

"REBECCA"

March 26, 1940

REBECCA

Directed by Alfred Hitchcock
Produced by David O. Selznick
Screen Play by (Robert E. Sherwood
(Joan Harrison
Based on the novel by Daphne du Maurier
Adapted by (Philip MacDonald
(Michael Hogan
Music by Franz Waxman
Art Direction by Lyle Wheeler
Photography by George Barnes
Special Effects by Jack Gosbrove
Film Editor Hal C. Kern

CAST

Maxim de Winter Lawrence Olivier
Mrs. de Winter Joan Fontaine
Jack Flavell George Sanders
Mrs. Danvers Judith Anderson
Giles Nigel Bruce
Frank Crawley Reginald Denny
Colonel Julyon C. Aubrey Smith
Beatrice Gladys Cooper
Mrs. Van Hopper Florence Bates
The Coroner Melville Cooper
Dr. Baker Leo C. Carroll
Ben Leonard Carey
Tabb Lumsden Hare
Frith Edward Fielding
Robert Philip Winter
Charlcroft Forrester Harvey

REBECCA

"I's" VOICE

Last night I dreamt I went to Manderley again. It seemed to me I stood by the iron gate leading to the drive and for a while I could not enter for the way was barred to me. Then, like all dreamers, I was possessed of a sudden with supernatural powers and passed like a spirit through the barrier before me. The drive wound away in front of me, twisting and turning as it had always done. But as I advanced, I was aware that a change had come upon it. Nature had come into her own again and little by little had encroached upon the drive with long tenacious fingers. On and on wound the poor thread that had once been our drive. And finally there was Manderley. Manderley, secretive and silent. Time could not mar the perfect symmetry of those walls. Moonlight can play odd tricks upon the fancy and suddenly it seemed to me that light came from the windows. And then a cloud came upon the moon and hovered an instant like a dark hand before a face. The illusion went with it. I looked upon a desolate shell with no whisper of the past about its staring walls. We can never go back to Manderley again, that much is certain. But sometimes, in my dreams, I do go back to the strange days of my life which began for me in the south of France.

FADE IN:
EXT. MANDORLEY - SEMI LONG SHOT - DAY

CAMERA MOVES over the face of what was once a fine old English house of early Tudor style. Beneath the blackened stone work above the window frames, gaping holes allow us to see that the building is nothing but a burnt-out shell. CAMERA takes all this in with a SLOW CROSS MOVEMENT: then RETREATS to reveal that the gardens are an overgrown mass of weeds. There is an increasing ugliness in all this as the CAMERA PULLS STILL FURTHER BACK and includes the end of a driveway where the growth is jungle-like. During this pictorial movement, we have been hearing the sound of a girl's voice:

"I's" voice

Mandorley was the most beautiful house I ever saw -- a thing of grace, exquisite and faultless. Its clean grey stone had been mellowed by the centuries. Time could not harm the perfect symmetry of those walls. Its shining mullioned windows looked down upon bright gardens and trim velvet lawns which swept in terrace after terrace to the sea... We can never go back there again. The past is still too close to us. But sometimes in my dreams I do go back...

(pause)

...to the strange days of my life which began, for me, on the top of a cliff, in the South of France...

At the end of this speech CAMERA is starting to RETREAT down the tree-lined but overgrown carriage drive. Simultaneously with the final words the picture

LAP DISSOLVES TO:

2
ALREADY
SHOT

EXT. CLIFF TOP - CLOSE UP - DAY

The agonized face of a man staring below him. The CAMERA PULLS BACK and shows that he is standing on a precipice.

3
ALREADY
SHOT

LONG SHOT

From his viewpoint below we see the angry sea dashing itself against some rocks.

4
ALREADY
SHOT

CLOSE UP

By the man's expression we see that he is almost about to take a fatal step. Suddenly there is a tiny scream behind him. His head turns quickly.

5-6
ALREADY
SHOT

SEMI LONG SHOT

Behind him we see an empty open car and by it, as though just passing, is a young girl of twenty. He commences to stride towards her.

7

SEMI CLOSE UP

He comes up to her and asks angrily:

Maxim
What the devil are you staring at?

"I"
Nothing...only I thought...

Maxim
Oh - you're English, are you! What are you doing here?

"I"
I was only walking...I...

Maxim
Well, get on with your walking -- don't hang about here screaming.

8

SEMI LONG SHOT

The girl hastens away and as she walks along the road, she glances back from time to time. She increases her pace as we hear the sound of a car starting. She draws to the side of the road as it pulls into the foreground and moves slowly beside her.

8 A

SEMI CLOSE UP

Maxim leans across from the wheel and asks:

Maxim
Do you want a lift?

"I"
No, thank you.

Maxim
Don't be silly -- get in.

"I" (stiffly)
I'd rather not, thank you.

Maxim looks at her for a moment.

Maxim
Very well.

He slips the car into low gear and shoots off away, leaving her standing there a solitary figure.

8 B

SEMI CLOSE UP

"I", after glancing at him, looks back towards the precipice.

CONTINUED:

ha

8 B

CONTINUED (2)

We can see that she is troubled by the strange behaviour of this even stranger man.

8 C

LONG SHOT

From her eyeline we see the cliff top where Maxim last stood and beyond it the distant harbour of Monte Carlo below.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

8 D

LONG SHOT - EARLY EVENING

A nearer view of Monte Carlo and the harbour. The sun has gone down and the first one or two lights are coming up.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

8 E

LONG SHOT - EVENING

The familiar square at Monte Carlo and the outside of the Hotel de Paris. It is even darker and many more lights have come up.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

8 F

SEMI LONG SHOT - NIGHT

A nearer view of the front entrance of the Hotel de Paris. It is now quite dark and everywhere is fully lit.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

9

LONG SHOT

The lounge of the Hotel. It is evening. We hear the strains of a small string orchestra playing selections from "The Dollar Princess." The CAMERA MOVES IN FROM THE LONG SHOT and passing through some of the guests COMES TO REST finally on Mrs. Van Hopper and "I". Mrs. Van Hopper is surveying the assemblage through her lorgnette and indicating acute distaste.

Mrs. Van Hopper

I'll never come to Monte Carlo out of season again. There isn't a single well-known personality in the hotel.

As she says this she is not addressing her lines to her young companion at all. She sips her coffee and makes a face.

Mrs. Van Hopper

Stone cold!

ha

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED (2)

A waiter passes by in the f.g. She calls after him.

Mrs. Van Hopper

Waiter. Garcon.

(she looks back to "I" with an exasperated expression)
Tell him to get me some --
(her expression changes as she looks across the lounge)

10

SEMI LONG SHOT

From her eyeline coming across the lounge directly toward her is Maxim de Winter, the man we saw at the top of the cliff.

10 A

CLOSE UP

"I" recognizes him also.

11

SEMI CLOSE UP

Mrs. Van Hopper and "I". Mrs. Van Hopper's expression shows that she is preparing to greet an old friend gushingly.

Mrs. Van Hopper

Why! It's Max de Winter.

12

SEMI LONG SHOT

Maxim coming nearer to them.

12 A

SEMI CLOSE UP

The two. We see for some inexplicable reason, "I" is awed by his approach. She starts to rise from her armchair, her hands gripping the arms.

12 B

SEMI CLOSE UP

Maxim comes into the picture by them. He looks straight through "I" as though he had never seen her before and steers himself through the furniture to pass them. Mrs. Van Hopper smiles eagerly and inclines her head.

Mrs. Van Hopper

Mr. de Winter! How do you do?!
13

SEMI CLOSE UP

Maxim looks at her. He is not sure where or when he met her, or what her name is. He is only sure that he doesn't want to see her now.

CONTINUED:

Maxim (uncertainly)

How do you do.

But Mrs. Van Hopper is not to be put off by cold formality. She harpoons him with quick effusiveness.

Mrs. Van Hopper

I'm Edith Van Hopper. It's so nice to run into you here, just when I was beginning to despair of finding any old friends in Monte...But - do sit down and have some coffee.

(turns to "I")

Mr. de Winter is having coffee with me. Go and ask that stupid waiter for another cup.

Maxim notes this harsh treatment of the girl as she starts to rise. But before she can get up, Maxim speaks:

Maxim

I'm afraid I must contradict you. You are both having coffee with me.

"I" looks at him gratefully. Mrs. Van Hopper is slightly annoyed.

Maxim (turns and calls)

Garcon!

Mrs. Van Hopper (rattling on)

You know, I recognized you just as soon as you walked into the restaurant. Even though I haven't seen you since that night at the Casino in Palm Beach.

(provocatively)

But perhaps you don't remember an old woman like me...Are you playing the tables much here at Monte?

Maxim

No. I'm afraid that sort of thing ceased to amuse me years ago.

Mrs. Van Hopper

I can well understand it. As for me, if I had a home like Manderley I'd certainly never come to Monte. I hear it's one of the biggest places in that part of the country and that you just can't beat it for beauty.

Maxim (not answering, but turning to "I")

And what do you think of Monte Carlo? Or don't you think of it at all?

"I" (embarrassed and tremblingly)

I - I'm afraid I find it rather artificial...I....

Mrs. Van Hopper (annoyed, interrupting)

She's spoilt, Mr. de Winter. That's her trouble. Most girls would give their eyes for the chance to see Monte.

"I" is embarrassed and humiliated.

Maxim

Wouldn't that rather defeat the purpose?

Mrs. Van Hopper (impervious to the dig)

Now that we've found each other again, I hope I shall see something of you. You must come and have a drink in my suite... I hope they've given you a good room? The place is empty, so if you're uncomfortable, mind you make a fuss.

(Maxim stubs out his cigarette in the ash tray)

Your valet has unpacked for you, I suppose?

Maxim

I don't possess one. Perhaps you'd like to do it for me?

Mrs. Van Hopper (at last embarrassed)

Well - I hardly think --

(turns to "I")

Perhaps you can make yourself useful to Mr. de Winter if he wants anything done. You're a capable child in many ways.

Maxim (with a faint sardonic smile)

A charming suggestion. But I cling to the old motto: "He travels fastest who travels alone." Perhaps you've not heard of it.

(he rises, bows, and exits)

MRS. VAN HOPPER AND "I"

Mrs. Van Hopper looks after Maxim.

Mrs. Van Hopper

What a funny thing! Do you suppose that sudden departure was a form of humor? Men do such extraordinary things.

(rising)

Come. Don't sit there gawking. Let's go upstairs.

"I" rises. She and Mrs. Van Hopper, during the following scene, cross the lobby toward the lift.

Mrs. Van Hopper (without stopping)

I remember when I was younger there was a well known writer who used to dart down the back way whenever he saw me coming. I suppose he was in love with me and wasn't sure of himself... Well, c'est la vie!

(turns to "I")

By the way, my dear, don't think I mean to be unkind, but you were just a tenny weeny bit forward with Mr. de Winter. Your effort to enter the conversation quite embarrassed me, as I'm sure it did him. Men loathe that sort of thing.

"I" shrivels at this attack.

Mrs. Van Hopper

Oh come, don't sulk. After all, I am responsible for your behavior here.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED (2)

They are now nearly at the lift.

Mrs. Van Hopper
Perhaps he didn't notice it, after all.
(as lift door opens and they walk in)
Poor thing, they say he just can't get over his wife's death.

15

SHOOTING THROUGH OPEN DOOR INTO LIFT

- As "I" turns around from entering lift, she looks at Mrs. Van Hopper but doesn't answer.

Mrs. Van Hopper (explaining)
Poor fellow -- he simply adored her.

By now the door is closed, and we

FADE OUT.

16

FADE IN:
INT. HOTEL DINING ROOM - SEMI LONG SHOT - DAY

"I", carrying a portfolio of her sketching paraphernalia, comes into the dining room. The head waiter comes forward. He looks past her, expectantly.

Head Waiter
Mrs. Van Hopper is not lunching today?

"I"
No.

Head Waiter
Oh.

He immediately loses interest in "I", turns her over to a subordinate to take her to her table. CAMERA MOVES WITH HER across the enormous, almost empty room. Two or three tables away is Maxim, alone. She sees him but he apparently does not see her. She is embarrassed and self conscious as she walks toward her table.

17

MEDIUM SHOT - "I'S" TABLE

The waiter seats her, then goes out of scene. Her back is toward Maxim's table. She seems very ill at ease. In unfolding her napkin, she awkwardly knocks over a small vase of flowers. She looks off quickly to see if the waiter has seen her. The waiter comes in quickly to take away the vase and the sprawling flowers. Maxim comes into scene with his napkin.

CONTINUED:

17

CONTINUED (2)

"I" (to waiter)
Please don't bother. It doesn't matter.

Maxim (to waiter)
Leave that - and set another place at my table. Mademoiselle
will have lunch with me.

The waiter, with a look at Maxim, goes out of scene.

"I"
Oh, no - I couldn't possibly.

Maxim
Why not?

She is unable to think of a reason.

"I"
Please don't be polite. It's very kind of you but I shall be
all right if the waiter just changes the cloth.

Maxim
But I'm not being polite. I'd have asked you to have luncheon
with me even if you hadn't knocked over that vase so clumsily.
We needn't talk to each other unless we feel like it.

She looks at him. He now seems completely calm and
reasonable.

"I" (not knowing what else to say)
Thank you very much.
(she rises)

18

SEMI LONG SHOT

They cross to Maxim's table and seat themselves. Maxim's
luncheon is already on the table.

19-23

CLOSE SHOT - AT TABLE

The head waiter comes into the picture and hands a menu
to "I".

"I"
Just some scrambled eggs, please.

The waiter exits with the menu.

Maxim
What's happened to your friend?

"I"
She's ill in bed with a cold.

CONTINUED:

19-23

CONTINUED (2)

Maxim

I'm sorry I was so rude yesterday. The only excuse I can make is that I've become boorish from living alone...

"I"

Oh, you weren't, really. You simply wanted to be alone, and --

Maxim

Is Mrs. Van Hopper a relation of yours? Or just a friend?

"I"

She's my employer. I'm what is known as a paid companion.

Maxim

I've never believed that companionship could be bought.

"I" (with a smile)

I once looked up the word "companion" in the dictionary. It said "a friend of the bosom."

During the course of the scene more guests have entered the restaurant.

Maxim

I don't envy you the privilege. Mrs. Van Hopper seems a snob and a bore. What do you do it for?

"I"

She's quite kind, really, and - and - I have to earn my living.

Maxim

Haven't you any training for anything else?

"I"

Oh, I sketch a little. But not enough to matter... You see, my father was a painter.

(shyly)

He died a few years ago.

Maxim (sympathetically)

And your mother?

"I"

She died when I was a little girl.

Maxim (looking at her sympathetically)

So we're both alone in the world, you and I.

The waiter enters with "I's" food and places it on the table.

Maxim

So the friend of the bosom has a holiday? What does she propose to do with it?

"I"

I thought I'd do some sketching.

CONTINUED:

19-25

CONTINUED (3)

Maxim

Where?

"I" (embarrassed)

Well - I hadn't made up my mind.

Maxim

I'll drive you somewhere in the car.

"I"

Oh but really, I didn't mean to ...

Maxim (interrupting)

Nonsense. Eat up that mess and we can go.

During this "I" has not touched her eggs at all.

"I"

Oh, thank you...It's very nice of you...I really don't think I'm hungry anyway.

Maxim

Come on - eat it up like a good girl.

24

CLOSE UP - "I"

Shyly, rather embarrassed, she lifts a forkful of egg to her mouth, keeping her eyes on Maxim.

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENES 25 & 26 ELIMINATED.

27

EXT. A TERRACE BALCONY OVERLOOKING MONTE CARLO BAY -
DAY - LONG SHOT (2nd Unit)

A long flight of steps, with a terraco, leading down to the sea. In the f.g., at the top of the stairs, we see Maxim's car.

28

CLOSE UP

"I", seated on the terrace. She is apparently sketching the view, though we are unable to see what she is sketching. CAMERA MOVES BACK to reveal Maxim standing leaning over the railing of the balcony gazing at the bay. Then he glances over towards "I".

Maxim

You're taking a long time with that sketch. I shall expect a really fine work of art.

"I" begins feverishly to rub out, as she protests:

"I"

Oh, no, you mustn't look...it's not nearly good enough.

Maxim (getting to his feet)

It can't be as bad as that. Let me see before it's all rubbed out.

29

SEMI CLOSE UP

As he comes over and stands behind her, "I" tries to cover up her sketch with her hands to prevent him seeing it.

"I"

It -- it's the perspective. I never can get it right.

30

CLOSE UP

Maxim's face as he looks at the sketch. His expression changes to one of comic surprise.

31

CLOSE UP

Shooting over Maxim's shoulder we see the sketch. It is a badly done childish drawing of himself.

32

SEMI CLOSE UP

The two, "I" is looking up at him very embarrassed.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED (2)

Maxim (looking down at her)
And I thought you liked me!

"I"
I never meant you to see...I don't really sketch people -- only scenery and...

Maxim (interrupting with mock gravity)
Do you think it's the perspective that makes my nose take such a bend in the middle?

Seeing that he is only amused and in no way offended, "I" takes her cue from his mood, and smiles back happily at him, as she answers in her own defense.

"I"
You're not a very easy subject -- your expression keeps changing all the time.

Maxim (pointing out to sea)
I'd concentrate on the view instead, if I were you -- much more worth while.
(he turns to seat himself on the railing as he adds)
Reminds me of our coastline at home.

"I" follows him, and they sit facing each other on the railing.

Maxim (suddenly)
Have you ever been to Cornwall?

"I"
Yes, my father took me there once on holiday. I was in a little shop and I saw a postcard of a beautiful house right by the sea. I asked what house it was, and the old woman said, 'It's Manderley.' I felt ashamed for not knowing.

Maxim
Did you buy the postcard?

"I"
Oh, yes. I've looked at it many times and I often wondered who lived there.

Maxim
And now you know -- a moody, irritable sort of person. But the postcard didn't lie -- Manderley is beautiful! There's a little pathway leading down to the sea, rather like this...
(he indicates the view)
But with azaleas and Rhododendrons nearby in masses.

"I"
Mrs. Van Hopper told me Manderley is a show place.

33

CLOSE UP

Maxim speaks with great bitterness.

Maxim

I imagine that's what it is to people like her! A kind of pavilion on the end of a pier! But to me - it was simply the place where I was born and lived all my life. And now - I don't know if I shall ever see it again.

His thoughts have obviously gone far away.

34

SEMI CLOSE UP

The two. Behind them the view of the bay.

"I" (sympathetically, after looking at him a second, realizing his tragedy)
But surely you'll go back there.

Maxim doesn't answer. He is lost in thought, looking out to sea. There is a silence while "I" thinks of something to say. She looks around for inspiration down toward the shore. Then turning back to her companion, with a great effort she starts to chat.

"I"

We're lucky to be away from home during the bad weather, aren't we? I can't ever remember being able to enjoy swimming in England till about June, can you?

35

CLOSE UP

As seen from her viewpoint Maxim fails to react to her efforts. He remains silent.

36

CLOSE UP

"I" is still striving to keep the conversation going.

"I"

The water's so warm here - I could stay in all day. Though a friend of Mrs. Van Hopper's did tell me that it isn't safe to swim out too far. There's a dangerous undertow - a man was drowned here last year...

There is still no response from her companion. She turns to look at him.

37

SEMI CLOSE UP

Maxim is no longer seated beside her.

38

CLOSE UP

"I's" astonished and bewildered face.

39

SEMI LONG SHOT

Maxim is standing at the other end of the stone balcony, motionless, staring out to sea. After a moment he swings round and comes toward CAMERA. As he comes into the CLOSE UP we see his grim expression.

40-43

MEDIUM SHOT

The two. "I" is still looking at Maxim unhappily, unable to understand what she has said to upset him. She gives a little shiver, half of apprehension, half of cold.

"I"

It's getting chilly.

Maxim crosses to her.

Maxim

Yes, I'd better take you home.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

44

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - SEMI LONG SHOT - DAY

"I" hurries up to the door of Mrs. Van Hopper's suite. She pauses a moment outside, then goes in.

45

INT. MRS. VAN HOPPER'S SUITE - SEMI LONG SHOT - DAY

Shooting into the foyer we can see Mrs. Van Hopper propped up in bed. Standing beside the bed a nurse is measuring out some medicine. Mrs. Van Hopper is chattering. "I" comes into f.g., and stops short as she hears Mrs. Van Hopper say:

Mrs. Van Hopper

Before she married she was the beautiful Rebecca Hildreth, you know. It was an appalling tragedy. She was drowned, poor dear. while she was sailing...near Manderloy. He never talks about it, of course, but he's a broken man.

(she looks towards the foyer)

Oh - there you are. And it's about time, too. Hurry up, I want to play some rummy.

46

CLOSE UP

"I's" startled face as she takes in the news of how Rebecca died.

FADE OUT.

47

FADE IN:

INT. MRS. VAN HOPPER'S SUITE - SEMI CLOSE UP - DAY

Mrs. Van Hopper is still propped up in bed, a horrid sight. She is swallowing some pills which she washes

CONTINUED:

47

CONTINUED (2)

down with water, handed her by the nurse. As she drinks, she looks over the glass at "I" who stands holding a tennis racket.

Mrs. Van Hopper
Well. - where are you going now?

"I"
I thought I'd take a tennis lesson.

Mrs. Van Hopper
I see. I suppose you had a look at the pro - and he's desperately handsome, and you've conceived a schoolgirl crush on him? All right, go ahead, make the most of it!

"I" goes.

DISSOLVE TO:

48

INT. LOBBY - MED. SHOT - DAY

"I" is walking through, toward the main door, when she stops short at the sound of Maxim's voice.

Maxim
Off duty?

"I"
Yes. Mrs. Van Hopper's cold has turned to 'flu so she's got a trained nurse.

Maxim
I'm sorry for the nurse... Keen on tennis?

"I"
Not particularly - but -

Maxim (taking the racket from her)
Good! We'll go for a drive.
(he puts the racket behind the potted palm and, taking her arm, leads her towards the revolving door)

DISSOLVE TO:

49

INT. MRS. VAN HOPPER'S ROOM - SEMI CLOSE UP - DAY

Mrs. Van Hopper looking at "I" with a malignant smile.

Mrs. Van Hopper
You got on rather well with him, didn't you?

50

CLOSE UP

"I" is startled by this question. She doesn't know how to reply.

Mrs. Van Hopper's voice
You've been gone for hours!

ha

51

SEMI CLOSE UP

"I" still fearful that Mrs. Van Hopper has found her out.

Mrs. Van Hopper
That pro must have been teaching you other things than tennis..
..Now hurry up. I want you to make some calls. I wonder if
Mr. de Winter is still in the hotel.

DISSOLVE TO:

52

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - SEMI LONG SHOT - DAY

Shooting down the corridor from Mrs. Van Hopper's suite.
"I" dressed in a white tennis frock, moves away down the
corridor, carrying her tennis racket. Along the other
side of the corridor is a maid carrying fresh bed linen,
towels, etc. "I" bids her good morning.

"I"

Bonjour.

She moves on down the corridor - a slight eagerness in
her step.

DISSOLVE TO:

53

INT. HOTEL FOYER - SEMI CLOSE UP - DAY

A large mahogany tub near the revolving door of the hotel.
We see the lower part of "I's" body come in the picture
as she hides the racket from view behind the tub, (which
holds a decorative tree). We see her legs exit through
the revolving door.

QUICK FADE OUT.

54

QUICK FADE IN:

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - SEMI LONG SHOT - DAY

Again "I" comes from the suite and proceeds down the
corridor. This time it is a waiter pushing along a
breakfast table, who bids her good morning.

Waiter

Bonjour.

"I's" walk has almost become a skip as she hastens away.

DISSOLVE TO:

55

INT. HOTEL FOYER - SEMI CLOSE UP - DAY

The tennis racket being hidden as before. "I" passes thru
the revolving door which spins at a greater rate than the
last time.

DISSOLVE TO:

hs

15-57

INT. MRS. VAN HOPPER'S SUITE - DAY

Mrs. Van Hopper is seated in a chair wearing a rather loud dressing gown while her bed is being made. The door opens, and "I" comes in dressed in spotless white.

"I"

May I go now?

Mrs. Van Hopper

For the number of tennis lessons you've had, you ought to be ready for Wimbledon. But this will be your last...so make the most of it. The trouble is, with me laid up like this you haven't had enough to do. But I'm getting rid of that nurse today, and from now on you'll stick to your job.

"I's" expression becomes slightly desperate.

"I"

Yes, Mrs. Van Hopper.

(she turns and goes).

DISSOLVE TO:

58-60

PICTURESQUE SECTION OF CORNICHE ROAD - LONG SHOT - DAY

Maxim's car is running at a comfortable pace.

61-65

MAXIM & "I" - IN CAR

Maxim has an expression of calm contentment. "I" looks at him - shyly, wistfully.

"I"

This is my last day of freedom.

Maxim

What do you mean?

"I"

Mrs. Van Hopper has recovered.

Maxim

Oh! I was afraid that would happen.

There is silence between them. "I" looks straight ahead, her hands clasping her knees.

"I"

I wish there could be an invention that bottled up a memory, like perfume. And it never faded - and it never grew stale. And I could uncork the bottle any time I pleased, and live the moment all over again.

Maxim

And what particular moment in your young life would you like to keep?

he

CONTINUED:

"I" (embarrassed)
Oh, all of them - from the last few days.
(searching for words)
I think I've collected a whole shelf full of bottles.

Maxim is silent for a moment.

Maxim (gravely)
Sometimes, you know, those little bottles contain demons -
that pop out at you just when you're trying most desperately
to forget.

"I" is considerably let down, having gone so far as to
practically declare her love. Maxim turns and looks
at her, sees that she is depressed and that her mood
is changed.

Maxim
And what are you thinking about now?

"I"
I'm thinking that you know everything there is to know
about me - but I know nothing more about you than I did the
first day we met.

Maxim (looking at her)
And what was that?

"I"
That you own Manderley and that you had lost your wife.

He looks away and steps on the gas. The car gathers
speed. There is a few moment's silence. "I" looking
at him nervously out of the corner of her eyes starts
biting her nails.

Maxim (looking at her)
Stop biting those nails!

There is another moment's silence while "I" broods
embarrassed and then she blurts out.

"I"
I wish I were a woman of thirty-six, dressed in black satin,
with a string of pearls.

Maxim
You wouldn't be here with me if you were.

She puts her hands in her lap. She seems close to tears.
Suddenly she turns and speaks sharply:

"I"
I want to go back to the hotel.

Maxim
Why? Are you bored?

61-63

CONTINUED (3)

"I" (passionately)
 Will you please tell me, Mr. de Winter...why do you ask me to come out with you? Oh -- it's obvious that you want to be kind -- but why choose me for your charity?

He stops the car and turns on her.

Maxim

I asked you to come with me because I wanted your company. You've blotted out the past for me far more than all the bright lights of Monte Carlo. But if you think I'm just being charitable or kind, leave the car now and find your own way home! Go on, open the door and get out!

He looks at her. Her face is averted. Tears have started from her eyes. He looks back ahead. Suddenly he reaches in his pocket, pulls out his handkerchief, tosses it into her lap.

Maxim

Here. You'd better use this.

She uses the handkerchief, blowing her nose hard.

Maxim

And don't call me Mr. de Winter. It makes me feel even more aged than I am. I have several first names --
 (he laughs at himself)

George Fortescue Maximilian. You don't have to bother with all of them. My family call me Maxim.

She looks at him. He is certainly the most unpredictable person she has ever encountered. Maxim looks back at her for a moment, then suddenly sweeps her into his arms and kisses her.

Maxim

And another thing -- I want you to promise me never to wear black satin, or pearls, or be thirty-six years old.

"I" (smiles)

Yes -- Maxim...

As he takes her into his arms again, we

DISSOLVE TO:

64

LONG SHOT -- CAR -- DUSK

-- speeding along the road as the scene

FADES OUT.

ha

FADE IN:
INT. "I'S" BEDROOM - CLOSE SHOT - NIGHT

A very big head of "I" asleep in bed. The moonlight streams across her. Her head shifts with a faint movement now and again. Her lips do not move but over this we hear her voice saying, "Maxim," over and over again with constantly varying inflections. It is as though she were experimenting with his name...Imagining herself to be with him in all manner of different situations which life together might bring. There is a MUSICAL ACCOMPANIMENT which swells as the word, "Maxim," is repeated with increasing speed, and eventually rises to a crashing climax as "I" awakens with a convulsive start and sits bolt upright.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:
INT. "I'S" BEDROOM - MORNING

Open on CLOSE UP of only the signature "Maxim" at the end of a note. CAMERA DRAWS BACK to take in the rest of the text of the note, as it lies on a table in "I's" room, next to a flower box.

CLOSE SHOT - "I"

She is humming happily, arranging Maxim's white flowers in a vase on the same table. She picks up Maxim's note, sticks it into her purse, and CAMERA MOVING AHEAD OF HER, she starts across the room to the door to Mrs. Van Hopper's room, still humming.

Suddenly off scene she hears Mrs. Van Hopper let out a scream. She hurries into the next room.

