo, Mr. Kane.

(CONTINUED)



KANE

Hey! Let's take a look at that bag! Got a knife?

1ST MAN

Here you are, Mr. Kane.  
(he starts to cut open the seam of the burlap bag)

KANE

When you picked up that stuff, you didn't happen to hear anybody drop a piece of news of any kind, did you?

1ST MAN

No, Mr. Kane. We got held up a little, and as soon as we got there we had to start right back, if we were going to get here before dark. Ain't that so, Karl.

KARL

Yep.

(a thought occurs to him)

Seems to me I did hear old Swan say something -- there's been some kind of a murder in Europe, or one of those places. Some Premier got himself shot, I think. I didn't listen -- but --

KANE

Premier? Was it --?

EMILY

Charles!

Kane stops, like a guilty boy caught stealing jam. He looks up at her, a little ashamed.

KANE

That's right, dear. Forget it, boys.

By this time he has extracted from the bag two bottles wrapped in newspapers and rubber bands. He hands the men one bottle.

KANE (cont'd)

Here you are! Twenty-year-old  
Bourbon! You look as if you  
needed it!

THE MEN

Thank you, Mr. Kane!

1ST MEN

If we did anything wrong,  
Mrs. Kane --

EMILY

(gushing)  
It's all right, boys!

She puts her arm through Kane's as they start toward the  
house.

EMILY (cont'd)

No business, no newspapers,  
no anything for two weeks!  
Remember, Charles?

(quoting)

'I don't care what happens,  
Emily. If there's an  
earthquake that destroys New  
York -- I won't know about it  
till I get back.'

KANE

(acting  
ashamed)

I didn't mean anything, Emily.  
I just happened to ask Karl --

EMILY

(not letting  
go)

'That's why I've taken this place  
forty miles from anywhere, darling.  
That's why I'm having the boat  
shipped up and assembled... Why,  
it's going to take three different  
sets of runners, like a relay team,  
just to bring us our provisions.  
Won't it be wonderful, darling,  
just you and I --'

(she stops and  
looks at him)

(CONTINUED)

He puts his arms on her shoulders.

KANE

Forgive me, darling. Please  
say you forgive me.

Emily nods. Charles pulls her toward him and kisses her.  
Emily struggles, but not too hard. She indicates the men.

EMILY

Everybody's looking --

KANE

What do we care -- there isn't  
a newspaper man around for forty  
miles.

DISSOLVE

THE INTERIOR OF THE CABIN

Kane, alone, is in the living room, which has an enormous  
fireplace. There is a knock on the outer door.

KANE

Come in.

A butler, right from the Ritz, enters.

BUTLER

Beg pardon, but what time would  
you care to have dinner, sir?

KANE

(lifting his  
voice)

What time for dinner, darling?

EMILY

(from the next  
room)

In about an hour.

KANE

In about an hour.

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

BUTLER

Very good, sir.  
(snaps his  
fingers)

Immediately, from beyond him, out of sight, enters a page boy, carrying a tray on which are several small glasses, highball glasses, a bowl with chopped ice, a seltzer bottle, all kinds of cocktail elements. The boy sets it on the table next to Kane, bows and exits. The butler, who has watched him with a professional eye, closes the door behind them both.

KANE

What'll you have, darling?  
Highball or a cocktail?

EMILY

(from the other  
room)

What is it, Charles?

KANE

(loudly)

I said, highball, darling, or a  
cocktail?

Emily appears in the doorway. She is a perfectly undressed bride in a negligee.

EMILY

I do wish you'd come in here  
when you have something to say.  
I couldn't hear you.

KANE

(on his feet;  
and going  
towards her)

It doesn't matter. You're very  
beautiful, darling.

EMILY

Thank you, sir.

KANE

Sit down and have a drink with  
me.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

I've got to dress. I'm having  
dinner with Mr. Charles Carret  
Kane. I've got to look my best.

KANE

(drawing her  
toward the  
table)

That Kane's a young fellow who  
won't know what you're wearing.  
You're much too good for him.

EMILY

(sitting  
down)

I think so.

KANE

(unwrapping the  
bottle)

Mark my words, girl, the day  
will come and that soon - when  
you're going to see this fellow  
Kane for what he really is.

EMILY

A tall, fascinating --  
(she thinks for  
a moment)

-- single-track newspaper man...

KANE

(cutting in  
on her)

An overgrown newsboy, married to  
the most wonderful girl in the  
world. But if you ask me how  
he's going to hold her, frankly,  
I don't know. Because I know  
him well and --

He stops. His eyes have caught a paragraph in the  
newspaper in which the bottle was wrapped.

EMILY

What's the matter, Charles?

He doesn't answer. She walks over to him and reads the  
item which is holding his attention.

(CONTINUED)

INSERT

NEWSPAPER ITEM, which reads:

"Western Flyer Wrecked

Two Dead - Fifty Injured

Faulty Switch Held Cause

Injured include Martin Agnew,  
the Assistant Secretary of the  
Interior; Patrick Delahanty,  
oil magnate; and Arthur Walcott,  
prominent lawyer."

BACK TO SCENE

EMILY

That's terrible. Poor Mr.  
Agnew -- why, he was at the  
wedding reception, you remember?  
Oh, I'm glad he wasn't hurt  
badly.

KANE

(to himself  
almost)

It can't be -- they wouldn't  
dare.

EMILY

I'm going to let you break our  
rule, Charles. You can send a  
message to Mr. Agnew tomorrow.  
For both of us. Then, as soon  
as we get back --

KANE

(slowly)

Emily, I think I ought to go back  
right away.

EMILY

Charles! You scarcely know  
Mr. Agnew!

KANE

It's not Agnew.

He taps the paper with his finger.

(CONTINUED)

KANE (cont'd)

It's what this thing means.  
Agnew and Delahanty and Walcott.  
Emily, if I'm right, this is  
the greatest theft that's ever  
been attempted in America.

EMILY

What are you talking about,  
Charles?

KANE

Delahanty is the President and  
chief owner of National Oil --  
Walcott is the most important  
corporation lawyer in the  
country -- Fred Thomas of his  
office managed your uncle's  
campaign last year in New York.

(solemnly)

Emily, there's more to this  
than....

(as if to  
himself)

Billions of dollars worth of  
oil for one thing. Our naval  
reserves. Our --

EMILY

(testily)

You're being silly, Charles.  
You're not seriously intimating  
that Uncle James --

KANE

I don't think the President is  
involved. I know he isn't. He  
wouldn't know it was going on.  
He doesn't know anything of what's  
going on as it is! But Delahanty  
and Walcott -- and Agnew. Emily,  
I've got to get to my office at  
once. This thing is got to be  
stopped.

EMILY

You don't even know that it's so.

KANE

Believe me, it is so. There isn't  
a chance in a million that -- how  
soon can you be ready to leave?

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

(quietly)

In about ten days. We had planned to stay two weeks. Remember, Charles?

KANE

But Emily, this is important. Every minute is important. If Delahanty and Walcott have made up their minds -- and if they've got their hooks into Agnew -- the only thing to do is to tell your uncle the truth. If it's not too late.

(bitterly)

And if he can be made to see the truth. If he can't, then I'll just have to use whatever means I --

EMILY

(icily)

Aren't you being just a bit too melodramatic, Charles? After all, this is America, you know. Not Russia. And, if you don't mind, the American people seem to have a little more faith in their President than you have.

(she is very angry)

KANE

It's not a question of faith, Emily. You just don't realize --

EMILY

I realize that we're supposed to be on our honeymoon, Charles.

Charles looks at her. His mouth twitches. He searches her face pitifully for a sign of understanding. His shoulders droop.

KANE

I'm sorry, darling.

He sweeps the paper off the table, picks up the bottle, puts it between his legs and reaches for the corkscrew.

KANE (cont'd)

Please forgive me.

(CONTINUED)



He looks at her anxiously. Her face softens as she smiles slightly.

EMILY

Our first night...

DISSOLVE

### THE BEDROOM

Very simple and rustic, moonlight through the windows, revealing Kane in his pajamas, sitting on the window sill, writing notes by moonlight on a scrap of paper. Emily seems to be fast asleep. Suddenly, she opens one eye, looks at Kane, smiles fondly and closes the eye.

DISSOLVE

Kane and Emily finishing breakfast - at a table set in the living room. (There is a staggering array of covered silver dishes, with little lights under them, as in the high-class English country houses of fiction, on the sideboard in back of them.) They are both wearing hiking clothes, high boots, etc.

KANE

Emily.

EMILY

Yes, Charles?

KANE

(courageously,  
finally coming  
out with it)

Do you mind if we -- if we don't  
take that hike today?

She looks at him in surprise.

KANE (cont'd)

I don't quite feel up to it.  
Of course, if you want to -- but  
I thought I'd rather -- just stay  
right here today.

(warmly)

Maybe I'll feel better tomorrow.  
I'm sure I will.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

(shaking her  
head)

Really, Charles --

He looks at her, genuinely surprised. It doesn't make sense that she should be that concerned about the hike.

EMILY (cont'd)

You might have told me of this  
-- this change of plans, earlier.  
Now that I'm all dressed for --  
for a long hike --

KANE

I'm sorry, dear. We'll start  
whenever you're ready.

EMILY

I thought we'd leave in about  
ten minutes. That way we should  
make Jackson's Landing before  
dark.

KANE

(smiling)

We're going in exactly the other  
direction, Emily. To get to  
Indian Center --

EMILY

Oh, haven't you heard? I did  
forget to tell you, didn't I?  
We're breaking camp. We're  
going home. That is, if you  
want to.

Kane is stunned.

EMILY (cont'd)

(smiling)

I counted the number of times  
you got up last night to go to  
the window and make notes.  
Eleven. And lying there with  
your eyes wide open, pretending  
you were asleep.

(CONTINUED)

KANE

(out of his chair,  
with his arms  
around her)

Darling! You're really willing  
to go back? You don't mind  
that --

EMILY

Of course, I mind. But I'd mind  
a lot more seeing you wretched  
here - and trying to pretend you  
weren't.

KANE

Why don't I just carry you the  
first ten miles?

EMILY

(kissing him)

And when we get back -- so much  
earlier than we had intended --  
all my friends will think we had  
a serious quarrel. Won't that  
be wonderful?

KANE

We'll come back here every year  
for our anniversary.

(he smiles)

The boat'll still be here. It  
can't get out. And next year  
I'll leave orders -- nothing is  
to be sent up here wrapped in a  
newspaper!

DISSOLVE

THE PRESIDENT'S EXECUTIVE OFFICE

This scene is shot so as never to show the President - or  
at least never his face. There is present the President's  
secretary, sitting on one side of the desk, intently taking  
notes. Kane is on his feet, in front of the desk, tense  
and glaring.

THE PRESIDENT

It is the unanimous opinion of  
my Cabinet -- in which I concur --  
that the proposed leases are in  
the best interests of the Government  
and the people.

(he pauses)

You are not, I hope, suggesting that  
these interests are not identical?

KANE

I am not suggesting anything, Mr. President! I've come here to tell you that, unless some action is taken promptly -- and you are the only one who can take it -- the oil that is the property of the people of this country will be turned over to a gang of high-pressure crooks for a song.

(quickly, as if  
to forestall a  
possible remark  
from the President)

I know. Mr. Agnew is an honest man. I've heard that so often. I'm sick of the sound of it. I'm not accusing him of dishonesty. He's guilty of worse than that -- he's a fool and a fathead.

THE PRESIDENT

Mr. Kane!

KANE

If he were only dishonest, he might be able to see --

THE PRESIDENT

(calmly)

I must refuse to allow you to continue in this vein, Mr. Kane.

KANE

(screaming)

It's the only vein I know. I tell the facts the way I see them. And any man that knows the facts --

THE PRESIDENT

I know the facts, Mr. Kane. And I happen to have the incredible insolence to differ with you as to what they mean.

(pause)

You're a man of great talents, Mr. Kane.

KANE

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

THE PRESIDENT

Unfortunately, you seem incapable of allowing any other opinion but your own to prevail. I understand that you have political ambitions. You will not further them by insisting on 'rule or ruin.'

KANE

(building to  
a frenzy)

I'm much obliged, Mr. President, for your concern about me. However, I happen to be concerned at this moment with the matter of extensive oil lands belonging to the people of the United States, and I say that if this lease goes through, the property of the people of the United States goes into the hands of....

THE PRESIDENT

(interrupting)

You've made your point perfectly clear, Mr. Kane. Good day.

The secretary rises. Kane, with every bit of willpower remotely at his disposal to control what might become an hysterical outburst, manages to bow.

KANE

Mr. President.

He starts out of the office.

DISSOLVE

"ENQUIRER" HEADLINES - OIL SCANDAL

The Oil Trust, it seems, is robbing America blind. The second of the headlines should have beneath it a six-column cartoon showing a shadow over the White House. (Appropriate music is to be back of all the newspaper inserts.)

DISSOLVE OUT

Kane - standing on his head. As the CAMERA PULLS BACK, it reveals a little baby in a crib. Next to the crib are Emily and a nurse.

EMILY

(smiling)

Charles! He can't see you!

KANE

Don't be too sure.

(he falls down  
and assembles  
himself)

I don't care what you say, he  
winked at me yesterday.

The nurse is sceptical.

KANE (cont'd)

(getting to  
his feet)

If Mr. Leland arrives, Miss  
Parker, he isn't to be admitted  
until he shaves.

He puts his arm around Emily as they start to walk out.

KANE (cont'd)

I'll not have my son scared by  
a dramatic critic with a Vandyke  
beard.

The following dialogue is shot as they walk along the  
small hall, along a landing, then down the stairs to the  
entrance hall, where Kane is helped into his hat and coat  
by the butler.

EMILY

We're dining early tonight,  
Charles.

KANE

(looks at her  
sideways)

I don't think I can make it,  
darling.

EMILY

Charles, you've known for a  
week --

(CONTINUED)

KANE

Our Washington mail doesn't file till after seven. I've got to be there when the stuff comes in.

(a bit proudly)

I've been handling the story myself from this end.

EMILY

I wish you'd stop making that story the central part of your life.

KANE

I wish we could, darling! You going to the Boardmans' this afternoon?

EMILY

I suppose so. I might not, though. It's becoming embarrassing, you know.

KANE

(being helped  
into his coat)

You're not paying any attention to those fools, are you?

EMILY

When people make a point of not having the "Enquirer" in their homes -- Margaret English told me there'll be a resolution at the Assembly next week to bar the "Enquirer" from the Reading Room -- and there are over forty names already on the list of those who've agreed to cancel the paper --

KANE

(laughing  
heartily)

That's wonderful. Mr. Bernstein will be delighted. You see, Emily, those friends of yours, when they cancel the paper, that just takes another name off the dead-beat list. It's practically a point of honour among the rich not to pay the newsdealer. If I could only persuade the rich not to subscribe, our paper bills'd be a lot lower...

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

He kisses her on the cheek. She is not too impressed with his jokes.

KANE (cont'd)

Goodbye, darling.  
(he hollers  
up the hall)  
Goodbye, Butch!

DISSOLVE

A BOX AT THE OPERA

Present are Emily, two distinctive dowager ladies with ample bosoms, an old gentleman and Leland. Leland is looking sympathetically at Emily, whose lips are tightly pressed together, then back towards the stage below, from where is heard the voice of Signor Caruso in "Pagliacci".

DISSOLVE

Kane, Reilly and a composing-room foreman, in working clothes, bending over a table with several forms of type. They are looking, at this moment, at a make-up headline - but Kane's back is in the way - so we can't read it.

THE FOREMAN

How about it, Mr. Kane?

Reilly glances at his wrist watch and makes a face. Kane smiles as he notices this.

KANE

All right. Let her slide!

He turns away, and we can now read the headline.

INSERT

OF THE HEADLINE, which reads:

"OIL THEFT BECOMES LAW AS PRESIDENT  
WITHHOLDS VETO."

DISSOLVE OUT



DISSOLVE IN

A MONTAGE

Basically, this should show Kane's absorption in his newspaper work, the continuance of his attacks on the President in connection with the oil leases - and Emily's inability to see much of him.

Thus, there are a repetition, almost with the same composition, of the preceding scene in the composing room; the "Enquirer" headlines about the whole matter; Kane at a newsticker, reading the tape and dropping it into a basket; a letter reading:

"My dear Mrs. Kane,

For obvious reasons, we will be unable to dine with Mr. Kane and you next Thursday night.

Sincerely yours,

Elizabeth Boardman."

Emily and her father -- the father purple with rage, screaming, pounding a table with his fist, Emily helpless, unable to answer; Emily, her father and mother, in the opera box; Kane writing at his desk, in his office, tearing up one written headline after another. (All these shots, of course, are silent and merge with each other.)

The MONTAGE ends with an "Enquirer" front-page headline bitterly attacking the President.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

THE COMPOSING ROOM

Howard, two years old, is sitting on a compositor's stool at a linotype machine. The compositor is standing by, grinning, as Kane, one arm holding the child, is pressing the keys with the baby's hand.

KANE'S OFFICE - as Kane walks in with the child. He hands him to Emily.

KANE

He did a great job! Cried a bit I must admit. Probably not meant for the mechanical side. More the editorial type, I imagine. Eh, Butch?

Emily is taking a handkerchief from her purse and wiping off some of the grime from the child. Kane reaches into his pocket and pulls out a slug and galley proof. He holds them up.

KANE (cont'd)

Here you are -- Howard Kane.

(to Leland)

Two years old and can spell his name.

LELAND

General Miles spoke Greek when he was six.

KANE

The extra four years make a big difference.

EMILY

I think we'll be going, Charles.

KANE

Want to see your handiwork, Butch?

He holds the paper up for Howard to look at. The child stares gravely at it, as Kane beams on him. Emily gives Leland a quick look.

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

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KANE (cont'd)

You're dining at your mother's  
tonight?

EMILY

(curtly)

Yes.

KANE

You'll tell her how sorry I am,  
won't you?

He kisses her. She gives him her cheek.

EMILY

Don't bother coming to the door,  
Charles.

She walks out, closing the door behind her.

KANE

Brrrrr!

Leland doesn't smile. Kane looks at him sharply, then  
he sits down and sighs.