INT. MRS. VAN HOPPER'S ROOM

Mrs. Van Hopper is in bed, smoking a cigarette, an open cable in her hand as "I" comes in. Her breakfast tray still by her bed. She looks up at "I" and babbles excitedly:

Mrs. Van Hopper
What do you think! My daughter's engaged to be married!

"I"
Really? I'm so glad.

Mrs. Van Hopper jumps out of bed and slips into her robe, still jabbering with excitement:

Mrs. Van Hopper
We must leave for New York at once. Find out the time of the first train and get a list of the immediate sailings from Cherbourg. Hurry up!

CONTINUED:

ESTAKE
ES

CONTINUED (2)

"I" is crestfallen.

Mrs. Van Hopper, now putting on her slippers, notices her look.

Mrs. Van Hopper
What in the name of Pete are you pulling a face like that for? I didn't know you were so fond of Monte.

"I"
I've got used to it.

Mrs. Van Hopper
You can have your own set of friends in Long Island. All in your own class. And you've nobody but that tennis pro here! Hurry up and get a maid in to help us with the packing! We've no time to waste. Go on - don't dawdle!

As she says this, Mrs. Van Hopper snubs out her cigarette in the butter pat on the breakfast table.
"I" goes swiftly from the room.

67

SEMI LONG SHOT

Flash of "I" coming from Mrs. Van Hopper's room into the lobby of the suite and turning into the door to her own room.

68

INT. "I'S" BEDROOM - CLOSE UP - DAY

"I" comes to the bedside telephone and, lifting the receiver hurriedly, speaks quickly and quietly:

"I"

Mr. de Winter, please.

She waits for a moment, then repeats the information she receives as her face falls.

"I"

He's gone out?

(Then, with a new thought, she asks:)

Give me the concierge, please.

69

INT. HOTEL DESK - CLOSE UP - DAY

Down at the desk the head porter picks up the telephone. He listens for a moment and then replies:

Concierge

No, Madam, I don't know when Mr. de Winter's expected back. He went out riding early this morning.

70

INT. "I'S" BEDROOM - CLOSE UP - DAY

"I" hangs up and bends over a suitcase and starts packing - with a downcast, despondent air.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

71

INT. MRS. VAN HOPPER'S SUITE - SEMI LONG SHOT - DAY

The floor of the room filled with luggage which is just being removed by the porters. There is a general bustling air of departure, tissue paper over the floor, open drawers, etc. "I", dressed in her hat and coat, with her bag in one hand, stands apart from Mrs. Van Hopper, looking very miserable. She turns suddenly to her employer.

"I"

I'd better make sure there's nothing left in my room.

She hurries out of the door.

72

INT. "I'S" BEDROOM - SEMI CLOSE UP - DAY

"I" hurries into the room and over to the telephone, saying very quietly:

"I"

Mr. de Winter's room, please.

73

INT. MRS. VAN HOPPER'S SUITE - SEMI LONG SHOT - DAY

Mrs. Van Hopper looks around impatiently, then comes out into the lobby and toward "I's" room.

74

INT. "I'S" BEDROOM - SEMI LONG SHOT - DAY

As Mrs. Van Hopper enters the room "I" springs away from the phone guiltily. Mrs. Van Hopper looks at her suspiciously.

"I"

I'm trying to find a book - I must have packed it.

Mrs. Van Hopper

Well, come on...the car's waiting at the door.

She turns to go and "I" follows unwillingly.

DISSOLVE TO:

75

EXT. HOTEL DE PARIS - SEMI CLOSE UP - DAY

Outside the hotel the hand luggage is being loaded into a car.

76

EXT. HOTEL DE PARIS - SEMI CLOSE UP

"I" gives a final despairing look back into the hotel. Then with sudden decision turns to Mrs. Van Hopper and says hurriedly:

"I"

I want to give the clerk my address - if they happen to find that book.

She has leapt up the steps almost before she has finished speaking. Mrs. Van Hopper opens her mouth to speak angrily but the girl is gone.

77

INT. HOTEL DESK - SEMI CLOSE UP - DAY

"I" is speaking to the Concierge.

Concierge

Yes, Madam...Mr. de Winter came in twenty minutes ago.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED (2)

"I"

Would you call his room, please?

Concierge (picking up phone)

Yes, Madam.

(into phone)

Mr. de Winter's room.

INT. MAXIM'S BEDROOM - SEMI LONG SHOT - DAY

The telephone in f.g., of picture starts to ring. There is the loud sound of running water from the bathroom. (Probably the door might be slightly open and steam emerges.) We can hear Maxim splashing in the bathroom, sufficiently loud to make him fail to hear the telephone.

INT. HOTEL DESK

"I" waiting nervously while the Concierge listens at the telephone. He puts down the phone and shakes his head.

Concierge

No, Madam, there isn't any reply.

"I" turns away.

EXT. HOTEL DE PARIS - SEMI CLOSE UP - DAY

Mrs. Van Hopper, just in the act of getting into the car, turns to head porter or Commissionaire.

Mrs. Van Hopper

Tell her to hurry up.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY & DINING ROOM

"I" hurries across the lobby toward the dining room. She looks in, then quickly turns back into the lobby.

EXT. HOTEL DE PARIS - SEMI CLOSE UP - DAY

Mrs. Van Hopper expostulating with the porters.

Mrs. Van Hopper

Well...someone else go; she was only going to the reception desk.

One of the porters starts inside.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NEAR ELEVATORS

"I" is talking to a bellboy.

CONTINUED.

82 A

CONTINUED (2)

"I" (protesting)
But I know he's in the hotel!

Boy
I'm very sorry, Madam, I haven't seen him.

"I" turns in direction of the lift.

82 B

EXT. HOTEL - CLOSE UP - MRS. VAN HOPPER

She is tapping her foot impatiently and looking at her watch.

83

EXT. MAXIM'S SUITE - CORRIDOR (3) - SEMI CLOSE UP - DAY

"I" breathlessly arriving at the door. She knocks.

Maxim's voice
Come in.

She opens the door and is in the little foyer leading to the sitting room. (Beyond are Maxim's bedroom & bathroom)

84

INT. MAXIM'S BEDROOM - SEMI CLOSE UP - DAY

Maxim stands in the half-open door of the bathroom, attired in trousers and dressing gown, his face still lathered from shaving. He looks in astonishment as he sees who it is and comes toward "I".

Maxim (wiping the remaining lather from his face)
What do you want? Anything the matter?

85

SEMI LONG SHOT - SITTING ROOM

"I" advances further into the sitting room and stands awkwardly.

"I"
I've come to say good-bye....We're going away.

Maxim
What on earth are you talking about?

"I" (coming to him)
It's true. We're leaving now. I was afraid I wouldn't see you again.

CAMERA MOVES UP TO SEMI CLOSE UP as Maxim says:

Maxim
Where's she taking you to?

CONTINUED:

"I"
 To New York - and I don't want to go. I shall hate it. I'll
 be miserable.

Maxim
 Why in Heaven's name go with her then?

"I"
 I've told you - I can't afford to lose my job.

Maxim: turns to go back into the bathroom, picking up
 his clothes from a nearby chair.

Maxim
 I'll dress in here. I shan't be a minute.

He goes back to the bathroom, leaving the door half open.

SEMI LONG SHOT

"I" stands a lonely figure in the middle of the room.
 There is a pause. Then we hear Maxim's voice from the
 bathroom.

Maxim's voice
 Which would you prefer, New York or Manderley?

"I" (calling back appealingly)
 Please don't joke about it...Mrs. Van Hopper's waiting...I
 think I'd better say good-bye.
 (she looks around nervously, worried about the time)

Maxim's voice
 I'll repeat what I said - either you go to America with Mrs.
 Van Hopper or you come home to Manderley with me.

SEMI CLOSE UP

"I" looks puzzled.

"I"
 You mean you want a secretary or something?

We hear some water running from a tap.

Maxim's voice
 I'm asking you to marry me, you little fool.

At this moment there is a knock on the outer door. Maxim,
 his shirt now on, puts his head out of the bathroom door
 beyond and calls:

Maxim
 Come in.

"I" looks alarmed.

27

CONTINUED (2)

Maxim (reassuring her)
It's only my breakfast.

CAMERA HAS PULLED BACK SLOWLY AGAIN until we get the same sort of Shot as before. The bewildered figure of "I" in the middle of the sitting room. The waiter enters wheeling the table and breakfast. There is a long silence while he lays the breakfast out, pulls up a chair, etc. Eventually he goes out of the room. "I" still stands helplessly in the middle of the room. The bathroom door opens, and Maxim emerges putting on his coat. He comes through the bedroom and toward the table.

28

SEMI CLOSE UP

Maxim sits at the table and motions "I" to a seat. He starts to spread butter on a piece of toast, and as he proceeds to eat it, speaks:

Maxim
My suggestion doesn't seem to have gone too well - I'm sorry.

"I" leans forward.

"I"
But you don't understand...I'm not the sort of person men marry.

Maxim (looking up)
What on earth do you mean?

"I"
Well, I don't belong in your sort of world, for one thing.

Maxim (laughs a little)
What is my world?

"I"
Well - Manderley - you know what I mean.

Maxim
I'm the person to judge whether you belong there or not. Of course, if you don't love me, that's different. A fine blow to my conceit!

"I" (desperately)
I do love you! I love you dreadfully. I've been miserable and I've been crying all morning because I thought I should never see you again.

He laughs and stretches a hand out across the table to her.

Maxim
Bless you for that...All right then - it's settled.

CONTINUED:

33

CONTINUED (2)

He starts to eat again, talks between mouthfuls of toast and sips of coffee.

Maxim (continuing)

Now pour me some more coffee. I take two lumps and milk. The same with my tea. Don't forget.

As "I" pours out the coffee, he continues:

Maxim

Am I going to break the news to Mrs. Van Hopper, or are you?

"I" (still scarcely believing it)

You - you tell her - she'll be so angry.

He pushes his plate away.

Maxim

What's the number of her room?

"I"

She isn't there. She's waiting downstairs in the car.

He stretches out to the desk nearby and picks up the telephone.

Maxim

Give me the desk, please.

(slight pause)

Mrs. Van Hopper is waiting at the front entrance. Would you give her my compliments and ask her if she could come up to my room. Yes, to my room.

39

EXT. HOTEL DE PARIS - SEMI LONG SHOT - DAY

The reception clerk comes down the steps of the hotel and goes to the car where Mrs. Van Hopper is still raging to the Commissionaire. He puts his head inside the car...

90

INT. CAR - CLOSE UP - DAY

Mrs. Van Hopper's angry expression suddenly changes to a slightly puzzled yet pleased one.

Mrs. Van Hopper

Mr. de Winter? ... Why certainly ...

She starts to clamber out assisted by the Commissionaire, and clerk.

91

INT. MAXIM'S SITTING ROOM - SEMI CLOSE UP - DAY

Maxim bends and with a hand on her shoulder says:

CONTINUED:

81

CONTINUED (2)

Maxim

This isn't your idea of a proposal, is it? It ought to be in a conservatory -- you in a white frock with a rose in your hand, and a violin playing in the distance -- and I should make violent love to you behind a palm tree.

"I" looks up at him a trifle self-consciously.

Maxim

Poor darling - never mind.

"I" (smiling happily)

I don't mind.

There is a knock at the door. "I" rises in alarm. Maxim pats her reassuringly.

Maxim

Don't worry. You won't have to say a word.

92

SEMI CLOSE UP

Maxim holding open the door as Mrs. Van Hopper comes in. Her face is wreathed in smiles. She is chattering rapidly.

Mrs. Van Hopper

I'm so glad you called me, Mr. de Winter. I was making such a hasty departure -- It was rude of me not to let you know, but a cable came this morning announcing that my daughter is engaged to be married.....

Maxim comes up beside her. "I" is in b.g. near the door.

Maxim

That's rather a coincidence, Mrs. Van Hopper. I called you to announce my engagement.

If Mrs. Van Hopper took the time to analyze this unexpected announcement, she would wonder why Maxim de Winter would be confiding in her. But all that she considers now is the fact that she has been let in on some remarkably juicy gossip.

Mrs. Van Hopper

You don't mean it! But how perfectly wonderful! How romantic. Who is the lucky lady?

Maxim merely gestures toward "I". Mrs. Van Hopper turns and looks. Her face presents a pretty picture of utter bewilderment.

93

93

CLOSE UP

Mrs. Van Hopper looks at "I", then at Maxim, then again at "I".

Maxim's voice

I have to apologize for depriving you of your companion in this abrupt way. I hope it doesn't inconvenience you too greatly.

94

MED. SHOT

Mrs. Van Hopper is recovering slowly. She is furious, but she is trying to disguise it with delight.

Mrs. Van Hopper

But -- when did all this happen?

"I"

Just now - Mrs. Van Hopper. Only a few minutes ago.

Mrs. Van Hopper

I simply can't believe it!

(roguishly)

And I suppose I ought to scold you for not having breathed a word of this to me. But - what am I thinking of - I must give you both my congratulations and my blessings. I'm so very happy for you both! When and where is the wedding to be?

Maxim

Here. As soon as we can get the license.

Mrs. Van Hopper is now genuinely thrilled. She sees herself playing a leading role in one of the most widely publicized weddings in social history.

Mrs. Van Hopper

A whirlwind romance! Splendid! I can easily postpone my sailing for a week. This poor child has no mother so I shall take responsibility for all the arrangements - the trousseau, the reception, everything! And I'll give the bride away.

("I" looks worried by this suggestion)

But - my luggage!

(she wheels on "I" by force of habit)

Go down and tell the porter to take everything out of the car.

"I" seems about to obey, but Maxim intervenes.

Maxim

I'll go.

(he turns to Mrs. Van Hopper)

We're most grateful to you, Mrs. Van Hopper - but I think we both prefer to have it all as quiet as possible. I couldn't allow you to change your plans for sailing.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED (2)

Mrs. Van Hopper, furious, starts to speak.

Mrs. Van Hopper

But - - -

Maxim (going right on; to "I")
I'll have your luggage brought back.

"I"

Thank you, Maxim. I'll be right down.

He looks into her eyes - sees she is no longer afraid to face Mrs. Van Hopper - and goes. Mrs. Van Hopper turns on "I" the minute Maxim has gone, dropping all pretense.

Mrs. Van Hopper

So this is what has been happening during my illness!
(she smiles unpleasantly)

Tennis lessons my foot!

(she goes close to "I")

I suppose I've got to hand it to you for a fast worker. How did you manage it? Still waters certainly run deep! But it's a lucky thing for you that you haven't a family to ask embarrassing questions. When did you first meet him?

"I"

The day after we arrived here.

Mrs. Van Hopper

Really! And all this time you've been listening to me talk about him - and never a peep out of you. And I took you for an innocent, unsophisticated child!

She takes a few steps away from "I" CAMERA FOLLOWING HER, then turns quickly round.

Mrs. Van Hopper (taking a cigarette out and lighting it)

You realize that he's much older than you.

35 SEMI CLOSE UP

"I" slightly on the defensive.

"I"

I'm old for my age.

Mrs. Van Hopper comes back into picture and laughs.

Mrs. Van Hopper

You certainly are.

She leans closer to "I" and speaks in a lower tone.

Mrs. Van Hopper

Tell me -- have you been doing anything you shouldn't?

36

CONTINUED:

95

CONTINUED (2)

She looks "I" up and down appraisingly like a judge at a cattle show. "I" backs away from her.

"I" (with some indignation)
I don't know what you mean,

Mrs. Van Hopper shrugs her shoulders. Her cigarette still in her mouth, she takes out a compact and starts to powder her nose.

Mrs. Van Hopper
Oh, well - never mind. I always did say Englishmen have strange tastes. But you'll certainly have your work cut out as mistress of Manderley. To be perfectly frank, my dear, I can't see you doing it.

(she strolls out of picture)

96

SEMI CLOSE UP

She strolls into picture by the mirror as she continues:

Mrs. Van Hopper
You haven't the experience, you haven't the faintest idea what it means to be a great lady. Personally, I think you're making a big mistake - one you will bitterly regret.

Through the mirror we see "I" watching her unhappily. Mrs. Van Hopper starts to adjust a few stray hairs under her hat.

Mrs. Van Hopper
Of course, you know why he's marrying you, don't you? You haven't flattered yourself that he's in love with you. The fact is, that empty house got on his nerves to such an extent he nearly went off his head. He just couldn't go on living alone.

97

SEMI CLOSE UP

During the last long speech we cut in a flash of "I" getting more and more unhappy and angry.

"I"
You'd better go, Mrs. Van Hopper. You'll miss your train.

98

CLOSE UP

Mrs. Van Hopper turns and faces "I". A queer twisted smile crosses her face.

Mrs. Van Hopper (with withering sarcasm)
Mrs. de Winter,
(with a sour laugh)
Good-bye, my dear, and good luck.

CONTINUED:

98

CONTINUED (2)

She turns and flounces out. The slam of the door is heard.

99-107

CLOSE UP

"I's" worried face as she looks after her.

FADE OUT.

108

FADE IN:

EXT. MONTE CARLO STREET - LONG SHOT - DAY

In the f.g. of picture stands Maxim's car - empty. It is a fairly busy market street. A flight of steps lead up to a stone building outside which Maxim's car stands. CAMERA PANS UP until we see the sign on the building.

MAIRIE.

From the entrance come Maxim and "I". They walk down the steps. The Mayor leans from one window, a clerk and a charwoman from another, to wish the newly married couple "Bonne chance" and to thank them for the handsome tips. Suddenly the Mayor calls, excitedly:

Mayor

Monsieur! Madame! Vous avez oubliez votre carnet de mariage.

"I"

What is he saying?

Maxim (laughing)

I forgot the proof that we're married!

(the Mayor passes it down to him)

Je vous remercio, Monsieur.

109

EXT. MONTE CARLO STREET - SEMI LONG SHOT - DAY

Near the foot of the steps, which Maxim and "I" are descending, a gendarme stands talking to a flower seller who sits with her basket. We hear shouts - a noisy crowd of children and a few townspeople run into picture, followed by a wedding group. The bride is in white and carries a sheaf of lilies.

110

SEMI CLOSE UP

They struggle through the crowd toward the car. They look at the new wedding party.

Maxim

Somebody else had the same idea.

ha

CONTINUED:

110

CONTINUED (2)

"I" (wistfully)
She looks sweet, doesn't she?

Maxim (giving her a quick look)
You'd have liked a bridal veil, or at least a bouquet,
wouldn't you!

"I" doesn't answer. Maxim looks at her and realizes he
has been right. He suddenly goes out of picture. "I"
gets into the car.

111

SEMI CLOSE UP

Maxim goes over to the flower seller, and pulling a hand-
ful of notes from his pocket, says:

Maxim
Combien?

Without waiting for a reply, he throws the notes in the
old woman's lap and grabs the whole contents of the bas-
ket. Turning quickly back toward the car.

112-113

MEDIUM SHOT

Coming back to the car, he throws the flowers into "I's" lap, then jumps quickly into the driving seat. He smiles down at her and she smiles radiantly back at him. He puts the car into gear, and they shoot off.

DISSOLVE TO:

114-116

EXT. FRENCH STREET - SEMI LONG SHOT - DAY

We see the car speed away up the long rising, cobbled French street.

FADE OUT.

117

SHOT BY
2d UNIT
BUT TO BE
RETAKEN AT
STUDIO

FADE IN:

EXT. MANDERLEY GATES - CLOSE UP - DAY

Worked into the wrought-iron scroll work of a pair of big gates, is the word, "MANDERLEY." This fills the screen. After a moment, it swings away from CAMERA revealing that it is part of the big gates to Manderley.

118

ALREADY
SHOT

EXT. LARGE GATES - SEMI LONG SHOT - DAY (COSGROVE)

Maxim and "I", seated in the same open car that we have seen all through, drive up to the opening gates. The car slows down and continues through gates. Maxim waves to the gate-keeper.

119

SEMI LONG SHOT

Shot from the car. The lodge-keeper and his wife are dressed for the occasion, ceremonially. The lodge-keeper doffs his cap. His wife bows. Maxim acknowledges their greetings with accustomed grace. "I" gives them a half-hearted smile - but she sees, in the windows of the lodge, children's faces peering at her curiously.

120

L.S. &
PLATE
ALREADY
SHOT BY
2d UNIT

EXT. DRIVE (2d UNIT)-LONG SHOT & ANGLE OVER BONNET OF CAR

A bend in the drive is ahead. The trees form a Gothic arch above. The car rounds the bend. Ahead is a long, gloomy stretch and another bend.

121

PLATE
ALREADY
SHOT

TWO SHOT - "I" & MAXIM IN THE CAR

"I" is looking ahead, nervously. She suddenly shivers with a strange apprehension. Maxim looks at her.

Maxim

Scared, darling? Or cold?

"I" (with a tremulous smile)

Just a little cold.

CONTINUED:

121
PLATE
ALREADY
SHOT

CONTINUED (2)

Maxim

No need to be frightened, you know. You've only got to be yourself and they'll all adore you. And you don't have to worry about the house -- Mrs. Danvers does everything. Just leave it all to her.

The length of this drive is oppressive. "I" thinks that beyond each bend she will see the house. Maxim, with a slight frown, looks up at the sky,

Maxim

Hello.....started to rain.

Big raindrops begin to descend. "I" pulls a mackintosh from the back. The rain increases.

Maxim

We'd better hurry.

We hear the car increase in speed.

121 A
TO BE SHOT
IN A MINI-
ATURE IN
STUDIO

EXT. DRIVE (2d UNIT)-LONG SHOT & ANGLE OVER BONNET OF CAR - RAIN

Over their shoulders we see the bonnet of the car approaching another bend, and then another.

At length the car turns a sharp bend and there, suddenly, is the house.

The rain is now falling in torrents but it cannot conceal the imposing building.

121 B
PLATE
ALREADY
SHOT

CLOSE TWO SHOT - "I" AND MAXIM IN CAR - RAIN

The sight of Manderley causes "I" to utter an exclamation Maxim turns to her, smiles, and waves his hand toward the house.

Maxim

That's it! That's Manderley!

121 C
TO BE SHOT
IN STUDIO

LONG SHOT MANDERLEY - MOVING POINT OF VIEW - (FOR INTER-CUT WITH ABOVE) - (MINIATURE) - RAIN

121 D
SAME AS
ABOVE

LONG SHOT - ON EXT. MANDERLEY WITH MINIATURE CAR & DOLLS RAIN

As the car comes to a standstill, we see a butler and footman waiting on the steps.

EXT. MANDERLEY - SEMI LONG SHOT - DAY

The butler comes running down the steps with an umbrella, while the other man starts to unload luggage from the back. Maxim and "I" rush out under the umbrella held by Frith.

123

EXT. MANDERLEY - SEMI CLOSE UP - DAY

As they mount the steps, Maxim says:

Maxim
Here we are, Frith. Everyone well?

Frith
Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. I'm glad to see you home, sir, I hope you've been keeping well....

Maxim
This is Mrs. de Winter, Frith.

123A

CLOSE UP -

"I" with wet wisps of hair hanging down her face.

123B

SEMI CLOSE UP

"I" shyly puts out her hand to Frith, as she says:

"I"
How do you do?

Frith gives a little bow, then sees the outstretched hand, hesitates for a second as to what to do, and just as she is about to withdraw it, takes it.

123C

CLOSE UP

Maxim is a witness of this little scene - and smiles a little tenderly at his wife.

124

INT. HALL - SEMI LONG SHOT - DAY

SHOT FROM BEHIND THEM. As they enter the hall, and Frith removes the umbrella, Maxim stops. Beyond them we see about twenty servants lined up in a semi-circle. Maxim turns to Frith.

Maxim (annoyed)
I didn't expect the whole staff to be in attendance.

During this "I" has been pulling the mackintosh from her head. Her hair has been flattened by it, and wisps of hair have got wet and hang down her face. Frith replies to Maxim in a low voice.

CONTINUED (2)

Frith
Mrs. Danvers' orders, sir.

Maxim (without expression)
Oh.

He turns to "I" from whom Frith is taking the mackintosh.

Maxim
I'm sorry about this - but it won't take long.

They turn towards the group of waiting servants and start to go towards them.

125

LONG SHOT

We get the impression of a tableau with Maxim guiding "I" towards the group. We must be very conscious of the vastness of the hall with its minstrel gallery and broad sweeping staircase.

126

SEMI CLOSE UP

"I" going towards the group - rain still drips down her cheeks from the front of her hair.

127

SEMI LONG SHOT

We see a tableau of the group of waiting servants and "I" being piloted towards them by Maxim.

128

SEMI CLOSE UP

"I" and Maxim. We see the shyness overcoming her as she advances toward the Camera.

129

SEMI LONG SHOT

The CAMERA, taking the place of "I", IS MOVING SLOWLY FORWARD towards the group. Almost as though from nowhere, the figure of a tall, gaunt woman steps into the side of the picture and advances toward the Camera, blotting out the rest of the servants.

130

CLOSE UP

"I" sees this newcomer and over it we hear Maxim's voice.

Maxim's voice
This is Mrs. Danvers.

ADDED
SCENE
130 A

INT. MANDERLEY - CLOSE UP - MRS. DANVERS

(To cut in after Maxim says "This is Mrs. Danvers".)

Mrs. Danvers (coldly to "I")
How do you do, Madam. I have everything in readiness for you.

ADDED
SCENE
130 B

CLOSE SHOT - "I" (MAXIM IN B.G.)

"I", unprepared for this, doesn't know how to reply.

"I"
Oh, ... that's good of you, I'm sure. I didn't expect...
anything.

She is playing with her glove in her nervousness and
drops it.
In the b.g. we see Maxim turn.

Maxim's voice (from b.g.)
We'd like some tea, Frith.

Frith's voice
It's ready in the library, sir.

RETAKE
131

TWO SHOT-MRS. DANVERS AND "I"

Mrs. Danvers stoops to pick up "I"'s glove. She hands it
to her with the faintest trace of a smile of scorn. "I"
is very unhappy. Mrs. Danvers looks her straight in the
eye. "I" cannot bear her look and lowers her eyes.

Maxim's voice
Come along, darling.

As "I" steals a look at Mrs. Danvers and turns away, the
CAMERA MOVES UP TO A CLOSE UP OF MRS. DANVERS, and as
the scorn on her face increases slightly, we

FADE OUT.

132

FADE IN:
INT. "I'S" SUITE - LATE EVENING TWILIGHT

Thin streaks of light coming in from outside.
CLOSE SHOT ALICE - who is rather distastefully handling
"I's" wet clothes.

The CAMERA MOVES BACK to reveal the room and to see "I"
seated at the dressing table, trying to do something
with her lank hair. "I", furtively watching Alice in
the mirror, wishes she'd go. There is a knock at the
door. "I" looks up eagerly.

"I"

Oh, Maxim? Come in!

133

MED. SHOT - DOOR

The door opens and in comes Mrs. Danvers.

"I's" voice (disappointed)

Oh. Good evening, Mrs. Danvers.

Mrs. Danvers

Good evening, Madam.

CAMERA MOVES with Mrs. Danvers into the room. She
glances at Alice - a glance of dismissal. Alice puts
"I's" wet clothes over her arm, looks at Mrs. Danvers
as much as to say "look at these rags," and goes.

Mrs. Danvers

I hope that Alice has been satisfactory, Madam?

"I"

Oh, yes, thank you - perfectly.

Mrs. Danvers

She's the parlor-maid. She'll have to look after you until
your own maid arrives.

"I"

I haven't got a maid. I'm sure Alice will do nicely.

Mrs. Danvers (coldly)

I'm afraid that would not do for very long, Madam. It's
usual for ladies in your position to have a personal maid.

134 CLOSE UP

"I" looking at Mrs. Danvers. She is unable to stand the steady, freezing gaze of this woman, and turns away, pretending to be busy with her face powder.

"I"

If you think it necessary, perhaps you'd see about it for me - some young girl perhaps, wanting to train.

135 CLOSE UP

Mrs. Danvers (impassive)
As you wish, Madam. It is for you to say.

136 SEMI LONG SHOT

Mrs. Danvers goes over to inspect the arrangement of the beds. Perhaps she looks in a closet, where "I's" scanty wardrobe has been hung. She turns again to "I".

Mrs. Danvers

I hope you approve the new decoration of these rooms, Madam.

"I"

Oh, I didn't know they'd been changed. I hope you didn't have to go to too much trouble.

Mrs. Danvers

I only followed out Mr. de Winter's instructions.

Mrs. Danvers has moved close to "I".

137 SEMI CLOSE UP

"I"

What did it look like before?

Mrs. Danvers

It had an old paper and different hangings. It was never used much, except for occasional visitors.

"I"

Then it wasn't Mr. de Winter's room originally?

Mrs. Danvers

No, Madam. He has never used the East wing before.

She turns and goes out of scene.

138

MED. SHOT - WINDOW

The curtains are parted. Mrs. Danvers comes up to the window.

Mrs. Danvers

Of course, there is no view of the sea from here.

139

CLOSE UP

"I" is looking toward Mrs. Danvers.

Mrs. Danvers' voice

The only good view of the sea is from the West wing.

"I" feels it is time to offer some defense of Maxim's choice.

"I"

It's a very charming room and I'm sure I shall be comfortable.

There is a moment's silence. "I" doesn't know what to do with herself; picks up her brushes again.

140

SEMI LONG SHOT

Mrs. Danvers turning from window and coming back to "I".

Mrs. Danvers

If there is anything you want done, Madam, you have only to tell me.

141

SEMI CLOSE UP

There is an awkward pause, then with an effort at brightness, "I" asks -

"I"

I suppose you've been at Manderley for many years -- longer than anyone else?

Mrs. Danvers

Not so long as Frith. He was here when the old gentleman was living - when Mr. de Winter was a boy.

"I"

I see. You didn't come until after that?

There is another slight pause. When Mrs. Danvers speaks it is with a slightly harder and less impersonal tone.

Mrs. Danvers

I came here when the first Mrs. de Winter was a bride.

142

CLOSE UP

"I" looks away sharply - for a second we see the effect of the words on her face, then with an effort she summons her courage and swinging round in her chair, faces Mrs. Danvers directly.

"I"

Mrs. Danvers, I hope we shall be friends. But please be patient with me. This sort of life is new to me. And I do want to make a success of it and make Mr. de Winter happy. I know I can leave all the household arrangements to you.

Mrs. Danvers (coldly)

Very good. I hope I shall do everything to your satisfaction, Madam. I have managed the house since Mrs. de Winter's death and Mr. de Winter has never complained.

There is an awkward silence.

143

CLOSE UP

The faintest shadow of contempt comes into Mrs. Danvers' face. She turns and walks toward the door. CAMERA WITH HER. At the door she turns.

Mrs. Danvers

Can I do anything more for you?

"I's" voice

No, thank you. You've made everything very charming. I - I think I'll go downstairs now.

She comes into scene as Mrs. Danvers opens the door.

"I" glances at Mrs. Danvers, sees the expression of disdain. She goes out. Mrs. Danvers follows her out, shutting the door.

144

INT. HALL - SEMI LONG SHOT

Shooting along the long passage. The two (Danvers and "I") go toward the stairs.

145

SEMI CLOSE UP

As they reach the top of the stairs, Mrs. Danvers pauses and points to a door along the broad passage the other side of the stairs.

Mrs. Danvers

The room in the West wing I was telling you about is there-- through that door. It's not used now. It's the most beautiful room in the house -- the only one that looks down across

CONTINUED:

145

CONTINUED (2)

Mrs. Danvers (cont'd.)
the lawns to the sea. It was Mrs. de Winter's room.

"I" hesitates while looking at the door. She turns and sees Mrs. Danvers' eyes are fixed on her. Mrs. Danvers turns and moves swiftly out of picture. "I" glances back toward the door.

146

SEMI LONG SHOT

Shooting along the other way of the broad passage over "I's" shoulder we see the mysterious door. CAMERA MOVES IN until we lose "I" and focus only on the door, then PANS DOWN to see lying against the foot of it, Rebecca's dog, Jasper.

FADE OUT.

147

FADE IN:
INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Centered in the f.g., on the table is a wine glass bearing the monogram:
"R de W".

The monogram is done in an imitation of the same sloping handwriting on the first page of the poetry book. Behind and through the glass we see "I's" face. CAMERA MOVES BACK AND UPWARD to reveal "I" staring at her glass, - then the whole dining table, with Maxim at the head, unfolding his napkin, then the whole dining room, with Frith and Robert removing the service plates and preparing to serve the soup.

FADE OUT.

148

FADE IN:
EXT. MANDERLEY - LONG SHOT - DAY

A long view of Manderley in the early morning. It is a beautiful, sunny, peaceful day. This shot should establish the relation of the house to the sea.

DISSOLVE TO:

149

INT. DINING ROOM - LONG SHOT - DAY

"I" comes into the dining room carrying her handbag, just as she did in the hotel. She is surprised to see a stranger seated at the table, near Maxim's place. It is Frank Crawley. He has a great many letters and papers before him, which he is sorting out. He jumps to his feet as he sees "I".

CONTINUED:

Frank (awkwardly and shyly)
Oh, good morning.

"I"

Good morning.

Frank
You're Mrs. de Winter, aren't you?

"I"

Yes.

Frank (embarrassed)
My name is Crawley. I manage the estate for Maxim.
(pause)
I'm awfully glad to meet you.

Another awkward pause, then Frank points to the pile of papers.

Frank
Awful lot of stuff piled up while Maxim was away.

"I"

Yes, I suppose there must have been.

(Another embarrassed pause)

I wish I could help with some of it.

150

SEMI CLOSE UP - DINING ROOM DOOR

Maxim has come in, carrying some letters. He has heard "I's" remark. As he walks in, CAMERA SWINGS WITH HIM to a MEDIUM SHOT OF THE THREE.

Maxim

Frank won't allow anyone to help him. He's like an old mother hen with all his bills and rents and taxes. Well, come on, Frank. Let's go over these estimates.

Frank goes out of scene to gather up the papers.

151

SEMI CLOSE UP

Maxim

You'll find quantities of breakfast over there, on the sideboard. You must eat it all, or cook will be mortally offended.

"I" (smiling)

I'll do my best, Maxim.

Maxim

I have to go over the place with Frank to make sure he hasn't lost any of it. But you can amuse yourself, I'm sure -- getting acquainted with your new home.

151 CONTINUED (2)

He gives her a quick, perfunctory kiss on the forehead and turns and goes.

152 MEDIUM SHOT

Maxim and Frank going to the door. Maxim turns.

Maxim

Oh - I forgot to tell you - my sister, Beatrice, and her husband, Giles Lacy, have invited themselves over for lunch.

153 CLOSE UP

"I's" smile fades.

"I"

- Today?

154 SEMI CLOSE UP

Maxim

Yes. I suppose the old girl can't wait to look you over. You'll find her very direct. If she doesn't like you she'll tell you so to your face.

He laughs.

155 CLOSE UP

"I" isn't too anxious to be looked over.

Maxim's voice

But don't worry - I'll be back in time to protect you from her. Good-bye, darling.

"I"

Good-bye, Maxim.

She hears his voice fading out as he talks to Frank, saying, "They're charging altogether too much for the new roof on the barn." She knows the honeymoon is over. Maxim has come back to the place he loves and is absorbed in it, instead of her. She turns toward the side table.

156 SEMI CLOSE UP

CAMERA MOVES WITH "I" as she lifts the lids of the numerous covered dishes on the heaters. There are eggs,

156

CONTINUED (2)

bacon, sausages, kedgeree, kippers, haddock, kidneys, oatmeal - and great sides of cold meats. The sight of so much food destroys whatever appetite she may have had. She pours herself a cup of tea and takes it to her lonely place at the end of the great table. The Times and Daily Telegraph are neatly folded by her place.

157

MED. SHOT - SCREEN BEFORE PANTRY DOOR

Frith comes out, looks toward "I".

Frith.
Good morning, Madam.

"I's" voice
Good morning, Frith.

Frith crosses to the side table, glances at the covered dishes, undisturbed, then turns again to "I".

Frith
Isn't there anything I could get for you, Madam?

158

MED. SHOT

"I" is drinking her tea.

"I"
No thank you. Really, I'm not hungry.

Frith comes into scene. Robert appears in b.g. going to take the hot dishes out.

"I" puts down her cup, rises, and starts to go.

Frith
The papers, Madam.

He has picked them up and handed them to her.

"I"
Oh - thank you.

She takes the papers and starts to the door. CAMERA WITH HER. As she comes near it, she slips on the polished floor, almost falls.

MEDIUM SHOT

Frith and Robert rush forward to catch her. The Camera swings with them as they come up to her.

"I" (lamely)

I -- I slipped.

She goes into the great hall. Frith steadies her for a few steps, guiding her by the arm.

"I"

Thank you, Frith.

She looks about the hall.

"I"

It's very big, isn't it?

Frith

Yes, madam -- Manderley is a big place. This was the banquet hall in the old days. It's still used on great occasions, such as a big dinner or ball, and the public is admitted here, you know, once a week.

"I"

That's nice.

She walks on, unable to think of anything better to say.

INT. LIBRARY - SEMI LONG SHOT - DAY

The windows are wide open and the curtains blowing. "I" enters and gives a shiver. She crosses to the windows, looks out. Masses of clouds are blowing up from over the sea, covering the sun. She closes the windows, goes to the fireplace, looks about for matches.

LIBRARY DOOR

Frith appears in the doorway.

Frith

Pardon me, madam.

CLOSE UP

"I" turns quickly, guiltily. She feels she's been caught doing something she shouldn't.

Frith's voice

I wished to say, madam, that the fire is not usually lit in the library until the afternoon.

163

CLOSE UP

Frith's face is expressionless.

Frith

But you will find one in the morning room. Of course, if you wish this fire lit now, madam...

164

SEMI CLOSE UP

"I" is moving away from the fireplace.

"I"

Oh, no -- I wouldn't dream of it. Thank you, Frith.

Frith

Mrs. de Winter --

(he hesitates, fearing that he has been tactless)
-- uh -- uh -- always did her correspondence and telephoning in the morning room after breakfast.

"I"

Thank you, Frith.

She turns and goes back towards the hall.

165

INT. HALL - DAY - SEMI CLOSE UP

Outside the dining room door she takes a few steps, then pauses awkwardly.

Frith

Is there anything wrong, madam?

"I" (hesitating)

Which way is the morning room?

Standing in the doorway, Frith proceeds to direct her.

Frith

It's that door there, Madam -- on the left.

165A

SEMI LONG SHOT

Frith in the f.g. "I's" small figure crosses the large hall.

166

INT. MORNING ROOM - LONG SHOT - DAY

"I" comes into the small morning room. It is a bright and cheerful room, exquisitely furnished and obviously a woman's room by the quantities of flowers in it. There is a blazing fire, in front of which a dog is lying. "I" shyly inspects the room.

167

SEMI CLOSE UP

The dog gets up from before the fire and ambles out the room.

168

SEMI CLOSE UP

"I" does not notice the dog has gone. She behaves almost as though she were an intruder in the room. She crosses to the writing desk, CAMERA WITH HER, and begins to examine its contents, which include an address book, Guest Book and Menu Book. She looks almost furtively about her. A slight sound from outside makes her start guiltily away, but after a moment she turns back.

169

CLOSE UP

She picks up an address book - CAMERA PANS DOWN TO IT and we see the initials 'R de W'. CAMERA PANS UP AGAIN as "I" lowers herself into the chair. She replaces the address book and opens a parchment-bound book lying on the centre of the blotting pad. Suddenly we hear a telephone ring.

170

SEMI CLOSE UP

"I" starts, and with her eyes still fixed on the open book, lifts the telephone hurriedly. She puts the receiver to her ear. She listens for a moment, and then apparently repeats what was said to her.

"I"

Mrs. de Winter? I'm afraid you've made a mistake. Mrs. de Winter has been dead for more than a year.

As she starts to replace the receiver, she suddenly realizes her faux-pas and exclaims:

"I"

Oh, -- I mean...

There is a slight sound behind her; she turns quickly and looks upwards.

171

CLOSE UP

Mrs. Danvers stands behind her chair, regarding her with expressionless eyes.

172

SEMI CLOSE UP

"I" gets terribly flustered, and stammers.

"I"

I -- I'm sorry, Mrs. Danvers, I didn't realize the call was for me.

Mrs. Danvers (coldly)

That is the house telephone, Madam. It was probably the head gardener wishing instructions.

CONTINUED:

"I" is very nervous, Mrs. Danvers' cold personality makes her extremely uncomfortable.

"I" (lamely)

Oh, I see.

(she makes a desperate effort)

Did you want me, Mrs. Danvers?

Mrs. Danvers

I merely wished to know, Madam, if you approved of the menus for today.

She bends over "I" and, picking up a menu from the desk, proffers it to her.

"I" (without looking at it)

Oh, I'm sure they're very suitable -- very nice, indeed.

173

CLOSE UP

Mrs. Danvers with expressionless face points to the card as she says:

Mrs. Danvers

You will notice, Madam, that I left a blank space for the sauce. Mrs. de Winter was most particular about sauces.

174

CLOSE UP

"I" gets flustered again.

"I"

Oh...oh, well...let me see...let's have whatever you think Mrs. de Winter would have ordered.

Mrs. Danvers' voice

I rather think Mrs. de Winter would have had a white wine sauce, Madam.

"I"

Yes...very well, I'm sure that will be delicious.

175-181

SEMI CLOSE UP

Mrs. Danvers prepares to withdraw. She looks steadily at "I" as she says:

Mrs. Danvers

Thank you, Madam. (as she goes she adds) When you have finished your letters, Madam, Robert will take them to the post.

She goes out of picture, and we hear the door open and close again. "I", feeling it incumbent on her to do some correspondence, hesitates - looks around - then opens the drawer at the left of the writing table. She takes out a sheet of the expensive note paper, puts it down on the desk and sits. She opens Rebecca's address book.

176

CLOSE UP

Page of address book from over "I's" shoulder. In Rebecca's handwriting we see several names:

Lady Destry - Sloane 8862
 Dibdin - Flaxman 1516
 Freddie D'Orsay - Mayfair 4077
 Duchess of Eaton - Witley 25

177

SEMI CLOSE UP

"I" opens her handbag and takes out her own ratty little address book. She looks through several pages that are absolutely blank until she comes to the "V" page.

178

INSERT

Page of address book. The only name on it is "Mrs. C. Van Hopper." Several previous addresses have been crossed out: Ritz - London; Ritz - Paris; Ritz - St. Moritz. The new one is: Ritz - New York.

179

SEMI CLOSE UP

"I" closes her book, puts it aside. With sudden determination, she picks up the pen and writes.

180

INSERT

"I's" handwriting, in an awkward childish style.

"Dear Mrs. Van Hopper:

Maxim and I are now happily settled at Manderley which, as you know, is a beautiful place ----"

181

CLOSE UP

"I" looking with mortification at her own handwriting. She compares it with Rebecca's. She props Rebecca's book, open, on the desk before her, then writes on the same sheet of paper, in a crude attempt to imitate Rebecca's dashing hand:

"Dear Mrs. Van Hopper:

Maxim and I are now happily settled...."

20

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:
INT. HALL - LONG SHOT - DAY

We are shooting down toward the front door, from which Giles and Beatrice are entering. Frith is taking Giles' hat and Beatrice's cape.

Beatrice
Hello, Frith.

Frith
Good morning, Mrs. Lacy.

Beatrice
Where's Mr. de Winter?

Frith
I believe he went down to the farm with Mr. Crawley.

Beatrice
How tiresome of him not to be here when we arrive - and how typical!

During this the CAMERA HAS SWUNG slowly to reveal "I" in foreground, profile CLOSE UP at the head of the stairs, shrinking back into the shadows out of view.

Giles' voice
What about a whiskey and soda, Frith?

Beatrice's voice
Just before your lunch? No!

Giles
But I need it - for the approaching ordeal.

Their voices die out as they go into the library. "I" turns quickly as she hears Mrs. Danvers' voice.

Mrs. Danvers
Major and Mrs. Lacy have arrived, Madam. They will be in the library.

"I"
Thank you, Mrs. Danvers.

She sees that Mrs. Danvers expects her to go down and greet the guests, so she goes.

CLOSE UP - MRS. DANVERS

Looking after "I", her masklike face carrying just the faintest shadow of a smile.

CLOSE SHOT

"I" - near the bottom of the stairs. She looks down nervously, steals a half look back at Mrs. Danvers, then approaches the door to the library.

185

HALL LEADING TO LIBRARY - MEDIUM SHOT AT DOOR

"I" comes into the scene and stops a few feet from the door which is partially open. She stops to adjust her clothes a little and gives a few frantic pats to her hair. She hears voices from the library.....

Giles' Voice

I wonder how Danvers likes it now - being ordered about by an ex-chorus girl.

Beatrice's Voice

Now - where on earth did you get the idea she's an ex-chorus girl?

186

CLOSE UP - "I"

She hesitates, wanting to run away -- Over this we hear the voices continuing.

Giles' Voice

He picked her up in the South of France, didn't he?

Beatrice's Voice

What if he did?

Giles' Voice

Well --- I mean to say -- there you are.

"I" summons up courage and determines to go in, and face them.

187

SEMI LONG SHOT

"I" pushes open the door and goes in.

Shooting over her shoulder through the open door into the room, we see Giles and Beatrice look up as she goes in.

"I" (timidly)

How do you do -- I'm Maxim's wife.

For a moment they both stare at her, both obviously surprised, then Beatrice starts forward.

Beatrice (murmuring as she approaches)

How do you do?

188

SEMI CLOSE UP

Beatrice goes close to "I" and subjects her to close scrutiny.

Beatrice

Well - I must say - you're quite different from what I expected!

189

CLOSE UP

"I" is upset as well as taken aback by Beatrice's remark.

190-195

SEMI CLOSE UP

"I" shyly shakes the hand Beatrice is holding out to her, as Giles enters into picture and adds an embarrassed -

Giles (palpably lying)

Don't be so silly. She's exactly what I told you she'd be.

He also holds out his hand and shakes very firmly with "I", as he continues -

Giles

Well - er - er - how d'you like Manderley?

"I"

It's very beautiful, isn't it?

Beatrice

And how are you getting along with Mrs. Danvers?

"I"

Well, I've never seen anyone quite like her before. She's - er --

Giles

You mean she scares you --- she's no oil painting, is she?
(he laughs uproariously at his own joke)

Beatrice

Giles, you're very much in the way here. Go somewhere else.

Giles (coughing)

All right. I'll try to find Maxim.
(He goes out)

"I" (shyly)

I - I - didn't mean to say anything against Mrs. Danvers.

Beatrice

Oh, there's no need to be frightened of her. But I shouldn't have any more to do with her than you can help. She's bound to be insanely jealous at first and she must resent you bitterly.

"I" (astonished)

But why should she?

Beatrice

Don't you know? I should have thought Maxim would have told you. She simply adored Rebecca!

196

CLOSE UP "I"

-- reacting to Beatrice's statement.

DISSOLVE TO:

197

LONG SHOT - DINING ROOM

Beatrice is on Maxim's right, Frank on his left.
Giles is on "I's" right.

198

SEMI CLOSE UP

With a great air of cheeriness, Giles is making conversation.

Giles

Play golf?

"I"

No - I'm afraid I don't.

Giles

What's your handicap?

"I" (slightly taken aback)

I said - I don't play.

Giles

Oh, yes - of course - so you did.

199

SEMI CLOSE UP

Robert is putting a plate of soup before Beatrice.

Beatrice

How are you, Robert?

Robert

Quite well, thank you, Madam.

Beatrice

Still having trouble with your teeth?

Robert (embarrassed)

Unfortunately yes, Madam.

Beatrice

You must have them out - all of them! Wretched nuisances--
teeth.

Robert

Thank you, Madam.

SEMI CLOSE UP - GILES & "I"

Giles trying to make conversation as he eats.

Giles

Do you hunt?

"I"

No - I'm afraid, I don't even ride.

Giles

Have to ride down here. We all do. Which do you ride - side-saddle or astride? Oh, I forgot - you don't. But, I mean, you must. Nothing else to do down here.

"I"

I hope I can help Maxim with his work on the estate.

201

SEMI CLOSE UP

Giles looks over to Frank Crawley.

Giles

Better look out, Frank. You'll be out of a job before you know where you are.

Frank

I'm sure I shall enjoy having Mrs. de Winter's help.

(turns to "I")

You must come along to the office and let me show you where everything is.

Giles (to Frank)

Office as tidy as ever?

(he turns to "I")

Better be careful you don't move anything. Place so offensively clean. Believe he's his own housemaid.

(Giles guffaws loudly at his last remark)

202

SEMI CLOSE UP - BEATRICE & MAXIM

Beatrice

Maxim. When will you start having parties here like the old days?

Maxim (grimly)

Haven't thought about it.

Beatrice

But everyone's dying to see you and --
(looks off toward "I")

Maxim

I can imagine.

Beatrice

What about having the Masquerade Ball again this summer?

She calls down to "I".

Beatrice

My dear, are you fond of dancing?

203

SEMI CLOSE UP - "I" AND GILES

"I"

I love it. But I'm not very good at it.

Giles

Do you rhumba?

"I"

I've never tried.

Giles

You must teach me.

(he turns to Maxim)

204

SEMI LONG SHOT

Giles (to Maxim)

I say, old boy - I've been trying to find out what your wife does do.

Maxim (smiles)

She sketches a little.

Giles

Sketches! Not this modern stuff, eh? You know, picture of a lamp shade upside down to represent a soul in torment.

(suddenly he is struck by a thought and lowers his voice)

You don't - uh - you don't sail, do you?

"I" (in a strained voice)

No - I don't.

Giles

Thank God for that!

There is general consternation about the table.

205

CLOSE UP - MAXIM

Staring grimly into space.

206

CLOSE UP - BEATRICE

Glaring at Giles as though she would slay him.

207

CLOSE UP

Frank, very embarrassed.

208

CLOSE UP - "I"

Slowly the significance of what Giles has said begins to show on "I's" face. She flushes with embarrassment and looks down at her plate.

SEMI LONG SHOT

Beatrice looks off toward the door.

Beatrice
I say! There's old Jasper. Come here, boy.

210

CLOSE UP

Jasper, the dog, is coming into the dining room, his ears picked up.

211

INT. DINING ROOM - SEMI LONG SHOT - DAY

Shot through the open door from Jasper's eyeline. Part of the figure and legs of "I" can be seen. Jasper rushes into the picture and directly over to "I".

Beatrice's voice
I was noticing the barn when we came up today. It needs a new roof.

Giles' voice
Yes, Maxim. And I said to Bee, "We've needed a new roof on our house for ages, but you won't have it." The old girl thinks more of the cows than she does of me!
(we hear his hearty laugh)

212

(NOTE: The preceding voices follow through these shots:
CLOSE UP - JASPER

213

Looks up at "I".
SEMI CLOSE UP - "I"

Looks down and sees the dog; she puts a hand down to pat his head.)

214

CLOSE UP

Jasper turns away and with a disconsolate movement, ambles across toward the fireplace.

215

CLOSE UP

"I" watches him and we see she feels this canine slight very keenly.

FADE OUT.

216-219

FADE IN:
INT. "I'S" BEDROOM - SEMI CLOSE UP - DAY

Beatrice is adjusting her hat before the mirror. "I" is beside her.

Beatrice
You're very much in love with Maxim, aren't you?

"I" - I -

"I" - I -

CONTINUED:

Beatrice

I can see that you are...

(Pause. Beatrice notices the girl's face above hers in the mirror)

Don't mind my saying so, but why don't you do something about your hair? Why don't you have it cut...

(searching for something to suggest)

...or sweep it back behind your ears?

"I" holds her hair back behind her ears, turning her head for Beatrice's inspection. The latter looks at her critically.

Beatrice

No, that's worse. What does Maxim say...Does he like it like that?

"I"

I don't know - he's never mentioned it.

Beatrice looks surprised and gets up.

Beatrice

Oh, well - don't go by me. I can tell by the way you dress you don't care a hoot how you look. But I wonder Maxim hasn't been at you. He's so particular about clothes.

"I"

I don't believe he notices what I wear at all.

Beatrice (as they start out)

He must have changed a lot, then...

220

INT. UPPER CORRIDOR - DAY

During this scene Beatrice and "I" go to the stairs and down, reaching a point in the lower hall near the large table.

Beatrice

But don't worry about dear old Maxim - and his moods. You never quite know what's going on in that quiet mind of his. Now and then he bursts out in a terrible rage - and when he does!

(she hints at terrible things)

But - I don't think he'll lose his temper with you. You seem such a placid little thing.

Giles' voice (from the front door)

Come along, old girl. We're supposed to be on the first tee at three o'clock.

Beatrice

All right. I'm coming!

She kisses "I" on the cheek.

CONTINUED:

Beatrice

Well, goodbye, my dear. Forgive me for asking so many rude questions. We both really hope you'll be very happy.

"I" (almost emotional in her hunger for kindness)

Oh, thank you, Beatrice, thank you very much!

Beatrice

And I must congratulate you on the way Maxim looks. We were all very worried about him this time last year. But, of course, you know the whole story.

As they go toward the lower hall, "I" looks at Beatrice, her worries returning.

DISSOLVE TO:

221

EXT. MANDERLEY - SEMI LONG SHOT - DAY

On the steps of the front entrance stand Maxim and "I". Robert stands near the door in the b.g. Giles and Beatrice are just pulling away in a car, waving good-bye. It disappears out of the picture for a moment and then sweeps around the wide drive, away into the distance.

222

SEMI CLOSE UP

Maxim takes a step or two down and looks up into the sky.

Maxim

Thank heaven they're gone! Now, at last, we can have a walk about the place. It looks a bit like rain - but you won't mind, will you?

"I" (happily)

Of course not, Maxim. Wait till I run upstairs for a coat.

Maxim

There's a heap of mackintoshes in the flower room.
(he goes up and steps inside the front door calling inside)

Robert! Fetch a coat from the flower room for Mrs. de Winter.
(he comes back to "I")

What did you think of Beatrice?

"I"

I liked her very much. But she kept saying I was quite different from what she expected.

Maxim

What the devil did she expect?

"I"

Someone much smarter, more sophisticated, I suppose.
(she pauses)

Do you like my hair?

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED (2)

Maxim looks at her in astonishment.

Maxim
Your hair? Of course I like it. What's the matter with it?

"I"
Oh, nothing. I just wondered.

Maxim (looking at her)
How funny you are.

Robert comes out from the house in b.g., carrying an
oilskin coat. Maxim helps "I" into it.

Maxim (to Jasper)
Come on, you lazy little beggar, and take some of that fat
off.

225

SEMI LONG SHOT

They descend the steps and set out, arm in arm, across
the lawn. The dog, Jasper, following at Maxim's heels.

223A

CLOSE UP - JASPER

As he follows behind them.

DISSOLVE TO:

2nd Unit
AS SHOT

EXT. MANDERLEY - LONG SHOT - DAY

"I" and Maxim walking over the grounds away from house
(shot through windows). Jasper with them.

2nd Unit
AS SHOT

EXT. LAWN - LONG SHOT

"I" and Maxim walking across lawn, toward camera.
Jasper with them.

2nd Unit
(L.S.AS
SHOT)

EXT. NEAR TOP OF CLIFF - with sea below

As they walk along, they come to a fork in the paths
leading down to the sea and Jasper unhesitatingly runs
ahead and disappears down the path farthest to the right.

224
TO BE
SHOT

CLOSE SHOT - "I" AND MAXIM
(Against Plate as shot)

Maxim
Jasper! Not that way! Come here!

225
TO BE
SHOT

JASPER

As he starts to scamper down the stairs which lead to
the beach.

226

CLOSE SHOT - MAXIM AND "I"
(Against Plate as shot)

"I"
Where does that lead to?

Maxim (briefly)
To a small cove where we used to keep a boat.

"I"
Let's go down there. It would do us good to get a real
sea blow.

Maxim (irritably)
It's quite dull and uninteresting - just like any other
stretch of sand.

"I"
Oh, all right, Maxim.

Maxim (seeing her look of disappointment)
Oh, well --- we'll walk down and take a look if you really
want to.

2nd Unit
AS SHOT

LONG SHOT

"I" AND MAXIM start forward again.

2nd Unit
AS SHOT

LONG SHOT

"I" AND MAXIM turning from the top of the palisades down onto the stairs leading to the beach, and walking down.

227
TO BE
SHOT

JASPER (for intercut with above)

Half way down the stairs leading to the beach.

AS SHOT

LONG SHOT

"I" AND MAXIM come down onto the beach. Jasper has disappeared, but they hear his bark from the other side of rocks (rocks not in scene)

228-229

CLOSE SHOT "I" AND MAXIM
(Against plate already made)

"I" (pointing)

That's Jasper!

(worried)

There may be something wrong - perhaps he's hurt himself.

Maxim

He's all right. Leave him alone.

"I"

Don't you think I'd better go and see?

She turns to go -

Maxim (angrily)

Don't bother about him, I tell you. He can't come to any harm. He'll find his own way back.

But "I" has already left the picture.

2nd Unit
AS SHOT

LONG SHOT BEACH

"I" runs away from Maxim and out of picture, in direction from which she has heard Jasper's bark.

TO BE SHOT
230

CLOSE SHOT "I" (On her back from Maxim's angle)
(TO BE SHOT ON STUDIO STAGE)

She starts clambering over rocks to get to Jasper,
calling back over her shoulder:

"I"

I won't be a minute.

231
TO BE
SHOT

CLOSE UP MAXIM (Against plate already shot)

Turning away with a shrug.

CATALINA LOCATION:

232

LONG SHOT - COVE ON OTHER SIDE OF ROCKS

"I" has reached the other side of the rocks and is now
on a stretch of beach in a cove, hidden from Maxim's
view. This is a semi-natural harbor created by the
rocks jutting out into the sea. A mooring buoy is a
little way out from the shore.

Shaded by the trees which come down very nearly to the
water's edge is a small cottage. "I" stands a moment
as she sees the reason for Jasper's barking.