KANE (cont'd)

Shoot!

Leland, a bit surprised, walks slowly toward a chair.

LELAND

You're probably going to tell  
me it's none of my business --  
and I know it isn't. Still --  
I've got to talk to you.

KANE

About me and Emily?

LELAND

(nods)

You've got to do something about  
Emily and yourself, Charles.

(CONTINUED)

KANE  
(sarcastically)  
What do you suggest?

LELAND  
(shrugs his shoulders)  
She's miserable -- and there's no way to tell her that she's wrong, because she isn't wrong.

(he flares up)  
Why, she sees less of you than I do, or Bernstein, or --

KANE  
I know the names of the people who work here. I happen to be publishing a paper. That's something you seem to forget. You and Emily. Papers don't publish themselves. At least, mine don't. And publishing isn't something you can do by the clock. Because there's more than dollars and cents involved. I can close my business rooms at six o'clock, but I can't --

LELAND  
I understand all that, Charles. And, up to a certain point, Emily understands it, too.

KANE  
Up to a certain point, eh?

LELAND  
Then there's this oil business. Everyone she knows, all the people she has been brought up with, everything she's ever been taught to believe was important --

KANE  
Do you think I should call off our campaign about the oil leases?

LELAND  
No. But --  
(he is hesitating)  
-- but you might make the whole thing less evidently personal!

Kane is bewildered.

LELAND (cont'd)

That's her main objection, I think. You can say what you think -- and you can fight the whole thing tooth and nail -- and you should -- but there's no reason why this savage personal note --

KANE

(exploding)

The personal note is all there is to it. Stupidity in our government, complacency and self-satisfaction and unwillingness to believe that anything done by a certain class of people can be wrong -- you can't fight those things impersonally. They're not impersonal crimes against the people. They're being done by actual persons -- persons with actual names and positions and -- the right of the American people to own their own country is not an academic issue, Brad, that you debate -- and then the judges retire to return a verdict -- and the winners give a dinner for the losers.

LELAND

There are ways of disagreeing with people without -- well, without this sort of thing.

He picks up a paper from the desk. Under the lurid headline we have seen just now is a vicious cartoon (the same one as in the March of Time). Leland hands it to Kane, who looks at it and smiles.

KANE

They can't hang me for that.

LELAND

I hope you're right, Charles.

KANE

I am.

Leland gets up.

(CONTINUED)

KANE (cont'd)

No hard feelings?

LELAND

(annoyed)

Charles, I wish you would take this more seriously.

KANE

(turning to his desk)

I will.

He picks up a pencil and starts to add a few stripes to the President's convict suit.

KANE (cont'd)

Maybe we can talk about it some more at lunch tomorrow. Stop by for me.

He is not even looking at Leland. He grins.

KANE (cont'd)

Impersonally.

Leland checks an angry retort and leaves. Before he has gone, Kane has started to write.

DISSOLVE

INSERT

AN ENQUIRER HEADLINE. Kane is bringing suit as a taxpayer to void the oil leases. Two more headlines in quick succession.

KANE SITTING AT HIS DESK WRITING. The door opens and Bernstein rushes in, pale and dishevelled. Immediately behind him are several reporters who stand timidly in the doorway.

KANE

(calmly)

What is it, Mr. Bernstein?

Bernstein, with quivering hands, shows him a piece of tape he has torn off the ticker. Kane calmly spreads it out on his desk and reads it.

(CONTINUED)

INSERT

FLASH CHICAGO PRESIDENT JAMES NORTON WAS SHOT AND SERIOUSLY WOUNDED THIS AFTERNOON -- 4:16 P.M. -- AS HE WAS RETURNING FROM THE OPENING OF THE GREAT LAKES EXPOSITION. THE PRESIDENT WAS RUSHED TO THE COUNTY HOSPITAL. HIS CONDITION IS EXTREMELY SERIOUS. NO BULLETINS YET. MORE TO COME.

Kane's eyes narrow as he reads this message.

EXTERIOR OF THE ENQUIRER BUILDING

A great angry crowd has collected before the building.

DISSOLVE

KANE CLIMBING THE STAIRCASE IN HIS HOUSE (Previously shown)  
He walks along the upper landing, comes to a door and turns the knob. It is locked. He is about to knock, but changes his mind, with his knuckles an inch from the door. The expression on his face is similar to the one in the office, just shown.

DISSOLVE

KANE'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Emily is in bed, a damp cloth over her temples. Kane is standing at the foot of the bed. The baby's bed is in a corner of the room. The baby's nurse is standing near the crib, a nurse for Emily is near her. Kane is looking fixedly at Emily, who is staring tiredly at the ceiling.

KANE  
(to the nurse)  
Excuse us a moment, please.

The nurse looks at Emily.

KANE (cont'd)  
(peremptorily)  
I said, excuse us a moment.

The nurse, unwilling, leaves.

KANE (cont'd)  
You've got to be sensible about this, Emily.

(CONTINUED)

There is no answer.

KANE (cont'd)

I'm not responsible for the action of a madman. And that story about an editorial from the "Enquirer" being found in that man's pocket. The "Chronicle" made that up out of whole cloth.

There is still no answer.

KANE (cont'd)

The President is going to recover.  
(bitterly)  
If it will make you any happier, we had nine pages of advertising cancelled in the first mail this morning. Bernstein is afraid to open any more letters. He --

He stops. He sees that he's getting nowhere with Emily.

KANE (cont'd)

(exasperated)  
What do you expect me to do?  
What in the world --

EMILY

(weakly)  
Charles.

He waits for her to continue.

EMILY (cont'd)

Do you really think those men --  
(she can't  
continue)  
Those letters, can they really...

She sits up and looks at the crib.

NURSE

He's all right, Mrs. Kane.

She continues to look at the crib, with almost unseeing eyes.

(CONTINUED)



KANE

(uncomfortably)

They won't do anything to Howard,  
darling.

(contemptuously)

Anonymous letter writers -- I've  
got guards in front of the house  
and I'm going to arrange --

EMILY

(turning her face  
toward him)

Please don't talk any more,  
Charles.

Kane is about to say something, but bites his lips instead.  
Emily keeps staring at him.

EMILY (cont'd)

Have they heard from father yet?  
Has he seen --

KANE

I've tried to tell you, Emily.  
The President's going to be all  
right. He had a comfortable night.  
There's no danger of any kind.

Emily nods several times. There is an uncomfortable  
silence. Suddenly there is a cry from the crib.

HOWARD'S VOICE

(crying)

Emily leaps from the bed and rushes to him. With the  
nurse, she bends over the crib.

EMILY

(murmuring)

Here I am, darling... Darling!..  
Darling, it's all right...  
Mother's here. They won't hurt  
you, darling.

Charles, unwanted, ignored, looks on. Tightening his  
lips, he walks out.

DISSOLVE OUT

A SHOT OF KANE SEATED AT HIS DESK IN HIS OFFICE

Bernstein is alongside of him. Reilly, at the corner of the desk is passing what seems to be an endless series of opened letters and telegrams to Kane to a definite beat.

Superimposed in rapid succession, are (typed) --

"The Ridgewood Board of Selectmen today recommended to the city's news dealers that it would be unwise for them to continue the sale of the "ENQUIRER." The issuance and renewal of licenses is being temporarily suspended."

A scrawl, on cheap letter paper:

"You murderer!!!!"

A typewritten business letter:

"The 'Enquirer,' Park Row. In accordance with our rights under paragraph 3 of our contract with you, we herewith cancel the advertising which we had placed with you, effective immediately."

A letter from an exclusive club regretfully accepting Charles Foster Kane's resignation.

DISSOLVE

THE SIDE OF THE TEMPLE BUILDING. The paint has faded and is almost obliterated. The sign hasn't been renewed or attended to for a year.

DISSOLVE

KANE and LELAND - at a table in a small private dining room. A brandy decanter with two glasses is before them. A waiter is just leaving the room.

LELAND

She's going South next week with the boy. When they return --

KANE

Oh, so they're going to return?  
(he wets his lips)  
Very interesting. You live and learn!

(CONTINUED)

LELAND

She'll return to your home with the boy. She realizes that if she didn't, it would only add to your present troubles, and she has no desire --

KANE

I'm being smothered with kindness.

(he gets up)

She still doesn't see that it couldn't be helped? That I had nothing to do with it?

Leland pauses quite a while before answering, then decides not to argue the point.

LELAND

She insists that she's to have the full custody of the boy, no matter what happens. If you don't agree to that, she intends to apply for a divorce at once. Regardless of the President's wishes.

Kane and Leland look at each other.

LELAND (cont'd)

I don't have to tell you what your chances would be in court, Charles.

KANE

I suppose not.

He refills the brandy glass and tosses down the drink.

KANE (cont'd)

She doesn't care that I'm beginning to be --

(his lip curls)

-- forgiven -- by most other people? Our circulation is back to where it was before, you know. Our advertising is greater than ever.

(he shoots a glance at Leland)

They're talking of running me for Governor next year. Doesn't any of them make any difference to her?

(CONTINUED)

LELAND

She said she was glad that the hysteria was over.

KANE

(hotly)

What about her own hysteria?

LELAND

She doesn't think she's been hysterical.

(he chooses his words carefully)

Charles, it's my opinion that she's been hurt too greatly to recover -- with you.

KANE

You mean she doesn't love me. She never did, probably.

LELAND

(shakes his head)

She did. Very much. You know that. She still does, I think. But -- but you don't seem to want that kind of love.

(he smiles a bit wanly)

You want love on your own terms -- from everybody. Love is something to be played your way -- according to your own rules. And if anything goes wrong and you're hurt -- then the game stops, and you've got to be soothed and nursed, no matter what else is happening -- and no matter who else is hurt! In return for this, there's no price you wouldn't pay -- in material things...

KANE

Very interesting, very interesting. You'd be a sensation in Vienna. Personally, I prefer to believe it's a little simpler than that. A society girl can't stand the gaff, that's all. Things are important to her that really -- social position, what they are saying on the front porches at Southampton, is it going to be embarrassing to meet somebody or other at dinner --

(he stops)

Thanks all the same, Brad. And don't worry, I'll live.

(CONTINUED)

LELAND

(nods)

I know you will.

There is a silence as Leland looks at Kane, an injured and misunderstood fellow.

LELAND (cont'd)

Your Mr. Reilly sent for me this afternoon, Charles. We had a long talk. It seems there's a new policy in the dramatic section --

At the mention of the name "Reilly," Kane's eyes have become shifty.

KANE

I know. Reilly told me. Couldn't we postpone that till tomorrow?

(he puts on his charm)

Huh, Brad? I've been analysed an awful lot tonight.

LELAND

(stiffly)

If you wish.

KANE

Another brandy?

Leland shakes his head.

KANE (cont'd)

(lifting his glass)

To love, on my terms.

(he turns to Leland)

Those are the only terms anybody knows -- his own.

He tosses the drink down.

DISSOLVE OUT

INSERT

OF DRAMATIC SECTION OF THE ENQUIRER.  
An announcement in a box, that at his  
own request, Bradford Leland has assumed  
the duties of dramatic editor and critic  
of the Kane paper in Chicago.

DISSOLVE

Emily, seated with Howard, now aged five, at her side,  
Kane on her other side, in the living room of Kane's  
home. They are being photographed by a professional  
cameraman. There are about twenty people in the  
room, mostly men, all of the type known as "reformer"  
at the beginning of the century. Reilly is also  
present. The three Kanes are appropriately dressed.  
The pose is in the best tradition of the day, and is  
terribly stiff and awkward to our eyes.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER

Thank you, Mr. Kane. Now, if  
I could have one more --

KANE

That's all. You don't know how  
tiring this is for Mrs. Kane.

(to Emily)

It's no fun being a candidate's  
wife, dear, but we'll make it as  
easy as possible.

EMILY

(not too warmly)

Thank you, Charles.

She rises with her arm around Howard.

EMILY

It's time for Howard's nap. If  
you will excuse me --

KANE AND A NUMBER OF KIBITZERS

Of course.

Kane walks with her to the door.

REILLY

(to the photographer)

We'll get some pictures of Mr.  
Kane alone. And with the  
committee.

(CONTINUED)

PHOTOGRAPHER

Yes, Mr. Reilly.

KANE

(at the door,  
patting Howard's  
cheek)

You were wonderful, Butch. Like  
an old campaigner.

HOWARD

I want one of the buttons, Dad.

KANE

I'll get you one as big as a  
sunflower!

Emily and Howard vanish into the hall. Kane turns to  
rejoin his friends.

REILLY

Mr. Davis has a statement he  
wants to read on behalf of the  
committee, Mr. Kane.

KANE

(with a wave  
of the hand)

I'll be delighted to hear the  
statement.

DAVIS

(standing, with  
committee members  
draped around him)

On behalf of the Independent  
Voters' League of greater New  
York, Mr. Kane, I take pleasure  
in informing you of our  
unanimous desire that you allow  
your name to be submitted to  
the voters of this State as a  
candidate for Governor in the  
coming election.

(CONTINUED)

There is a scattering of applause.

DAVIS (cont'd)

The action of the boss-ridden machine that controls the Democratic Party in this State, in denying you the nomination at its Convention in Syracuse last month, was but to be expected. Its flagrant disregard of the real wishes of the people of this State calls for a stinging rebuke. From the thousands of letters that have reached our committee, we feel --

KANE

(jumping to his feet)

Just a moment. I know that this isn't customary -- and I know I'm supposed to read a prepared address, accepting the nomination, as soon as you have finished your prepared statement. Somehow, I feel it would be better for us to do away with this silly pretense. It's part of the essential business of regular politicians, I suppose. But --

(he smiles)

the facts are these. You're about to tell me that if I run, I'll be elected -- with all that that means for decent Government. But you know -- and I know -- that if I run, I won't be elected. The regular party vote will be enough to elect Mr. Rogers' hand-picked candidate, but that's not the issue. The issue is whether or not the people are going to keep on being informed what government by, and with the consent of, Mr. Rogers means. That's something I can do, better than anybody else, I think. I won't be elected -- and I'm going to spend an enormous amount of time and energy not being elected -- but every bit of it will help to achieve the end we're all interested in. Decent government two years from now -- or four years from now -- with a Governor who'll send Mr. Rogers to Sing Sing as his first official act. (cont'd)



KANE (cont'd)

Gentlemen, I accept the nomination. There will be votes cast for Mr. Rogers' candidate this fall -- by citizens who will turn on Mr. Rogers and tear him, limb from limb, two years or four years from now, because of our campaign this year.

Reilly, alone, is puzzled and offended at this departure from normal behaviour. The Committee is beside itself in rapturous excitement.

DISSOLVE

KANE'S OFFICE. Reilly, Bernstein and Kane are present.

REILLY

(exasperated)

But you admit yourself, Mr. Kane, a miracle is happening. You started this campaign with maybe a chance in a million. Here's election day around the corner -- and you've got a wonderful chance to win. If you'd only listen to reason, Mr. Kane --

KANE

(sharply)

Your opinions need not necessarily seem to be reason to me, Reilly!

REILLY

But it's so simple! These counties I'm talking about don't want to play ball with Rogers. They never have. If you'd just give them a chance -- it's so simple - - -

KANE

In return for promising them certain appointments, I'm to receive the support of these gentlemen -- who, at the moment, are supporting Judge Grey, Mr. Rogers' candidate. Is that putting it simply enough for you, Reilly?

(CONTINUED)

REILLY

They're not gentlemen. They're the Democratic leaders of Buffalo, and Syracuse, and Rochester --

Kane smiles a bit.

REILLY (cont'd)

The names they'll submit for appointments are all of them reputable people, Mr. Kane. People you'd probably appoint anyway. In this way, you'll be elected -- you'll be able to do the things you want to do.

(pleading)

Mr. Kane, that's practical politics. You can't be elected without votes. And you can't get votes unless ---

KANE

(in a tone that  
shuts Reilly up)

Then I just can't get votes, Reilly. Is that clear?

Reilly looks at him, but can't answer.

KANE

The most evil doctrine in politics, Reilly, is that the end justifies the means. I cannot subscribe to that doctrine.

They look at each other in silence.

REILLY

Then I'm to tell them ---

KANE

Yes.

Reilly leaves.

KANE (cont'd)

(smiling)

Well, Mr. Bernstein? Do you approve?

BERNSTEIN

Sure. And if you did the exact opposite, I'd approve too.

Whatever you do --

(he interrupts

himself)

Can I say something?

KANE

(smiling)

I asked you to. What's on your mind, Mr. Bernstein?

BERNSTEIN

Well, the way you talk, you're not going to be elected, and so -- you want to know what I think is the best thing could happen? Things being the way they are. I mean -- you running independently and not going to be elected. I think, better yet it would be if you didn't run at all and didn't get elected -- but I guess that's too much to hope for.

KANE

(nodding)

You don't approve of my political career, Mr. Bernstein? I've suspected as much.

BERNSTEIN

It's not that I approve or I don't approve. It's -- you're a newspaper man, Mr. Kane. It don't mix. With politics or anything else.

KANE

You may be right.

BERNSTEIN

You took over this paper to do certain things. You've started other papers for the same reason. You're never going to do all the things you wanted to do. Nobody ever does. But already the Kane papers have influenced a lot of things a lot of ways -- (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

BERNSTEIN (cont'd)

and always the right ways.  
Don't spread yourself, Mr. Kane.  
Running for office you're just  
one person. Running your papers  
the country over -- you're bigger  
than anybody else -- bigger than  
any combination of people, then  
you're on the right side.

He looks pleadingly at Kane.

KANE

(pleasantly, shaking  
his head from side  
to side).

I understand your point of view,  
Mr. Bernstein! I just don't  
agree with it!

DISSOLVE

A SMALL DIMLY LIT PASSAGEWAY. "Yankee-Doodle-Andy" is  
heard sung vigorously by Kane and Howard. The camera  
bursts into a large sunlit room, a kind of child's  
study. Kane and Howard are parading around the room.  
Suddenly Howard sees his mother and stops.

HOWARD

Good morning, ma.

KANE

Just had a few minutes, so I  
thought --

EMILY

Good morning.