CATALINA LOCATION:

233

CLOSE SHOT - JASPER AND A MAN

Jasper is running and leaping around a man dressed
like a fisherman in boots and jersey. He seems to be
searching in the shingle for something.

234

CLOSE SHOT "I"

"I" comes forward a few steps, calling.

"I"

Jasper! Jasper, come here!

But Jasper obviously pays no heed. "I" glances back
over her shoulder to see whether Maxim is following,
then jumps down and crosses over toward the fisherman.

235-236

CLOSE SHOT - AT SHORE

As "I" approaches, the man looks up, revealing the face
of an idiot. He smiles foolishly at her.

CONTINUED:

"I"

Good afternoon.

Ben

Afternoon. Diggin' for shell. Been diggin' since forenoon.
No shell 'ere.

"I"

Oh, I'm sorry.

Ben

That's right. No shell 'ere.

"I" looks down at Jasper.

"I"

Come on, Jasper, it's getting late.

But Jasper dashes out of the picture. "I" looks about her helplessly. Ben looks curiously after Jasper, then pointing a finger at him, says:

Ben

I know that dog. He comes fr' the house.

"I"

Yes, I want him to come back with me.

Ben (eyes her suspiciously)

He's not your'n.

"I" (patiently)

He's Mr. de Winter's dog. Have you got anything I could tie him with?

Ben gapes open-mouthed at her. Suppressing her exasperation, she looks around and sees the boathouse. She moves quickly out of picture.

237

LONG SHOT

"I" goes over to the boathouse and tries the door which swings open. She steps inside.

238

INT. INNER BOATHOUSE

"I" enters what appears to be a boat store, filled with ropes, sails, pots of paint and other paraphernalia. As "I" comes in, she looks round and finds a short piece of thin rope. She picks it up and is about to hurry out with it, when her eyes fall on a door open into another room. She looks in surprise.

239

INT. ROOM (FROM "I'S" ANGLE)

Although the windows upon each side are boarded up, the

CONTINUED:

239

CONTINUED (2)

place is completely furnished with book-shelves, table, chairs, and bed-sofa.

240

BACK TO "I"

She stares a moment almost in fright, tempted to enter then remembering Maxim is waiting for her, turns and hurries out.

241

EXT. COVE

Ben is now standing near the boathouse, Jasper at his feet. "I" comes into picture and Jasper allows her to run the cord through his collar.

Ben (staring at her)

I saw 'ee go in.

"I" (turns back)

Yes. It's all right. Mr. de Winter won't mind.

Ben

She don't go in there now.

242

CLOSE UP - "I"

She is startled, then hesitantly replies.

"I"

No, not now.

243

CLOSE UP - BEN

He looks at her vaguely.

Ben

She's gone in the sea, ain't she? She won't come back no more.

243 A

CLOSE TWO SHOT - "I" AND BEN

She gently shakes her head.

"I"

No, she'll never come back.

She looks away in the direction of the rocks, then with a quick glance at Ben, turns to walk toward them.

244

CLOSE SHOT - "I"

As she hurries toward the rocks with her head slightly bowed, distressed. She steals a glance back at Ben over her shoulder, then continues thoughtfully ahead.

245

MEDIUM SHOT AT ROCKS

(To be shot on studio stage - reverse angle of #230)

As "I" climbs back onto the other section of beach toward where she had left Maxim.

246

TO BE

SHOT

2nd Unit

LONG SHOT - BEACH

"I" (double) with Jasper on his make-shift leash, comes back onto the beach to find it empty of Maxim. She hurries, Jasper running ahead of her, to the stairs and up.

246A

TO BE

SHOT

2nd Unit

CLOSE SHOT - JASPER (for intercut with above)

At the end of his rope leash, running ahead of "I" across the beach.

246AA

TO BE

SHOT

2nd Unit

CLOSE SHOT - JASPER (for additional intercut)

At the end of his rope leash, running ahead of "I" up the stairs.

247

MEDIUM SHOT ON CLIFF AT TOP OF STAIRS

(Against plate already made)

Maxim sees "I" approach, turns and exits scene.

"I" runs into scene, breathless, calling after him:

"I"

Maxim! What's the matter?

She starts out after him.

2nd Unit

ALREADY

SHOT

LONG SHOT

Maxim striding angrily ahead -- "I", with Jasper tugging at the leash before her, trying desperately to catch up with him.

248

CLOSER ANGLE

(Against plate already made)

"I"

I'm sorry I was such a time, but Jasper wouldn't come. I had to get some rope.

Maxim strides forward silently at a still faster pace. The dog lags behind, delaying "I". Maxim turns to look down at him.

Maxim

Hurry up, Jasper, for Heaven's sake!

lb

CONTINUED:

"I"

You walk so fast we can't keep up with you.

Maxim

If you'd listened to me instead of rushing over those rocks, Jasper knew his way back perfectly.

"I"

I thought he might've got caught, and I was afraid of the tide.

Maxim

There wasn't any question of tide...I told you not to go over those rocks!

"I" (breathless)

Maxim! Please wait for me...

Maxim stops and turns and comes back a few steps to face her.

249

CLOSE TWO SHOT - "I" AND MAXIM
(Against stationary plate already made)

"I"

What's wrong, Maxim? Why are you so angry?

Maxim

You knew I didn't want you to go there -- but you deliberately went.

"I"

And why shouldn't I? There was nothing there but that cottage - and a man digging for shells.

Maxim

You didn't go into the cottage, did you?

"I"

Yes. The door was open - and I wanted --

Maxim (interrupting)

Don't go in there again! Do you hear?

"I"

Why not? What is it, Maxim?

Maxim

Because I hate the place -- and if you had my memories, you wouldn't want to go there or talk about it or even think about it!

He takes a step away from her, the CAMERA DRAWING BACK SLIGHTLY to take in this action.

"I"

Maxim, what's the matter? I'm sorry, darling! Please!

CONTINUED:

249

CONTINUED (2)

He still doesn't look at her for a moment, then steps back toward her again, the CAMERA AGAIN MOVING IN CLOSER.

Maxim

We ought to have stayed away. We should never have come back to Manderley! What a fool I was!

"I"

I've made you unhappy. Somehow - I've hurt you. I can't bear to see you like this. I love you so much.

Maxim (tensely, searching her face; takes her in his arms)

Do you? Do you?

(he kisses her, then relaxes his hold.)

Forgive me --

(sees that "I" is crying)

And I've made you cry...I always seem to be flying off the handle for no good reason. But - we'll go up and have some tea and forget all about it.

She smiles up at him through her tears.

"I"

Yes, let's forget all about it.

Automatically she puts her hand in the pocket of the mackintosh and pulls out a handkerchief, and puts it to her eyes.

250

CLOSE SHOT - "I" (Against plate already made)

She glances down at the handkerchief as she starts to return it to her pocket.

Maxim's voice

Here - let me have Jasper.

250 A

INSERT - HANDKERCHIEF

The handkerchief in "I's" hand is marked in the corner with a large embroidered initial "R".

251

CLOSE UP - "I"

As she stares down at the initial with a faraway look. She automatically hands the dog's leash to Maxim.

FADE OUT.

252-254

FADE IN:
INT. HALL - SEMI CLOSE UP - DAY

"I" seated with her legs curled under her, on one of the window seats in the large hall, looking thoughtfully out of the window towards the sea.

255

EXT. MANDERLEY - SEMI LONG SHOT - DAY

Shot from the house we can see a suggestion of the cove and boathouse through the trees.

256

INT. HALL - SEMI CLOSE UP - DAY

"I" looks very disturbed. She turns away from the window thinking hard.

257

SEMI LONG SHOT

Robert crosses the hall towards the library, carrying a tray with a glass of milk and biscuits.

258

SEMI CLOSE UP

"I" suddenly jumps to her feet and with a determined air crosses to the library.

259

INT. LIBRARY - SEMI LONG SHOT - DAY

As she comes into the library we can see through an open door another small room where Frank Crawley is seated at a desk immersed in his work. Robert is placing the tray beside him and then comes back through the library. "I" hesitates for a second, then with studied casualness strolls across to the door.

260

INT. OFFICE - SEMI LONG SHOT - DAY

As "I" comes and stands in the doorway, we see Frank is looking down despairingly at a number of grey cards which are spread over the desk. The tray Robert has brought him is beside him on the desk, and Frank is sipping from his glass of milk. As he sees "I" he puts down the glass, - he makes a noise like an old hen clucking over a difficult brood of chickens.

"I" (as he rises)

No, please don't get up, Frank. I was wondering if you really meant what you said the other day about showing me the run of things?

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED (2)

Frank
Of course I did. Won't you come in?

"I"
What are you doing now?

Frank
I'm notifying all the tenants that in celebration of Maxim's return with his bride, this week's rent will be free. All the servants get an extra week's wages, too.

"I" (greatly pleased)
Was that Maxim's idea?

Frank
Of course!

"I"
He didn't tell me. Couldn't I help you? I could at least lick the stamps.

Frank (weakly)
That's terribly nice of you.

He starts handing her envelopes as he addresses them. She licks the stamps and applies them as they talk.

"I" (assuming a much too casual tone)
I was down on the beach the other day - by the little cove with the breakwater. There was a man there - a queer sort of person.

Frank gives her a little look and then hands her another envelope.

Frank
It must have been Ben. He's quite harmless. I hope he didn't frighten you.

"I"
Oh, no - not at all.

Two more stamps are affixed without further comment. Then "I" resumes the attack.

"I"
I'm afraid that cottage place down there is going to wrack and ruin. Why isn't something done about it?

CLOSE UP FRANK

Frank does not answer at once but pretends to busy himself obsessively with the cards. He replies eventually without looking up.

Frank
I think if Maxim wanted anything done about it, he'd tell me.

262-263

CLOSE UP

"I" licks another stamp; there is a pause, then she asks quietly:

"I"

What was the cottage used for? I thought from the outside it was just a boat house.

Frank

It was originally, but Mrs. de Winter had it converted for her own use.

"I"

Did she use it a great deal?

Frank (stiffly)

Yes, she did. The boat used to be moored near there.

"I"

What boat?

Frank

Here.

He hands her another stamp and at the same time looks at her pleadingly, but her curiosity is too much for her. She returns the look unyieldingly as she licks the stamp and hands it back.

"I"

What happened to it? Was that the boat she was sailing when she was drowned?

264

CLOSE UP

Frank pauses with the stamp in his hand with a sort of heavy weariness. He knows he must answer.

Frank

Yes, it capsized and sank. She was washed overboard.

"I's" Voice (off scene)

What made it capsize?

Frank

It can be very squally in the bay.

265

CLOSE UP -- THE TWO

"I's" eyes never leave his face as she persists.

"I"

Couldn't someone have got out to her?

CONTINUED:

Frank
Nobody saw the accident. It was at night. Nobody even knew she'd gone out.

"I"
She must have been drowned then, trying to swim to shore.

Frank
Yes.

"I"
Wasn't she afraid to go out alone?

Frank
She wasn't afraid of anything.

There is a slight pause.

"I"
Where did they find her?

Frank gets up quietly and walks out of picture. "I" watches him round with her eyes as CAMERA MOVES IN TO CLOSE UP OF HER. There is silence, then Frank's voice is heard from the window.

Frank's voice
Near Edgecombe, about forty miles up channel - about two months afterwards. Maxim went up to identify her. It was horrible for him.

"I" watches him for a second, then rises.

SEMI CLOSE UP

Frank standing by the window silently looking out. "I" comes into picture beside him. She speaks desperately with great feeling.

"I"
Please don't think me too horribly curious. It's only that - that sometimes I feel myself at such a disadvantage - all the time - whenever. I meet anyone - Maxim's sister - even the servants - they're all thinking the same thing, all comparing me with --
(she can't get the name out)
-- with -- her.

Frank turns to her, very much concerned.

Frank
You mustn't think that! For my part, I can't tell you how delighted I am that you married Maxim. It's going to make all the difference to his life... And, personally, it's very refreshing to find someone like yourself who is not entirely --
(searching for a word)
-- in tune, shall we say, with Manderley.

"I" (her eyes lowered)
Thank you, Frank.

There is a silence, then Frank turns and goes back to the desk.

267

SEMI CLOSE UP

He starts to busy himself again. "I" comes into picture and sits beside him. She automatically takes the stamp he hands her.

"I"
May I ask just one more question?

Frank looks at her curiously.

"I"
What was Rebecca really like?

Frank (looks ahead reflectively and answers slowly)
I suppose she was the most beautiful creature I ever saw in my life.

268

CLOSE UP

"I", with the stamp raised to her lips, looks ahead unseeingly. She abstractedly lowers the stamp and lays it on the desk and rises out of picture.

269

SEMI LONG SHOT

"I" walks directly towards the door without a word. Frank watching her as she opens the door and exits.

270

SEMI CLOSE UP

As the door closes Frank turns back to the desk, picks up the stamp and as he commences to raise it to his lips we

FADE OUT.

271

FADE IN:
INT. MANDERLEY HALL - NIGHT

Open on CLOSE SHOT of the lower part of "I's" legs. She is obviously beautifully gowned and exquisitely shod. CAMERA TRUCKS IN FRONT OF HER AND UP, gradually unveiling a new "I", rather sensationally dressed and beautifully coiffed, and she wears somewhat more lipstick than usual. (Please don't make her look ridiculous: She can be lovely, but simply isn't the girl Maxim married.)

As CAMERA REACHES HER FACE we see that she is very conscious of her clothes and appearance, rather excited by them, but very nervous. She and the CAMERA both stop in the doorway to the library. She stands a moment and coughs to attract Maxim's attention.

272

INT. LIBRARY - (Point of view shot, or over shoulder shot)

Maxim, his back to "I", is fixing some home movie films in a projector. A portable screen is set up at the other end of the library. We hear "I's" cough repeated, louder. Maxim still does not hear her.

273

CLOSE SHOT - "I"

She is disappointed and apprehensive, but she pulls herself together.

"I" (nervously and high-pitched)
Good evening, Maxim.

274

CLOSE SHOT - MAXIM - (HIS BACK TO CAMERA)

Maxim (without turning)
Hello...The films of the honeymoon are finally here...They took long enough about it.
(on his last words he turns and gradually is aware of her appearance)

275

CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT - WITH "I"

CAMERA moving before her as she walks in, affected and nervous.

276-280

MEDIUM SHOT

Maxim approaches her dubiously.

Maxim
What on earth have you done to yourself?

"I" (casually)
Oh, nothing...I just ordered a new gown from London...I hope you don't mind.

CONTINUED:

Maxim
Of course I don't mind. Order what you please! But...
(words fail him)

"I"
What's wrong?

Maxim
Well...Do you think that sort of thing is right for you? It doesn't seem your type at all.

"I" (very let down)
Oh...I thought you'd like it.

Maxim (the cruel male!)
And what have you done to your hair?
(*"I"* doesn't answer. Maxim sees he has hurt her, puts his arm around her)

Oh, well...never mind...
(then, insincerely)
You look lovely. It's nice for a change...
(dismissing the whole thing)
Shall we run the pictures?

"I" (very let down)
Oh, yes, yes...
(without enthusiasm, her thoughts only on her comic failure)
I'd love to see them.

Maxim goes over and turns out the lights. The room is now lit only by the one lamp and the light from the projector. Maxim is more or less lost in darkness. (It is ok to lose him here, but please don't lose either of them in the scene over the projector. Let's see the features of Maxim and "I" and get some interesting lighting from the projector up onto their faces.)

Maxim's voice
You won't mind if I leave you alone tomorrow, will you? I have to go up to London on some business for the estate. I ought to be back by late afternoon.

"I"
Oh, no, I don't mind. Of course not.

By now Maxim is at the projector and is starting the films.

281-289

FILMS ON THE SCREEN
intercut with
MAXIM AND "I"

Maxim
Oh, here's the stuff we took that day at . Remember I suppose I'm not what you'd call an expert photographer.

CONTINUED:

"I" (her spirits picking up)
Oh, wasn't it wonderful, Maxim? Can't we go back some day?

Maxim
Of course, of course. Look - here's the film you made of me. I guess you're not much better at making these things than I am.

(he laughs)

The film suddenly comes off the sprockets and breaks.

Maxim
Oh, hang it! I suppose I threaded it up wrong - as usual.

He crosses and turns on the lights. As he crosses we hear "I's" voice:

"I's" voice

Maxim, let's make some pictures of Manderley. I'd like to have a whole set showing the entire place.

By this time the lights in the room are on. Frith enters, apparently having waited. He coughs.

Frith
Excuse me, sir. May I have a word with you?

Maxim (surprised)
Yes, Frith, what is it?

Frith wears a stiff, solemn expression, his lips pursed. He behaves as though a great tragedy is impending.

Frith
It's about Robert, sir. There's been a slight unpleasantness between him and Mrs. Danvers. Robert is very upset.

Maxim makes a face at "I".

Maxim
Well, here is trouble!
(turns to Frith and settles himself, slightly annoyed, for a long story)
Well, Frith, tell us about it.

Frith (with a nervous cough)
It appears that Mrs. Danvers has accused Robert of stealing a valuable ornament from the morning room. Robert denies the accusation most emphatically, sir. He's most distressed.

Maxim
I wondered why he handed me the cutlets at lunch without giving me a plate... Oh well, I suppose someone else took the ornament. One of the maids, perhaps.

Frith
No, sir. Nobody but Robert was in the room the day it was missed - except Madam, of course... It makes it very unpleasant

CONTINUED:

Frith
for Robert and myself, sir.

Maxim
Yes, of course it does. What was the thing, anyway?

DURING THE WHOLE DISCUSSION WE HAVE SHOTS OF "I" REACTING: frightened, almost speaking, increasingly embarrassed, guilty and uncomfortable as she realizes what she's done to poor Robert.

Frith
The china cupid, sir, that stood on the writing table.

Maxim
Oh, that's one of our treasures, isn't it? Well, tell Mrs. Danvers to get at the bottom of it, but that I'm sure that it wasn't Robert.

Frith (relieved)
Very good, sir. Thank you, sir.

He exits. As soon as he has gone Maxim walks over toward the machine.

Maxim
I wonder why they have to come to me with these squabbles. I'm not used to them. They're part of your job, sweetheart.

This only increases "I's" embarrassment. Finally she decides to be brave.

"I"
Maxim...I wanted to tell you before, but... but I forgot. The fact is...
(she gets it out)
I broke the cupid.

Maxim (very surprised)
You broke it? Well, why the devil didn't you say so when Frith was here?

"I"
I don't know. I didn't like to. I was afraid he would think me a fool.

Maxim
He'll think you much more of a fool now. You'll have to explain to him and Mrs. Danvers.

"I"
Oh, no, please, Maxim! You tell them...
(eagerly, like a frightened child)
Let me go up stairs.

CONTINUED:

Maxim (very annoyed)
Don't be a little idiot. Anyone would think you were afraid of them.

Frith enters, ushering in Mrs. Danvers, who is obviously very angry.

Mrs. Danvers
Excuse me, Mr. de Winter, for troubling you, but ...

Maxim (interrupting and obviously very annoyed with the whole thing)
It's all a mistake, Mrs. Danvers. Apparently Mrs. de Winter broke the cupid herself and forgot to say anything.

There is a moment's silence as they all look at "I", and she feels like a foolish child.

"I"
I'm so sorry. I never thought Robert would get into trouble.

"I" looks at Mrs. Danvers eagerly, as though to a superior, but Mrs. Danvers returns her look coldly.

Mrs. Danvers
Is it possible to repair the ornament, Madam?
(She looks at "I" as though she had known all along that she was the culprit.)

"I"
I'm afraid not. It smashed in pieces.

Maxim (with a mixture of amusement and exasperation, lighting a cigarette)
What did you do with the pieces?

The situation is getting worse and worse for "I". She speaks very quietly, ready to break into tears?

"I"
I put them at the back of one of the drawers in the writing desk.

Maxim (really exasperated, turns to Mrs. Danvers)
It looks as though Mrs. de Winter thought you would put her in prison, doesn't it, Mrs. Danvers? Well, perhaps you'll find the pieces and see if they can be mended. In any event, tell Robert to dry his tears.

Frith, who has been very embarrassed through this whole proceeding, bows slightly and exits, but Mrs. Danvers stays.

Mrs. Danvers (anxious not to let "I" off the hook so easily)
I will apologize to Robert, of course. Perhaps if such a thing happens again, Mrs. de Winter will tell me personally and I ...

Maxim (interrupting impatiently)
Yes, yes, of course.
(dismissing her)
All right, Mrs. Danvers.

She leaves the room.

Maxim goes about the business of repairing the film or of taking off the reel and putting in another, the scene continuing the while.

There is a moment's silence as neither of them speak.
Then:

"I"

I'm awfully sorry, darling. It was very careless of me. I was just answering the telephone, and by accident I -- I brushed the cupid off the desk.

Maxim

My sweet child, forget it. What does it matter?

"I"

I ought to have been more careful. Mrs. Danvers must be furious with me.

Maxim

Hang Mrs. Danvers! Why on earth should you be afraid of her?

"I"

I don't know...I can't explain exactly...

Maxim

You do such extraordinary things. You behave just like an upstairs maid, not like the mistress of the house.

"I"

I know I do. But I feel so uncomfortable...I try my best every day, but it's awfully difficult with everybody looking me up and down as though I were a prize cow.

Maxim (with a can of film in his hand)

Who looks you up and down?

"I"

All the people down here. Everybody.

Maxim (putting the film into the projector)

What does it matter if they do? You must remember that life at Manderley is the only thing that interests anybody down here.

"I"

What a slap in the eye I must be to them, then...I suppose that's why you married me...You knew I was dull and gauche and inexperienced, so there would never be any gossip about me.

Maxim is suddenly angry. He crosses to her.

CONTINUED:

Maxim

What do you mean?

"I"

I -- I don't know. I didn't mean anything. Why do you look like that, Maxim?

He stands towering with suppressed rage above her.

Maxim

What do you know about any gossip down here?

"I"

I don't. I only said it because -- because of something to say. Don't look at me like that! Maxim, what have I said? What's the matter?

Maxim

Why did you say what you did? It was not a particularly attractive thing to say, was it?

"I"

No. It was rude, hateful.

Maxim walks off from her.

Maxim (coldly)

I wonder if I did a very selfish thing in marrying you.

"I" is almost sick at her marriage apparently being threatened through this silly incident.

"I" (her voice almost a hoarse whisper, with
fright)

How do you mean?

Maxim

I'm not much of a companion to you, am I? You ought to have married a boy of your own age, not ---

"I" (interrupting)

Oh, Maxim, don't say that! Of course we're companions.

Maxim

Are we? I don't know. I'm afraid I'm very difficult to live with.

"I" (eagerly)

You're not difficult! You're easy, very easy. Our marriage is a success -- a great success! Isn't it?

(he doesn't answer. She continues, pleading, desperate)

We're happy, aren't we? Terribly happy?

He still doesn't answer, and his failure to answer is a terrible blow to "I". She goes to him.

CONTINUED:

281-289

CONTINUED (7)

"I"

If you don't think we're happy it would be much better if you didn't pretend. I'd much rather go away -- Why don't you answer me?

She is close to him, looking up at him eagerly. He looks into her face and, not unkindly, speaks:

Maxim

How can I answer you when I don't know the answer myself? You say we're happy; let's leave it at that. Happiness is something I know nothing about.

During this speech Maxim has gone down to the light switch.

There is a silence.

289 A

ANGLE AT PROJECTOR - CLOSE SHOT - "I"

Lit by the lamp or the projector - crushed. Maxim comes into the scene and starts the projector. He looks at the screen, not at her. She tries to say something, fails, and lowers her eyes.

On the screen appear some films which, as WE MOVE OVER THE MACHINE and through Maxim and "I", we reveal as being pictures of the happy smiling faces of Maxim and "I".

Maxim's voice

Look. They're the pictures taken of us by that old woman at Capri. Remember?

THE CAMERA is now on a large TWO SHOT on the screen of Maxim and "I"'s laughing faces, as we

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:
EXT. MANDERLEY - LONG SHOT - LATE AFTERNOON

Heavy clouds are scudding across a leaden sky. There is no sunshine. The place has a cold and cheerless appearance.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MORNING ROOM - SEMI CLOSE UP - DAY

CLOSE UP a glass case of china. CAMERA MOVES BACK to reveal "I" is standing gazing unhappily at it. Her mind is obviously occupied with thoughts of Rebecca. She has been crying, and we can still see traces of her tears. Alice, the parlour maid, enters bringing in afternoon tea.

Alice
Pardon me, Madam....

"I"
Yes?

She averts her face from Alice's gaze, afraid her tears will be noticed.

Alice
Mr. de Winter just telephoned from London to say that he wouldn't be home until evening.

"I"
Oh - didn't he ask to speak to me? Or leave any special message?

Alice
No, Madam. He only said he would be late.

CLOSE UP

"I". She is obviously very much upset that Maxim has not asked to speak to her.

"I"
All right, Alice. Thank you very much.

Her eyes start to fill once more.

SEMI CLOSE UP

So that Alice shall not see her crying, "I" strolls over toward the window and looks idly out. Suddenly her attention is arrested as she sees -

SEMI LONG SHOT

A light-colored, unfamiliar, flashing-locking sports car parked at some distance down the drive.

295

SEMI CLOSE UP

"I" looks rather puzzled, then her eyes are suddenly drawn toward the West wing.

295A

SEMI LONG SHOT

At one of the open windows is the figure of a strange man. Standing beside him can clearly be seen Mrs. Danvers.

295B

MEDIUM SHOT

"I" is very curious.

"I"

Alice --- the West wing --
(she stops, hesitating)

Alice looks up from the table where she is finishing setting the tea things.

Alice

Yes, Madam?

"I"

Nobody ever goes up there, do they?

Alice

No, Madam, not since the death of Mrs. de Winter.

"I" (puzzled)

Oh.

She turns to look out of the window again. Alice surreptitiously gives her a curious look and starts about her business.

295C

SEMI LONG SHOT

The figure of the man has now disappeared. Mrs. Danvers is in the act of shutting the window.

296

SEMI CLOSE UP

"I" makes a pretense of sipping tea until Alice has left the room. Then she rises and goes swiftly towards the hall.

297

SEMI LONG SHOT

"I" comes out into the hall and peers curiously up the stairs. Suddenly we hear a door close and footsteps coming toward the top of the stairs. There is the indistinct murmur of a man's voice, followed by Mrs. Danvers'.

CONTINUED:

297

CONTINUED (2)

Mrs. Danvers' voice
Come along, Mr. Jack, or someone may see you.

The two are obviously about to descend the stairs.

298

SEMI CLOSE UP

"I" alarmed at the idea of meeting a stranger, slips into the library.

299

INT. LIBRARY - MED. SHOT - DAY

Jasper is in the room. "I" enters and stands just inside the door. We hear a man's laugh, then Mrs. Danvers' voice speaking more loudly from the foot of the stairs.

Mrs. Danvers' voice
She's in the morning room. If you go through the garden door she won't see you.

"I" waits a second, then stealthily tiptoes round to try to get a glimpse of the stranger who she thinks is waiting in the hall. Jasper starts to bark excitedly. He runs towards the window leading into the garden. "I" doesn't look back at him, but motions with her hand behind her as she continues peering into the hall, trying to quiet him.

"I"
Shush, Jasper, shush.

Suddenly a voice speaks from behind her. She swings round in alarm.

Favell
Looking for me?

300

SEMI CLOSE UP

Sitting on the ledge of the open window, is a very self-assured individual of rather obvious good looks, flashy but with a certain charm for women. He is smiling as he adds:

Favell
Didn't make you jump, did I?

301

SEMI LONG SHOT

"I" comes away from the door and approaches the window, looking and feeling rather foolish. She says uncertainly:

"I"
No, of course not. I wasn't quite sure who it was.

Favell and "I". He is still sitting on the window ledge. Jasper is jumping up excitedly. Favell leans down to pat him:

Favell

Pleased to see me, old boy, aren't you? I'm glad there's someone in the family to welcome me back to Manderley.

(easily to "I")

I just popped over to see old Danny - left the car down the drive so as not to disturb anyone.

He takes a cigarette case from his pocket and offers it to her.

"I" (stiffly)

No, thank you. I don't smoke.

Favell takes one and lights it.

Favell

And how is dear old Max?

"I"

He is very well, thank you.

She is plainly taken aback by his familiarity.

Favell

I hear he's gone to London and left the young bride all alone. That's too bad. Isn't he afraid someone will come and carry you off?.....

He breaks off as Mrs. Danvers enters the room:

Favell

Danny, all your precautions were in vain. The mistress of the house was hiding behind the door.

He laughs - there is a moment's pause before he says:

Favell

Well, what about presenting me to the bride?

Mrs. Danvers performs the introduction almost unwilling, saying quietly:

Mrs. Danvers

This is Mr. Favell, Madam.

Favell impudently holds out his hand to "I" and shakes her reluctant one.

Favell

How do you do.

"I"

How do you do.

CONTINUED:

301 A CONTINUED (2)

There is a moment's awkward silence. "I" has no idea how to entertain this strange visitor. Her glance falls on the tea table.