Her manner is not forbidding, but she is clearly the boss.  
She tries to pay no attention to Kane, without actually  
offending him. A studious young man with glasses is with  
her.

EMILY

Mr. Waring has come early, Howard,  
so that we can leave for the  
country right after lunch.

(CONTINUED)

WARING

Good morning, Mr. Kane.

KANE

(to Howard).

Study hard, young fellow.

He walks out into the hall with Emily. They keep walking to the head of the landing.

KANE (cont'd)

I have no intention of interfering, Emily, but why does Howard have to have tutors? Why can't he go to public schools?

EMILY

I prefer him to have tutors.

KANE

(controlling himself)

Very well.

EMILY

By the way, you probably found the messages when you came in -- a Mr. Rogers kept calling all evening. He finally insisted on having me come to the telephone.

KANE

I'm sorry.

EMILY

I told him you were at your headquarters, but he said he thought you had already left. Charles, that isn't the Mr. Rogers, is it?

Kane smiles at her.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY (cont'd)

I'm not trying to intrude in your affairs, but I do hope you're not --

(she interrupts herself)

I know it's silly. You wouldn't have any business with the Mr. Rogers.

KANE

That's right.

He walks down the stairs. Emily watches him go for a moment, then turns back towards Howard's study.

DISSOLVE

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN. The evening of the final great rally. These shots remind us of and are identical with and supplementary to the "March of Time" scenes earlier. The vast auditorium with a huge picture of Kane, cheering crowds, etc. Emily and Howard are to be seen in the front of a box. Emily is tired and wears a forced smile on her face. Howard, now aged five and a half, is eager bright-eyed and excited. Kane is just finishing his speech.

KANE

It is no secret that I entered upon this campaign with no thought that I could be elected. It's now no secret that every straw vote, every independent poll, shows that I probably will be elected. And I repeat to you -- if I am elected, my first official act as Governor will be to appoint a special District Attorney to arrange for the indictment, prosecution and conviction of Edward P. Rogers!

Terrific screaming and cheering from the audience.

DISSOLVE OUT

THE SPEAKER'S PLATFORM. Numerous officials and civic leaders are crowding around Kane.

FIRST CIVIC LEADER

Great speech, Mr. Kane.

SECOND LEADER

(pompous)

One of the most notable public utterances ever made by a candidate in this State ---

KANE

Thank you, gentlemen. Thank you.

He looks up and notices that the box in which Emily and the boy were sitting is now empty. He starts toward the rear of the platform, through the press of people.

A MAN

I've got great news for you Mr. Kane. We got word this evening from up-State --

The crowd surges around - the rest of the sentence is not heard. We follow Kane as he leaves the platform, surrounded by people. He starts down the stairs. At the foot of the platform Reilly is waiting for him.

REILLY

Hey, Chief! Mr. Kane!

Reilly forces his way towards Kane.

KANE

Yes, Reilly.

REILLY

I've got a message for you. It came ten minutes ago. I think it's important.

(CONTINUED)

INSERT

A NOTE - in not too literate a hand.

"Please come to my place tonight.  
Right away. . . . Susan."

Kane reading the note. We see the expression on his face.  
Chiefly surprise and the alarm of uncertainty.

DISSOLVE

A passage leading to one of the side exits of Madison  
Square Garden. In the distance can still be heard the  
murmur of the crowds. Emily, Howard and Kane are together.

HOWARD

Ah, Dad -- but you said you'd  
take me riding in the morning.

KANE

Sorry, Butch.  
(to Emily)  
I just got word. Important  
meeting.

HOWARD

Aw, gee! Ma had the car brought  
around to the side here ---

KANE

You and Howard had better drive  
right out to the country. I'll  
stay in town overnight.

EMILY

Very well, Charles.

KANE

If I can come down in the  
morning, I will.

(pauses)

I'm sorry, darling, I'd been  
looking forward to this week  
end --

EMILY

You don't have to make speeches,  
Charles. There's nobody  
listening.

DISSOLVE OUT



ELECTION NIGHT - A street outside a store, in the window of which the election returns have been chalked up:

Charles Foster Kane - 3,652,147  
Albert A. Petolli - 2,978,972  
James J. Wentworth - 746,122

At this moment, a hand comes up, rubs out the figures and, to cheers and groans of the crowd, substitutes these figures:

Charles Foster Kane - 3,871,736  
Albert A. Petolli - 3,893,141  
James J. Wentworth - 836,723

DISSOLVE

ELECTION NIGHT EXTRA OF THE "ENQUIRER". An enormous headline in 90-point type reads: "FRAUD AT POLLS." Ordinary headlines proclaim that the machine candidates have stolen thousands of votes throughout the State, but that Kane, Independent, within a few votes of victory, even by the official computation, will demand a re-count.

DISSOLVE

KANE - IN HIS OFFICE - AT THE WINDOW. He looks out and sees the open carriage at the curb. In it, in the seat facing backwards are Howard and Mr. Waring. Howard sees him and waves. Kane waves back.

NORTON'S VOICE

That, I think, takes care of everything, Mr. Kane.

As Kane turns, the CAMERA REVEALS that Emily and her father are also in the room.

KANE

(slowly)  
Everything.

EMILY

I'll say good-bye then, Charles.

Kane nods.

(CONTINUED)

NORTON

I'll wait in the carriage for you, Emily.

He nods quickly to Kane and leaves the room.

EMILY

Well, Charles --  
(she reaches  
out her hand)  
Good-bye.

KANE

Good-bye. You'll write to me now and then, won't you?

EMILY

(gravely)  
Yes.

KANE

And send me a cable when you get the divorce. Our news service out of Paris isn't as good as it might be. I should hate to read about it in the Chronicle first.

EMILY

You'll be the first to know, Charles.

There is an awkward pause as they look at each other. Emily is the first to look away and her eyes fall on a copy of the "Enquirer" on the table. Her lips tighten.

EMILY

Charles.

He waits for her to proceed.

EMILY (cont'd)

You're thoroughly free to do what you please, of course, as far as I'm concerned -- but is that a good idea -- the publicity, I mean.

With a gloved finger, she points to a two-column cut of:

(CONTINUED)

INSERT

On an inside page of the "Enquirer" is a photograph of Susan Alexander with a caption that reads:

"Susan Alexander, rising American diva, who predicts great future for American opera."

Kane looks at Emily in surprise.

EMILY (cont'd)

I've known about it for some time, Charles. I suppose you won't believe that -- that it's had nothing to do with my decision -- a lot of people know, Charles. The papers -- I've wondered why none of them printed anything about it.

While she has been talking, Kane has picked up the paper, and is looking at it.

KANE

It would have been the first piece of news some of them have printed for years.

(he pauses)

Emily, you probably won't believe this, but the girl has meant nothing at all to me. I've liked seeing her -- and somehow everything has seemed so restful when I've been with her, but --

(he interrupts himself)

It wouldn't make any difference anyhow, would it?

EMILY

None.

(she pauses)

I've played fair with you, haven't I, Charles? I've postponed this trip to Paris -- till after the election. I was even willing to wait longer if you went through with your plans for a re-count.

(CONTINUED)

KANE

A re-count wouldn't have gotten us anywhere. The fraud was so widespread and so carefully planned -- you've played fair, Emily.

EMILY

Even Uncle James says he had no doubt you were really elected.

(she looks  
at him)

Good-bye, Charles.

She reaches out her hand.

KANE

Good-bye. You'll take good care of Howard, won't you?

EMILY

(nods)

Yes.

Impulsively she steps forward, kisses him fleetingly on the cheek and leaves. Kane goes to the window, still holding the paper, with Susan's picture, in his hand. The CAMERA is on his back as he leans out.

FADE OUT

ON THOMPSON

He is tilted back in a chair, which seems to be, and is, leaning against a chimney. Leland's voice is heard for a few moments before Leland is seen.

LELAND'S VOICE

When you get to my age, young man, you don't miss anything. Unless maybe it's a good drink of Bourbon. Even that doesn't make much difference, if you remember there hasn't been any good Bourbon in this country for twenty years.

As the CAMERA PULLS BACK, it reveals that Leland-- it's 1940--wrapped in a blanket, is in a wheel chair, talking to Thompson. They are on the flat roof of a hospital. Other people in wheel chairs can be seen in the background along with a nurse or two. They are all sunning themselves.

THOMPSON

Mr. Leland, you were--

LELAND

You don't happen to have a cigar, do you? I've got a young physician-- must remember to ask to see his license, the odds are a hundred to one he hasn't got one -- who thinks I'm going to stop smoking.

THOMPSON

I'm sorry.

(he pauses)

We were talking about Rosebud, Mr. Leland.

LELAND

And I changed the subject, didn't I? Dear, dear! What a disagreeable old man I've become! (he purses his lips) About Rosebud --

Thompson looks at him politely.

(CONTINUED)

LELAND

(sharply)

I guess you'd be surprised if maybe  
I told you I'm Rosebud.

(a mild cackle)

On the other hand, maybe I'm not.  
How can you tell anything about what  
was what with a man like Charlie Kane?

THOMSON

It seems to me that Mr. Kane--

LELAND

You want to know what I think? I  
think maybe we all made a mistake in  
regarding him as one of us. Actually,  
he had a mind like an Oriental. It  
just didn't function the way our minds  
function. On the other hand, it did  
have some kind of pattern. Its own.  
That's what I mean --

(he smiles)

-- maybe I'm Rosebud. To him. Not  
to me. You don't follow me, do you?

THOMSON

Not completely.

LELAND

What I mean is this -- he died, with  
something so important on his mind that  
it took precedence over all the other  
things you might think'd seem important  
to him at such a moment. Well, I was  
his oldest friend.

(slowly)

As far as I was concerned, he behaved  
like a swine -- Doesn't it seem possible  
that in some peculiar way -- the word  
Rosebud is unimportant, maybe it was  
some old association with me that he  
himself long ago forgot -- I say, doesn't  
it seem possible he was thinking of me?

THOMSON

It's possible. That's why I asked you  
to give me this much time. Maybe you  
could remember something that --

LELAND

(nods)

I can remember everything. That's my  
curse, young man. It's the greatest  
curse that's ever been inflicted on  
the human race. Memory.

(CONTINUED)

He is lost in some kind of contemplation.

LELAND

(continuing)

We were at Brookfield together. I was a year older -- but we were in the same class. I wasn't as bright as Charles, only I didn't know it then.

(he smiles)

We were expelled from Nuremburg together. I always let him take the credit for that. Actually, it was my idea.

(pauses)

When Mr. Cleveland had his little panic in '93, my father was one of the first casualties. I stayed in Italy, because I liked it -- and it was cheap. I saw a good deal of Charles. And then one day he told me that he'd bought the "Enquirer" and asked me if I didn't want to go back to America with him. As sort of an aesthetic balance wheel.

(he looks sharply at Thomson)

You're absolutely sure you haven't got a cigar?

THOMSON

Sorry, Mr. Leland. If I'd known -- Have a cigarette?

LELAND

(waves his offer away)

Never mind. Bernstein told you about the first day at the office, didn't he?

Thomson nods.

LELAND

Well, in the beginning there wasn't much for an aesthetic balance wheel like myself to do except sit and watch and be taken to dinner. Oh, those dinners! And what a fool I was! Never touched a cigar until the coffee!

DISSOLVE OUT

A CORNER AT RECTOR'S

The orchestra (unseen) is playing the songs of the day. "Farewell My Bluebell." "Bicycle Built for Two." etc. Kane, Leland, and two ladies -- young, beautiful, bosomy, with big hats -- have finished dinner. The waiter is lighting Leland's cigar.

KANE.

Come on, Brad! I want an honest answer! Have you dined as well as you would have at -- one of those places on the Left Bank where only you Frenchmen go?

LELAND

(grudgingly)

A very fine dinner, Charles.  
A very fine dinner.

LOLITA

Hey, you're not a Frenchman, are you?

MOLLY

He don't talk like a Frenchman!

KANE

Why should he? He's as American as -- what would you say was American, Lolita?

Lolita thinks hard. She opens her mouth a few times to submit her conclusions, but thinks better of it.

KANE (cont'd)

Well -- you can be as Irish as Paddy's Pig, as German as Muenchener beer, as French as the Grand Boulevards, as Italian as Spaghetti -- what would you say, Molly? As American as what?

MOLLY

As American as Mr. Charlie Kane.

(CONTINUED)



LOLITA

That wasn't a nice thing to say,  
Molly.

KANE

It was the necest thing anybody  
could say about anybody.

He looks at a ponderous old watch in his waistcoat  
pocket. (The gentlemen are in the evening clothes  
of the period.)

KANE (cont'd)

Time for the theatre.

(he nods)

Waiter!

LELAND

Why should we be in such a hurry,  
Charles?

(as he looks at his cigar)

Charming ladies, a gracious  
host, excellent cigar --

KANE

All things of the past for you,  
Brad, -- at this time of night,  
anyway.

Leland is a bit bewildered.

KANE (cont'd)

Oh, that's right. I haven't told  
you. Ladies, allow me to present  
to you the new Dramatic Critic of  
the "Enquirer".

LOLITA

On the level, Mr. Kane, or is  
that just another of your jokes?

KANE

On the level.

LELAND

(genuinely pleased)

Charles, I'm delighted. I had no  
idea -- I must say, it occurred to  
me that I'd like very much -- but  
I never thought --

(CONTINUED)

KANE

It was the hardest decision of my life, Brad. When I learned from Mr. Bernstein that one gets two free tickets to every opening night, and on the aisle -- You'll never know what a struggle it's been not to appoint myself my own dramatic critic.

MOLLY

A friend of my aunt's knows William Winter. She says he's just like anybody else, when you get to know him.

KANE

Ladies! You are witnesses to the dawn of a new era! Fearless, unbiased, incorruptible criticism, -- written in an English which would shame Mr. Hazlett and Mr. Peter -- to be found in the "Enquirer" every morning, price two cents. In the "Enquirer" only.

LELAND

(sincerely)

Thank you very much, Charles.

KANE

(to Lolita)

Our seats won't be as good as Brad's. On the other hand, we'll be free to leave.

DISSOLVE

A NUMBER OF CHAFING DISHES, ON A SIDEBOARD

each with a little light under it. The CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal a butler tending this food. The scene is the large, very beautifully furnished living room of Leland's flat. It is late at night. At the table, doing a coin trick, are Kane and two ladies. In a far corner of the room, finishing his review at a little table, sits Leland. An "Enquirer" office boy, cap in lap, is seated near him. (The ladies are of the previous type, but not the same ladies.) Kane and Leland are in evening clothes.

(CONTINUED)

KANE

The object is to pick up one coin at a time, ten times in all, never the same coin twice, and yet have three coins on the table when the trick is done. Lillian?

LILLIAN

I did know how to do it, but I forget. Mr. Worthington showed me how.

KANE

Ha! Harry Worthington gave me his word of honor that he had met you only once, for a moment, in a crowded theatre lobby. Either Harry Worthington was telling the truth, which I regard as improbable, or your anecdote that you live at home with your mother and must be in every night at one o'clock is a fiction. We shall see. Marjorie?

MARJORIE

(sighing)

Gentlemen always want girls to be smart and I'm just not smart.

(she picks up the coins)

I know whichever one I start with, that'll be the wrong one. Oh, dear!

LELAND

(loudly, from his corner)

Finished!

He gets to his feet and hands his copy to the boy.

LELAND (cont'd)

All right, boy.

THE BOY

Yes, Mr. Leland.

He leaves. Leland walks over to join the group.

LELAND

You must be famished.

(to the butler)

Will you serve, James?

THE BUTLER

Yes, Mr. Leland.

He prepares plates and serves them during the ensuing scene. Kane has triumphantly completed his trick.

MARJORIE

Oh! Please do it again!

KANE

Some other time, Marjorie.

He sweeps the coins with which the trick was done into his hand, then seems to take them from various parts of Marjorie, noticeably from between her bosoms. He gives her the coins. Marjorie blinks rapidly.

KANE (cont'd)

(to Leland)

Well? Another author going to wake in the morning to find his brain-child stabbed, pistolled and beaten to death with a club?

LELAND

No. I rather liked tonight's show. Didn't you?

MARJORIE

I thought Miss Nethersole's clothes were just awful.

KANE

(smiles)

A sound, critical approach to the theatre, day in or day out. Personally, Brad, I didn't know what the show was about tonight. Oh, I understood the words -- but I don't think I understood what the author meant. Anyway, I hope I didn't.

LELAND

You understood it! And it's high time that the American theatre became something more than just a forum for claptrap.

(CONTINUED)

KANE

I like claptrap. Do you like  
claptrap, Lillian?

LILLIAN

(nervously)

Oh, sure, Mr. Kane....

KANE

Your vote, please, Marjorie.  
Do you like claptrap?

MARJORIE

Well, I like claptrap, I g s --  
(she looks at Leland)  
but I like the finer things, too.

LELAND

Would you eat corn-beef and  
cabbage all the time?

KANE

Item 'a', a corn-beef and cabbage  
isn't claptrap. Item 'b', why  
not?

(he has taken a spoonful  
off his plate)

This is wonderful, Brad.

LELAND

James makes the best Lobster  
Newburg in New York.

KANE

(chewing on another  
mouthful)

It's marvelous corn-beef and  
cabbage, Brad.

He smiles happily. Lillian is bewildered. Marjorie,  
after a quick look at Leland, smiles.

DISSOLVE OUT

THE PARTY (PREVIOUSLY SHOWN IN THE BERNSTEIN SEQUENCE)

welcoming the new recruits from the "Chronicle" to the "Enquirer". Happy dancing is going on on the floor. Bernstein and Leland are alone, at the end of the table. Bernstein is beaming. Leland is preoccupied.

BERNSTEIN

Isn't it wonderful? Such a party!

LELAND

Yes.

His tone causes Bernstein to look at him.

BERNSTEIN

What's the matter? Aren't you pleased?

LELAND

I can't help thinking -- Mr. Bernstein, these men who are now with the "Enquirer" and who were with the "Chronicle" until last week -- weren't they as conscientiously devoted to the "Chronicle" kind of paper as they are now to -- our kind of paper?

BERNSTEIN

Sure. They're like anybody else. They got work to do. They do it. (proudly)  
Only they happen to be the best men in the business.