"I"
Won't you stay to tea?

Favell turns with a broad smile to Mrs. Danvers.

Favell
Now isn't that a charming invitation? I've been asked to tea. Danny, I've a good mind to accept.

He starts to swing his legs over the ledge into the room.

301 B CLOSE SHOT

There is a warning look in Mrs. Danvers' face.

301 C SEMI CLOSE UP

Favell gets the look and grins.

Favell
Well, perhaps you're right. Pity, just when we were getting along so well.

Jasper starts to bark, trying to attract his attention. Favell looks down at him.

Favell
We mustn't lead the bride astray, must we, Jasper?

302 SEMI CLOSE UP

Favell holds out his hand to "I" who is by this time standing near the window.

Favell
Good-bye. It's been fun meeting you. By the way, it would be very decent of you not to mention this little visit to your revered husband. He doesn't exactly approve of me.

"I"
All right.

Favell
That's very sporting of you...I wish I had a bride of three months waiting for me at home. I'm a lonesome bachelor. Well, fare you well.

CONTINUED:

302 CONTINUED (2)

He swings his legs back over the ledge, raises his hat, and is about to depart. Suddenly, he turns back again to add:

Favell

Oh - I knew there was something wrong with that introduction. Danny didn't tell you, did she? I'm Rebecca's favorite cousin. If you want to invite me down here any time, drop me a line. You'll find me in Rebecca's address book."

He disappears from the window.

302 A CLOSE UP

"I" Looking after him in bewilderment. She turns to look back into the room.

303 THE EMPTY ROOM - FROM "I'S" VIEWPOINT

Mrs. Danvers has disappeared.

304 CLOSE UP

"I" comes to a sudden decision. She determinedly starts out of the room into the hall, followed by Jasper.

305 INT. HALL - SEMI LONG SHOT - DAY

"I" starts to ascend the stairs: Jasper at her heels.

306 CLOSE UP

Jasper pushing his nose at "I's" heels. He pushes past her, and begins running up the stairs.

307 SEMI LONG SHOT

"I" reaches the top of the stairs. She turns down the corridor in the direction of the West wing.

308 INT. CORRIDOR - SEMI LONG SHOT - DAY

"I" goes directly toward the door of the big room.

309

SEMI CLOSE UP

She glances round almost furtively as she starts to turn the handle. She holds herself in a tense attitude when the wood makes a sound of crackling as it swings on its hinges. Opening it the minimum amount of space she almost sidles in.

310

INT. REBECCA'S ROOM - LONG SHOT - DAY

Inside the room it is practically dark. The silence broken only by the ticking of the clock. Just the vague shapes of furniture can be seen lit from the slightly open door through which "I" has come. We see her figure cross toward the window. She raises her hand and with sudden resolve pulls the cord which parts the curtains. The flood of daylight reveals an astonishing scene. "I" swings round amazed, as she sees a most elegantly furnished room, expressed in the lightest possible tones - white predominates nearly everywhere. The four poster bed is very regal on its double stepped dais. The bed is made up with the coverlet folded back. A large spray of lovely fresh white flowers is set in a prominent position. In another part of the room is an ornate dressing table complete with brushes, combs, mirrors, elaborate bottles of perfume, etc.

311

CLOSE UP

"I" gazes spellbound as her eyes begin to take in more details of the room.

312

SEMI CLOSE UP

The CAMERA BEGINS TO SWEEP round the room taking in as it goes the cream silken bedcover, (folded back over the bed), the cream velvet wrapped posters of the bed, and on the cover, most astonishing of all, the palest grey satin nightdress case with the black initial 'R' - down across the very delicate light carpet, past the tall cheval mirror and finally over to a chair set in a prominent position in the room. Over this lies draped in readiness a delicately colored dressing robe. On the floor at the foot of the robe are two tiny bedroom slippers. There is a suggestion of a slightly open door in the far corner of the room.

313

SEMI CLOSE UP

"I" is almost dazzled by the effect. Then starts to move across the room, steering herself as though she were afraid to brush against anything. She stops suddenly and swings back at a slight sound by the open window. One of the under curtains of white chiffon

313

CONTINUED (2)

billows out from a slight puff of wind. She moves on CAMERA FOLLOWING HER past the long cheval mirror to the dressing table - we see the brushes and combs laid out. Through the mirror we see the bed reflected - "I" sees it and is drawn towards it. She moves over, up the two steps and finds she is staring down at the nightdress case which lies on the left-hand pillow.

314

CLOSE UP

"I" stares down at it - CAMERA PANS DOWN and we see her finger tracing the embossed silk of the black 'R'. We hear a slight sound. CAMERA SWEEPS UP to her face again as she looks startled towards the door in the far corner.

315

SEMI CLOSE UP

Jasper coming from the slightly open door of the bathroom.

316

SEMI LONG SHOT

He ambles across the room, oblivious of "I's" presence. In a hushed whisper she calls him -

"I"

Jasper ... here, boy.

But Jasper takes no notice and ambles over to another part of the room.

317

SEMI CLOSE UP

Jasper goes over towards the door, he pads about restlessly, in anticipation of a new arrival. He turns and starts to come back into the room.

318

SEMI CLOSE UP - "I" -

standing by the bed.

Mrs. Danvers' voice

Do you wish anything, Madam?

She looks up as Mrs. Danvers comes through the doorway. Mrs. Danvers stops short as she sees "I". There is a flash in her eyes - a flash of triumph. "I" stands by the bed entirely confused. She puts a hand behind her back almost like a guilty child and half lowers her eyes. Then looking up she swallows slightly and says timidly:

60

CONTINUED:

"I"

I - I didn't expect to see you, Mrs. Danvers. I noticed one of the shutters wasn't closed and I came up to see if I could fasten it.

Mrs. Danvers:

Why did you tell me the shutter was open? I closed it before I left the room. You opened it yourself, didn't you?

319

SEMI LONG SHOT

Mrs. Danvers goes to the open window and, in a business-like way, she closes it shutting out the sound of the sea. She turns with her back to the windows and faces "I" who has come to the foot of the bed.

Mrs. Danvers

You've always wanted to see this room, haven't you, Madam? Why did you never ask me to show it to you? I was ready to show it to you every day. It's a lovely room, isn't it? The loveliest room you've ever seen!

Mrs. Danvers comes across and stands by the vase of flowers, indicating them she says:

Mrs. Danvers

Everything is kept just as Mrs. de Winter liked it. Nothing has been altered since that last night. I never allow any of the servants to set foot in here. I've always done everything for her since she was a little girl!

320

SEMI CLOSE UP

"I" still at the foot of the bed. Her eyes glance quickly from Mrs. Danvers' face to the flowers and back again. She is surprised at Mrs. Danvers' mood, which, for the first time is not one of icy, disdainful formality.

321

SEMI LONG SHOT

The girl automatically follows Mrs. Danvers as she passes to a small anteroom.

322

SEMI CLOSE UP

In a small anteroom lined with cupboards Mrs. Danvers suddenly stops. She indicates the cupboards to "I".

Mrs. Danvers

This is where I keep all her clothes. You would like to see them, wouldn't you?

As she opens the door of one, we see it is lined with furs. She takes out a sable wrap. She holds it out to "I".

Mrs. Danvers

She wore this to the Lord-Lieutenant's dinner.

She looks away reminiscently as she replaces it. Her eyes light on a chinchilla wrap. She holds that out to "I".

Mrs. Danvers

Would you like to feel it? It was a Christmas present from Mr. de Winter.

323

CLOSE UP

"I" cannot take her eyes from Mrs. Danvers' face as the chinchilla is held against her cheek.

324

SEMI CLOSE UP

Mrs. Danvers withdraws it and replaces it among the other furs as she continues:

Mrs. Danvers

Mr. de Winter liked her to wear silver mostly, but of course she could wear anything, stand any color.

(opening another wardrobe)

She looked beautiful in this velvet.

(she has opened another cupboard, with tiers of shelves and drawers, one of which she opens)

Here are her underclothes in this drawer. They were made specially for her by the nuns in the Convent of St. Claire.

325

CLOSE UP

"I" backs slightly as her eyes look down towards the open drawer.

Mrs. Danvers' voice

I always used to wait up for her, no matter how late. Sometimes she and Mr. de Winter didn't come home until dawn. While she was undressing she'd tell me about the party she'd been to... She knew everyone that mattered - and everyone loved her!

"I's" head turns as she follows Mrs. Danvers.

326

SEMI CLOSE UP - DAY

Mrs. Danvers

After she had finished her bath, she'd go into the bedroom and put on her robe.

(she turns to "I")

327

CLOSE UP

"I" turns her head slowly as she watches Mrs. Danvers pass back into the bedroom. She turns slowly and follows automatically.

328

INT. BEDROOM - SEMI CLOSE UP - DAY

Mrs. Danvers approaches the chair on which the robe is laid. "I" close behind her. Mrs. Danvers picks up the robe, and holds it up almost against the girl.

Mrs. Danvers
She was much taller than you. You can see. Put it up against you. Of course she had such a beautiful figure.

"I" draws back slightly. Mrs. Danvers replaces the robe carefully to its original position, then stooping, picks up the slippers from the floor. She holds them out to "I".

Mrs. Danvers
These are her slippers. 'Throw me my slippers, Danny' she used to say.

"I" advances a step, her eyes fixed on Mrs. Danvers.

329

CLOSE UP - "I"

Her eyes follow Mrs. Danvers' movements as she replaces the slippers on the floor. Following her movement up again as she rises. She is now completely under the spell of Mrs. Danvers, who has now developed from her queer matter-of-fact tones into a low-voiced fanatic. Mrs. Danvers turns and her eyes rest on the dressing table.

Mrs. Danvers
Then she'd go over to the dressing table.

She turns and goes towards it -- "I" following obediently.

330

SEMI CLOSE UP

By the dressing table, Mrs. Danvers puts her hands on "I's" shoulders and gently pilots her onto the stool.

Mrs. Danvers (suddenly)
Oh, you've moved her brushes, haven't you?
(she carefully straightens the brushes)
There, that's better, just as she always laid them down.
'Come on, Danny, hair'drill' she would say. And I'd stand behind her like this....
(she moves behind, taking up a brush)
...and brush away for twenty minutes at a time.

CONTINUED:

She puts the brush back carefully, then turns and looks towards the bed. "I" looks up furtively, wanting to rise and get away from her. Mrs. Danvers is saying in a faraway voice:

Mrs. Danvers:
And then she'd say, "Goodnight, Danny" and step into her bed.

Mrs. Danvers raises her from the stool and leads her towards the bed.

331

SEMI CLOSE UP

She leads her right to the bedside and up the two steps. "I's" breathing becomes heavier and heavier as she nears the breaking point.

Mrs. Danvers
It's a beautiful bed, isn't it? I keep this coverlet on it always. It was her favorite.

She lifts up the monogrammed nightdress case and carefully takes from it a black chiffon nightdress.

332

CLOSE UP

Mrs. Danvers puts a hand inside the chiffon and spreads open her fingers. We hear her say:

Mrs. Danvers
Did you ever see anything so delicate? Look, you can see my hand through it.

333

CLOSE UP

Mrs. Danvers' head almost fills the screen as she raises her eyes from the gown and stares at the girl with penetrating eyes.

334

SEMI CLOSE UP

"I" at last is driven to turn slowly away to the foot of the bed. Mrs. Danvers replaces the nightdress, then follows her.

335

SEMI LONG SHOT

Suddenly "I" breaks away and stumbles blindly towards the door. Mrs. Danvers follows her quietly.

336

SEMI CLOSE UP

At the door, Mrs. Danvers comes alongside her - saying

CONTINUED:

in a low voice:

Mrs. Danvers

You wouldn't think she had been gone so long, would you? Sometimes when I walk along the corridor I fancy I hear her just behind me -- that quick, light step. I couldn't mistake it anywhere. It's not only in this room - it's in all the rooms in the house. I can almost hear it now.

(she is pleased by the effect of her words on "I")
Do you think the dead come back and watch the living?

"I" looks at her, wildly.

"I" (too vehemently)
NO! NO! I don't believe it!

Mrs. Danvers smiles slightly, as much as to say, "Your denial doesn't fool me!"

Mrs. Danvers (whispers)

Sometimes I wonder if she doesn't come back here to Manderley and watch you and Mr. de Winter together.

As she moves away softly the window shutter comes open with a bang, and we hear the sound of the surf pounding on the rocks.

Mrs. Danvers

You look tired. Why don't you stay here a while and rest?... Listen to the sea....

CAMERA MOVES TO CLOSE UP of "I" who looks wildly about the room - as though impelled by an impulse to run amok - tear it all to pieces. An emotional convulsion. She bursts into sobs.

Mrs. Danvers' voice

It's so soothing....Listen...listen to the sea...

We hear the boom of the distant surf - it grows louder and louder. "I" rushes to the door, throws it open, runs out into the corridor.

FADE OUT.

337

FADE IN:
INT. MORNING ROOM - DUSK
(There is a fire in the fireplace)

Open on CLOSE UP THE MONOGRAM on Rebecca's address book, which fills the screen. CAMERA MOVES UP to show "I", in a huge CLOSE UP, staring at it. She has an expression of wild, hysterical despair. Suddenly she turns - looks all about the room, then back at the desk. She turns the book over so that the monogram is hidden.

337 A

INSERT - TELEPHONE ON THE DESK

"I's" hand comes in to the Close Up, seizes the phone and lifts the receiver.

337 B

HUGE CLOSE UP - "I'S" FACE & TELEPHONE (larger than 337)

"I" (into phone)

Tell Mrs. Danvers I wish to see her at once!

CAMERA PULLS BACK as "I" hangs up the phone and starts, in a rage, to pile other books and papers on top of Rebecca's address book on a corner of the desk.

337 C

CLOSE SHOT - "I'S" HANDS

Piling things frantically, one on top of the other.

337 D

CLOSE SHOT - DRAWER OF DESK

"I's" hands come into scene - yank the drawer open and start pulling out Rebecca's lists and papers. A folded card is revealed at the bottom of the drawer. CAMERA MOVES UP to an INSERT of the CARD, still in the drawer. It is an engraved invitation card:

Mr. and Mrs. Maximilian de Winter
request the pleasure of your
presence at the Manderley
Masquerade Ball
15th June, 1937. Ten o'clock

and on it is scrawled:

Rebecca --
I'll be there - and how!
Jack.

337 E

CLOSE SHOT - "I"

She picks up the invitation card and looks at it.

Mrs. Danvers' voice
You sent for me, Madam?

hs

CONTINUED:

"I" looks up as Mrs. Danvers comes in. Her face is grimly set, as though she were ready for a fight.

"I"

Yes, Mrs. Danvers. I want you to get rid of all these things.

Mrs. Danvers looks down toward the desk. An expression of anger appears.

338

SEMI CLOSE UP

"I" standing by the desk. All the courage, all the determination that she possesses are now in play. Mrs. Danvers comes up to her.

Mrs. Danvers

But those are Mrs. de Winter's things.

"I" (with quiet determination)

I am Mrs. de Winter now.

Mrs. Danvers looks at her steadily for a moment. "I" returns her gaze.

Mrs. Danvers (with a slight bow)

Very well, Madam. I will give the instructions.

She turns to go toward the door to the hall. The sound of an automobile horn is heard. "I" turns eagerly toward the window.

339

CLOSE SHOT - MRS. DANVERS AT DOOR

She is just about to exit into the hall.

"I's" voice (coldly)

Just a moment, please.

Mrs. Danvers stops and turns.

340

CLOSE TWO SHOT

"I" crosses the room to Mrs. Danvers.

"I"

Mrs. Danvers, I intend to say nothing to Mr. de Winter about Mr. Favell's visit. In fact, I prefer to forget everything that happened this afternoon.

She goes out past Mrs. Danvers, who looks after her.

341

INT. HALL - LONG SHOT - DUSK

Maxim comes in from the front door. "I" runs to him, throws her arms about him, holds him frantically.

CONTINUED:

341

CONTINUED (2)

Maxim (laughs)
 Hey - you're choking me.

"I" (in his arms)
 Oh, Maxim, Maxim! You've been gone all day.

They walk together into the library.

341 A

INT. LIBRARY

Maxim
 What have you been doing with yourself?

"I"
 I've been thinking.

Maxim (smiling)
 Really? What about?

"I"
 Maxim, I want to have a Masquerade Ball - like you used to have.

Maxim (surprised)
 What put that idea into your mind? Has Beatrice been at you?

"I"
 No! I just feel we ought to do something - to let people know that Manderley is the same as it always was.

Maxim is silent for a moment.

"I"
 Can't we, darling - please?

Maxim (trying gently to put her off)
 You don't know what it would mean. You'd have to be hostess to hundreds of people - all the County - and a lot of rowdy young people from London who'd treat the house as if it were a night club.

"I" (pleading)
 But I want to do it, Maxim. I've never been to a big party - but I can learn what to do. I promise you, you won't be ashamed of me.

He looks into her eyes. Her face is so eager, so appealing that he relaxes and takes her in his arms.

Maxim (tolerantly)
 Well - if you think you'd enjoy it. You can get Mrs. Danvers to help you.

"I"
 But I don't want Mrs. Danvers to help me. I can do it myself.

Maxim
All right, my dear.
(kisses her)

"I" (while she is being kissed)
Oh, thank you, darling. Thank you. What will you go as?

Maxim (smiling at her)
I never dress up. That's the one privilege I claim as host.
And what will you be? Alice in Wonderland - with a ribbon
round your hair?

"I" (happily)
I won't tell you. I'll design my own costume and give you
the surprise of your life!

He puts his arm around her, and they turn to exit.

DISSOLVE TO:

342

INT. "I'S" BEDROOM - DAY

CLOSE UP - SKETCH BOOK. "I's" hand is adding a few
strokes to a design for a costume. Next to the sketch
on the table, lies an illustrated magazine open to the
picture of a medieval lady in a cornucopia hat, which
"I" is copying.

CAMERA DRAWS BACK to reveal "I" at her sketching --
various illustrated books and magazines scattered about.

A knock at the door.

"I" (preoccupied)
Come in.

After a moment she looks up to see Mrs. Danvers before
her. Mrs. Danvers holds a few slightly crumpled sketches
in her hand.

Mrs. Danvers
Robert found those sketches in the library, Madam. Did you
intend throwing them away?

"I"
Yes, Mrs. Danvers. They were just some ideas I was sketching
for my costume for the Ball.

"I's" tone is cold, impersonal - indicative of the new
relationship she has attempted to establish with Mrs.
Danvers -- a relationship of "armed neutrality".

Mrs. Danvers
Excuse my asking, but have you decided what you're going to
wear?

"I"

No, Mrs. Danvers, I haven't.

(tears out sheet on which she has been sketching and throws it away)

Mrs. Danvers

Hasn't Mr. de Winter suggested anything?

"I" (hesitantly)

No. I want to surprise him. I don't want him to know anything about it.

Mrs. Danvers

Would you consider it impertinent of me if I offered a suggestion, Madam?

"I" looks up quickly at Mrs. Danvers, amazed at the change in her tone. She thinks she sees a former enemy who is now suing for peace.

"I"

Of course not. I'd be only too glad.

Mrs. Danvers

I merely thought that you might find a costume among the family portraits that would suit you...

"I" (rising)

Do you mean those at the top of the stairs? I'll go and look at them.

She goes out into the hall, followed by Mrs. Danvers.

345

MOVING SHOT - GALLERY - DAY

"I" and Mrs. Danvers walking along, looking up at the departed de Winters.

Mrs. Danvers

This one, for instance.

She turns and indicates the portrait of Caroline de Winter behind them. "I" turns, so we get their two backs facing it.

Mrs. Danvers

It might have been designed for you, I'm sure you could have it copied.

344-346

CLOSE UP - "I" AND MRS. DANVERS

Anxious to be convinced, "I" looks back at Mrs. Danvers and then to the picture again, uncertainly.

CONTINUED:

Mrs. Danvers

I've heard Mr. de Winter say this is his favorite of all the paintings. It's Lady Caroline de Winter, one of his ancestors.

"I" remains gazing at the picture as Mrs. Danvers, after a slight pause, moves silently away. "I", with almost a touch of relief combined with delight, turns spontaneously.

"I"

It's a splendid idea, Mrs. Danvers...I'm very grateful to you.

As they move off out of scene, the CAMERA GOES CLOSER TO THE PORTRAIT of Lady Caroline, and we

FADE OUT.

347

FADE IN
INT. HALL - SEMI LONG SHOT - NIGHT

A long table at one end of the hall garlanded and decorated with candles for the Ball. On it is set the usual type of Buffet supper, served for such an affair as the Manderley ball -- plenty of champagne, etc. in evidence. Behind the table stand a couple of men servants and half a dozen maids ready to wait on the guests, when they arrive. Frith is superintending last final touches to the preparations. Frank Crawley enters dressed in a mortar board and B.A. gown.

348

SEMI CLOSE UP

Frith and Frank. Frith is surveying Frank with a fatherly air.

Frith
Good evening, sir.
(pause)

Excuse me, but are you supposed to be a school-master?

Frank
Not exactly -- just my own cap and gown -- call me an undergraduate, if you like.

Frith
It certainly makes a very nice costume, sir -- and economical, too.

Frank
That was the idea, Frith
(turning)
Hello, there's the bell.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal the vast empty hall. Robert is going to the front door to answer the bell.

348 A

SEMI LONG SHOT

Maxim is descending the broad staircase, ready to receive his guests.

349

MED. SHOT - INT. LOBBY OF HALL

As Robert opens the door we can see the fog outside. Giles and Beatrice enter, Giles wearing bowler hat and overcoat over his fancy dress, and Beatrice in a long coat with a handkerchief tied over her head-dress.

Giles (as he divests himself of his coat)
'Evening, Robert. Not very good weather for the Ball.

Robert

No, sir.

Giles

Very misty on the way.

By this time his coat is off, revealing himself dressed in faded white tights with long sleeves and a high neck-- over the tights is an imitation tiger skin. Topping all this for a moment he still retains his bowler hat, as he adds:

Giles

Chilly, too.

Beatrice is divesting herself of her handkerchief - and remains in her coat. Long blonde braids hang down her back.

Beatrice

Wig's so blasted tight -- they ought to have sent an aspirin with it.

By this time Maxim has joined the two at the door; he surveys them both, particularly Giles, with an amused smile.

Maxim

What's the idea? Adam and Eve?

Beatrice

Don't be disgusting, Maxim.

Giles

I'm a Strong man.

(suddenly recollecting something, he turns to
Beatrice)

Hey, where's my thing?

Beatrice

You didn't leave it in the car, did you?

CONTINUED:

349

CONTINUED (2)

At this moment their chauffeur appears, carrying a large pair of imitation spherical weights, joined by a painted wooden bar. The way he holds it shows that it has no weight at all. As he hands it to Giles it drops out of Giles' hands and bounces on the floor.

350

SEMI CLOSE UP

Beatrice and Maxim.

Beatrice

Are you the only one down? Where's the child?

Maxim

She's keeping her costume a terrific secret, wouldn't even allow me in her room.

Beatrice

I'll go up and give her a hand.

She exits.

CAMERA PANS GILES AND MAXIM as they go to join Frank in the hall.

Maxim (indicating Giles' costume)

Won't you catch cold, in that thing?

Giles (taking him seriously)

Course not, old boy.

(fingering his tights)

It's all wool.

Robert enters the picture carrying the weights.

Robert

Pardon me, sir, you forgot this.

351

INT. CORRIDOR - SEMI CLOSE UP - NIGHT

Outside the door of "I's" room, Beatrice is knocking. She starts to turn the handle.

Beatrice

Here I am dear -- it's Bee. I've come to give you a hand.

She is obviously dying of curiosity to see "I's" costume.

CONTINUED:

351

CONTINUED (2)

"I" (calling from inside)
You mustn't come in. I don't want anyone to see me.

Beatrice (slightly aggrieved)
But I wanted to fix my hair in your room.

"I"
I'm awfully sorry. Couldn't you go somewhere else?

Beatrice looks a little nonplussed.

Beatrice
Well, hurry up, won't you? The first people will be arriving any moment.

She moves away from the door.

352

INT. "I'S" BEDROOM - SEMI CLOSE UP

Clarice, a very young maid, is kneeling on the ground putting finishing touches to the wide skirt of "I's" fancy dress.

"I'S" voice
Does it look right now, Clarice?

Clarice
Oh, yes, Madam. It's just right.

The CAMERA PANS UP FROM Clarice to reveal full length of "I", dressed in a copy of the striking costume of the painting of Caroline de Winter. She is admiring herself in the mirror, turning her shoulders this way and that.

"I"
Isn't it exciting!

Clarice
Indeed it is, Madam. I've always heard about the Manderley Ball --- and now I'm really going to see it. I'm sure there will be no one there to touch you, Madam!

"I"
Oh, do you really think so?.....Where's my fan?

While Clarice fetches the fan, "I" has a last, loving look at herself, then she takes the fan.

"I"
You're sure I look all right?

Clarice (reverently)
You look over so beautiful.

"I"
Well, anyway, here goes!

352

CONTINUED (2)

She starts towards the door, Clarice darts ahead of her to open it.

353

INT. CORRIDOR - SEMI CLOSE UP - NIGHT

The door of "I's" room opens and "I" emerges. As she comes along the corridor, CAMERA PULLS BACK with her. She pats her hair, and fusses with parts of her dress. Her pace increases until she comes opposite the picture. She pulls up for a moment to compare herself with the original. Almost preening herself she adopts the pose of the picture and changing her pace to a dignified one starts to move away towards the staircase.

354

SEMI CLOSE UP

Jasper is lying outside the door of Rebecca's room. He raises his head a moment as though recognizing "I", but after a second's pause, subsides into his original sleeping position.

355

INT. HALL - SEMI CLOSE UP - NIGHT

She hesitates on the top stair searching for Maxim. She catches the orchestra leader's eye - smiles.

356

MED. SHOT

The orchestra leader smiles back, turns and signals to the drummer.

357

LONG SHOT

Shot from her eyeline - a group consisting of Frank, Beatrice, and Maxim who has his back to her. They are all laughing and talking together.

358

SEMI CLOSE UP

"I's" expression shows she can hardly contain her excitement at the thought of surprising Maxim. With a light step she starts to descend the stairs CAMERA PRECEDING HER. The drummer is doing his part manfully. When she reaches the bottom she pauses - she catches her breath - this is going to be her big moment.

359 SEMI LONG SHOT

The same group as before - Maxim laughing heartily at some joke - his back still to CAMERA.

360 SEMI CLOSE UP

"I" starts to move forward towards them across the floor.

361 SEMI LONG SHOT

THE CAMERA NOW TAKES THE PLACE OF "I" - it moves forward closer and closer towards the group until it has Maxim's back only - then it stops and we hear "I's" voice:

"I's" voice

How do you do, Mr. de Winter?

Maxim turns - still laughing and changing to a smile of anticipation on hearing her voice. Slowly the smile begins to fade from his face and he eyes her up and down. A look of deep anger takes its place.

362 CLOSE UP

"I's" expression changes from the excited smile to one of crushed bewilderment.

363 SEMI CLOSE UP

Maxim takes half a step towards her - and speaks fiercely.

Maxim

What the devil do you think you're doing?

"I" almost backs away from him. We see the startled faces of Frank and Giles. Beatrice is the last one to see her.

363 A CLOSE UP

Beatrice's hand flies to her mouth as though she would suppress her own cry of:

Beatrice

Rebec.....c....Oh...no.....

364 SEMI CLOSE UP

"I" gazing with petrified eyes at Maxim gestures weakly:

CONTINUED:

"I"

It's -- it's the picture -- the one in the gallery.

Maxim does not reply - he stands facing her like stone.

"I" (desperately)

What is it? What have I done?

Maxim takes one step towards her and speaks in an icy tone.

Maxim

Go and take it off! It doesn't matter what else you put on... anything will do.

"I" stands motionless - unable to believe what she has heard Maxim say.

365

SEMI LONG SHOT

As Maxim speaks his next words - his voice is louder and harsher:

Maxim

What are you standing there for - didn't you hear what I said?

"I" looks about her desperately - then suddenly she turns and dashes towards the stairs. Maxim takes a step forward as if he might follow her, but at this moment Robert announces in a loud voice:

Robert

Sir George and Lady Moore.

(and then)

Mr. Dudley Tennant -

(again)

Admiral and Lady Burbank, etc., etc.

The first guests are arriving - a flock of about eight. We hear their laughing chatter. Maxim is forced to turn and play the part of host.

366

LONG SHOT

"I" reaching the top steps of the stairs.

367

INT. CORRIDOR - SEMI LONG SHOT - NIGHT

"I" rushes along the corridor until she comes to the picture - then pulls up suddenly.

368

SEMI CLOSE UP

She looks at it, then turning her head towards the West wing she sees Mrs. Danvers standing there, a smile of supreme triumph on her face. Mrs. Danvers turns and goes through the door. "I" runs after her.

369

SEMI LONG SHOT

CAMERA FOLLOWING HER "I" nearly reaches the door of Rebecca's room - it is just closing. She hurries to it and then, bracing herself with courage, pushes the door open and goes in.