LELAND

(nods)

Do we stand for the same things that the "Chronicle" stands for, Mr. Bernstein?

BERNSTEIN

(indignantly)

Certainly not. You watch, now these fellows got a chance. They'll write what they think. What they see. Mr. Kane he'll have them changed to his kind of newspapermen in a week.

(CONTINUED)

LELAND

Probably. There's always a chance, of course, that they'll change Mr. Kane -- without his knowing it.

(he points to Reilly)

Who's that?

BERNSTEIN

Him? The tall fellow? That's Reilly. Used to be Mr. Benton's secretary.

LELAND

Let me have men about me that are fat! You, Reilly, hath a lean and hungry look. He thinks too much. Such men are dangerous!

BERNSTEIN

(sadly)

Mr. Leland, it's almost two o'clock. I was up at seven o'clock and down town at eight -- to see Shirley & Brewster, they should give me one good reason why they don't advertise. I've been on my feet all day. Six o'clock tonight, I got out an Extra -- on five minutes notice -- the street-car accident in Troy. Mr. Leland, you've got an education -- what you just said, I bet it means something -- only right now, Mr. Leland, it don't make any difference. Better you should dance, Mr. Leland.

(he plucks Leland  
by the sleeve)

A couple of beauties, Mr. Leland, look!

(he indicates  
two girls)

Dance, Mr. Leland! I'll guarantee you'll feel better. Please, Mr. Leland!

Leland smiles and allows himself to be led in the direction of the girls.

DISSOLVE OUT

LELAND AND KANE IN KANE'S OFFICE

They are standing before a vast map of Cuba.

KANE

(enthusiastically)

It'll be our first foreign war in fifty years, Brad. We'll cover it the way the "Hickville Gazette" covers the church social. The names of everybody there. What they were. What they ate. Who won the prizes. Who gave the prizes.

(he gets excited)

I tell you, Brad, I envy you.

(quoting)

By Bradford Leland, the "Enquirer's" Special Correspondent at the front. I'm almost tempted --

LELAND

It's a very doubtful civil war right now -- and not much of a one at that.

KANE

(seriously)

A neighboring peace-loving people is being trampled underfoot. A foreign power -- that doesn't belong on this continent at all -- is bleeding them white. When the American people realize the true facts --

LELAND

You don't have to convince me, Charles. I'm sailing for this new battlefield of liberty Saturday.

(sighs)

They tell me there isn't a decent restaurant on the whole island.

KANE

When you're an old man, Brad, you'll point proudly to your nervous indigestion as your contribution to the cause.

(he slaps him

on the shoulder)

And when you come back, you can return at once to your dramatic work, if you wish. But I imagine it will all seem too tame to you then.

(CONTINUED)



LELAND

There's only one of us who lives on excitement, Charles. And it isn't me.

Kane smiles, then nods gravely. Raising his eyebrows enquiringly, he points his thumb several times at his chest. Leland nods just as gravely back at him.

DISSOLVE

A BEAUTIFUL PASTORAL SCENE

Leland sits in the shade, his back propped up against the trunk, of a banana, or some such tree. A few feet away, a middle-aged gentleman is working at a sketch. The sky is tranquil. A few cows are munching happily. (The whole scene, however, must be tropical.)

DISSOLVE

FRONT PAGE OF THE "ENQUIRER" WITH SCREAMING HEADLINES

Two hundred natives have been butchered in an uprising against the tyrant.

DISSOLVE

ANOTHER "ENQUIRER" FRONT PAGE

The screaming headline reads that Bradford Leland tells eye-witness atrocities. The story proper -- covering the two right-hand columns -- has a by-line by Bradford Leland.

(On both these front pages, there is a large reproduction of a painting by Winchester.)

DISSOLVE OUT

LELAND AND KANE - IN KANE'S OFFICE

Kane is tolerantly amused. Leland is in a white rage.

LELAND

I won't have my name signed to  
a pack of lies.

KANE

Brad, you amaze me. Do you  
seriously propose giving up  
a by-line?

LELAND

The story's a complete invention  
from beginning to end.

(contemptuously)

Bloody riots in martyred capital!

(he is almost

trembling)

I described a peaceful Sunday  
afternoon. The people strolling  
quietly along the Boulevards.  
Crowds on the beaches.

KANE

Just a minute, Brad. Didn't you  
write that maybe some other  
observer might detect among the  
people a feeling of discontent  
and unrest?

LELAND

(hotly)

I did. And I added that anyone  
who did, would have had to have  
made up his mind beforehand to  
find such a feeling.

KANE

Ah-hah! That's where the  
misunderstanding occurred. Our  
copy desk must have thought you  
added that second sentence to  
throw dust in the Censor's eyes.

LELAND

(exasperated)

There is no censorship.

(CONTINUED)

KANE

(tolerantly)

Sometimes there's an unproclaimed  
censorship -- that even  
correspondents don't know about.

(he grins)

Our copy desk probably thinks  
that a good copy desk takes no  
chances.

LELAND

Charles, it seems to amuse you.  
It doesn't amuse me:

(his lips tighten)

I'm through. I resign.

KANE

(calmly)

Don't let's say you resign, Brad.

(he smiles)

At your own request, you are  
being relieved of your duties  
as War Correspondent -- and are  
returning to your first and  
only love. The theatre. Its  
plays. Its people. It was an  
error -- my error -- for you to  
have gone abroad at all. The  
rebellion --

LELAND

(almost screaming)

There is no rebellion. There's  
a condition that should be  
remedied but --

KANE

How would the "Enquirer" look  
with no news about this non-  
existent rebellion -- with the  
"Chronicle" devoting twenty  
columns a day to it?

LELAND

They've got to run news about  
this rebellion, because you are.

(CONTINUED)

KANE

(grins)

And I've got to because -- it's a vicious circle, isn't it, Brad?

(gets up)

If you'd care to dine with me tonight, Brad, I'd be very happy. Some ships with wonderful wines have managed to slip through the enemy fleet that's blockading New York harbour --

(grins)

and I know a young lady whom I'm sure you'd adore -- only the other evening, I said to myself, if Brad were only here to adore this young lady -- dinner at seven, Brad? Delmonico's?

LELAND

(smiling)

It doesn't make any difference about me, but one of these days, you're going to find out that all this charm of yours won't be enough --

KANE

You're wrong. It does make a difference about you. Delmonico's, Brad? At seven? Then a theatre?

Leland gestures in annoyance.

DISSOLVE

KANE, LELAND AND TWO LADIES AT THE THEATRE.

(A popular song comes into the scene over the sound track.) Kane sneaks a look at Leland, who is sitting tight-lipped. Kane continues to stare at him penetratingly. Finally Leland is forced to turn and smile.

DISSOLVE

LELAND, KANE AND TWO LADIES AT A THEATRE

(Two different ladies. A few lines of Shakespearean dialogue come into scene over the sound track.)

- DISSOLVE OUT

A CORNER OF A THEATRE LOBBY.

Intermission time. Kane and Leland are standing talking to their two ladies. (Two still different ladies.)

A VOICE

(suddenly)

Hullo, Charles!

Kane turns. He sees Kane, Sr., a dandy as ever was, probably with a wig. A little bit tight. Beaming, really friendly, but a little uncertain of his reception. And accompanied by a very obnoxious and very young tart, who has spent all afternoon getting made up for the occasion. For a moment Kane looks at him in silence, then he smiles, as if in recognition of something quite funny he hasn't thought of for some time.

KANE

Hullo. I didn't know you were in town. Last I heard of you, you were in Honolulu.

KANE, SR.

Been here about three weeks. I've been meaning to drop in and see you, Charles, but one thing and another --

(he interrupts himself)

- allow me. My son, Charles Foster Kane

(this was quite proud)

- Miss La Salle.

MISS LA SALLE

(a scared ingenue)

How do you do, Mr. Kane?

KANE

(bowing)

Miss Andrews, Miss Russell, Mr. Leland -- my father.

(with a bit of a wave)

Miss La Salle.

There are mutual acknowledgements of introduction. Leland is amused. A bell sounds.

(CONTINUED)

## A VOICE

Second act, everybody! Second  
act, please! Curtain going up!

Miss La Salle gets a clutch at Kane, Sr.'s arm.

KANE, SR.

Why don't we get together after  
the show, Charles? We'll go  
somewhere. For a drink.

KANE

(after a second's  
pause - smiles)

I think it's a wonderful idea.

They start into the theatre.

DISSOLVE

LELAND'S APARTMENT

The six people of the preceding scene are present.  
The butler is clearing the last of the chafing dishes  
from the sideboard. Kane, Sr., is at the head of the  
table, with Miss La Salle in the shelter of his side.  
The two young women and Leland are sitting on a couch.  
Kane is standing, his hands behind his back.

KANE, SR.

Oh, I've done my share of  
travelling. Get bored, you  
know. Then it's 'anchors away'  
-- and off to somewhere else.  
It's a great life if your  
health holds out. Eh, Henriette?

(he nudges Miss  
La Salle, beams  
and swallows  
part of a drink)

Very good bourbon, Mr. Leland.

LELAND

Thank you.

MISS RUSSELL

(bored)  
Aren't we going anywhere, Brad?

LELAND

Do you want to go anywhere?

(CONTINUED)

MISS RUSSELL AND  
MISS ANDREWS

(together)  
You said you'd take us on to  
the Haymarket!

LELAND  
Too tired for a little night  
life, Charles?

KANE  
Never.  
(to his father)  
You join us?

KANE, SR.  
Well, I'll tell you --  
(he pauses)  
- I wonder if I could talk to  
you alone for a moment, Charles?

Kane is at a loss for an answer. Leland rises.

LELAND  
I'll help the ladies on with  
their wraps, Charles. If that's  
long enough, Mr. Kane?

KANE, SR.  
I only want a second.

Leland is on his way toward a side door with Miss Andrews  
and Miss Russell. He looks enquiringly at Miss La Salle.

KANE, SR. (cont'd)  
She'll stay here for a minute.

Leland nods and goes through the door with the young  
women. Kane, Sr., follows him with his eyes to make  
sure he has gone. He gets up and makes certain the door  
is closed. Kane is watching him in some bewilderment.

KANE, SR. (cont'd)  
Well, Charles, it's like this --  
(he's embarrassed)

KANE  
(who has no idea  
what is coming)  
Go ahead.

Kane, Sr., wets his lips. It is clearly hard to begin. Suddenly he seems to think of a way of stalling.

KANE, SR.

How do you like Miss La Salle, Charlie?

KANE,

(smiling)

Very much.

KANE, SR.

(as if it  
were a horse)

Pretty, don't you think?

KANE

Very pretty, very pretty.

There is a pause.

KANE, SR.

I've been pretty lonesome, Charlie - and meeting Miss La Salle this way -- you know, traveling all the time, you don't really get a chance to get close to people.

KANE

(admonishingly)

Now, now! You needn't explain to me!

(kiddingly)

We're both men, of the world!

KANE, SR.

Well, Charles, I thought you'd understand.

(rapidly)

I want you to meet Mrs. Kane.

Kane, lighting a cigarette, halts the procedure in mid-air. Miss La Salle beams happily.

(CONTINUED)



KANE, SR. (cont'd)

What did I tell you, dear?

(he reaches for  
the glasses)Here, Charles. Let's make a  
toast. Henriette, I've got  
a feeling you and Charles --(he interrupts  
himself)Charles, you're going to get  
along fine with your new Ma.  
The three of us --

He gets no further before Charles grabs him on the  
shoulder with an iron grip, and swings him toward himself.

KANE

Are you telling me you're  
married to this --

They look at each other. Kane, Sr., terrified, Kane  
murderous.

KANE, SR.

Let me go. Charlie, you're  
hurting me. Let me go. Let me --

Without a word, Kane puts his two hands around his  
father's neck and starts to choke him. Henriette not  
moving, screams.

MISS LA SALLE

Help! Help! Help!

Leland bursts into the room, followed by the two ladies,  
now in their wraps, who stand at the doorway and look  
terrified. Leland takes in the scene and rushes to Kane.  
He pulls at Kane's shoulder. Suddenly, the anger leaves  
Kane as quickly as it came. He lets go of Kane, Sr., who  
falls to the floor. Miss La Salle gets to her knees and  
yanks his collar open.

MISS LA SALLE (cont'd)

(addressing  
her husband)

Mr. Kane! Mr. Kane!

LELAND

Charles, what happened?  
What --

(CONTINUED)

Kane doesn't answer. Leland looks into his face. Kane has the look of a man who has suffered an indescribable torture.

KANE  
(to Miss La Salle)  
Get him out of here.

MISS LA SALLE  
He's your dad, Mr. Kane. A person can't do that to their --

KANE  
(rubbing his hands clean)  
Get him out of here!

DISSOLVE

KANE'S OFFICE.

(It is the end of the scene in which Kane leaves for Europe.)

KANE  
All right, I'm going! And I promise not to worry -- and not to try to get in touch with the paper -- and -- you don't expect me to keep any of my promises, Mr. Bernstein?

BERNSTEIN  
Certainly not.

Kane leaves. At the door, he bows deeply and exits.

BERNSTEIN  
I hope he has a great time.

LELAND  
He will have.

BERNSTEIN  
Why didn't you go with him to Europe, Mr. Leland? He wanted you. He said to me only yesterday --

(CONTINUED)

LELAND

I wanted him to have fun. And with me along -- Mr. Bernstein, I wish you'd let me ask you a few questions -- and answer me truthfully.

BERNSTEIN

Don't I always? Most of the time?

LELAND

Am I a stuffed-shirt? Am I an old woman? Am I a horse-faced hypocrite? Am I a New England school-marm?

BERNSTEIN

Yes.

Leland is surprised.

BERNSTEIN (cont'd)

If you thought I'd answer you different from what Mr. Kane tells you -- well, I wouldn't.

LELAND

(good-naturedly)

You're all in a conspiracy against me.

BERNSTEIN

Against me there should be such a conspiracy some time.

(he pauses)

That's a real nice suit you're wearing, Mr. Leland.

LELAND

It is nice, isn't it?

BERNSTEIN

Give me one good reason, Mr. Leland, why your tailor -- he shouldn't advertise in the "Enquirer?"

DISSOLVE OUT

THE KANE BEDROOM, BEAUTIFULLY FURNISHED, conspicuous with a double bed. Emily, pale and weak, is at a sunlit window. Nearby is a crib, over which Kane and Leland -- a nurse also in attendance -- are bending. (The baby is perhaps three weeks old.)

EMILY

You're not supposed to pick him up! Just look at him, Brad! Isn't he sweet?

KANE

Brad, you're a man whom it's hard to fool. I ask you to tell Emily whether or not you agree with me.  
(hurriedly)  
You see, we've had a bit of an argument...

Leland looks smilingly from one to the other.

KANE (cont'd)

My point is that he has the Kane forehead, the Kane eyes, the Kane nose, the Kane mouth, the Kane chin and the Kane ears. Am I right or am I wrong?

Leland looks at him in amazement.

KANE (cont'd)

(smiling)

That's what I thought. He looks like his mother, thank the Lord!

DISSOLVE

KANE, READING THE TICKER TAPE IN HIS OFFICE

Leland has just come in.

LELAND

Charles, aren't you ready?

Kane looks at him blankly.

LELAND (cont'd)

We'll be late for dinner.

(CONTINUED)

KANE  
Dinner?

LELAND  
At your home.

KANE  
Oh! Brad, tell Emily how sorry  
I am, will you? But I can't  
leave.

(the ticker has  
been going on)  
This stuff keeps on coming in --  
Here! Look at this! I think  
we're beginning to make an  
impression.

(holds up a strip  
of ticker-paper)  
"The President said he was not  
unmindful of the fact that a  
large number of people,  
particularly in the Eastern  
States, are concerned about  
the disposition of the oil  
leases..." Concerned! How'd  
you like that? Concerned about  
the disposition...

LELAND  
(interrupting)  
This is the second time this  
week, Charles...

KANE  
I won't do it again for a month!  
Tell her!

LELAND  
I'll tell her something else  
tonight. Next week you won't  
do it again for a month.

Leland leaves. Kane looks after him a bit troubled.  
He turns to the ticker.

KANE  
(bellowing)  
Reilly!  
(he keeps reading  
the ticker)  
Reilly!

Reilly enters, notebook in hand.

(CONTINUED)

KANE (cont'd)

I want Wheeler to make a four-column cartoon.

(he isn't even looking at Reilly)

A large body of water -- with men, women and children drowning -- as many as he can crowd in -- and the President over on a cliff, looking the other way. He is saying --

(he picks up the tape to find the quotation he read Leland)

I am not unmindful that a large number of people are concerned. I want the drawing by ten o'clock.

REILLY

Yes, sir.

DISSOLVE

KANE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Kane, at his desk, is slowly putting his finger-tips together. The ticker is clicking, but neither of them is doing anything about it. Leland is looking out through the curtain at an angry crowd below.

KANE

How anybody can blame me --  
(he pauses)

Because a crack-pot foreigner...

LELAND

(patiently)

It's not a matter of logic, Charles. The President was shot and they are blaming you. You'll have to face that fact.

KANE

(nods)

It changes the whole issue, too. I'm no longer a man who's trying to cancel oil leases that are stealing the people's property.

(bitterly)

I'm the man who --

(he wets his lips)

who persuaded another man to try to kill the President.

(CONTINUED)

Kane stands up.

KANE (cont'd)  
And there's nothing I can say.  
Nothing I can do.

LELAND  
(quietly)  
You can learn a lesson from it,  
Charles.

KANE  
(snarling)  
What lesson? Not to expose  
fraud when I see it? Not to  
fight for the right of the  
people to own their own property?

Leland shrugs, beaten again. There is a knock at the  
door.

KANE (cont'd)  
Come in.

The door opens. A policeman enters with Bernstein.  
Bernstein is badly battered.

KANE (cont'd)  
(in alarm)  
What's happened?

BERNSTEIN  
(smiling)  
I'm all right, Mr. Kane. Only  
there was some fellows out  
front that thought they ought  
to take things up with me. I  
learned them. Didn't I, officer?

THE COP  
(grinning)  
You sure did. By the way, Mr.  
Kane -- The Commissioner sent  
word I was to stand by and  
protect you until further orders,  
no matter how you felt about it.

(CONTINUED)

BERNSTEIN

If he hadn't come by and protected me when he did, I'd have killed them fellows.

THE COP

What I mean, if you still think you want to go home alone, I can follow a block behind you, or something, but I'll have to stand by. It's all my job's worth --

KANE

I didn't know it was the Commissioner's orders. We'll do what he says.

THE COP

Thank you, Mr. Kane. I'll be right outside the front door.

He leaves.

KANE

Go and get yourself washed up, Mr. Bernstein.

(he looks his face  
over thoroughly)

There doesn't seem to be any serious injury.

BERNSTEIN

Not to me. You'll let the cop go home with you, won't you, Mr. Kane?

KANE

Yes, Mr. Bernstein.

BERNSTEIN

That's right.

He leaves.

KANE

I'll be here quite a while, Brad. Till after the other papers are out, anyway.

(CONTINUED)



LELAND

I want to stay here with you.

KANE

(putting his hands  
on his shoulders)  
I'd rather you wouldn't, Brad,  
please.

LELAND

All right.

He leaves. Kane walks over and picks up the ticker  
tape, but holds it in his fingers, not reading it.

DISSOLVE

THE EXTERIOR OF THE "ENQUIRER" BUILDING

It's about 2 in the morning. A street lamp is on and  
there is a faint reflection of light -- from inside the  
"Enquirer" pressroom. There are about twenty men, and a  
woman or two, at a small distance from the front door.  
The cop, one eye on the door, is facing them.

THE COP

Beat it, go on - or I'll lock  
you all up!

They give way a little. There are no answers from them.  
There is a sound of steps from the door.

THE COP (cont'd)

(turning and  
whispering)

Mr. Kane?

Kane appears in the doorway.

VOICES FROM THE CROWD

There he is! That's him!  
That's Kane!

THE COP

Okay, Mr. Kane.

They cross the sidewalk to a closed cab at the curb.  
Kane walks erect, unafraid.

(CONTINUED)

THE COP

(his hand on  
the door)

All right, Mr. Kane. You get  
in -- and I'll follow on my  
bicycle.

The bicycle is standing back of the cab.

KANE

Thank you, officer.

A MAN IN THE CROWD

You molderer!

He throws a rock which just misses Kane's head and hits  
the side of the cab. Kane and the cop turn for a moment.  
Leland, who has been standing in the crowd, has hit the  
man, who has hit him back. The cop beats on the sidewalk  
with his stick. At least a half-dozen policemen come  
running from all directions, as the cop himself charges  
into the crowd to the fight which has become three or  
four against Leland. Kane is at his heels and hurls  
himself into the fight. He is pulled off by the cop. The  
other cops have the rest of the crowd under control. Part  
of the crowd has run away.

THE COP

Are you all right, Mr. Kane?

KANE

(ignoring him)

All right, Brad? All right?

LELAND

I'm fine.

(he smiles.

He has a cut  
over his eye)---

THE COP

I'm sorry, Mr. Kane, but you  
wouldn't have it the way we  
wanted it.

KANE

That's all right, officer.

(turns to Leland  
and takes him by  
the arm, leading him  
to the cab.)

Come on, Brad. I'll drop you  
at your home.

DISSOLVE OUT

THE "ENQUIRER" CITY ROOM

Leland, frowning, is reading a note at the mailbox in the city room. (It's an inter-office communication paper.)

INSERT

"I should like to see you, at your convenience.

(Signed) J.J. Reilly  
Assist. to the Publisher."

DISSOLVE

REILLY'S OFFICE

(Not quite knowing what I mean, I would suggest that the various offices reflect the characters of the men occupying them. Reilly is an unctuous, hard underneath, early efficiency expert type.) Leland is with him. Reilly is having to be very careful in talking to the Boss's pal, but he's talking all the same.

REILLY

Probably I'm not making myself clear, Mr. Leland. I'm not suggesting that a man of your standing should write his dramatic notices with an eye to this new service we're selling the theatrical producers. I regularly emphasize to theatrical producers that the dramatic notices of the "Enquirer" are not for sale. This is merely a supplementary service --

(he smiles)

which many of them are finding quite useful. A half page, with a drawing by a staff artist and an appraisal of the show by a staff writer -- that's all. Where your own notice of the show in question happens to be a favorable one --

(CONTINUED)

LELAND

(hotly)

That's plain nonsense, Mr. Reilly. The "Enquirer" has one dramatic critic -- and that happens to be myself. In effect, you're suggesting that I write my notices so that they can be part of this --

(his lip curls)

this new service you're talking of. Where this is impossible, you're proposing for all practical purposes to sell the producer another notice that he can offer as the "Enquirer's". One more to his liking. That's what you're talking about.

REILLY

(pained)

Mr. Leland! It hurts me more than I can say to hear you, of all people, talk to me like that. Anyone at all acquainted with the ideals that inspire this paper, published by Charles Foster Kane, your friend -- and my employer --

LELAND

(rising)

I'm getting slightly ill, Mr. Reilly.

He walks out of the room.

DISSOLVE

LELAND AND KANE, IN KANE'S OFFICE

Kane is genuinely exasperated.

KANE

Why won't you listen to reason, Brad! Just because Reilly has some sort of promotion scheme -- that's all a newspaper is to Reilly -- something for promotion schemes. Why you have to fly off the handle --

(CONTINUED)

LELAND

I'm not flying off the handle,  
Charles. We just don't see  
eye to eye.

KANE

(almost appealing  
to Heaven)

Why does everybody always have  
to see eye to eye with everybody?

LELAND

There are some things we all  
have to see just one way.

(a bit bitterly)

You ought to be able to  
understand that.

KANE

(sighs)

I'll call Reilly off. He's  
making us a lot of money with  
that scheme of his, but --

(he smiles  
a bit)

you'll agree with me for once  
when I tell you that money  
isn't the most important thing  
in the world to me. I'll --

LELAND

(genuinely)

Sometimes I think money isn't  
anything at all to you.

KANE

Then that's what I'll do. I'll  
tell Reilly to forget the whole  
thing. All right?

LELAND

(shaking  
his head)

No.

KANE

Well now, Brad. I don't see  
what more --

(CONTINUED)

LELAND

Because if it isn't this,  
it'll be something else.  
I've absolutely no right just  
by being around, to stand in  
the way -- the right way, for  
all I know -- of running a  
newspaper. I've got to go,  
Charles.

Kane looks at him steadily.

KANE

(defeated)

You're not going to like it  
in Chicago. The wind comes  
howling in from the lake.

(he tries to  
think up  
things)

And there's practically no  
opera season at all -- and  
the Lord only knows whether  
they've ever heard of Lobster  
Newburg...

LELAND

That's all right.

(pauses;  
awkwardly)

The only fear I have about  
Chicago is -- I'll miss you,  
Charles.

KANE

We'll still see a lot of each  
other, Brad.

(there is  
a pause)

You've been getting a pretty  
low salary here, by the way.  
It seems to me that the new  
dramatic critic of our Chicago  
paper should really get what  
he's worth.

LELAND

(smiling)

I couldn't possibly live on as  
little as that, Charles. We'll  
let the salary stay where it is.

DISSOLVE OUT

A STILL -- THE LOOP -- CHICAGO IN 1905

DISSOLVE

A SCENE, THE LOCATION OF WHICH IS TO BE DETERMINED

but it is in the Chicago just established by the still in which the audience, through Leland, learns the finish of the New York political upset. (A Mark Sullivan type of expert, passing through Chicago, may supply it.)

Kane had made the arrangement suggested by Reilly, which by itself was nothing worse than any other candidate for office might have done, but which was the very sort of thing he had been campaigning against. It had been exposed -- peculiarly enough, in a two-page article in his own paper, written by himself, on the day before the election, obviously because the information had gotten into the hands of his enemies and he was beating them to the punch. It was the opinion of the experts that the exposure had been damaging to him to the extent that it had cost him enough votes to make the election close enough for Rogers to count him out through fraud. Without this, all the fraudulent votes in the world couldn't have defeated him. In other words, he would -- without this little political arrangement -- have easily achieved the very thing which this political arrangement, as it turned out, made it impossible for him to achieve.

DISSOLVE

A SHOT - PREVIOUSLY SEEN IN THE 'MARCH OF TIME' - of Kane attacking the photographers as he leaves the office of the Justice of the Peace, where he has just been married to Susan. This shot, however, is a newspaper photograph, on page 1, of a Chicago paper (not Kane's), illustrating the paper's story of the Kane-Alexander nuptials. The paper is being read by Leland, in a comfortable study, which is, however, nowhere near as precious or charming as his New York place.

Leland gazes vacantly into space after reading the paper, then gets up, a bit heavily, and goes to a desk. He makes -- we see the insert of the first one -- several attempts to write a telegram of congratulation to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Foster Kane, c/o the "Enquirer", New York, but he is unsuccessful each time, as is evidenced by his crumpling up the piece of paper and starting anew.

DISSOLVE OUT

LELAND AT HIS DESK, IN HIS TINY OFFICE (In Chicago)

He opens a letter and reads it. It is of two or three pages, each page dominated by its strong 'K'.

INSERT

The last few lines which read: "...and I insist on your coming to New York soon and hearing Susan sing just for you and me. Brad, we've really got a songbird on our hands. One of these days...

C.F.K."

DISSOLVE

INSERT

A NEWSPAPER HEADLINE -- FROM KANE'S CHICAGO PAPER -- The "Chicago Enquirer" -- proclaiming that Susan Alexander will definitely open the new Chicago Opera House in "Thais".

DISSOLVE

LELAND'S OFFICE

HAMMOND

There never was anything like it -- not in this town! The Chief gets here Sunday with a special train. Monday noon there's a big lunch -- the Mayor, six Governors, the President of the University -- and we're running six pages solid Tuesday morning. Altmann is going to handle the music end, you'll cover it as if it was a show, I'm going to put four men on crowds and audience stuff, Eddie Marsh is coming from New York himself to handle the society end --

(he pauses  
for breath)

LELAND

All under one big tent?

(CONTINUED)



Huh? Oh!

(smiles)

The wife is mad as the dickens already because I can't go with her. Only with the Chief here, I'll have to stick close to the desk.

DISSOLVE

THE RAILROAD YARDS IN CHICAGO

A SPECIAL TRAIN

Leland is walking along, looking for a certain number, when Kane jumps from the steps of the car ahead and rushes toward him.

KANE

(excitedly)

Brad! Brad!

LELAND

(happily)

Hullo, Charles!

He suddenly gives his hat a rakish tilt, pulling it down by the brim.

LELAND (cont'd)

I'm from the "Enquirer", see, Mr. Kane, and I was wondering if you would be so kind as to be good enough to give me your views of our city. What do you think of the stockyards, Mr. Kane?

KANE

(smiling  
broadly)

Anything you want to ask me, young fellow, go right ahead! I know just how it is. I used to be one of the newspaper boys myself.

(he examines him)

You look wonderful.

(CONTINUED)

LELAND

Oh, I manage to stay fit out here in the wilds. I just made up my mind not to let myself go. Dress for dinner every night -- you know the sort of thing.

KANE

Come on. I want you to meet Susan.

He steers Leland to the steps.

THE INTERIOR OF A LARGE PRIVATE SALON

A chinless fool of twenty-five is sitting in a corner with a highball. Two girls, not exactly Emily's type, are at a card table, working on a cut-out picture puzzle. Kane and Leland enter.

KANE

Mr. Leland -- Miss Stanford,  
Miss Donahue.  
(a little  
contemptuously)  
Mr. Walters.

Walters raises his glass in silent salutation.

MISS STANFORD

Hullo.

MISS DONAHUE

You're not the THE Mr. Leland?  
The one that used to be the  
drama critic?

KANE

Where's Susan?

MISS STANFORD

She'll be right back. She's  
powdering her nose.

(CONTINUED)

WALTERS

Tell you what you could do,  
Mr. Leland -- if there's a  
waiter behind you -- do you  
mind asking him to bring us  
another drink?

Leland turns to look.

KANE

There'll be no more drinking  
until dinner, Walters.

WALTERS

But, I say, Mr. Kane --

Kane fixes him with his eye. Walters knows there's  
no hope. He relaxes sulkily.

MISS STANFORD

Did you bring a picture puzzle,  
Mr. Leland?

LELAND

(smiling)

No, I didn't. I didn't know  
it was expected.

KANE

When you get to know us better  
again, Brad, you'll realize that  
there's nothing we like better  
than a new picture puzzle.

(he is trying to  
make a joke of it)

Wonderful relaxation!

(he gets to his  
feet)

Oh!

Susan has entered.

KANE (cont'd)

Susan, this is Bradford Leland.

SUSAN

(vary warmly)

Oh, hullo, I'm glad you're here.

(CONTINUED).

LELAND

Thank you.

SUSAN

I can't begin to tell you how often I've asked Charlie to have you come to New York, but he's always said he guessed if you wanted to come to New York -- you wouldn't need --

KANE

(interrupting)

Brad's had his hands full establishing himself here, dear, and I've never felt it fair to interrupt his labors.

SUSAN

Well, anyway, we've met at last, haven't we, Brad?

LELAND

I apologize for its having taken as long as it has, Mrs. Kane.

KANE

Mrs. Kane?

SUSAN

You're going to call me Susan, aren't you, Brad?

LELAND

Of course, Susan.

DISSOLVE

A SMALL BALLROOM. IT IS THE LUNCHEON TO WHICH HAMMOND REFERRED.

Susan, the guest of honor, is at the Mayor's right. A lady between, Kane is at the Mayor's left. There is a long table of such dignitaries. Leland is at a small table, with some other men. There is general ad lib conversation among all the diners. Leland, glum, fills a glass from a bottle wrapped in a napkin under the table. He tosses down his drink.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

209

WHATEVER IS TO BE SHOWN OF THE OPENING OF "THAIS".  
The exterior of the Opera House with the audience arriving, probably.

DISSOLVE

A LONG SHOT OF THE AUDIENCE AND A CLOSER SHOT OF LELAND

On the aisle, the seat next to him unoccupied. SHOT of Kane with a big party further down front. (The party includes the Misses Stanford and Donahue, Walters and such, plus the Mayor and such.) Susan sings an aria. It is, of course, hopeless, but not of the Beatrice Lillie burlesque type. The audience is polite, but it knows how terribly bad she is.

DISSOLVE

THE CITY ROOM OF THE "CHICAGO ENQUIRER"

Everyone is on his best behaviour, because, tilted on a chair, a bit back of Hammond at the city desk, is Kane in full evening clothes, as he was at the opera. He is humming to himself and looking at his fingernails.

HAMMOND

(nervously)

All the copy is in, Mr. Kane, except Leland's. I don't know what's keeping him. Of course, we've got ten minutes till press time, but --

KANE

He always wrote slowly. Nothing to worry about.

(he gets up)

I'll go and see how he's getting along.

He starts towards Leland's office.

LELAND'S OFFICE AS THE DOOR OPENS AND KANE ENTERS

There, sprawled on the desk alongside an old-fashioned typewriter, his head in his arms, is Leland, as he was seen at the opera. Kane takes in the situation instantly. Leland is drunk. He reaches past him and snatches out of the typewriter the piece of copy paper on which Leland had managed to write a few sentences.

INSERT

"Miss Susan Alexander, a pretty but hopelessly incompetent amateur, last night opened the new Chicago Opera House in a performance of "Thais". Her singing, happily, is no concern of this department. Of her acting, it is absolutely impossible to..."

Kane holds the paper in his hand and for a moment the murderous expression that we have seen before crosses his face. He recovers instantly. His lips tighten, he looks at Leland for a moment, then walks out, stuffing the paper in his pocket.

DISSOLVE

A SMALL BOX ON THE THEATRICAL PAGE stating that last night's performance of "Thais", at the Chicago Opera House, will be reviewed in tomorrow's "Enquirer", from the dramatic point of view. See pages 3 to 7 for the reports of distinguished musical critics and civic leaders. The CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal that Leland in his study, in a dull stupor, is looking at the paper, which he has before him. There is a knock on the door.

LELAND

Come in.

He looks up slightly as the door opens and an "Enquirer" copy boy enters. The boy hands him an envelope.

THE BOY

There's something for you to sign, Mr. Leland. I was to wait for an answer.

Leland opens it. It is a letter.

(CONTINUED)

INSERT

"The Enquirer Publishing Corporation,  
Chicago, Illinois.

In consideration of the sum of  
\$25,000., receipt of which is  
hereby acknowledged, the Enquirer  
Publishing Corporation is hereby  
released from all further obligation  
to me under our existing contract  
or contracts.

Very truly yours, "

His name is typed under the 'very truly yours', with a  
space for the signature. The cheque to which reference  
is made is also enclosed.

Leland looks up and sees that the boy has produced a  
pen with which he is to sign. He takes it and signs.  
He then takes the cheque and tears it into numerous  
pieces. He puts the pieces and the letter into the  
envelope in which they came, and addresses it to  
Mr. Charles Foster Kane - Personal.

THE BOY

Thank you, Mr. Leland.

He starts to leave.

LELAND

Wait a minute.

The boy stands where he is. Leland gets up, goes to the  
desk, and without rummaging, finds a document for which  
he is looking in a little drawer. He looks at it before  
adding it to the collection in the envelope. It is "The  
Declaration of Principles."

LELAND (cont'd)

(handing it to the boy)

Now take it to Mr. Kane.

THE BOY

Yes, Mr. Leland.

DISSOLVE OUT

KANE IN THE RAILROAD TRAIN STATEROOM

He is at a desk, working on some papers. He has interrupted himself to open the letter just brought to him by the boy. Susan is working on a picture puzzle. The boy leaves as Kane opens the letter. In pantomime he takes in the situation, lifting enough of the pieces of the cheque to recognize what they are. He opens the other document which Leland enclosed, which we now recognize for the first time. It is the Declaration of Principles written by himself and Leland a long time ago. He is moved for a moment and then his eyes narrow. He tears the document into many pieces and drops them, along with the pieces of the cheque, into the wastepaper basket.