370

INT. REBECCA'S ROOM - SEMI LONG SHOT - NIGHT

"I" comes into f.g. of picture - Mrs. Danvers, halfway across the room, turns. "I" is pulling off her big hat as Mrs. Danvers speaks.

Mrs. Danvers

I watched you go down -- just as I watched her a year ago. Even in the same dress you couldn't compare.

"I" takes a step nearer to her - she looks down at the dress, then back to Mrs. Danvers, saying almost in a whisper.

"I"

You knew that? You knew she wore it and yet you deliberately suggested that I wear it!

371

SEMI CLOSE UP

Mrs. Danvers walks over to the dressing table CAMERA WITH HER. "I" crosses impulsively - she takes hold of the back of the chair on which rests Rebecca's dressing robe.

371 A

SEMI CLOSE UP

Jasper, who has been half hidden, lying beneath the robe, raises his head and gives a low growl.

371 B

SEMI CLOSE UP

Still holding on to the back of the chair, and resting one knee on it, "I" leans toward Mrs. Danvers.

"I" (with great intensity)

Why do you hate me? What have I ever done to you that you should hate me so?

Mrs. Danvers (speaking into the mirror)

You let him marry you. You tried to take her place.

"I"

I changed nothing. I left everything to you. I would have been friends with you, if you had only let me. But you set yourself against me from the first. Why couldn't you let us be happy?

ct

CONTINUED:

371 B

CONTINUED (2)

Mrs. Danvers (scornfully)
He could never be happy.

"I" crosses to the dressing table, her eyes flashing.

"I"
It's not true -- it's not true. I tell you he was happy,
when we were alone together -- before we came back here.

Mrs. Danvers
That was the honeymoon. He's a man, the same as others,
isn't he?

(with a contemptuous laugh she walks out of picture -
- "I's" gaze following her)

371 C

SEMI CLOSE UP

Jasper gets to his feet and follows Mrs. Danvers.

372

SEMI CLOSE UP

Mrs. Danvers comes to the chair where she sees that
"I" has disarranged the robe. As she continues to
speak, she carefully straightens it out, and replaces
it in its original position.

Mrs. Danvers
But when he came back here, to this house, he had to face
the truth! He's lived in hell since she died!

"I"
I don't want to hear any more!
(agonized)
Can't you understand that I....

Mrs. Danvers walks back to the dressing table, continu-
ing to speak as she goes. CAMERA FOLLOWS AND MOVES IN
UNTIL THE TWO ARE IN CLOSE UP. Her speech increases in
speed as she gets nearer to "I" until her face is quite
close to her.

Mrs. Danvers (interrupting "I")
I've seen his face, his eyes -- they're the same as those
first weeks after she died, when he shut himself up in his
room. I used to listen to him --- walking up and down, up
and down, all night long, night after night. Thinking of her
---suffering torture, because he'd lost her.

Still in CLOSE UP "I" starts to back away toward the bed,
staring at Mrs. Danvers with increasing agony. At the
climax of Mrs. Danvers' outburst, "I" cries out:

"I"
I don't want to know -- I don't want to know.

co

CONTINUED:

372

CONTINUED (2)

We hear Mrs. Danvers' voice as she follows her.

Mrs. Danvers

You thought you could be Mrs. de Winter - live in her house - walk in her steps - take the things that were hers. But she's too strong for you. You can't fight her - you, a young, ignorant girl. No one ever got the better of her - never, never. She was beaten in the end. But it wasn't a man - it wasn't a woman - It was the sea!

"I" (unable to bear any more)

Stop, stop, I tell you...

(she throws herself on the bed, breaking into convulsive sobs)

373

SEMI LONG SHOT

Mrs. Danvers stands looking down at the sobbing figure. A new thought comes into her face. She glances round toward the window. Then turning back again to the bed, she speaks with uncanny calmness.

Mrs. Danvers

You're overwrought, Madam. I'll open a window for you. A little air will do you good.

With her eyes on the girl, she moves out of picture.

374

SEMI CLOSE UP

She comes to the window - her eyes still turned to the bed - and throws it open. We see there is a heavy mist outside - there is a slight movement of the curtains.

375

CLOSE UP

"I" raises herself from her lying position. Half way up she stares down where her head has been resting. It is the pale grey nightdress case with the black initial "R." She gazes at it in horror.

376

SEMI CLOSE UP

Mrs. Danvers standing by the open window looking over to the bed, realizes what "I" is staring at.

377

SEMI CLOSE UP

"I" slowly backs away from the pillow - off the bed - and moves across toward the window gasping for breath.

378

SEMI CLOSE UP

"I" stands at one side of the window and Mrs. Danvers at the other.

Mrs. Danvers (starting to speak in a low tone)
It's no use, is it? You'll never take her place. She's still mistress here. She's the real Mrs. de Winter - not you.

(her voice rising)

Why don't you go?...Why don't you leave Manderley?

(she leans across until her face is close to "I's")

He doesn't need you. He's got his memories.

379

SEMI LONG SHOT

From "I's" eyeline - we see the swirling mist - thick enough to avoid showing the actual depth to the ground. Over this, we hear Mrs. Danvers' voice:

Mrs. Danvers' voice (softly, quietly)

He doesn't love you - he wants to be alone again with her.

380

CLOSE UP

"I's" face looking down to the depth below. Mrs. Danvers' voice goes on:

Mrs. Danvers' voice (almost a whisper, insistently)

You've nothing to stay for. You've nothing to live for, really, have you?

381

SEMI LONG SHOT

Over the two tipped-in heads of Mrs. Danvers and "I" we see the depths below.

Mrs. Danvers' voice

Look down there. It's easy, isn't it?

382

CLOSE UP

"I's" terrified face - Mrs. Danvers half behind her.

Mrs. Danvers

Why don't you?...

"I" stares out, hypnotized, then slowly looks down again. In her eyes we see the growing thought of self-destruction.

382 A

SEMI LONG SHOT

"I's" tipped-in head in the f.g. Shooting down we can see

hs

CONTINUED:

382 A CONTINUED (2)

only the swirling mist.

Mrs. Danvers' Voice
Why don't you?... Go on...go on... Don't be afraid...

382 B CLOSE UP

A big head of "I" with Mrs. Danvers in the b.g.

382 C SEMI LONG SHOT

From "I's" eyeline, shooting down again -- the mist. Suddenly the silence and the mist are shattered by an explosion. We hear and see it at the same time. Then another, accented by the strident wailing of a siren; then a third.

382 D SEMI CLOSE UP

"I" stands frightened and mystified. From below comes the sound of doors being opened. Mrs. Danvers, with regained control, steps back out of the shot.

382 E EXT. MANDERLEY - LONG SHOT - NIGHT

- as seen from above (or over shoulder). The running figures of the guests emerging from the front and side doors of the house. They are hardly discernible in the mist but we hear their voices.

Man's Voice
Rockets! There they go!

Another Man's Voice
It's from the bay! A ship must have gone aground in the fog.

Maxim's Voice
Come on, everybody -- down to the bay -- ship ashore!

382 F SEMI CLOSE UP

Shot from outside the window. "I" hears Maxim's voice. She cries down to him.

"I"
Maxim! Maxim!

382 G SEMI LONG SHOT

Shot from the girl's viewpoint (or over shoulder). Maxim half turns as though he heard something. He hesitates for a moment, then runs on, his figure disappearing into the mist.

ct

FADE OUT.

383

FADE IN:
EXT. COVE - DAWN - LONG SHOT

In the dim half-light of dawn with shafts of sunlight just beginning to penetrate the blanket of fog, we can vaguely discern the outline of rocks. We hear the pounding of the surf and the scream of gulls. In the distance we hear the shouts of the men who are helping to raise the boat: "They'll never shift 'er, not with that tide." "Diver's gone down again." "Headed for the reef - runs out quite a way." "Lend a hand here." Vague figures, clad for the most part in oilskins, loom out of the mist and go towards the direction of the shouts.

"I" appears scrambling down over the rocks. We see her question one of the men. He shakes his head, then passes out of the Shot. Frank comes up, bare-headed, and wearing a mackintosh.

384

TWO SHOT - FRANK AND "I"

"I" seizes Frank's arm.

"I"

Frank, have you seen Maxim anywhere?

Frank

Not since about half an hour ago. I thought he'd gone back to the house.

"I"

No, he hasn't been home at all, and I was afraid something might have happened to him.

Frank

You mustn't worry; he's probably looking after some of the sailors who were hurt -

One of the men clad in oilskins comes up to them and addresses Frank:

Man

The Coast Guard says 'could you spare him a moment, sir -' it's about that other ...

Frank cuts him short.

Frank

All right, Tom. Tell him I'll be along right away.

As the man departs, he turns back to "I".

Frank

I shouldn't hang about here if I were you -- you'll get cold. Why don't you go back and wait for Maxim at the house?

ha

CONTINUED:

There is a moment's silence as "I" looks curiously at Frank and he shifts a little uncomfortably under her gaze.

"I"

Frank, what's the matter? Is anything wrong? You look terribly worried.

Frank

That's not worry --- it's hunger. I've been up all night and I'm starving.

"I" (shakes her head)

No....There is something wrong.

Frank

Well -

(then, facing it)

When the diver went down to inspect the ship's bottom he found the hull of another boat -- a little sailing boat...

We see the dawning horror in "I's" eyes as she begins to suspect the truth.

"I"

Frank --- was it....?

Frank (looking her in the eyes)

Yes....it was Rebecca's.

"I" digests this in silence for a moment, then speaks quietly:

"I"

How did he recognize it?

Frank

He's a local man - he knew it instantly.

"I" wants to disbelieve what she has just heard, but her immediate thought is concern for Maxim.

"I"

Oh, that's going to be so hard on poor Maxim...

Frank

Yes. It'll bring it all back again, worse than before.

"I"

Oh, why did they have to find it? Why couldn't they have left it there in peace -- at the bottom of the sea?

Frank (after a moment, embarrassed)

I'd better get along and arrange some breakfast for the men.

CONTINUED:

384

CONTINUED (3)

"I"

All right, Frank, I'll go look for Maxim.

Frank goes off. "I" stands indecisively for a second. We can still hear shouts from the men helping to raise the boat, and the noise of the waves. She starts to walk hesitantly in the direction from which the shouts come.

385

ANOTHER ANGLE

"I" walking along the beach. Suddenly she gives a little scream. In the half light she has stumbled against a figure crouched down beside the breakwater. It is Ben. He scrambles to his feet.

386

TWO SHOT - BEN AND "I"

"I" (smiling kindly at him)

Have you seen Mr. de Winter, Ben?

Ben stares at her foolishly, shaking his head - then, suddenly becoming slightly hysterical:

Ben

She won't come back no more, will she? You said so.

"I"

Who, Ben? What do you mean?

Ben (jerking his thumb towards the sea)

Her. The other one.

"I", realizing she can get nothing out of Ben as to the whereabouts of Maxim, passes on.

387

EXT. ROCKS

As "I" scrambles over the rocks and into the cove where the boathouse is.

388

EXT. BOATHOUSE COVE

"I" looks across to the cottage. In her face we see the recollection of everything the cottage means to her.

Suddenly her attention is arrested as she sees a lamp alight in the window of the cottage, and firelight throwing flickering shadows on the window pane. Determinedly but nervously she hurries toward the cottage and opens the door.

389

INT. COTTAGE (Shooting over "I's" shoulder in the doorway)

She is confronted by the figure of Maxim, standing gazing into the fire.

Maxim! "I" (in amazement)

Hello-- Maxim (turning)
(he turns back again to face the fire)

390

MAXIM AND "I"

As "I" advances toward him, extremely worried. Maxim is still in evening dress. His tails are stained with seawater and generally he has a dishevelled look - but it is more than that - he has the air of a man who has come to the end of his tether.

Maxim - you haven't had any sleep. "I" (as she gets near him)

He turns, goes to her, pulls her to him very close, his behaviour strangely tense.

You've forgiven me, haven't you? "I" (after a moment; tenderly)

He comes out of his mood, looks at her fondly.

Maxim
Forgiven you? What have I got to forgive you for?

"I"
For last night - my stupidity about the costume.

Maxim
Oh, that!...I'd forgotten. I was angry with you, wasn't I?

"I" (shyly)
Yes.

(there is a moment's silence. She looks at him pleadingly)
Maxim, can't we start all over again? I don't ask that you love me...I won't ask impossible things. I'll be your friend and companion...I'll be happy with that.

He looks at her strangely, takes her face between his hands and looks at her, tortured.

Maxim
How much do you love me?

"I" (pathetically)
Maxim, must I tell you - ?

CONTINUED:

390

CONTINUED (2)

Maxim (dropping his hands from her shoulders)
I'm afraid it's too late, my darling... We've lost our little chance of happiness.

"I" (frantically)
No, Maxim, no!

Maxim
It's all over now. The thing's happened -- the thing I've dreaded day after day, night after night. We're not meant for happiness, you and I.

He walks over toward one of the divans and sinks down on it. "I" goes and kneels in front of him.

391

TWO SHOT AT DIVAN

"I"
Maxim, what are you trying to tell me?

Maxim
Rebecca has won.

"I" looks at him, her worst fears realized: that he still loves Rebecca. After a moment, he speaks again.

Maxim
Her shadow has been between us all the time -- keeping us from one another. She knew that this would happen.

"I" (gazing at him, speaking in stifled voice)
What are you saying?

Maxim
They sent a diver down. He found another boat --

"I" (interrupting, comfortingly, but somewhat relieved)
I know. Frank told me. Rebecca's boat. It's terrible for you, Maxim. I'm so sorry.

Maxim
The diver made another discovery. He broke one of the ports and looked into the cabin. There was a body in there.

"I" reacts sharply to this, bewildered at the tone of utter fatality with which Maxim speaks.

"I"
Then she wasn't alone. There was someone sailing with her and you have to find out who it was -- That's it, isn't it, Maxim?

CONTINUED:

391

CONTINUED (2)

Maxim
 You don't understand. There was no one with her.
 (a moment's pause while she looks at him)
 It's Rebecca's body lying there on the cabin floor.

"I" cannot believe what she has heard. Involuntarily
 she draws a little apart from him.

"I"

No, no!

Maxim
 The woman that was washed up at Edgecombe-- the woman that
 was buried in the family crypt -- that wasn't Rebecca. It
 was the body of some unknown woman, unclaimed, belonging
 nowhere. I identified it, but I knew it was not Rebecca.
 It was all a lie. I knew where Rebecca's body was! Lying
 on that cabin floor, on the bottom of the sea.

"I" (terrified)
How did you know, Maxim?

Maxim
 Because ---
 (turns to face her)
I put it there!

There is a pause - then Maxim steps nearer to her.

Maxim (bitterly)
 Will you look into my eyes and tell me that you love me now?

392

CLOSE SHOT - FIREPLACE

The large logs on the fire which have nearly burned
 through, collapse and fall with a gentle crash.

393

CLOSE TWO SHOT - MAXIM AND "I"

Maxim is searching her eyes. He reads there that she is
 stunned, overwhelmed, horrified by what he has told her.
 He turns and walks away from her. As he does the CAMERA
 MOVES UP TO A CLOSE UP OF "I".

394

CLOSE SHOT - MAXIM

Maxim
 You see, I was right. It's too late. We weren't meant for
 happiness.

"I" comes into scene toward Maxim, "her heart" jumping
 in quickened, sudden panic."

CONTINUED:

"I"

It's not too late!

(she puts her arms around him)

You're not to say that! I love you more than anything in the world....Please, Maxim, kiss me, please!

Maxim

No. It's no use. It's too late.

"I"

We can't lose each other now! We've got to be together - always! With no secrets, no shadows....

Maxim

We may only have a few hours, a few days.

"I" (pleadingly)

Oh, Maxim, why didn't you tell me before? The time we've wasted when we might have been together!

Maxim

I nearly did several times, but somehow you never seemed close enough.

"I" (looks at him)

How could we be close when I know you were always thinking of Rebecca? How could I even ask you to love me when I knew you loved Rebecca still?

Maxim

What are you talking about? What do you mean?

"I"

Whenever you touched me I thought you were comparing me with Rebecca. Whenever you spoke to me or looked at me, walked with me in the garden, I thought you were saying to yourself, "This I did with Rebecca -- and this, and this...."

Maxim stares at her, bewildered, amazed, then turns slightly away.

"I" (takes a step toward him)

It was true, wasn't it?

Maxim (whips around)

You thought I loved Rebecca? You thought that? I hated her!

395

CLOSE UP - "I"

Incredulous -- with the dawning realization that all this time she has been mistaken in thinking Maxim was in love with Rebecca.

396

BACK TO SCENE

Maxim starts to pace up and down, speaking in an almost quiet, reflective voice.

Maxim

Oh yes, I'd been carried away by her, enchanted by her, as everyone was. And when I married her I was told I was the luckiest man in the world...she was so lovely, so accomplished, so amusing. "She's got the three things that matter in a wife," everyone told me, "Breeding, brains and beauty."... I believed her - completely...

(with a bitter little laugh)

But I never had a moment's happiness with her...She was incapable of love, or tenderness, or decency.

396 A

CLOSE UP - "I"

There is exultation in her face as she looks at him.

"I" (almost to herself)

You didn't love her! You didn't love her!

396 B

BACK TO SCENE

Maxim

You remember the cliff where you first saw me in Monte Carlo? Well - I had been there with Rebecca on our "honeymoon"... That's where I found out about her - four days after we were married...She stood there laughing, her black hair blowing in the wind. She told me all about herself--everything... things I'll never tell a living soul.

(NOTE: Please make alternate take to above speech, starting: "It was on our honeymoon in Monte Carlo that I first found out about her---" etc., to use in case opening of picture should not be on Monte Carlo cliff).

Maxim moves off abruptly.

Maxim

I wanted to kill her. It would have been so easy. You remember the precipice? I frightened you, didn't I? You thought I was mad. Perhaps I was. Perhaps I am mad. It doesn't make for sanity, does it, living with the devil?...

(NOTE: Please shoot in such angles that above lines may be dropped in editing the film in case cliff opening isn't used.)

Maxim (continued)

..."I'll make a bargain with you," she told me, "You'd look rather foolish trying to divorce me now, after four days of marriage. But I'll play the part of a devoted wife, mistress of your precious Manderley. I'll make it the most famous show-place in all the country, and people will visit us and envy

Maxim (cont'd)

us and say we're the luckiest, happiest couple in England. What a grand joke it will be," she said, "What a triumph!"

He comes to a halt and swings around to "I". She looks up at him with deep compassion, as he continues, in desperate self-accusation:

Maxim

I should never have accepted her dirty bargain. But I did. I was younger then - and tremendously conscious of -

(contemptuously)

"the family honour."

(he utters a short bitter laugh)

And she knew I'd sacrifice everything rather than stand in a divorce court and give her away, admit that our marriage was a rotten fraud.

(he gives another bitter little laugh, looks at her a moment searchingly)

You despise me, don't you, as I despise myself? You can't understand what my feelings were, can you?

"I" (with infinite tenderness)

Of course I can, darling. Of course I understand.

Maxim

I kept the bargain - and so did she - apparently. Oh, she played the game brilliantly...But then she began to grow careless. She took a flat in London and she'd stay away for days at a time...Then she began bringing her friends down here. I warned her, but she shrugged her shoulders. "What's it got to do with you?" she said...She even started on Frank, poor faithful Frank...

(a pause while Maxim lights a cigarette)

There was a cousin of hers - a man named Favell.

"I"

I know him. He came here the day you went to London.

Maxim

Why didn't you tell me?

"I"

I didn't like to. I thought it would remind you of - Rebecca.

Maxim

Remind me!

(with a laugh)

As if I needed reminding!

(he stares in front of him, going on with his story)

Favell used to visit her here - in this cottage. I found out about it and warned her if I found him here again, I'd shoot them both.

(he rises and goes over to the fireplace)

One night, when I found she'd come back quietly from London, I thought Favell was down here with her. And I knew then that I couldn't stand this life of filth and deceit any longer. I came here to have it out with both of them. But she was

CONTINUED:

Maxim (cont'd)

alone. She was expecting Favell, but he hadn't come.

(moves over to sit on the table)

She was lying on the divan with a large tray of cigarette stubs beside her. She looked ill - queer. Suddenly she got up.

(Maxim gets to his feet)

"When I have a child," she said, "neither you nor anyone else can ever prove it wasn't yours. You'd like an heir, wouldn't you, Max, for your beloved Manderley?" And then she began to laugh. "How funny...how supremely, wonderfully funny! I'll be the perfect mother - just as I've been the perfect wife. No one will ever guess. It ought to give you the biggest thrill of your life, Max, to watch my son grow bigger day by day and to know that when you die - Manderley will be his!"

(his voice has sunk to a hoarse whisper)

She turned around and faced me, one hand in her pocket, the other holding a cigarette. She was smiling. She said, "Well, Max, what are you going to do about it? Aren't you going to kill me?" And then - I suppose I went mad for a moment...I struck her. She stood staring at me. She seemed --

(amazed even now at the memory of it)

- almost triumphant. She moved toward me, laughing. Then suddenly she stumbled and fell. When I looked down - ages afterwards, it seemed - she was lying on the floor. She had struck her head on a piece of ship's tackle. I remember wondering why she was still smiling...And then I realized she was dead.

The window of the cottage bangs back and forth as a little wind comes up.

"I"

But you didn't kill her...it was an accident!

Maxim

Who on earth would believe me? I knew only that I had to do something - anything. I lost my head...

He breaks off and without looking at "I", moves over toward the window. After a moment "I" rises and follows him.

397

MAXIM AND "I" - AT WINDOW

He is gazing out of the window as she comes to his side. He continues to talk, reverting to the calm, impersonal tone he first used. From outside we hear a melancholy wind.

Maxim (his voice a hoarse whisper; he speaks jerkily)

I carried her out to the boat. It was very dark. There was no moon. I put her in the cabin. When the boat seemed a safe distance from the shore, I took a spike and drove it again and again through the planking of the hull. I opened the sea-cocks and the water began to come in fast.

CONTINUED:

Maxim (Cont'd.)

- I climbed into the dinghy and pulled away. I saw the boat heel over and sink....I pulled back to the cove...It started raining...

There is a long silence.

"I"

Maxim, does anyone else know of this?

Maxim (shakes his head)

No one - except you and me.

"I" becomes alert, intelligent, mature, taking command of the situation. She is the adult wife concerned with her husband's safety.

"I"

We've got to explain it. It's got to be the body of someone you've never seen before.

Maxim

They're bound to know her...The bracelets and rings she always wore....They'll identify her body and then they'll remember the other woman - the other woman buried in the crypt.

"I" (clipping out orders)

If they find out it's Rebecca, you must say simply that you made a mistake about the other body. You must say that when you went to Edgemoor you were ill, you didn't know what you were doing. Rebecca's dead, that's what we've got to remember! Rebecca's dead. She can't speak - she can't bear witness. She can't harm you any more. We're the only two people in the world who will ever know, Maxim - you and I.

But Maxim isn't listening. He turns to her and suddenly takes tight hold of her arms.

Maxim (desperately)

I told you once that I'd done a very selfish thing in marrying you. You can understand now what I meant. I've loved you, my darling - I shall always love you - but I've known all along that Rebecca would win in the end!

"I"

No! No!

(She puts her arms round him as if to shield him from everything. Almost triumphantly she exclaims:)
She hasn't won! Whatever happens now -- she hasn't won!

They cling to each other desperately. They are really together for the first time with no secret between them.

(NOTE: Hold on this tableau long enough for a possible fade-out and finish to the sequence, or make separate angle for this purpose.)

Suddenly the phone rings jarringly. Startled, they both gaze at each other and then towards the CAMERA as the CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal the silhouetted telephone in the foreground. We HOLD this for a moment as Maxim, in the background, hesitates, then comes toward CAMERA and picks up the phone.

REMAIN ON THIS ANGLE with Maxim at the telephone, silhouetted in the foreground; the background light as the girl watches anxiously.

Maxim (into phone)

Hello...

(pause)

Oh, yes, Frank...What's that? Oh, Colonel Julyan!

(pause)

He's at the mortuary with the police?...Yes, I'll meet him there directly.

(pause)

What? Oh, tell him we can come back here and talk.

He hangs up. CAMERA MOVES WITH HIM AGAIN IN REVERSE MOVEMENT as he goes back to "I".

As he nears her, she speaks, frightened;

"I"

What's happened?

Maxim

Colonel Julyan called...He's the Chief Magistrate for the County...He's been asked by the police to go to the mortuary.. He wants to know if I could possibly have made a mistake about -- that other body.

The two of them stand looking at each other, the girl terrified as to what this may mean.

Maxim steps toward her, puts his arms around her, and on this we

FADE OUT.

DISSOLVE IN:
MED. SHOT - DAY

Six men, two of them policemen in uniform, are bending over a table - or a slab - examining something. Their backs are to the CAMERA. Maxim is in the middle of the group but we can see no faces. After a moment, Maxim turns slightly and nods to the man on his left. Then he turns completely and walks away from the group toward the CAMERA, his grim face filling the screen.

FADE OUT.

399

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

CLOSE UP

Colonel Julyan - seated at lunch concentrating on his soup. As CAMERA MOVES BACK, the strange silence continues. We see "I", Maxim and Frank Crawley also at the table. Frith and Robert are waiting. We hear nothing but the sound of spoons dipping into the soup. "I" is looking anxiously at Maxim. The silence is finally broken with an obvious effort by Frank.

Frank

I see in the Times it was well over eighty in London yesterday.

There is no reply. Frank locks up - then tries again.

Frank

Paris can be hotter than London, don't you think, Colonel Julyan? I remember staying a weekend there in the middle of August -- quite impossible to sleep -- not a breath of air in the whole place.

Julyan (with an obvious effort of carrying on the conversation)

Of course the French always sleep with their windows shut, don't they?

Frank

I don't know. I was staying in a hotel - people mostly Americans.

There is another lapse into silence.

400

SEMI CLOSE UP

During the above conversation, cut in a flash of "I" listening politely, her eyes constantly on Maxim.

401

SEMI LONG SHOT

All four at the table pretend to be absorbed in their food. The telephone rings off. Frith goes to answer it. While Robert remains in the room, clearing away the soup plates, and beginning to serve the next course.

402

SEMI CLOSE UP

"I" nervously watches Frith exit.

Frank (off scene) (rushing into the breach once more)

How's your golf these days, Col. Julyan?

Julyan (off scene)

Oh, pretty so-so. I did an 85 last week.

co

CONTINUED:

402

CONTINUED (2)

Frank (off scene)
I'd better look out when we have our next round.

Julyan (off scene)
Yes... We must have another game soon.

"I" watches Frith come past her chair, and go towards Frank.

Frank (off scene)
Any time you like.

403

SEMI CLOSE UP

Frith leans over and whispers something in Frank's ear.

Frank (quietly)
Tell them Mr. de Winter's not making any statement to the press

"I" steals a glance at Maxim who is looking down at his plate.

404

MED. SHOT

The four at the table: There is another silence. This time broken by Julyan.

Julyan
I suppose you're coming to the end of your raspberries. It's been a wonderful summer for them, hasn't it? We've put down pots and pots of jam.

Frank
I never think raspberry jam is a great success, there are always so many pips.

Julyan
You must come and try some of ours. I don't think we have a great lot of pips.

By this time the main course has been served to everybody they have been supplied with drinks, etc. Frith and Robert start to leave the room and close the doors behind them.

405

CLOSE UP

Maxim, still concentrated on the plate.

406

MED. SHOT

Julyan gives a little glance after the exiting servants before he speaks.

pb

CONTINUED:

Julyan (to Maxim)

This is a bad business for all of us, Maxim. The awkward part is that you identified that other body.

Before Maxim can reply, Frank quickly steps in in his defense.

Frank

I think the mistake was very natural under the circumstances - Maxim wasn't well at the time. I wanted to go with him but he insisted on going alone.

Maxim

That's nonsense - I was perfectly well.

406 A

CLOSE UP - "I"

- nervous and apprehensive. Maxim is obviously going to be difficult.

Julyan (off scene)

I wish you could have been spared all this publicity in the newspapers, Mrs. de Winter.

She turns to Julyan.

407

SEMI CLOSE UP

Julyan turns sympathetically to "I".

Julyan

I've known Maxim since he was a child, and I realize how he hates anything like this. But I'm afraid we must expect more over the inquest.

408

SEMI CLOSE UP

Frank, still on the defensive for Maxim.

Frank

Is this inquest absolutely necessary?

409

SEMI CLOSE UP

Julyan and "I". "I" can only control her expression with a tremendous effort as Col. Julyan continues:

Julyan

I'm afraid it is - but it ought to be very simple, just a matter of admitting he was wrong in the first place over the identification - and then getting the boat builder to give his evidence.

Frank's voice

That's Tabb, the local man, isn't it?

Julyan

Yes. He will probably be asked if he can offer any explanation as to why the boat should have capsized.

Frank is plainly a little alarmed at the trend of the conversation as he protests:

Frank

It was very squally that night. The wind may have caught the boat--

(reaching for something)

-- while she was below.