SUSAN

Why do they always make a blue dress the same color as the sky, so you can waste half an hour thinking you've got the right piece and you haven't?

Kane looks at her, then turns back to his work.

DISSOLVE OUT



Pagination is in error, due to combination of  
two preliminary scripts.

161

A LARGE MAP OF THE UNITED STATES, except that the North Eastern States, the Texas border and the far west are missing. As the CAMERA PULLS BACK, we see that this is the solved part of a large jig-saw puzzle on the floor of the main room at Xanadu. (This is the room through which the camera passed on its way to Kane, when he was dying.) Susan, two other young women, and Bernstein are standing alongside the puzzle, looking at it. (Susan and the girls are in sports clothes. Bernstein is dressed, vest and all, for a meeting of the Retail Merchants' Credit Association.)

SUSAN

I've been working on it for three weeks. O'you like it?

BERNSTEIN

A map of the United States?  
What is there not to like?

(he smiles)

In case you don't know what goes in there --

(points to a  
missing part)

-- it's Ohio and Indiana.

SUSAN

That's very easy for you to say, Mr. Bernstein. But they're the same colour as Texas and Oregon.

BERNSTEIN

Do you want my advice? Paint them different colours.

The two young women look at each other in an expression of their opinion of Bernstein. He's a dope.

SUSAN

We've got a lot of new ones.  
If you'd like to try one, Mr. Bernstein --

BERNSTEIN

No, thanks.

(he is bending over,  
looking at the  
puzzle)

I got enough jig-saw puzzles  
in my work.

(CONTINUED)

## ONE OF THE GIRLS

(to the other,  
in alarm)  
Come on, Betty! Mr. Kane!

A look of alarm comes over the other one's face. The remark is unheard by Bernstein and Susan. As casually as they can, the two girls walk off. THE CAMERA REVEALS Kane coming toward Susan and Bernstein. He greets a few guests who are writing or crossing the room.

KANE

(as he approaches)  
Good morning.

SUSAN

Good morning.  
(she kisses  
his cheek)

He puts his arm fondly across her shoulder.

KANE

Good morning, Mr. Bernstein.

BERNSTEIN

Good morning, Mr. Kane.  
(pats his pocket)  
I got the figures for the new  
double truck colour process.  
I don't care what anybody says --

KANE

Mr. Bernstein, you haven't come here only to talk business. You must learn to relax, Mr. Bernstein! Susan, don't you think Mr. Bernstein might like a little tennis? I'm sure you can find some players who --

BERNSTEIN

Mr. Kane, unless you order me, I will positively not take any exercise. In New York I'm too tired. Why should I get tired here?

(CONTINUED)

KANE

Why indeed?

(to Susan)

You're looking very pretty,  
my dear.

SUSAN

Thank you. If you and Mr.  
Bernstein want to talk -- if  
that's what you meant --

KANE

I meant that you look very  
pretty.

BERNSTEIN

In case you're not convinced,  
Mrs. Kane, take my word for it.

SUSAN

(surprised)

Why, thank you, Mr. Bernstein.

KANE

Didn't you know, Susan? Mr.  
Bernstein is one of the last  
of the gallants?

Bernstein looks at him a bit bewildered.

SUSAN

I thought to Mr. Bernstein I  
was always just Mrs. Kane. He  
doesn't even call me Susan.

Bernstein is quite embarrassed.

KANE

(lightly)

Mr. Bernstein, it's a long time  
since I've given you any direct  
orders, but I here and now  
order you --Susan has ceased to be interested by this chit-chat.  
She sees a handsome young man who has come into the hall.

SUSAN

(calling)

Oh, Jerry!

(CONTINUED)

Jerry sees her and starts toward her, but becomes a bit less relaxed at the sight of Kane.

JERRY

(to Bernstein)

Oh hello!... Hello, Mr. Kane.

SUSAN

(to Kane)

I promised Jerry I'd take him down to the stables. He wants to see the new colt.

KANE

I'll be very pleased to hear his opinion.

SUSAN

(going off)

Come on, Jerry! So long!  
See you later, Mr. Bernstein!

BERNSTEIN

See you later, -- Susan!

Bernstein and Kane sit down on a wide window seat. A magnificent garden, with masterpieces of statuary, is to be seen through the window in back of them.

BERNSTEIN (cont'd)

Oh! About that double track colour process, Mr. Kane, for the Sunday...

KANE

Relax, Mr. Bernstein! Relax!

BERNSTEIN

All morning?

KANE

Yes.

(looks at him  
smilingly)

How often have you been here, Mr. Bernstein?

BERNSTEIN

Oh, twenty - thirty times.

(CONTINUED)

KANE

And we still can't persuade you  
to -- to change to clothes more  
suitable to -- the balmy climate  
of Florida!

BERNSTEIN

Who would I fool? Outdoors I  
don't go, if I can help it!  
Indoors, climate is climate.  
Only to stay here long -- that  
I wouldn't like.

KANE

You don't like our little paradise?

BERNSTEIN

Oh, you know what I mean, Mr.  
Kane? Paradise, yes. But to  
work --

(forgets himself)  
-- and the people --

Kane's eyes narrow a little. Bernstein is now aware  
that he has said something wrong.

KANE

(slowly)  
They're very charming people,  
Mr. Bernstein.

BERNSTEIN

Sure, sure!

KANE

(his reaction,  
unchanged,  
almost commanding)  
I'd like to hear what you feel  
about them, Mr. Bernstein.

BERNSTEIN

(most uncomfortable)  
Well -- I got nothing against  
them. Nothing at all. It's  
just -- well, they're --  
(questioningly,  
hoping for  
approval)  
-- they're kind of young?

There is no answer from Kane.

(CONTINUED)

BERNSTEIN (cont'd)

And -- they don't do anything. Most of them. And -- I don't know... So they've got too much time to -- to not have to do anything in. They -- they -- Mr. Kane, I guess I just didn't know what I was saying. They're all right.

KANE

If you mean, Mr. Bernstein, they're mostly Mrs. Kane's friends, -- or rather, people whom she would probably like more than I would, if we weren't married -- that's true.

BERNSTEIN

(eagerly)

That's what I mean.

KANE

But I like it that way. I like this place to be filled with people who keep her entertained. That's why we have all these parties. That's why --

BERNSTEIN

(quickly)

While I think of it, Mr. Kane, I thought maybe I'd go back to New York tomorrow morning. I've got an important meeting Saturday and --

KANE

Mr. Bernstein!

BERNSTEIN

(caught lying)

I have! I've got to see -- Mr. Kane, I've got to leave tomorrow morning. It's important.

(CONTINUED)

KANE

Mr. Bernstein, there's no excuse you can invent that's going to stop you from being at our Wild West party here tomorrow night -- in costume. You're going to wear chaps, Mr. Bernstein, and a red bandanna around your neck, and you're going to carry a Colt .45, and you're going to---You'll be a new person tomorrow, Mr. Bernstein.

BERNSTEIN

(ruefully)

It's a little late.

(pauses)

If I could stop relaxing now, Mr. Kane, could we talk about the double truck colour spread?

Kane closes his eyes with exaggerated weariness.

162

A CORNER OF THE STABLES. Susan and the handsome young man -- Jerry Martin, are looking at a mare and her new colt.

JERRY

(patronizingly)

Very nice!

SUSAN

It has to be a polo pony to interest you, doesn't it?

JERRY

If I say yes, does that mean Mr. Kane'll have a building put up by next Monday just for polo ponies? Fully equipped -- with two hundred of South America's best --

They turn away and start out of the stables.

SUSAN

You'd like that.

JERRY

Would I?

(CONTINUED)



SUSAN

The irresistible Jerry Martin!  
Just has to raise a finger to  
get what he wants!

JERRY

I wish that was true! I've been  
raising fingers all over this  
place for -- oh, I guess ten  
times in the last two years --  
and all the good it does me --

SUSAN

Why don't you stop?

JERRY

You can never be sure. Maybe  
the next time --

SUSAN

You can be sure.

Jerry looks at her. She tries to meet his eyes, but  
she is the first to give way.

JERRY

You ought to know by now, Susan,  
if you really want to discourage  
your men -- you wouldn't lead  
them on every now and then.

SUSAN

I don't lead you on. Oh, if  
you're talking about... I drank  
too much Saturday night. I  
didn't know what I was doing.

Jerry winks at her.

SUSAN (cont'd)

(indignantly)

You're making a big mistake  
about me, Jerry.

JERRY

I know. I know.

DISSOLVE OUT

BERNSTEIN IN A MAGNIFICENT ROOM AT THE ALHAMBRA

163

There is a knock on the door.

BERNSTEIN

Come in.

Simultaneously, the door opens and Susan enters carrying a tray which bears a cocktail shaker and two glasses.

SUSAN

Room service!

(she kicks the  
door to behind her)

You never come down to cocktails,  
Mr. Bernstein, so I thought I'd  
bring the cocktails to you.

BERNSTEIN

Thank you, Mrs. Kane, but I --

SUSAN

What?

BERNSTEIN

Sorry!

(smiling)

Thank you, Susan, but I don't  
drink.

SUSAN

You don't really drink?

(she has set the  
tray down on the  
table by his bed  
and is pouring a  
drink)

That's not just a joke?

BERNSTEIN

I don't like the taste.

SUSAN

That's no excuse. I don't like  
the taste either.

(she throws a  
cocktail down)

What do you do?

(CONTINUED)

BERNSTEIN

(blinking)

I'm so busy, I haven't had time  
to find out. Mr. Kane's business  
is getting to be...

SUSAN

I know all about that. I mean --  
you're rich, aren't you?

BERNSTEIN

I guess so.  
(hurriedly)  
Not like --

SUSAN

But you're rich?

Bernstein nods.

SUSAN (cont'd)

Well, what do you get out of  
being rich?

BERNSTEIN

Money.

SUSAN

(unsmiling)

What do you get out of your  
money?

BERNSTEIN

(thinks)

Well, you can do things for  
people.

SUSAN

Don't tell me you're one of  
those.

BERNSTEIN

I mean, my people. My wife, and  
my children and my grand-children.

SUSAN

Are they happy?

(CONTINUED)

BERNSTEIN

Of course.

SUSAN

What've they got?

BERNSTEIN

(thinking)

Well, they've got -- they've got everything they want.

SUSAN

What do they want?

BERNSTEIN

What they've got.

SUSAN

(takes another drink)

There's a girl I know -- an awful rich girl -- well, you'd think to look at her, she's got everything. But all the time she's wondering -- this girl I'm talking about, she told me the other day she was wondering -- she's got a feeling...

BERNSTEIN

(looking at

her shrewdly)

Is she married?

SUSAN

(thinking)

Yes. She's got a husband. He gives her everything she wants -- anything she can think of --

BERNSTEIN

And she hasn't got anything?

SUSAN

Well, she's got a feeling -- (hurriedly) -- she was telling me, she's got a feeling -- she's not really got anything that counts... She --

(CONTINUED)

BERNSTEIN

What does she want to be? Poor?

SUSAN

There are worse things than  
being poor.

BERNSTEIN

(embarrassed about the  
whole thing, watching  
her as she downs her  
third cocktail)Isn't that a whole lot to drink --  
three?

SUSAN

No.

BERNSTEIN

If I was to drink three cocktails --  
(he interrupts  
himself)Say am I keeping you from  
dressing for dinner?

SUSAN

(getting up)

I guess you're right. I've got  
to get dressed. For dinner.

(pauses)

You're going to drink tomorrow  
night, aren't you? You can't  
be in the Wild West and not drink.

BERNSTEIN

Couldn't I be a fellow that came  
by mistake and didn't like the  
Wild West?

DISSOLVE

164

THE WILD WEST PARTY. There is dancing in the large hall, to a mining-camp orchestra. There are two Wild West bars one at each end of the room. The party must be emphatically young. Almost all the guests, in fact, are younger than Susan and certainly much younger than Kane, Bernstein and Reilly and, at the most, three other men of their age. Bernstein, sadly, is in Wild West costume, as are all the rest. He is standing with Reilly, watching the dancing. Kane is dancing with Susan. He is not a modern dancer, emphasized both by Susan's bored superiority and by the athletic antics of the dancers around her. Jerry is dancing with some beautiful young woman.

(CONTINUED)

RAYMOND

Something to drink, sir?

BERNSTEIN

If it gave water in the Wild West --

RAYMOND

I'll get you some water, Mr. Bernstein.

The music stops. Jerry has claimed Susan, and Kane is walking towards Bernstein and Reilly.

KANE

I saw you studying my dancing, Mr. Bernstein. You can't learn by watching somebody else. You've got to do it yourself.

BERNSTEIN

I was watching because it made me happy. That's the way people used to dance.

(realizes he's made a bit of a slip)

KANE

(not minding at all)

I've not been very progressive about my dancing.

Raymond returns with a glass of water that Bernstein is about to take.

KANE (cont'd)

(leading him off)

Oh, no you don't. The place for you, Mr. Bernstein, is with your foot on the rail of the Lost Chance Saloon, a gun in one hand and a tall glass of straight whiskey in the other... Come on, Mr. Bernstein!

They go off.

JERRY

If you'd rather, we'll dance  
the way you've been taught.  
One -- two -- stop. One -- two  
-- three -- stop. One -- two  
-- stop.

SUSAN

(smiling)

That's not nice, Jerry.

JERRY

I don't think it is. Do you  
want to really dance?

SUSAN

(nodding)

Yes.

JERRY

You want me to tell you how  
pretty you look?

SUSAN

No.

JERRY

If you want to know -- you don't  
look pretty at all. All these  
other girls look pretty. You're --

Susan puts her hand over his mouth. He makes as if to  
bite her palm before she withdraws it.

JERRY (cont'd)

What do you say we get a drink?

SUSAN

Sometimes you have very good  
ideas.

JERRY

(after a  
quick glance)

You've had quite a lot, haven't  
you?

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN

It's a Wild West party, isn't it? Well, I'm --

JERRY

Wild?

SUSAN

Certainly not. Wild West!  
Come on...

They stop dancing and start off.

DISSOLVE

166

The edge of the pool. It is about one o'clock in the morning. A half dozen young people are fooling around in the water. Bernstein and Kane are at the edge of the pool.

BERNSTEIN

If you don't mind, Mr. Kane, I'm going to bed.

KANE

I guess you're not used to the wide open spaces. Good night, Mr. Bernstein.

BERNSTEIN

Good night. Will you say good night to Mrs. -- I mean, to Susan for me -- and thanks for the party.

KANE

I will.

Kane watches him go and then looks down among the bathers. He seems to be vaguely looking for somebody. A young man in a bathing suit is balancing himself on his hands on the edge of the pool; overbalances, falls in with a splash.

A YOUNG MAN

It's a swell party, Mr. Kane!

(CONTINUED)



KANE

(smiling)

It's not the sort of thing I'd  
have said twenty years ago I'd  
be doing at my age, but --

GIRL

(in the water)

Why don't you come in?

ANOTHER GIRL

Oh, come on, Mr. Kane!

KANE

At two in the morning?

A YOUNG MAN

Why not?

KANE

I'll tell you what I'll do --  
I'll race you four lengths and  
give you a length start --

GIRL

Good for you!

He starts towards the bathhouse off the pool. Raymond,  
who has been offering drinks, at this same moment turns  
to go off towards the house.

KANE

Oh, Raymond!

RAYMOND

Yes, sir?

KANE

You haven't seen Mrs. Kane, have  
you?

RAYMOND

No, sir -- I haven't, sir --

KANE

(quietly)

Better not serve any more of  
those -- not down here --

(CONTINUED)

RAYMOND

Very good, sir --

He starts off again towards the bathhouse. Raymond follows him at a short distance. There are two doors to the bathhouse, one open, through which two men can be seen finishing dressing. As Kane and Raymond approach it, the door next to it is blown open and there, in the dark, but revealed by the moonlight, are Susan and Jerry in a tight embrace. Kane stops for a moment. Raymond, who has also seen it, looks at Kane. There is a murderous look on Kane's face. It seems almost as if he were going to start for the other room. With an effort, he controls himself and deliberately averts his look. Jerry releases Susan, who looks at him for a moment, and then drunkenly, feebly, pushes him away from her. He reaches out after her, then accepts her gesture pushing him into the other room. Raymond is about to start up the path.

KANE

Oh, Raymond!

RAYMOND

Sir?

KANE

Will you get me my bathing suit, please.

RAYMOND

Yes, sir.

Raymond puts down his tray and vanishes for a moment, during which Kane has begun to undress -- loosens his tie, etc. Raymond returns with the bathing suit which he hands to Kane.

KANE

You saw nothing unusual as we came in here just now, did you, Raymond?

RAYMOND

(uncertainly)

No -- no, Mr. Kane.

KANE

(nodding)

I'm glad you didn't. I suppose I -- it was something I imagined, I'm sure. I thought I saw --

(CONTINUED)

He pauses significantly. Raymond is mesmerized.

KANE (cont'd)  
I thought I saw a rat. A rat  
that ought to be killed!

He is looking at Raymond. Raymond is unable to move  
or even to blink his eyes. Kane suddenly shakes it off.  
He notices the bathing suit and takes it from Raymond.

KANE (cont'd)  
Oh, thank you --

Raymond is still hypnotized.

DISSOLVE

167

Susan's room. She is sleeping. The door opens. Kane  
stands in the doorway looking at her; then he closes  
the door.

DISSOLVE

168

Kane in his study at his desk. Raymond has just entered.

RAYMOND

Mr. Kane!

Kane looks up.

RAYMOND (cont'd)  
I've got bad news, Mr. Kane.

KANE

What is it?

RAYMOND  
They found Mr. Martin's body, sir.  
He'd been thrown from his horse --  
I guess he must have rolled down the  
side of that little hill, back of  
the creek.

(CONTINUED)

KANE

(rising)  
Did you get a doctor?

RAYMOND

Yes, sir. It was too late.

There is a silence.

KANE

Have you told Mrs. Kane?

RAYMOND

No, sir. Marie said she was  
still sleeping and --

KANE

I'll tell her myself. I'll  
see you in the main room as soon  
as I've talked to Mrs. Kane.

RAYMOND

Yes, sir.

He holds the door open as Kane walks out.

169

Susan's bedroom. Awake, but far from even thinking of  
getting up, Susan is in her bed. Except for one window,  
the curtains are drawn, which gives the room a rather  
dismal appearance. She starts up at Kane's brief knock.  
He enters the room.

SUSAN

(quickly)

I was just getting up, Charlie.

I didn't feel well and --

(as if laughing)

I guess I had a little too much  
champagne last night.

KANE

That's not important.

SUSAN

Can you beat it! Three-thirty!  
Well, I didn't get to bed till  
five or six and --

(CONTINUED)

KANE

(sits down on  
the bed)

We've had a bit of excitement  
this afternoon, Susan.

Susan looks up.

KANE (cont'd)

Right after lunch, about fifteen  
people went riding. They must  
have scattered, because about  
three o'clock they came back --  
but Jerry Martin's horse had been  
back a half hour before that,  
and none of them knew what had  
happened to him.

SUSAN

Jerry Martin!

KANE

Well, we sent out after him at  
once, of course. They've just  
come back. They found Jerry at  
the foot of the hill back of the  
creek. He's dead.

Susan is too shocked to talk.

KANE (cont'd)

As far as we know -- as far as  
we'll ever know, I guess -- he  
must have taken a fall and....  
(he doesn't finish  
his sentence)

SUSAN

But Jerry Martin -- that's not  
possible! Jerry was born on a  
horse. No horse could throw him  
and...

KANE

(his eyes fixed  
on hers)

It's peculiar, isn't it?

She reads something in his eyes, and draws back slowly in  
great fear. Kane's face keeps at the same distance from  
hers.

(CONTINUED)

KANE (cont'd)

It's hard to realize, Susan, isn't it? Only last night at our party -- there he was, full of life, gay -- and now he's dead!

Susan stares at him and then falls back on the pillow, crying. Kane looks at her for another moment and then gets up.

KANE (cont'd)

I'm going downstairs to take charge of whatever has to be done, Susan. I know what a shock this has been to you, dear. You'd better take it easy. I'll take care of everything.

He walks out of the room.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

170

"LEANDER" -- in big letters. As the CAMERA PULLS BACK, the name is seen to be on the bow of an enormous ocean-going steam yacht. No land is in sight.

DISSOLVE

A STATEROOM ON THE YACHT

171

Kane is at his desk, working on some papers. Susan, restless and impatient, is at a picture puzzle, spread out on a card table, underneath a port-hole. She steals looks at Kane and looks round at the walls. She would like to escape. She sighs.

SUSAN

What time is it?

There is no answer.

SUSAN (cont'd)

Charlie! I said, what time is it?

KANE

(looks up,  
consults  
his watch)

Half past two.

SUSAN

I mean, in New York?

KANE

(promptly)

Half past eleven.

SUSAN

At night?

KANE

Yes. The bulldog's just gone to press.

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN

(sarcastically)

Hooray for the bulldog!

(sighs)

Half past eleven! The theatres  
have just let out. People are  
going to night clubs and  
restaurants. Of course, we're  
different. We've got a yacht.  
We're on a trip around the world.

KANE

You always said you wanted to go  
around the world.

SUSAN

What a fool I was! Can't we go  
back, Charlie?

Kane shakes his head smilingly as he turns back to  
his work.

SUSAN (cont'd)

If I promise to be a good girl!  
Not to drink -- and to entertain  
all the Governors and the Senators  
with dignity --

(she puts a slur  
into the word)

-- and take them all around the  
grounds and show them the 'objays  
dart' --

Kane looks at her in good humour, and shakes his head  
smilingly.

SUSAN (cont'd)

We've been away nearly a year,  
Charlie.

(winningly)

Let's go back. We've seen an  
awful lot. We can always see the  
rest some other time.

KANE

(the smile leaving  
his face a bit)

We'll be back in June, Susan.

The discussion is ended for him. He returns to his work.  
Susan angrily returns to her picture puzzle.

DISSOLVE OUT



172

ANOTHER PICTURE PUZZLE. Susan's hands fitting in a missing piece.

DISSOLVE

173

ANOTHER PICTURE PUZZLE. Susan's hands fitting in a missing piece.

DISSOLVE

174

AN ENORMOUS PICTURE PUZZLE, BIGGER THAN THE LAST THREE.

This is spread out on the floor of the living room at Xanadu like the puzzle in the first Xanadu scene. The background -- young people at their various pleasures -- is much the same as in the earlier scene, except that, barring Kane, standing alongside of Susan looking over her shoulder at the puzzle, and Raymond, who is crossing the room, none of them are the same people who were there before.

KANE

(good-naturedly)

One thing I've never been able to understand, Susan. How do you know that you haven't done them before?

Susan shoots him an angry glance. She isn't amused.

SUSAN

It makes a whole lot more sense than collecting Venuses.

KANE

You may be right. I sometimes wonder -- but you get into the habit --

SUSAN

(snapping)

It's not a habit. I do it because I like it.

(CONTINUED)

KANE

I was referring to myself.

(pauses)

I thought we might have a picnic tomorrow. Invite everybody to go to the Everglades...

SUSAN

Invite everybody! Order everybody, you mean, and make 'em sleep in tents! Who wants to sleep in tents when they have a nice room of their own -- with their own bath, where they know where everything is?

Kane has looked at her steadily, not hostilely.

KANE

I thought we might invite everybody to go on a picnic tomorrow. Stay at Everglades over night.

(he pats her

lightly on

the shoulder)

Please see that the arrangements are made, Susan.

He turns away. As he does so, he addresses Riley, who has been sitting on a nearby sofa.

KANE (cont'd)

All right, Riley.

Riley jumps to his feet and they walk off. Susan's eyes follow him with smouldering hatred.

DISSOLVE

175

A LONG SHOT OF A NUMBER OF CLASSY TENTS - NIGHT

D.C. 517

176

THE INTERIOR OF A LARGE TENT

Two real beds have been set up on each side of the tent. A rather classy dressing table is in the corner. Susan is preparing for bed. Kane, in a dark suit, is in an easy chair, reading. Susan is very quiet.

SUSAN

I'm not going to put up with this.

Kane turns to look at her.

SUSAN (cont'd)

I mean it.

(she catches a  
slight flicker  
on Kane's face)

Oh, I know I always say I mean it,  
and then I don't -- or you get me  
so I don't do what I say I'm going  
to -- but --

KANE

(interrupting)

You're in a tent, darling. You're  
not at home. And I can hear you  
very well if you just talk in a  
normal tone of voice.

SUSAN

I'm not going to have my guests  
insulted, just because you think --  
(in a rage)

-- if people want to bring a drink  
or two along on a picnic, that's  
their business. You've got no  
right --

KANE

(quickly)

I've got more than a right as far  
as you're concerned, Susan.

SUSAN

Oh I'm sick and tired of your  
telling me what I must and what  
I mustn't do!

KANE

(gently)

You're my wife, Susan, and --

SUSAN

I'm not just your wife. I'm a person  
all by myself -- or I ought to be. I  
was once. Sometimes you get me to  
believe I never was.

(CONTINUED)

KANE

We can discuss all this some other time, Susan. Right now, --

SUSAN

I'll discuss what's on my mind when I want to. You're not going to keep on running my life the way you want it.

KANE

As far as you're concerned, Susan, I've never wanted anything - I don't want anything now -- except what you want.

SUSAN

What you want me to want, you mean. What you've decided I ought to have -- what you'd want if you were me. But you've never given me anything that --

KANE

Susan, I really think --

SUSAN

Oh, I don't mean the things you've given me -- that don't mean anything to you. What's the difference between giving me a bracelet or giving somebody else a hundred thousand dollars for a statue you're going to keep crated up and never look at? It's only money. It doesn't mean anything. You're not really giving anything that belongs to you, that you care about.

KANE

(he has risen)

Susan, I want you to stop this. And right now!

SUSAN

Well, I'm not going to stop it. I'm going to say exactly what I think.

(she screams)

You've never given me anything. You've tried to buy me into giving you something. You're --

(a sudden notion)

(cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN (cont'd)

-- it's like you were bribing me! That's what it's been from the first moment I met you. No matter how much it cost you -- your time, your money -- that's what you've done with everybody you've ever known. Tried to bribe them!

KANE

Susan!

She looks at him, with no lessening of her passion.

KANE (cont'd)

You're talking an incredible amount of nonsense, Susan.

(quietly)

Whatever I do -- I do -- because I love you.

SUSAN

Love! You don't love anybody! Me or anybody else! You want to be loved -- that's all you want! I'm Charles Foster Kane. Whatever you want -- just name it and it's yours! Only love me! Don't expect me to love you --

Without a word, Kane slaps her across the face. They look at each other.

SUSAN (cont'd)

You -- you hit me.

Kane continues to look at her.

SUSAN (cont'd)

You'll never have another chance to hit me again.

(pauses)

I never knew till this minute --

KANE

Susan, it seems to me --

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN  
Don't tell me you're sorry.

KANE  
I'm not sorry.

SUSAN  
I'm going to leave you.

KANE  
No you're not.

SUSAN  
(nods)  
Yes.

They look at each other, fixedly, much as they did in the scene where Kane told her of Jerry Martin's death. This time, however, she doesn't give way. In fact, the camera on Kane's face shows the beginning of a startled look, as of one who sees something unfamiliar and unbelievable.

DISSOLVE

# KANE'S STUDY

177

Kane is at the window looking out. He turns as he hears Raymond enter.

RAYMOND  
Mrs. Kane would like to see you,  
Mr. Kane.

KANE  
All right.

Raymond waits as Kane hesitates.

KANE (cont'd)  
Is Mrs. Kane --  
(he can't finish)

RAYMOND  
Marie has been packing since  
morning, Mr. Kane.

Kane impetuously walks past him out of the room.

178

Packed suitcases are on the floor. Susan is completely dressed for travelling. Kane bursts into the room.

SUSAN.

Tell Arnold I'm ready, Marie.  
He can get the bags.

MARIE

Yes, Mrs. Kane.

She leaves. Kane closes the door behind her.

KANE

Have you gone completely crazy?

Susan looks at him.

KANE (cont'd)

Don't you realize that everybody here is going to know about this? That you've packed your bags and ordered the car and --

SUSAN

-- And left? Of course they'll hear. I'm not saying good-bye -- except to you -- but I never imagined that people wouldn't know.

Kane is standing against the door as if physically barring her way.

KANE

I won't let you go.

SUSAN

You can't stop me.

Kane keeps looking at her. Susan reaches out her hand.

SUSAN

Good-bye, Charlie.

(CONTINUED)

KANE

(suddenly)  
Don't go, Susan.

SUSAN

Let's not start all over again,  
Charlie. We've said everything  
that can be said.

KANE

Susan, don't go! Susan, please!

He has lost all pride. Susan stops. She is affected  
by this.

KANE (cont'd)

You mustn't go, Susan. Everything'll  
be exactly the way you want it. Not  
the way I think you want it -- but  
your way. Please, Susan -- Susan!

She is staring at him. She might weaken.

KANE (cont'd)

Don't go, Susan! You mustn't go!  
(almost  
blubbling)---  
You -- you can't do this to me,  
Susan --

It's as if he had thrown ice-water into her face.  
She freezes.

SUSAN

I see -- it's you that this is being  
done to! It's not me at all.  
Not how I feel. Not what it means  
to me.

(she laughs)

I can't do this to you!

(she looks at  
him)

Oh yes I can.

She walks out, past Kane, who turns to watch her go,  
like a very tired old man.

DISSOLVE OUT



SUSAN AND THOMPSON, AT THE CAFE TABLE

179

There is silence between them for a moment.

SUSAN

Well, there you are, Mister.  
That's all there is.

She lifts up a whiskey glass which is empty. Thompson reaches under the table and comes up with a bottle. He pours from it. A drop or two at the most.

SUSAN (cont'd)

That's all there is there, too,  
huh?

Dawn is coming through the windows.

SUSAN (cont'd)

Well what do you know? It's  
morning already.

(she gets up)

You must come around and tell  
me the story of your life  
some time.

THOMPSON

I'm much obliged.

SUSAN

It's all right. In case you've  
never heard of how I lost all  
my money -- and it was plenty,  
believe me --

THOMPSON

That part doesn't interest me.  
The last ten years have been  
tough on a lot of people.

SUSAN

Don't get me wrong. They've not  
been tough on me. I just lost my  
money. But when I compare these  
last ten years with the twenty I  
spent with him --

(CONTINUED)

THOMPSON

I feel kind of sorry for him,  
all the same.

SUSAN

(harshly)

Don't you think I do?

(pauses)

Sorry I couldn't tell you about  
'Rosebud,' Mister.

THOMPSON

I don't think I'm ever going to  
find out about that. I'm going  
down to Xanadu Monday with some  
of the boys from the office.  
Mr. Rawlston wants the whole  
place photographed carefully. --  
all that art stuff, you know --

SUSAN

I know. If you're smart, you'll  
talk to Raymond. That's the butler.  
You can learn a lot from him. He  
knows where the bodies are buried.  
(she shivers)

THOMPSON

Want me to see you home?

SUSAN

(looking him  
over  
carefully)

All right. Only I like to walk  
along the Broadwalk first.  
All right with you?

THOMPSON

I'd like it.

DISSOLVE

THOMPSON AND SUSAN, WALKING ALONG THE BROADWALK

180

It is practically deserted, shortly after daybreak. Susan  
is walking along briskly, her chin up, facing the world  
bravely. Thompson sneaks a look at her, as he walks at her  
side. In this early morning light, she shows every year of  
her age.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

181

LATE AT NIGHT. No light is to be seen.

DISSOLVE

182

A CORRIDOR. This, too, is dark, but a light is coming from underneath a closed door. The CAMERA APPROACHES the door.

DISSOLVE

183

RAYMOND'S LIVING ROOM. An open door shows the pantry which is dark. Thomson and Raymond are at a table. There is a pitcher of beer and a plate of sandwiches before them.

THOMSON

Well, if you get around to your memoirs -- don't forget, Mr. Rawlins wants to be sure of getting first chance. We pay awful well for long excerpts.

RAYMOND

Maybe he'd like to buy the excerpts of what Mr. Kane said about him.

THOMSON

Huh?

RAYMOND

He thought Rawlston would break his neck sooner or later. He gave that weekly magazine of yours three years.

THOMSON

(smugly)  
He made a bit of a mistake.

(CONTINUED)

RAYMOND

He made a lot of mistakes.  
(he looks searchingly  
at Thomson)

Tell you the truth, Mr. Thomson,  
I don't like this arrangement we  
got. The down payment -- that's  
all right -- but about this bonus  
if something I say puts you on the  
track -- how do I know you'll play  
ball? How do I know you won't  
find out what it is -- only I  
don't know it?

THOMSON

If you feel that way about it,  
let's forget the whole thing.  
I've gone a little beyond my  
authority, anyhow. You give me  
back the check and --

RAYMOND

All right, all right. I just  
wanted to make sure.

He drinks a glass of beer and settles back.

RAYMOND (cont'd)

A lot of those high-toned guys  
that worked on his papers used to  
treat me as if I was an office-boy  
or something. I lasted longer than  
a lot of them -- and I got paid more  
than a lot of them. Myself, I  
always felt I was one of Mr. Kane's  
most useful assistants. I handled a  
lot of personal things for him.

THOMSON

I know.

RAYMOND

(looks at him suspiciously)  
If that hysterical dame told you  
any lies about me --

THOMSON

She didn't. She didn't.

RAYMOND

Well, she left here at the  
beginning of 1929.....

DISSOLVE OUT

184

RAYMOND WALKING RAPIDLY ALONG A CORRIDOR IN THE XANADU.  
He pushes open a door. At a desk in a fairly elaborate  
telegraph office sits an operator.

RAYMOND

Get set, Fred.

Fred is already clicking the keys.

RAYMOND (cont'd)

Urgent. Triple rate.

FRED

Shoot.

RAYMOND

(reading)

Exclusive for immediate transmission  
urgent priority all Kane papers. Mr.  
Charles Foster Kane announced today  
that Mrs. Charles Foster Kane has  
left the Xanadu, his Florida home,  
under the terms of a peaceful and  
friendly agreement with the intention  
of filing suit for divorce at an  
early date. This comes as no  
surprise to the friends of Mr. and  
Mrs. Kane who have realized for some  
time that the mutually divergent  
interests of the publisher and his  
wife could best be pursued by both  
as separate persons. Mrs. Kane said  
that she does not intend to return  
to the operatic career which she  
gave up a few years after her  
marriage, at Mr. Kane's request.  
Signed, Charles Foster Kane.

Fred finishes typing and then looks up.

RAYMOND (cont'd)

Mr. Kane wants you to send him  
at once the names of all papers  
and persons asking for further  
details. However, you can tell  
everybody he will positively make  
no further statement.

(CONTINUED)

FRED

Okay.

Raymond starts out of the room.

185

KANE IN HIS STUDY.

RAYMOND

Do you want a picture to be run  
after dinner as usual, Mr. Kane?

KANE

Certainly.

RAYMOND

There won't be more than three  
or four people left, Mr. Kane.

KANE

(looks at him)

I've received most of the messages  
of regret. Did you realize,  
Raymond, how many of our guests  
wire people of important affairs?  
Who simply have to be in New York  
or Chicago, at sudden notice, on  
matters of the greatest importance?  
Several mothers have suddenly  
fallen desperately ill, necessitating  
the bedside attendance of their dear  
ones.

RAYMOND

Yes, sir.

KANE

You've told the housekeeper about  
Mrs. Kane's room?

RAYMOND

Yes, sir.

KANE

I want everything cleared out  
of those rooms by tonight.

(CONTINUED)

Yes, sir.

Kane starts out of the room. Raymond rushes forward to open the door for him.

186

SUSAN'S BEDROOM. It is exactly as she left it. Kane enters and looks around, as if deciding whether there is anything he wants. He ignores everything until suddenly his eyes light on the glass snowstorm. He walks over to it and examines it. A look comes over his face as he closes his hand over it and walks out of the room with it.

DISSOLVE

187

LONG SHOT. NEW YORK ABOUT 1935.