(he settles back a little in his seat, quite pleased with himself for his credible explanation)

411

SEMI CLOSE UP

Back to Julyan and "I". "I" can hardly contain her feelings. But Julyan is sublimely unconscious of the extra undercurrent of alarm going on around him.

Julyan

Oh, quite. It's purely routine, the whole thing. But you know how particular these coroners are.

Frank's voice

Who do you think it will be?

Julyan

Old Horlick, I expect. The whole matter will really be in his hands, and he doesn't often get a chance like this - so he's bound to make the most of it. Because of the importance of the case, he's asked me to be present. But you must understand I'll be there purely as an onlooker. Anyway, it ought to be over by lunch time or soon after.

Frank's voice

Will there be any other witnesses?

Julyan

Yes. We're calling that fellow, Ben...You know, the one who's always wandering about down on the shore. When we raised the boat he was talking in a rather queer way - seemed to suggest he'd been down there the night of the accident.

411 A

CLOSE UP

During the last part of Julyan's speech "I" is looking anxiously at Maxim. Quickly she turns to Julyan.

"I"

But surely, if the man's an idiot you couldn't trust anything he might say.

411 B

SEMI LONG SHOT

"I", Maxim, and Frank are all looking anxiously at Julyan who is completely unaware of the tension.

Julyan

Probably not, but - sometimes that sort of person helps establish the truth.

411 C

CLOSE UP

"I". She gazes in horror at Maxim.

411 D
ALREADY
SHOT

CLOSE UP

Maxim refuses to meet her look. He gazes steadily down at his plate,

411 E
ALREADY
SHOT

SEMI CLOSE UP

Julyan, still unconscious of the feeling of the other three seated at the table with him, is trying to catch a fly which is buzzing about his food.

Julyan
Dashed nuisance, these flies at this time of year.

FADE OUT.

411 F

FADE IN:
LONG SHOT - HALL AT MANDERLEY - NIGHT

We see "I" come down the stairs. She is simply attired. As the scene progresses we see that she is self-assured, uninhibited, the mistress of Manderley; and Maxim's wife at last.

As the scene opens, Frith is approaching from another direction, two or three newspapers in his hand.

We move in or cut in as Frith approaches her.

Frith (very sympathetic and respectful)
I have the evening papers, madam. Would you care to see them?

"I"

No, Frith, and I would prefer that Mr. de Winter were not bothered with them either.

Frith

I understand, madam... Permit me to say that we're all most distressed outside.

"I"

Thank you, Frith.

Frith

I'm afraid the news has been a great shock to Mrs. Danvers.

"I"

Yes, I rather expected it would be.

Frith (hesitantly)

It seems there's to be Coroner's inquest, madam?

"I"

Yes. Simply a formality.

Frith (still hesitantly, realizing the significance of his own words, and speaking embarrassedly, but trying pitifully and touchingly to be of help)

Of course, madam. I wanted to say that if any of us might be required to give evidence, I should be only too pleased to do anything that might help the family.

"I" (touched)

I'm sure Mr. de Winter will be happy to know that, Frith. But I don't think anything will be necessary.

She gives him a kindly look and walks off as he bows slightly. "I" strolls into the library.

411 G LIBRARY - (FIRE GOING ?)

Maxim is standing at the fire place, his back to the door, smoking moodily. He turns as the girl comes in and affects cheeriness.

Maxim (tenderly)
Hello, darling.

He goes to her.

"I"
Maxim, there's something I want to ask you to do for me.

Maxim (affecting gaiety)
I know -- you want a new skotch book? Or is it a new black satin dress?

"I"
No, seriously, Maxim. I'm worried about the inquest tomorrow. I'm worried about what you'll do.

Maxim
What do you mean?

"I"
You won't get angry, will you? Promise me you won't let them make you angry.

Maxim (after a moment)
All right...I promise.

"I"
No matter what he asks you, you won't lose your head?

Maxim
Don't worry, darling.

"I"
They...They...can't do anything at once, can they?

Maxim
No.

"I"
We'd...we'd have a little time left to be together?

Maxim
Yes.

"I"
I want to come to the inquest with you.

CONTINUED:

411 G

CONTINUED (2)

Maxim
I'd rather you didn't.

"I"
But I couldn't wait here...alone...I promise you I won't trouble you...but I must be near you so that no matter what happens we won't be separated for a moment.

Maxim
All right.

(suddenly his mood changes and he becomes savage)
I don't mind this whole thing -- except for you. I can't forget what it's done to you. I've been thinking of nothing else since it happened...

(he lifts her chin and looks her in the face)
It's gone forever...that funny, young, lost look that I loved. It won't come back again. I killed that when I told you about Rebecca. It's gone...in a few hours...You're so much older.

She looks up at him, speaks quietly.

"I"
Maxim... Maxim...

He takes her in his arms and crushes her to him and they kiss "feverishly, desperately, like guilty lovers who have not kissed before..." like people who may never kiss again. During this, the CAMERA PULLS BACK AS FAR AS WE CAN GO until it reveals their silhouetted figures against the firelight in the great fireplace, and when we have gotten all the way back we hold for a tableau and

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:
INT. CORONER'S COURT - DAY

Open on CLOSE SHOT BEN who is standing in the courtroom holding onto a chair as he is being questioned by the Coroner.

During the Coroner's first question the CAMERA MOVES BACK TO REVEAL THE COURTROOM. The Coroner is at Ben's side, seated alone at a table. Julyan sits on the Coroner's right, Maxim on the other side of the witness chair to the left. Eight jurymen in their seats. In the first row of the crowd of spectators sits "I", Frank on the bench beside her, both listening tensely. Favell and Mrs. Danvers behind them.

Coroner
Do you remember the late Mrs. de Winter, don't you?

Ben
She's gone.

Coroner (slightly impatient)
Yes - we know that.

Ben
She went into the sea. The sea took her.

Coroner
That's right. Now - we want you to tell us whether you were on the beach that last night when she went out sailing.

During this, Favell, who is leaning forward, has looked from Ben to Maxim and back again.

Ben
?

Coroner (repeating patiently)
Were you on the beach when she went out that last night?
When she didn't come back?

413 CLOSE SHOT - BEN AND CORONER

Ben's bleary gaze travels round the room. He sees Favell. He is obviously scared.

Ben
I didn't see nothing. I don't want to go to the asylum!
They'm cruel folk there.

Coroner
Now - now - nobody's going to send you to the asylum. We
only want you to tell us what you saw.

Ben
I didn't see nothing!

414 CLOSE SHOT - CORONER AND JULYAN

The Coroner looks at Julyan, who nods and shrugs.
They have abandoned hope of getting anything from Ben.

Coroner
Very well. You may go.

Ben
Eh?

Coroner
You may go now.

415 SEMI CLOSE UP - FRANK AND "I"

"I" looks toward Frank with relief.

416 SEMI CLOSE UP - FAVELL AND MRS. DANVERS

Favell exchanges looks with Mrs. Danvers.

Coroner's voice
Mr. Tabb.

Tabb's voice
Yes, sir.

417 SEMI LONG SHOT

Tabb has arisen.

Coroner
Will you come forward?

Tabb advances and stands holding the back of the witness chair.

Coroner
The late Mrs. de Winter used to send her boat to your shipyard for reconditioning?

CONTINUED:

Tabb
That's right, sir.

Coroner
I'm not very familiar with boats, Mr. Tabb, but perhaps you would give me a rough idea what sort of craft this was?

Tabb
Well, sir, it's hard to describe, but so far as I know she bought her boat in France -- one of them Brittany fishing boats, it was; and she got me to do a bit of converting and turn it into a sort of little yacht.

Coroner
Could you go to sea in that type of boat?

Tabb
Yes, sir. I'd call it a sea-going boat..Well, anyway, she did four seasons with it.

Coroner
Look here, Mr. Tabb -- can you remember any occasion when she had any sort of an accident with the boat?

Tabb
No, sir. I often said Mrs. de Winter was a born sailor.

Coroner
Would you say this was a difficult boat to handle?

Tabb
No more than usual, sir. Everyone has to have their wits about them when they go sailing.

418 SEMI CLOSE UP

"I", as Frank watches her, is very agitated by the proceedings. With a surreptitious half turn of the head she shows that she is conscious of the presence of Mrs. Danvers; who sits quite immobile in the row behind her. Turning her head the other way she sees:

419 SEMI CLOSE UP - FAVELL

He gives her a surreptitious but broad smile.

During this and the above shot, the Coroner has continued his questions:

Coroner (off scene)
If Mrs. de Winter had gone below, as is supposed, and a sudden puff of wind came down, that would have been enough to capsize the boat, wouldn't it?

420 CLOSE UP - "I"

Embarrassed at Favell's attention to herself. She looks hopefully toward Tabb for his response to the Coroner's inquiry.

421 CLOSE UP - TABB

Tabb

That's where I differ, sir, I can't see how it would've. I examined that boat regular and she was sound.

422 CLOSE UP - "I"

She shows a change into complete depression at the stubbornness of the boat builder.

423 CLOSE UP - FRANK

Looking worried.

424 CLOSE SHOT - CORONER AND TABB

Coroner

Well, anyway, I'm afraid that is what must have happened.

Tabb (indignant)

Well, sir, my reputation as a boat builder --

Coroner (interposing)

Please - please, Mr. Tabb - there's no question of anyone saying that your work was to blame for the accident.

425 CLOSE UP - "I"

She cannot help giving a slight look of relief as she looks in the direction of Favoll. Then her gaze goes immediately to Maxim in a much fuller and warmer indication of relief.

426 SEMI LONG SHOT

We can see Maxim towards the centre of the room looking toward the Coroner and Tabb.

427 CLOSE TWO SHOT - CORONER AND JULYAN

The Coroner turns to Julyan as if for guidance, and Julyan nods. Coroner turns back to Tabb.

Coroner

I think we've all we want from you, Mr. Tabb. You may stand down.

428 SEMI CLOSE UP

Tabb, with his two hands resting on the back of the chair, hesitates. Then in a slightly timid but yet determined approach, speaks:

ha

CONTINUED:

428 CONTINUED (2)

Tabb

Excuse me, sir, but there's a little more to it than that.

Coroner

What do you mean, Mr. Tabb?

Tabb

I mean, sir, the sea-cocks.

429 CLOSE UP - "I"

She is alarmed - looks across to Maxim.

430 CLOSE UP - MAXIM

In complete profile he is looking intently toward the coroner and Tabb.

Coroner's voice

What are the sea-cocks?

Tabb's voice

The fittings that plug the pipe leading from the washbasin. They're always kept tight closed when you're under way.

Coroner's voice

Yes?

431 CLOSE UP - TABB

Tabb (importantly)

And when I examined the boat yesterday I found that they had been opened.

A little murmur from the crowd.

432 CLOSE UP - "I"

Still looking at Maxim, apprehensive.

433 CLOSE UP - MAXIM

Turns and looks toward "I" steadily - apparently impervious to her look of sympathy and appeal.

Coroner's voice

What could have been the reason for that?

34 CLOSE UP - FRANK

Looking anxiously at "I".

CONTINUED:

454 CONTINUED (2)

Tabb's voice
Just this, sir. That's what flooded the boat and sunk her.

455 CLOSE UP - "I"

Still looking appealingly at Maxim, desperately.
A louder murmur of surprise from the crowd.

456 CLOSE UP - MAXIM

He smiles back at "I".

457 MEDIUM SHOT (TO INCLUDE CORONER, MAXIM, JULYAN, TABB)

Coroner (gravely)
Are you implying --?

Tabb
That boat never capsized at all. It's a terrible thing to say, sir, but in my opinion she was scuttled. And what's more --

Coroner
One moment, Mr. Tabb.
(turns to Julyan)
I believe it was established at the time of Mrs. de Winter's death that there was no one in the boat with her?

Julyan
Yes.

Coroner (turns back to Tabb)
Could Mrs. de Winter have turned the sea-cocks on accidentally?

Tabb (sticking firmly to his point)
It couldn't have been an accident - not with her knowledge of boats.

Coroner
Than you believe she must have done it deliberately?

A CLOSE UP - MRS. DANVERS

We see her face stiffen, as she reacts to the idea that Rebecca is being suspected of having committed suicide.

B CORONER AND TABB

Tabb
Yes, sir. And besides --
(with great doliberation)
--there's them holes.

CONTINUED:

437 B CONTINUED (2)

A further murmur of astonishment from the crowd.

Coroner
What holes?

Tabb
In 'er planking.

Coroner
What are you talking about?

Tabb
Of course - it's hard to tell. The boat's been under for more than a year, and the tide's been knocking her against the ridge. But it seemed to me, sir, that them holes looked as if she'd made 'em from the inside ---

437 C CLOSE UP - MAXIM

His face is almost mask-like in his effort to retain an outward show of imperturbability. The hub-bub of excitement from the crowd has grown louder.

437 D CLOSE UP - FRANK

Looking from Maxim to "I" with extreme concern.

437 E CLOSE UP - FAVELL

He gets a sudden suspicion as he looks across at Maxim, which he hardly dare believe himself.

437 F CLOSE UP - MAXIM

In profile - as seen by Favell.

437 G CLOSE UP - "I"

She steels herself into a sort of rigidity.

37 H CORONER AND TABB

Coroner (annoyed)
Are you sure?

Tabb
I said, sir, that after all this time, no one could be sure. But it has a queer look, all right.

Still more excitement from the crowd.

CONTINUED:

437 H

CONTINUED (2)

Coroner
You may stand down, Mr. Tabb.

438

LONG SHOT

Tabb leaves the witness chair. The crowd craning forward.

Coroner
Mr. de Winter, please.

As heads turn to look at Maxim: as he rises.

438 A

CLOSE SHOT - CORONER & JULYAN

The coroner leans across to speak in a low tone to Colonel Julyan.

Coroner
You knew the former Mrs. de Winter well, I believe?
(Julyan nods)
Would you have believed her capable of suicide?

There is a pause before Julyan speaks:

Julyan (finally, distressed)
No, frankly, I should not. But - one never can tell.

Maxim has now reached the witness chair. Coroner turns to him.

38 B

CLOSE UP - "I"

Gazing at Maxim with a dazed expression.

58 C

BACK TO SCENE

As coroner starts to address Maxim:

Coroner
I'm sorry to drag you back, Mr. de Winter. But you have heard the statement from Mr. Tabb. I wonder if you can help us in any way.

Maxim (curtly)
I'm afraid not.

Coroner
It's the first time you've heard any mention of this, and naturally it's a great shock to you.

Maxim
You tell me that my late wife was not only drowned in the cabin of her boat, but you infer that it was suicide! And you ask me if I'm shocked! What else did you expect me to be?

438 D

CLOSE UP - "I"

Her eyes have now become almost glazed.

439

MEDIUM SHOT - PROCEEDINGS (From "I's" viewpoint)

From "I's" angle we see the court recede. It seems to slide further and further away although at first the voices retain their normal perspective. As the scene progresses the court recedes to almost microscopic proportions and the voices in a subtle way increase in volume.

Coroner

Mr. de Winter, I want you to believe that we all feel very deeply for you in this matter, but you must remember I don't conduct this enquiry for my own amusement.

Maxim

That's rather obvious, isn't it?

Coroner

I hope that it is. Do you doubt Mr. Tabb's evidence?

Maxim

Of course not. He's a boat builder...He knows what he's talking about.

39 A

CLOSE UP - "I"

She half raises a hand in protest.

39 B

BACK TO SCENE

Coroner

You must understand that this new evidence raises the possibility that Mrs. de Winter may have taken her own life...

Maxim remains silent.

439C

CLOSE UP - "I"

She seems to be losing control. She hears the voices murmuring, which, although loud, are unintelligible, until the coroner's voice comes through:

Coroner's voice

Mr. de Winter, painful as it may be, it is my duty to pursue this possibility and to ask you a very personal question.

(no answer from Maxim)

Were relations between you and the late Mrs. de Winter perfectly happy?

Maxim's voice (angrily)

I should like you to understand ...

The voices buzz in "I's" ears - they have got so loud she cannot stand it any longer. The strain of the last few questions to Maxim cause her to slip down slowly out of the picture.

459D

SEMI LONG SHOT - COURTROOM

There is a slight commotion in the court. Maxim leaves the witness stand and hastens across to where "I" has fallen to the floor. He helps her up with the aid of Frank.

Maxim (calling back to the coroner)

It's my wife - she's fainted.

Coroner (with a cluck of commiseration)

Tsschk! Tsschk! I'm sorry.

(raps on the table)

I suggest we adjourn until after lunch. You will be available for us then, Mr. de Winter?

Maxim is now supporting "I".

Maxim

Of course.

CAMERA MOVES INTO CLOSE TWO SHOT - MAXIM AND "I".
Maxim has his arm around her shoulder.

Maxim (tenderly)

I told you you should have had some breakfast. You're hungry - that's what's the matter with you.

"I" responds to his forced cheerfulness by smiling wanly at him as we

DISSOLVE TO:

440-444

EXT. INN YARD - DAY

The yard is beginning to fill up with people emerging from the schoolroom, which is on the opposite side to the inn. Most of them are making their way toward the bar and dining room. There are three or four cars parked. Very clear in the foreground are Maxim's two-seater and Favell's car. Maxim emerges from the schoolroom with "I", who has recovered a little. At this moment a large Rolls Royce turns into the yard. The chauffeur pulls up on seeing Maxim.

Chauffeur

I hope I'm in time, sir. Mr. Frith thought you might like to have some lunch from the house, and sent me with it.

Maxim (cheerfully)

That's fine, Mullen.

(indicating)

Can you pull around the corner?

Chauffeur

Yes, sir.

He exits, and Maxim and "I" start walking, Maxim guiding her.

"I"

I feel awfully foolish...fainting that way.

Maxim (tenderly)

Nonsense. If you hadn't fainted like that I'd have really lost my temper.

"I"

Oh, Maxim, please be careful.

He gives her arm an affectionate, reassuring little squeeze, and they are at the car, where the chauffeur is holding the door open.

Maxim (as "I" gets in)

If you'll just wait a moment I'll see if I can find old Frank.

"I"

Of course. Don't worry about me, dear. I'll be all right.

Maxim has been opening the basket, and now pulls out a flask of brandy, hands it to her:

Maxim

Here, have a bit of this. It'll do you good.

She takes it, smiling wanly at him, and he exits.

445 CLOSE UP OF "I"

with the brandy, and making a wry face. Suddenly she stops and looks off in dismay.

CUT OR SWING CAMERA TO:

446 FAVELL

who is standing in the doorway of the car smiling slyly at her.

Favell

Well, and how does the bride find herself today? Marriage with Maxim isn't exactly a bed of roses, is it?

447-451 BACK TO SCENE

"I"

I think you'd better go before Maxim comes back.

Favell

Jealous, is he? Well, I can't say I blame him. But you don't think I'm the big bad wolf, do you? I'm not, you know. I'm a perfectly ordinary, harmless bloke. And I think you're behaving splendidly over all this..

(significantly)

..perfectly splendidly. And you know, you've grown up a bit since I saw you last.

"I" does not answer.

Favell (continuing)

Well, it's no wonder...

(taking a cigarette case out and lighting a cigarette)

You don't mind my smoking, I suppose? It won't make you sick, will it? One never knows with brides.

Maxim enters scene. For a moment Favell does not see him. Maxim is clearly in a rage at finding Favell here.

Maxim

What do you want, Favell?

Favell turns.

Favell (coolly)

Hullo, Max. Things are going pretty well for you, aren't they? Better than you ever expected. I was rather worried about you at first. That's why I came to the inquest.

Maxim

I'm touched by your solicitude, I'm sure. But if you'll excuse me, I'd rather like to have my lunch.

He steps into the car. Favell, nothing daunted, looks down at the lunch basket.

CONTINUED:

Favell

I'm terribly sorry. I didn't realize I was interrupting your lunch. I was going to have mine at the pub here, but I might not be able to get a table now. I wonder if I could possibly have a little of your chicken?

(without being asked he dips into the basket, takes a leg of chicken and starts to chew it; gnawing at the chicken)

You know, Max, I really feel I ought to talk things over with you.

Maxim (sharply)

Talk what things over?

Favell

Well, those holes in the planking, for one thing - those holes that were drilled from the inside!

(he gets a sudden thought, leans back to the driver)

Oh, Mullen...

Chauffeur

Yes, sir?

Favell

I say, would you mind like a good fellow getting my car filled with petrol? It's very nearly empty.

Chauffeur

Of course, sir.

(he exits)

Favell (resuming his munching)

You see, when I read in the papers about Rebecca's boat being found with a body in it, I was naturally tremendously intrigued, and I came rushing down at once - only to be greeted by Danny with the appalling news that it was Rebecca's body... And now this distressing evidence from the boat builder. You know, I've a horrible feeling, old boy, that before the day is out, somebody's going to make use of that very old-fashioned but expressive phrase, "foul play."

(he looks down, then picks up the brandy flask - glancing across at "I" he holds up flask and one of the small glasses)

May I?

Maxim and "I" look across at him - neither of them answers.

Favell

Thank you.

(he pours himself out a small brandy. Then he looks from one to the other)

Am I boring you with all this? No? Thank you.

(he sips the brandy)

You see, Max, I'm in rather an awkward position.

(he pulls a folded note from his pocket)

You've only got to read this little note to understand. It's from Rebecca. She wrote it to me the day she died - and what's more, she had the foresight to date it. Incidentally, I was on a party that night, so I didn't get the note until the next day.

Maxim

And what makes you think the note would interest me?

CONTINUED:

Favell

Oh, I won't bother you with the contents now; but I can assure you it isn't the note of a woman who intends to drown herself that same night.

Maxim turns to "I".

Maxim

I don't see why you should have to put up with Mr. Favell's charms. Wouldn't you like to walk round a bit?

She moves as though to get out.

Favell

Surely she wouldn't. After all, Mrs. de Winter and I are old friends -

(looks at "I")

- aren't we?

(he turns to Maxim and asks with apparent concern)

Seriously, Max, do you think I ought to give this note to the coroner? Or do you think perhaps it will make things too awkward...

(he looks down at the finished leg bone in his hand - then he sees the one that has been nearly finished by "I". He leans across towards her and takes it from her)

What do you do with the old bones?

(in a mocked, hushed whisper)

We should bury them, eh, Max old boy? But for the time being.

(he flings away the bone, turning back)

Do you know, Max old boy, I'm fed up with my job as a motor car salesman. I don't know whether you've experienced the feeling of driving around in an expensive car that isn't your own. Sometimes it can be very, very exasperating. You know what I mean -- you'd like to own the car yourself.

(he looks about outside both windows - then back)

I've often thought how nice it'd be to retire in the country -- have a little place with a few acres for shooting, perhaps -

(adds with a grin)

I've never really figured out what it'd cost a year, but I'd like to talk it over with you, Max. I'd like to have your advice on how to live comfortably without hard work...

Maxim stares across at Favell steadily - we can see he is exercising the utmost control.

Favell (continuing)

But forgive me talking about myself. What were we saying? Oh yes, about that note. I've got an idea it might prove a very tricky piece of evidence at this inquest --

Frank enters behind Favell. Frank looks first of all toward Maxim and "I" - then to Favell.

CONTINUED:

447-451

CONTINUED (4)

Frank (coldly)
Hello, Favell.
(in a different tone)
Were you looking for me, Maxim?

Maxim, pondering over the situation presented by Favell, suddenly starts to rise.

Maxim
Mr. Favell and I have a little business transaction on hand. I think it would be better if we conducted it over at the Inn.

He looks at Favell who responds with a grin. Maxim gets out. Frank is astonished, "I" greatly disturbed.

Maxim
Perhaps they have a private room there.

Favell raises his hat to "I", looks at her provocatively.

Favell
See you later.
(he exits)

Oh, Frank! "I" (worried) } almost
Frank } simultaneously.
What on earth... }

Maxim suddenly leans back into the car.

Maxim (quietly and hastily)
Find Colonel Julyan. I want to see him immediately.

Favell has stepped back toward the car suspiciously.

Maxim's voice (as he exits to join Favell)
Come on, Favell. Let's go.

Frank
What's Maxim doing talking to that bounder?

"I"
I'm not sure. But let's hurry and find Colonel Julyan.

2

EXT. STREET - MAXIM AND FAVELL

As they cross.

Favell
Nice girl you've got there, Max.

Maxim
I'd appreciate it if you'd leave my wife out of this.

CONTINUED:

452

CONTINUED (2)

Favell

All men with lovely wives are jealous, aren't they?

(looking meaningfully at Maxim)

And some of them just can't help playing Othello.

(shakes his head despairingly)

I can't understand it. A lovely woman isn't like a motor tire. She doesn't wear out.

They have now reached the inn and go inside.

453

INT. INN - DAY

As Maxim and Favell enter, the buzz of conversation dies down when most of the customers see who enters. Maxim goes over to the proprietor, Mr. Chalcroft.

Maxim

Have you a private room?

Proprietor

Of course, sir. Right this way.

He immediately bustles into activity and leads them through a small door into another room.

454-472

INT. BAR PARLOR

Maxim and Favell enter, as the proprietor stands, servile, bowing them in.

Proprietor

I hope this will do, Mr. de Winter?

Favell

It's splendid, splendid -- exactly like the Ritz.

Proprietor beams.

Proprietor

Any orders, gents?

Favell

Yes. I think you might bring me a large brandy and soda.

(turns to Maxim like an old friend)

How about you, Max? Have one on me. I feel somehow that I can afford to play host.

Maxim (keeping up the act)

Thanks, Jack. I don't mind if I do.

Favell (turns to proprietor)

Make it two. And close the door after you, will you, like a good fellow?

Proprietor

Yes, sir.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED (2)

He exits but as he does so he is stopped by the entrance of Julyan, Frank, and "I".

Favell
I didn't know this was going to be a mass meeting!

Maxim
I thought this was too good to keep to ourselves, Jack. This is Colonel Julyan, Mr. Favell.

Favell (recovering himself)
Oh I know Colonel Julyan. We're old friends, aren't we, Colonel?

Julyan stares at Favell coldly, doesn't reply.

Maxim
Since you're old friends, I assume you know that the Colonel is head of the local police. I thought he might be interested in your proposition. Go on, Jack. Tell him all about it.

Favell looks at Maxim steadily.

Favell
I don't know what you mean. I merely said I hoped to give up selling motor cars and retire into the country.

Maxim (turns to Julyan)
I think you can handle this better than I, Colonel Julyan. Actually he offered to withhold some vital evidence from the inquest if I'd make it worth his while.

Favell looking steadily at Maxim, switches his eyes to Julyan and speaks calmly:

Favell (to Julyan)
I'm only interested in seeing justice done. That boat builder's evidence suggested certain possible theories concerning Rebecca's death ...
(CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM OVER as he steps toward Julyan)
...One of course, is suicide. Now I've a little note here..
(he brings the paper from his pocket)
...which I consider puts that possibility quite out of court.
(smiling)
...Read it, Colonel.

Julyan takes the note from him and starts to unfold it. He takes some spectacles from a case and puts them on. Maxim and "I" are close together, their eyes fixed on Julyan. Favell looks at Maxim with a confident smile, then sits on the table and watches Julyan. Julyan is reading the paper in his hand. He then repeats it aloud:

CONTINUED:

Julyan (reading)

"Jack darling - I tried to ring you but could get no answer. I have just seen the doctor and I'm going down to Manderley right away. I shall be at the cottage all this evening, and shall leave the door open for you. I have something terribly important to tell you. I want to see you as soon as possible.

Rebecca"

Favell

Does that look like a note from a woman who had made up her mind to kill herself?

(the reading of the note has completely restored Favell's confidence; he now continues in his impudent tone)

And apart from that, Colonel, do you mean to tell me that if you wanted to commit suicide, you'd go to all the trouble of putting out to sea in a boat, and then take a hammer and chisel, and laboriously knock holes in the bottom of it?

Julyan doesn't answer.

Favell

Come, Colonel - as an officer of the law, don't you feel that there are some slight grounds for suspicion?

Julyan (gravely)

Of murder?

Favell (interrupting casually)

What else? You've known Max a long time, Colonel - so you know he's the old-fashioned type who'd die to defend his honor - or who'd kill for it!... Step up, Max, old boy - and let 'em see you.

There is a moment's silence, Favell enjoying himself hugely.

Julyan

Why have you waited until now to make this charge? You were at the enquiry this morning. I saw you sitting there.

Favell (laughing)

Because I didn't choose to, that's why. I preferred to come and tackle de Winter personally.

Frank (steps up hurriedly and furiously)

It's blackmail - blackmail pure and simple.

Julyan

Blackmail is not very pure, nor is it simple. It can make a lot of unpleasantness for a great many people, and sometimes the blackmailer finds himself in jail at the end of it...

Favell (snoers)

Oh, I see. You're going to hold de Winter's hand through this. You won't let him down because he's the big noise around here and he's actually permitted you to dine with him.

CONTINUED:

Julyan
Careful, Favell....You've made an accusation of murder. Have you any proof to back that accusation?

Favell
Proof? Aren't the holes in the boat proof enough?