DISSOLVE

188

KANE AT THE DOOR OF A LARGE HOTEL LIVING ROOM

KANE

(to Raymond)

I'm going to the office of Thatcher & Company. I'm lunching at the "Enquirer" -- and I'll return at about 2:30. If I'm a little delayed, you'll ask the gentleman from Chicago to wait for me, please.

RAYMOND

Yes, sir.

DISSOLVE

189

KANE IN THE BOARD ROOM AT THATCHER & COMPANY.

Present -- at an enormous table -- are only Thatcher Jr., Kane and Bernstein.

THATCHER JR.

There's only one decision, Mr. Kane. It's not a matter that we can argue. We insist upon complete business charge of your enterprises.

(CONTINUED)

KANE

Mr. Bernstein has always taken excellent charge of the properties. There's no reason --

THATCHER JR.

Mr. Bernstein hasn't been able to resist your demands for money, Mr. Kane, as easily or as forcibly as an impersonal administrator could. Most of your papers are in an incredible position, so far as liquid funds are concerned. For years, you've stripped them of cash to satisfy the demands of your personal life and you --

(he pauses a bit  
sneeringly)

-- your world-famous collection of -- of art and -- of other things. No funds can now be raised on those collections or -- the other uses to which you have put the money.

BERNSTEIN

It was his money. If he wanted --

THATCHER JR.

It's our money that he's proposing to use now, to continue the papers. In fact, there's already a good deal of our money in them. Had it not been for the depression, I admit, the present situation might not have existed. The properties are all basically sound and, so far as popular appeal is concerned, they've been well handled.

KANE

Thank you.

THATCHER JR.

That's why we're not opposed to Mr. Kane's continuance in full editorial charge. We are, however, opposed to any further continuance of his financial management of them -- personally or through his own representatives. Of course, if you can make other arrangements without us, Mr. Kane --

(CONTINUED)



Kane doesn't answer but simply shoots a scornful look at him in reply.

THATCHER JR.

(rising)

I don't think there's anything further to be said.

KANE

You'll be somewhat disappointed Mr. Thatcher, I'm afraid, in how little your business control will affect the editorial policies of my papers.

THATCHER JR.

I'll be neither disappointed nor surprised, Mr. Kane. My father told me long ago that there was no connection between your own interests and your own behavior.

He opens the door and motions that they are to precede him. Kane, his chin erect, walks out. Thatcher turns for a quick look and a slight smile at the large oil painting of his father, which dominates the room.

DISSOLVE

190

THE LARGE DINING ROOM AT THE XANADU. Kane, Bernstein and Reilly are the only guests dining. There is no conversation during the shot that is shown. Raymond, standing in back of the table, superintends their service by an under-butler.

DISSOLVE

191

REILLY, PHONING, IN A CORNER OF THE MAIN HALL. Bernstein, apprehensive, is standing next to him. Reilly is trying to keep his voice low.

REILLY

Play the story down all you can. If you have to use young Kane's name, don't make any mention of who he was. Use his initial -- H. Kane. Some of the papers probably won't go along with you -- some will -- do what you can. No pictures. The important thing --

(CONTINUED)

Kane, accompanied by Raymond, has been observed by the CAMERA entering the room from a door back of Bernstein and Reilly, and is rapidly approaching them.

KANE

One moment, Mr. Reilly.

They look up thunderstruck.

KANE (cont'd)

This is a matter for me to decide, I think.

They are both still speechless.

KANE (cont'd)

Raymond was good enough to advise me of what was happening.

BERNSTEIN

But he was nowhere near us when the call came. There was no way --

KANE

Raymond has ways of finding out about important 'phone messages, Mr. Bernstein.

(to Reilly, who is holding the 'phone in his hand)

Tell them you'll call right back.

REILLY

I'll call right back.  
(he hangs up)

KANE

Well?

BERNSTEIN

But, if Raymond told you --

KANE

He didn't wait to find out the details.

(CONTINUED)

REILLY

Well, it seems -- they called me from the office to ask --

BERNSTEIN

I'll tell him. It's about -- it's about Howard.

KANE

I know.

BERNSTEIN

Well, this crazy organization he belongs to -- these Red, White and Blues -- last night -- well, in the papers they found, it was called the 'zero hour'. About fifty of them tried to seize the Third Regiment Armory in Washington. There was about a hundred more that tried to -- well,

(he can't go on.)

(. Finally - )

Howard -- Howard was killed.

There is a long silence.

KANE

(to Reilly)

And this call --

REILLY

The New York office wanted to know how to handle the story. I told them --

KANE

I'll tell them myself. I'll call them back.

He looks for a moment at the two of them and starts off. Raymond starts to go with him. Kane roughly shoves him to one side.

BERNSTEIN

Mr. Kane, don't you want me -- I mean --

(CONTINUED)

KANE

(shaking his head)

Thank you, Mr. Bernstein.

He walks off.

(IN THE SUSAN SEQUENCE, PROBABLY ON THE MORNING PRECEDING THE BIG WILD WEST PARTY, THERE WILL BE A BRIEF SCENE WITH YOUNG HOWARD, WHO WILL BE SHOWN TO HAVE GONE INTO SOME KIND OF A HALF-BAKED, IDIOT FASCIST MOVEMENT.)

DISSOLVE

192

KANE AT THE WINDOW OF HIS STUDY, LOOKING OUT. The 'phone rings. He walks slowly to answer it, sitting down as he does.

KANE

Hullo ... okay ...

(a little louder)

Hullo.....Lenahan? This is Mr. Kane. Take this down. This is the way I want the story about -- about my son -- to run -- in all our papers.

(slowly)

Deprived of the father's guidance to which he was entitled, neglected by everything except the power of money --

(he gulps but

continues firmly)

-- Howard Kane, only son of Charles Foster Kane, Publisher, last night met with a deplorable end.

(slowly)

Along with fifty other misguided youths, who failed to realize that not the opinion of one but the faith and hope and courage of the many alone can make this the country of our dreams, he attempted -- what's that? --

(irritably)

Then get somebody that can take it down!

(he waits, until he hears a voice)

Hullo! Who is this? Okay...have you got the beginning?....That's right.

(he repeats it)

Deprived of the father's guidance to which he was entitled...

As much of the speech as is necessary continues as we

DISSOLVE OUT

193

THE DOOR OF A SMALL FUNERAL PARLOUR. Kane, with Raymond behind him, is at the door. Over his shoulder can be seen the chapel which is well filled.

AN USHER

This way, Mr. Kane.

Kane follows him. Raymond drops off at the rear of the room and finds a seat on the aisle. The usher leads Kane to a pew in the second row. This is a pew that can seat six. In it are Emily, heavily veiled, and a stuffed-shirt gent. Emily looks up as Kane enters and quickly turns her gaze away. Kane sits down next to her.

DISSOLVE

194

KANE, EMILY AND EMILY'S HUSBAND, the words of the service over the SHOT of them. Kane looks neither to the left or right. Emily is sobbing.

PREACHER'S VOICE

"I am the Resurrection and the Life, said the Lord. Whosoever believeth in me, etc. etc."

DISSOLVE

195

RAYMOND KNOCKING AT THE DOOR OF THE HOTEL BEDROOM and entering without waiting for an answer. A glance shows him that the room is unoccupied. The bed has been slept in. He walks to the bathroom door and knocks. There is no answer. He knocks again and opens it slowly. There, fully clothed, is Kane on the floor. Raymond rushes out of the room.

RAYMOND

(screaming)

Help! Help!

DISSOLVE

196

A SIMILAR SHOT OF KANE, BUT THE CHAIR IS ON THE LAWNS OF THE XANADU

KANE

All right, Raymond.

Raymond, who has been standing in back of him, comes forward. A nurse, about twenty feet away, also comes forward.

KANE (cont'd)

I don't need the nurse.

Raymond helps him out of the chair. He gives him a stick which has been lying alongside of the chair. Painfully, and leaning heavily on Raymond, Kane starts off, the nurse fluttering in back of them.

DISSOLVE

197

THE SCREEN, FULL OF HEADLINES, TELLING OF KANE'S DEATH. (The scenes shown in the "News Digest".)

DISSOLVE

198

THOMSON AND RAYMOND IN RAYMOND'S LIVING ROOM

RAYMOND

(callously)

That's the whole works, right up to date.

THOMSON

Sentimental fellow, aren't you?

RAYMOND

Yes and no.

THOMSON

(getting to his feet)

Well, thanks a lot.

RAYMOND

Get any notions about 'Rosebud' out of all that?

THOMSON

No.

RAYMOND

Well, you can go on asking questions and --

(CONTINUED.)

THOMSON

We're leaving tomorrow afternoon.  
As soon as they're through  
photographing the stuff -

RAYMOND

Allow yourself plenty of time.  
The train stops at the junction  
on signal -- but they don't like  
to wait. Not now. I can remember  
when they'd wait all day. If Mr.  
Kane said so.

FADE OUT

THE GREAT HALL AT THE XANADU - LATE AFTERNOON

199

The magnificent tapestries, candelabra, etc., are still there, but now several large packing cases are piled against the walls, some broken open, some shut and a number of objects, great and small, are piled pell mell all over the place. Furniture, statues, paintings, bric-a-brac -- things of obviously enormous value are standing beside a kitchen stove, an old rocking chair and other junk, among which is also an old sled, the self-same story. Somewhere in the back, one of the vast Gothic windows of the hall is open and a light wind blows through the scene, rustling the papers.

In the center of the hall a photographer and his assistant are busy photographing the sundry objects. The floor is littered with burst-out flash bulbs. They continue their work throughout the early part of the scene so that now and then a flash bulb goes off. In addition to the photographer and his assistant, there are a girl and two newspapermen - (the second and third men of the projection room scene) - also Thomson and Raymond.

The girl and the second man, who wears a hat, are dancing somewhere in the back of the hall to the music of a phonograph. A flash bulb goes off. The photographer has just photographed a picture, obviously of great value, an Italian primitive. The assistant goes over and consults a label on the back of it.

ASSISTANT

(calling out)

Hey! Spencer!

THIRD NEWSPAPERMAN

(who is talking to  
Thomson, looks up)

Yeah?

ASSISTANT

O'you want to take this down?

No. 9182.

The third newspaperman starts to jot this information down.

ASSISTANT

"Nativity" - attributed to  
Donatello, acquired Florence  
1921, cost 45,000 lira. Got that?

(CONTINUED).



THIRD NEWSPAPERMAN

Yeah.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER

All right! Next! Better get  
that statue over there.

ASSISTANT

Okay.

The photographer and his assistant start to move off  
with their equipment towards a large sculpture in  
another part of the hall.

THIRD NEWSPAPERMAN

What do they think it's worth?  
All this stuff?

THOMSON

If they find somebody who will  
pay cash for a Burmese Temple,  
a Scotch castle, three Spanish  
ceilings and half the ruined  
city of Herculaneum, delivered  
in crates f.o.b. Xanadu, I guess  
it's worth several million dollars.  
If they can't -- well --

THIRD NEWSPAPERMAN

The banks are out of luck, eh?

THOMSON

Oh, I don't know. They'll clear  
all right.

ASSISTANT

(struggling to  
get the statue  
into place)

Hey! You two, what's the matter  
with you? Come over here and  
help me with this dame.

THE GIRL

Who is she, anyway?

SECOND NEWSPAPERMAN

Venus. She always is.

(CONTINUED).

THIRD NEWSPAPERMAN

I'll bet half the stuff he had here, he never even looked at after he got it.

THOMSON

He can't have.

(pauses)

Yet he went on buying -- right up to the end.

THIRD NEWSPAPERMAN

I guess he was one of the few men that ever lived that was able to buy everything he ever wanted.

THOMSON

Maybe.

THIRD NEWSPAPERMAN

I was looking at that list the bank gave us...

(list is in his hand)

Look at this. Charles Foster Kane, Assets Number 87. National Opera House, Chicago. Acquired 1913. Original cost, \$1,400,000. Rebuilt and redecorated 1914. Cost, \$275,000. Closed 1914. Present value - query.

THOMSON

That's right.

THIRD NEWSPAPERMAN

Here's another one. Number 39. Steam yacht, 'Emily.' Acquired in 1901. Cost \$400,000. Cost of dismantling and re-assembling in Lake Winnepasca, Wisconsin, \$82,000. Present value, nil.

THOMSON

Yeah. I've seen a picture of it. It's up there still. Rotting away. They'll pay you to go up there and break it up.

At this moment, the bulb goes off again as the photographer gets the status.

(CONTINUED)

ASSISTANT

Hey! Spencer! Get this. "Venus,"  
Athens, 4th Century --  
(he interrupts to  
yell to the  
dancers)

Hey! Will you turn that thing  
off. It's driving me nuts!

The two dancers ignore him entirely.

ASSISTANT (cont'd)

"Venus," 4th Century, discovered  
by Julius Herrmann. Acquired  
1911, cost \$23,000. Got it?

THIRD NEWSPAPERMAN (Spencer)

Okay.

ASSISTANT

(patting the statue  
on the fanny)

That's a lot of money to pay for  
a dame without a head.

THIRD NEWSPAPERMAN

Say, aren't you nearly through?

PHOTOGRAPHER

I'm almost done. You know what  
Mr. Rawlston said though. The  
junk as well as the art.

THIRD NEWSPAPERMAN

I know...

PHOTOGRAPHER

I've got to get some of that Little  
Salem stuff.

THIRD NEWSPAPERMAN

Okay. Step on it!

About here, the record ends and the couple stop dancing.

(CONTINUED)

THE GIRL

How about a drink?

THIRD NEWSPAPERMAN

How about it?

THOMSON

I've got influence. Oh, Raymond.

RAYMOND

(coming over)

Yes, sir?

THOMSON

How about some drinks?

RAYMOND

Very well, sir.

He starts out.

SECOND NEWSPAPERMAN

Make 'em double.

Thomson is smiling.

THE GIRL

What's so funny about that?

THOMSON

We've been here less than twenty-four hours, and I guess we've broken every house rule in the place.

THE GIRL

You mean, drinking?

THOMSON

Among others. He had a lot of rules....

THE GIRL

--That still goes, after he's dead?

(CONTINUED).

SECOND NEWSPAPERMAN

Say, Jerry, what did you find out about him, anyway?

THOMSON

Not much.

SECOND NEWSPAPERMAN

Well, what have you been doing?

THOMSON

Talking to people who knew him.

THE GIRL

What do they say?

THOMSON

Well, it's become a pretty clear picture. He was the most honest man that ever lived, with a streak of crookedness a yard wide. He was liberal and tolerant. 'Live and let live,' that was his motto. But he had no use for anybody that disagreed with him on any point, no matter how small it was. He was a loving husband and a good father -- and both his wives left him and his son got himself killed about as shabby as you can do it. He had a gift for friendship such as few men have -- and he broke his oldest friend's heart like you'd throw away a cigarette you were through with. Outside of that --

THIRD NEWSPAPERMAN

Okay, okay.

THE GIRL

Pardon me for asking.

THOMSON

You wouldn't want a clearer picture. He was crazy about art and had a great collection, half of which he never saw. He --

(CONTINUED)

The flash bulb goes off. The cameraman has just finished photographing an old battered desk which he has singled out from among the pile of shabby Little Salem furniture.

CAMERAMAN

Okay.

ASSISTANT

Will you take this down?

THIRD NEWSPAPERMAN

Go ahead.

ASSISTANT

(reading a label)

No. 483. One desk from the estate of Mary Kane, Little Salem, Colorado. Value \$6.00.

THIRD NEWSPAPERMAN

(looks up sharply)

Huh?

ASSISTANT

That's what it says.

THIRD NEWSPAPERMAN

Is that the lot?

CAMERAMAN

Yeah, that's all. Get the stuff together.

THE GIRL

Come on! Let's get out of here.

They start to organize themselves, put on their coats, etc.

THE GIRL (cont'd)

Hey! Wait a minute! What about our drinks?

SECOND NEWSPAPERMAN

I'll get Raymond to get us a bottle.

(CONTINUED)

THOMSON

Hey, where's my coat?

The assistant points to a coat which has been thrown over some of the Little Salem objects, among which is the old battered sled.

ASSISTANT

Is that it over there?

THOMSON

That's right.

SECOND NEWSPAPERMAN

What time is that train?

THE GIRL

6:15, he said. Can we make it?

SECOND NEWSPAPERMAN

Sure, sure.

Thomson has gone over and picked up his coat. It must be made clear that all he is interested in is his coat. In fact, he has turned to speak to the others at the moment he picks it up, so that he can't possibly see what is under the coat.

THOMSON

And you know, the most remarkable thing about this man --

SECOND NEWSPAPERMAN

You tell us all about it in the car.

THIRD NEWSPAPERMAN

He will. Don't worry.

They are all on their way out, as we

DISSOLVE OUT

200

THOMSON AND HIS ASSOCIATES ON THE PLATFORM OF A  
SMALL RAILROAD STATION.

THIRD NEWSPAPERMAN

If this train hasn't got a  
diner --

THOMSON

The ticket fellow says there is!

THIRD NEWSPAPERMAN

Suppose he's wrong? What do we  
do? Come back and sue him?

The noise of the train is heard in the distance.  
They turn to watch for it.

DISSOLVE

201

THE CELLAR OF THE XANADU. A large furnace, with an  
open door, dominates the scene. Two labourers, with  
shovels, are shovelling things into the furnace.

RAYMOND

Throw that junk in, too.

He is about ten feet away. The CAMERA TRAVELS to the  
pile that he has indicated. It is mostly bits of  
broken packing cases, excelsior, etc. The sled is  
on top of the pile. As the CAMERA COMES CLOSE, it  
shows the faded rosebud and, though the letters are  
faded, unmistakable the word 'Rosebud' across it.  
The labourer drops his shovel, takes the sled in his  
hand, and throws it into the furnace. The flames  
start to devour it.

202

AN EXTERIOR SHOT OF THE XANADU. No lights are to be  
seen. Smoke is coming from a chimney.

The CAMERA REVERSES the path it took at the beginning  
of the picture, perhaps omitting some of the stages.  
It moves finally through the gates, which close behind  
it. As the CAMERA PAUSES for a moment, the letter  
'K' is prominent in the moonlight.

FADE OUT

THE END