Julyan
Certainly not. Have you any witnesses?

Favell
I'll give you a bit of a surprise.
(he looks around, smiling)
I do have a witness.

Julyan
Indeed? And where, may I ask, is your witness?

Favell
It's that fellow Ben. If that stupid coroner weren't as much of a snob as you are, he'd have seen that half wit was hiding something.

Julyan (with an obvious attempt to control his anger)
And just why should Ben do that?

Favell
Because we caught him once, Rebecca and I, peering at us thru the cottage window. Rebecca threatened him with the asylum. That's why he was afraid to speak. He was always hanging about and it's obvious that he must have seen this whole thing..

Frank (breaking in)
It's ridiculous that we should be even listening to this!

Favell
You're like a little trades union, all of you, aren't you? And if I guess right, there's a bit of malice in your soul toward me, isn't there, Crawley?

(turns to the others)
Crawley didn't have much success with Rebecca, I'm afraid. But it ought to be easier this time.

(turns back to Crawley)
The bride will be grateful for your fraternal arm, Crawley, in a week or so -- every time she faints, in fact -- especially when she hears the judge sentence Mr. de Winter to hang by the neck until...

Suddenly Max moves forward, strikes Favell on the point of the jaw, stopping his words. Favell crumples and falls as we hear:

Colonel Julyan's voice (sharply)
De Winter!

"I" (screams)
Maxim, please!
(goes to him)

CONTINUED:

Favell (nursing his jaw, rises, smiling)
That temper of yours will do you in yet, Max.

There is a knock on the door. The proprietor enters with the drinks, places them before them.

Proprietor
Anything else, gents?

Favell
You might bring a sedative for Mr. de Winter.

Julyan (shortly to the proprietor)
No, no. Nothing. Just leave us.

The proprietor looks strangely around, bewildered by the strange atmosphere and mumbling: "yes, sir," exits from the room, closing the door. Favell reaches for one of the two drinks and drinks it greedily.

Julyan
And now, Favell, let's get this business over with. Since you have this whole thing worked out so carefully, perhaps you can also supply the motive?

Favell
Ah, Colonel, I thought you'd bring that up. I've read enough detective stories to know there must be a motive - I can supply that, too --
(he crosses to the door, turns)
- if you'll all excuse me a moment.

473

CLOSE TWO SHOT - MAXIM & "I"

Maxim looks at "I", sees the great alarm in her face. He tries to give her a reassuring smile.

Maxim
Wouldn't you rather go home? I don't think you ought to stay through all this.

"I" (pleadingly)
No, no. Please let me stay with you.

He pats her hand, smiles at her.

474

FRANK AND JULYAN

Frank (to Julyan)
Surely, Colonel, you're not going to allow this man to --

Before he can go on, Julyan puts up a restraining hand.

CONTINUED:

Julyan

My opinion of Favell is no higher than yours, Crawley, but in my official capacity, I have no alternative but to pursue his accusation.

As he has been speaking, we have heard the door opening.

Favell's Voice

I agree with you entirely, Colonel.

CAMERA SWINGS TO THE DOOR where Favell is standing in an attitude of mock gravity. Almost with half a bow he says to Julyan:

Favell

In a matter so serious as this we should make sure of every point -- explore every avenue; in fact, to coin a phrase, leave no stone unturned.

(he looks past the open door)

Ah, here she is...the missing link...the witness who will help supply -- the motive!

As he is saying these words, Mrs. Danvers has stepped into the room and Favell closes the door behind her.

475

"I" & MAXIM

She looks at him frightened and puzzled.

476-481

DOOR

Mrs. Danvers enters, looks around the room curiously, half defiantly.

Favell

Colonel Julyan -- Mrs. Danvers.

(he indicates the people round the room)

I believe you know everyone else.

Favell's face has a slightly dry smile as he is conscious of his little joke. We hear Julyan say:

Julyan

Won't you sit down?

CAMERA PANS WITH THEM as Favell pulls out a chair which Mrs. Danvers ignores. Julyan leans forward. Mrs. Danvers and "I" exchange glances. As Julyan is about to speak, Favell, realizing the importance of the situation, interposes with a touch of authority.

Favell

No offense, Colonel, but I think if I put this to Danny she'll understand it more easily.

(he turns back to Mrs. Danvers)

Mrs. Danvers looks about the room with intense suspicion. Her instinctive feeling is that they are trying to trap her into admission damaging to Rebecca. She is very much on the defensive.

Favell

Danny -- who was Rebecca's doctor?

Mrs. Danvers (coldly)

Mr. de Winter always had Dr. McClean from the village.

Favell (urgently)

You heard, Danny...I said Rebecca's doctor -- in London.

Mrs. Danvers looks quickly away from him.

Mrs. Danvers (obviously lying)

I don't know anything about that.

"I" looks relieved. Maxim is grimly watching Mrs. Danvers.

Favell

Don't give me that, Danny. You knew everything about Rebecca.

Favell goes close to Mrs. Danvers. She is still resistant.

Favell

You knew she was in love with me, didn't you?

(Mrs. Danvers is silent)

Surely you haven't forgotten all the good times she and I used to have down at the cottage on the beach. Come on, Danny -- it's all right for you to tell about it now.

Suddenly Mrs. Danvers turns on him with a fierce outburst of suppressed emotion.

Mrs. Danvers

She was not in love with you -- or with Mr. de Winter -- or anyone! She laughed at you!

Favell (angrily)

Listen here, didn't she come down the path through the woods to meet me, night after night? Didn't you wait up for her?

Mrs. Danvers

She had a right to amuse herself, didn't she? Love was a game with her, only a game. It made her laugh, I tell you. She used to sit on her bed and rock with laughter at the lot of you.

(she starts to cry hysterically)

No one goes toward her, or says anything. All are stunned. Finally, Julyan speaks quietly, slowly.

Julyan

Mrs. Danvers, can you think of any reason why Mrs. de Winter should have taken her own life?

Mrs. Danvers (clutching her frock, shakes her head)
 No...No. I refuse to believe it. I know everything about her, and I won't believe it.

Favell (eagerly, swiftly, grasping at this)
 There -- you see? It's impossible. She knows that as well as I do.

(he turns to Mrs. Danvers, pretending great sympathy and talking quietly to her)
 Listen to me, Danny...we know that Rebecca went to a doctor in London on the last day of her life. Who was it?

Mrs. Danvers (coldly)
 I don't know!

Favell (soothingly)
 I understand, Danny. You think we're asking you to reveal secrets of Rebecca's life. You're trying to defend her. That's what I'm doing, too. I'm trying to clear her name of the suspicion of suicide.

Julyan (steps forward)
 Mrs. Danvers -- there has been a suggestion that Mrs. de Winter was deliberately murdered.

Mrs. Danvers is obviously shocked. She half utters the word, "Murdered?" She looks quickly from Julyan to Favell.

Favell
 There you have it in a nutshell, Danny. But there's one more thing you'll want to know -- the name of the murderer.
 (he turns and looks at Maxim)
 It's a lovely name that rolls off the tongue so easily -- George Fortescue Maximilian de Winter.

During this CAMERA HAS MOVED TO CLOSE UP of Mrs. Danvers. Her face turns so that she is looking straight at Maxim.

Maxim returns Mrs. Danvers' stare. "I", clutching his arm, also looks at Mrs. Danvers.

Col. Julyan
 Mr. Favell has no right to make such a statement. But if you will help us, we can decide whether we should even consider such a terrible possibility.

Favell
 The Colonel still refuses to admit that it was Maxim! He doesn't like to let down the old school tie. But it's our duty to tell the whole truth -- isn't it, Danny?

Looking steadily at Maxim and weighing her words very carefully, Mrs. Danvers speaks:

Mrs. Danvers
 There was a doctor. Mrs. de Winter sometimes went to him privately. She used to go to him even before she was married.

CONTINUED:

476-481

CONTINUED (4)

Favell (impatiently)

We don't want reminiscences, Danny. What was his name?

Mrs. Danvers turns to Julyan and speaks deliberately.

Mrs. Danvers

Dr. Baker - six twenty-seven Goldhawk Road - Shepherd's Bush ...

Favell (triumphantly)

There you are, Colonel! There's where you'll find your motive! Go question Dr. Baker! He'll tell you why Rebecca went to him - to confirm the fact that she was going to have a child -- a sweet, curly-headed little child -- and that's what she was going to tell me the night she was killed.

Mrs. Danvers (horrified)

No, no! It isn't true!

482

TWO SHOT - MAXIM AND "I"

Max is controlling his emotions at the revelation. "I" is horrified, worried.

483

BACK TO SCENE

Favell

She told Max about it -- Max -- who knew he wasn't the father! So, like the gentleman of the old school that he is, he killed her!

This is followed by moments of tense silence -- broken at length by Julyan.

Julyan (to Maxim)

I'm afraid we shall have to question this Dr. Baker.

Maxim

May I suggest that we go at once to London and see this man? I should like the matter to be cleared up -- without delay.

As Maxim has talked, "I" has looked at him worriedly.

Favell

Hear! Hear! ... But for safety's sake, I think I'd like to go along, too.

Julyan

Unfortunately, I suppose you have the right to ask that ...

(He starts out)

I shall see the coroner and arrange for the inquest to be postponed pending further evidence.

Favell (watching Julyan exit)

Aren't you afraid the -- uh -- shall we say the prisoner will bolt?

CONTINUED:

Julyan stops, looks at Favell, then at Maxim who returns his gaze, then back at Favell.

Julyan

You have my word he will not do that.
(he exits)

Favell

No hard feelings, Max, old boy. I don't blame you a bit. Fact is -- I'd have done the same thing myself -- in your position..

(he reaches for the other drink, takes a gulp)

On second thought, I don't think that I would have.

(he puts down the drink, starts out)

Toodle-oo, Max, old boy...Come along Danny...Let's leave the unhappy couple to spend their last minutes together - alone...

He starts to leave - Mrs. Danvers following. She throws a cold glance at de Winter and exits. As she goes through the door, Favell bows her out ceremoniously and follows, giving a little smile at Maxim as he does so. Frank who has been looking at Favell with hatred, turns and looks at Max sympathetically as the CAMERA MOVES UP TO MAXIM AND "I". He puts his arm around her. She looks up at him emotionally. He smiles at her wistfully as we

DISSOLVE TO:

484

EXT. INN - DAY

Outside the Inn is the big de Winter car. Near it is the small car and Frank is sitting in it. Maxim is walking with "I" toward the cars.

"I" (concealing all emotion)
Are you sure you don't want me to go with you, Maxim?

Maxim
You'd better not, darling. The journey would be so tiring for you...I'll be back the very first thing in the morning. I shan't even stop to sleep.

"I" (simply, covering her own feelings completely)
I'll be waiting for you.

She kisses him and gets into the large car. The chauffeur steps into the scene. Maxim gives him a nod to leave, which he does. Maxim closes the door of the car himself, as Julyan enters.

Julyan
Ready, Maxim?

Maxim
Yes.

Julyan raises his hat to "I" as her car drives off, her face pressed to the window.

Maxim and Julyan stroll off, and as the CAMERA FOLLOWS THEM we reveal Favell's car standing at the curb behind Maxim's car.

Julyan
You and Crawley lead the way, Maxim. Favell and I will follow you.
(he spots Favell off scene)
Ready, Favell?

85-487

TWO SHOT FAVELL AND MRS. DANVERS

They are walking toward Favell's car from the opposite direction.

Favell (calling to Julyan)
Coming!
(turning to Danvers)
I still love you, you old harpie, even if you did almost let me down...
(Mrs. Danvers doesn't answer - her thoughts elsewhere)
I'll phone you as soon as we leave the doctor's....Keep an eye on the little bride. She might do something desperate.

CONTINUED:

485-487 CONTINUED (2)

Mrs. Danvers, still distracted, doesn't answer. Favell gives her a little wave and exits toward the car, joining Julyan.

Favell

Well, here I am, Colonel.

(he opens the door of the car and ushers Julyan in)
And don't you worry yourself one bit about my driving. We'll keep right on their tail, I assure you.

(Julyan looks at him annoyed, but Favell is quite oblivious)

Right on their tail!

He is by this time seated in the car and we

DISSOLVE TO:

488

LONG SHOT ROAD EN ROUTE TO LONDON - LATE AFTERNOON OR TWILIGHT

The road is either in the country or somewhere that looks like the suburbs of London. One car is following the other, both speeding.

(They must be speeding like mad on account of the error in time element in getting them to London and back to Manderley by dawn.)

DISSOLVE TO:

489

FADE IN:

EXT. GOLDHAWK ROAD - EXTREME LONG SHOT - (STOCK) - NIGHT

Goldhawk Road, Shepherd's Bush. In the f.g., trams pass across the picture, while in the distance we see the Underground Railway which passes over a bridge that spans the road. We see the lit stores and their customers with all the atmosphere of a London suburb.

490-491

EXT. DR. BAKER'S - LONG SHOT

Outside a house which has steps leading up to it, rather like a New York brownstone house, the cars of Maxim and Favell are drawn up. A street telephone booth nearby, prominently displayed on the door of the house in front of which are the cars, is the sign on a brass plate:

DR. BAKER.

Maxim, Colonel Julyan, Frank Crawley, and Favell are going up the steps.

DISSOLVE TO:

492-499

INT. CONSULTING ROOM - NIGHT

The four men and Dr. Baker nearly fill up the tiny consulting room. They have just entered and the doctor has risen from behind his desk to greet them. The center electric light hanging from the ceiling with its opaque circular shade only comes slightly above the level of their heads and throws a sharp light into all their features.

Julyan (to Baker)

You must think this a very unorthodox invasion, Dr. Baker, and I apologize for disturbing you like this. My name is Julyan. I'm the Chief Constable for Cornwall.

(indicating)

This is Mr. de Winter, Mr. Favell, and Mr. Crawley.

Dr. Baker

How do you do? I think you can all find seats.

He hurriedly removes a black bag from a long couch. There is a momentary hesitation among the four men as to whom shall occupy the slightly worn and obviously well-used couch. Finally Favell seats himself on it, as Colonel Julyan addresses the doctor:

Julyan

You may have seen Mr. de Winter's name in the papers...

Dr. Baker

Oh yes...yes...In connection with the body that was found in a boat...My wife's been reading all about it. Very sad case... My condolences, Mr. de Winter.

CONTINUED:

Maxim doesn't speak. Favell looks exasperatedly toward Julyan:

Favell (during Dr. Baker's last words; in irritated tones)
This is going to take hours -- let me --

Julyan (interposes sharply)
Don't bother, Favell... I think I can tell Dr. Baker.
(turns back to Baker)

We're trying to discover certain facts concerning the late Mrs. de Winter's activities on the day she died, the twelfth of October, last year.

(he pauses for a moment to clear his throat)
I would like you to tell me, if you can, whether any one of that name paid you a visit on that date.

Dr. Baker (worried)
I'm awfully sorry, but I'm afraid I can't help you. I should have remembered the name de Winter. I've never attended a Mrs. de Winter in my life.

Favell (sharply)
How can you remember all your patients' names?

Baker (coldly)
I can look it up in my engagement diary if you like.
(picks up engagement book from his desk)
Did you say the twelfth of October?

Julyan
Yes.

Dr. Baker leans back in his swivel chair as he opens the pages of the book. There is complete silence in the room but for the rustle of the turning pages. Maxim catches Favell's eye. There is the faintest superior grin on Favell's face, as though to say "Now is the time." Maxim merely stares at the wall upon which is hanging an eye-sight test. In his determination to control himself he stares at it, closing one eye and then the other. Dr. Baker finally finds the page:

Dr. Baker
Ah, here we are -- October twelfth. Let's see... No... No de Winter.

Favell (disappointed)
Are you sure?

Dr. Baker
Here are all the appointments for that day...
(begins to murmur names)
Ross... Campbell... Steadall... Perrino... Danvers... Matthews...

Maxim (suddenly cries out)
Hold on!

He springs to his feet -- Favell as well.

Favell (simultaneously)
Danny! What the devil ...

Julyan
Would you repeat that name, please? Did you say Danvers?

Dr. Baker glances up to take in their mutual astonishment. He looks back at the page and answers Julyan:

Dr. Baker
Yes, I have Mrs. Danvers for three o'clock.

Favell
What did she look like? Do you remember?

Dr. Baker
Yes, I remember her well. She was a very beautiful woman--tall, dark, exquisitely dressed.

Frank
Rebecca!

Julyan
This lady apparently used an assumed name.

Dr. Baker (astonished, looks at them guardedly)
Is that so? ... That is a surprise! I'd known her for a long time.

Favell
What was the matter with her?

Dr. Baker (interposes protestingly)
My dear sir -- there are certain ethics in --

Frank (interrupting)
Could you supply a reason, Dr. Baker, for Mrs. de Winter's suicide?

Favell (breaking in quickly)
For her murder, you mean! She was going to have a kid, wasn't she?

Dr. Baker stares at him without replying. Julyan and Maxim come in closer and attempt to interpose. Favell sweeps them aside and starts to almost shout at Dr. Baker.

Favell
Come on - out with it! What else would a woman of her class be doing in a dump like this - under an assumed name?

Dr. Baker (turns angrily to Julyan)
I assume that the official nature of this visit makes it necessary for me ...

Julyan (quietly)
I assure you that we would not be troubling you if it were not necessary.

Dr. Baker hesitates a moment, looks from one to the other of them, then speaks:

Dr. Baker

You want to know if I can suggest any motive why Mrs. de Winter should have taken her life? I think I can. The woman who called herself Mrs. Danvers was very seriously ill.

Maxim

She was not going to have a child?

Dr. Baker (to Maxim with a certain sympathy)

That was what she thought...But my diagnosis was quite different.

He lowers his voice, conscious of the gravity of his next words:

Dr. Baker

I sent her to a well known specialist for an examination and exrays...and on this date...

(pointing to his date book)

...She returned to learn his report...

(he speaks gravely. All are listening intently)

I remember her standing here holding out her hand for the photographs. "I want to know the truth," she said. "I don't want soft words and a bedside manner. If I'm in for it, you can tell me right away."

He pauses. The others wait in suspense. He continues:

Dr. Baker

She asked for the truth and I let her have it. I know that she was not the type to accept a lie...She thanked me...I never saw her again, so I assumed...

Maxim (quietly)

What was wrong with her?

Dr. Baker

Cancer.

(he pauses for a second)

Yes...The growth was deep-rooted. An operation would have been no earthly use at all. In a short time she would have been under morphia. There was nothing that could be done for her - except wait.

Maxim

Did she say anything - when you told her --

Dr. Baker

She smiled in a queer sort of way...Your wife was a wonderful woman, Mr. de Winter...and, oh yes...I remember she said something that struck me as very peculiar at the time...When I told her it was a matter of months, she said, "Oh no, Doctor, not that long."

CONTINUED:

492-499

CONTINUED (5)

There is a pause as they all take this news and realize its significance. To Maxim it is an explanation of Rebecca's strange behavior the night of her death. To Julyan it is confirmation of suicide. To Favell, who has been crushed by the news of Rebecca's illness, it is a double blow: the news that the woman he loved had cancer, and the upset of his plans. Frank is relieved that the suspense is over, but he, too, is depressed by the revelation of Rebecca's illness.

Julyan (rises)

You've been very kind, and you have told us all we wanted to know. We shall probably need official verification...

Dr. Baker

Verification?

Julyan

Yes - to confirm a verdict of suicide.

(he looks at Favell challengingly, who avoids his gaze)

Dr. Baker

I understand...Can I offer you gentlemen a glass of sherry?

Julyan

That's very kind of you, but I think we'd better be getting along.

(extends his hand to Baker, who takes it as we

DISSOLVE TO:

500

EXT. DR. BAKER'S - NIGHT

The four come down from the doctor's house and over toward the cars at the curb. Favell stands taking a cigarette from his case, the others a little in back of him.

Frank

Thank Heaven we know the truth!

They have now all reached the cars at the curb.

Julyan

Dreadful thing - dreadful. A young and lovely woman like that...No wonder.

Favell (obviously suffering deeply from shock)

This cancer business - Does anybody know if it's contagious?

(there is no reply)

I never had the remotest idea. Neither did Danny, I'm sure.

(he shudders)

Wish I had a drink!

Frank

Shall we be needed further at the inquest, Colonel Julyan?

CONTINUED:

504 CONTINUED (2)

(ALREADY
SHOT)

Favell swings around on him, still under the stress of his emotion.

Favell

Yes..

Policeman

Will you be going soon? This isn't a parking place, you know.

Favell glares at him angrily.

Favell

Isn't it? People are entitled to leave their cars outside if they want to.

(he opens the car door and gets in, flinging a final remark)

Pity some of you fellows haven't anything better to do!

He slips in the gear and drives off with a rush from the picture. The policeman, in waist f.g., the car going off in b.g., watches him go, then turns to CAMERA and as he gives a grunt of astonished amusement, we

DISSOLVE TO:

505-506

ELIMINATED

507

(ALREADY
SHOT)

EXT. CAR ON ROAD - LONG SHOT - NIGHT

The headlights racing toward CAMERA at terrific speed.

508

RETAKE

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT - SEMI CLOSE UP

Frank and Maxim are speeding along in the open car. Frank is driving.

Frank

When you phoned her, did she say she'd wait up?

Maxim

Yes -- I told her to go to bed, but she wouldn't hear of it. Speed it up a bit, will you, Frank?

Frank

Sorry, I'm afraid this is the best she'll do.

Maxim

You're tired... Better stop and let me take it for a while.

Frank (slowing down and speaking after a moment)

Something troubling you, Maxim?

Maxim

I can't get over the feeling that something's wrong.

501-502

CONTINUED (2)

Frank

Yes, Maxim?

Maxim

There's something you don't know.

Frank (quietly)

Don't tell me, Maxim.

Maxim takes another step or two, then looks at Frank.

Maxim

You've known it all along?

Frank

Yes, Maxim.

They walk a few more steps in silence, Maxim touched beyond words by a faithfulness greater even than he has known. Then:

Maxim (very quietly)

I didn't kill her, Frank...

(Frank's face betrays relief)

But I know now that when she told me about the child, she wanted me to kill her...She lied on purpose...She foresaw the whole thing...That's why she stood there laughing when she...

Frank

You mustn't think about it any more, Maxim.

Maxim looks at him gratefully, puts his arm through Frank's, and we

DISSOLVE TO:

503

INT. STREET PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

Favell is at the phone. He hears a reply in the receiver and speaks into the mouthpiece:

Favell (bitterly)

Hello...Hello, Danny...I just wanted to tell you the news... Rebecca held out on both of us...She had cancer!...Yes - suicide...And now Max and that dear little bride of his can stay at Manderley and live happily ever after...Bye bye, Danny.

(he hangs up and goes out onto the street)

504

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

As Favell comes from the phone booth and walks to his car at the curb - where a policeman is standing. As Favell approaches, the policeman speaks:

Policeman

Is this your car, sir?

CONTINUED:

508A

EXT. MANDERLEY - LONG SHOT - NIGHT

While heavy clouds pass over the roof of Manderley, we see a strange light passing through the upper windows. The whole of the place is in darkness except perhaps the lamps at the front door.

508B

INT. HALL

Shooting from the top of the stairs we see ahead of us a moving light which traverses the panelled walls and staircase. The CAMERA FOLLOWS IT down and down until it reaches the open library door. The light passes through into the library and eventually reveals "I" asleep in a chair. The light also includes Jasper who raises his head. There are a few nearly dead embers in the fireplace which do not add to the light in the room. The CAMERA PULLS BACK SLOWLY and REVEALS the back of Mrs. Danvers' head and shoulders. She is carrying a lighted candle. She looks down at the sleeping "I" and then turns round into the camera, a mysterious, cunning look on her face which is lit from below by the candle she holds. The CAMERA PULLS BACK as she exits from the room.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

509
ALREADY
SHOT

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - LONG SHOT - NIGHT

Maxim's car speeding along. It eventually comes near the camera.

510
ALREADY
SHOT

SEMI CLOSEUP

Maxim is now driving the car while Frank is dozing. Suddenly Maxim pulls the car up with a jerk. Maxim is looking across out of the picture.

511
ALREADY
SHOT

LONG SHOT (COSGROVE)

From his eyeline there is a glow in the sky and suddenly a tongue of flame appears for a brief half second.

512
ALREADY
SHOT

SEMI CLOSEUP

Frank and Maxim. Maxim nudges Frank.

Maxim

Frank...

Frank (comes to rather startled)

What's the matter?...why did we stop?

Maxim

ct

What time is it?

CONTINUED:

512 CONTINUED (2)

Frank
I don't know -- it must be about three or four. Why?

Maxim
That's funny....That can't be the dawn breaking over there.

Frank looks off as well.

Frank
It's in the winter you see the Northern lights, isn't it?

Maxim
That's not the Northern lights...It's Manderley!

Maxim starts the car off frantically.

512 A
ALREADY
SHOT

LONG SHOT

We see the car start off down the road in a burst of speed.

512 B

SEMI LONG SHOT

A side-on view of the car speeding, with the background whizzing by.

513
ALREADY
SHOT

LONG SHOT

We see the lawn in front of Manderley. The whole place is in flames. Furniture has been piled high in front of the house, servants moving about in their night attire....

513 A
ALREADY
SHOT

SEMI LONG SHOT

Maxim's car pulls up. He and Frank jump out.

514

SEMI LONG SHOT

A group of servants, including Frith and Robert, and "I" are watching the burning building. Suddenly Maxim and Frank thread their way through from the back. "I" turns and gives a cry as she sees Maxim.

"I" (rushing toward him)

Maxim! Maxim!

She flies into his arms as the CAMERA RUSHES IN to include the two. He holds her silently and tightly to him, her face pressed against his coat. "I" says with a note of alarm:

"I"

Maxim, Maxim! Mrs. Danvers....she's still in there!

She almost tries to stand on tiptoe to reach his ear in order to speak confidentially to him.

Julyan
No. I shall see to it that Maxim isn't troubled further.

Maxim.
Thank you, sir.

Favell (trying to be friendly, with fake heartiness)
Ready to start back, Colonel?

Julyan (coldly)
No, thank you. I shall spend the night in town with my sister....And as for you, Favell, I should advise you that blackmail is not much of a profession, and we know how to deal with it in our part of the world, strange as it may seem to you ...

Favell
I'm sure I don't know what you're talking about...But if you ever need a new motor car, look me up, won't you, Colonel?

With a cheery salute he walks off in direction of the phone booth on the street. Maxim turns to Julyan.

Maxim
It's impossible to thank you for your kindness through all this. You know what I feel without my telling you.

Julyan
Not at all. You must put the whole thing behind you.
(he puts out his hand)
You must tell your wife. She'll be worried about you.

Maxim
I shall telephone her immediately and then go straight back to Manderley.

Julyan (to Frank)
Goodbye, Crawley.
(simply)
You're a fine friend.
(he extends his hand)
Frank, embarrassed, takes it.
Julyan exits. Frank and Maxim turn and start toward their car, which is in the opposite direction from the direction taken by Favell.

501-502

EXT. STREET - MOVING SHOT WITH FRANK AND MAXIM - NIGHT

as they walk, very slowly, the camera moving in front of them. As they start off, they look at one another for a moment, then look away again.

Maxim (looking straight ahead)
Frank ...

1b

CONTINUED:

514

CONTINUED (2)

"I"

She's gone mad. She told me she'd rather destroy Manderley than see us happy here.

Maxim looks ahead grimly.

Maxim

She's destroyed the past for us as well. Now we can forget it all, my darling.... We can forget...

Suddenly there is a cry of "Look!" from those about them. They both stare up at the burning building.

515-516
NEW SHOT

SEMI LONG SHOT

We see three windows of the West Wing. The figure of Mrs. Danvers is moving past them, seemingly undisturbed by the fire. There is a wall of flame behind her. The CAMERA MOVES IN SWIFTLY as she reaches the third and very same window from which she tried to make "I" jump. As Mrs. Danvers appears at this window, there is a triumphant and defiant look on her face. Flames shoot up and around her. The CAMERA CONTINUES TO MOVE IN CLOSER on Mrs. Danvers as the flame catches a bit of her clothing. At the first second this happens the CAMERA PASSES HER, and as it does the whole roof crashes in. The CAMERA MOVES the entire while through the debris and up to the bed until it comes to the flaming sheets. It stops on the nightdress case and at this second the flame catches the nightdress case and WE HOLD WITH IT as the flames devour the 'R'.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

517

EXT. MANDERLEY - DAY - SEMI LONG SHOT

The CAMERA HAS CONTINUED the same shot with which we opened the picture. It is now moving down the tangled drive. Once more we hear "I's" voice continuing:

"I's" Voice

Last night I dreamt I went to Manderley again. Moonlight can play odd tricks upon the fancy - even upon a dreamer's fancy... As I stood there, hushed and still, I could swear that the house was not an empty shell, but lived and breathed as it had lived before...But I should not tell my dreams for Manderley stands no longer...We do not mind, for we are through with fear and loneliness, and the devil does not ride us any more...No clash of thought or of opinion makes a barrier between us...and both of us are free!

FADE OUT.

hm

THE END