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Leave Her to Heaven

By Jo Swerling

It's good to see you, Dick.
It's good to be back.
Everything has been arranged.
She's up there waiting for you.
Thank you.
Poor, dear man.
I... I guess I'll be going now.
Good luck to you, Dick.
Been through hell, hasn't he?
To a man like that,
two years in prison is worse than hell.
Isn't that Dick Harland, the chap
who used to live in Back of the Moon?
Yes, I believe it is.
Well, of all the seven deadly sins,
jealousy is the most deadly.
Oh, will you bring us
some coffee, please?
- You were his lawyer, weren't you?
- Yes, I defended him.
Some might say
I lost the case for him.
I read the newspapers, but I never
could make head nor tail of it.
Well...
...there's some things that
couldn't be told in the courtroom.
Yet, of all the people involved...
...I suppose I'm the only one
who knew the whole story.
You see, it was through me
they first met.
He'd been working very hard
on a new book.
I invited him up to my place
in New Mexico for a rest.
They met on the train.
- Thank you.
- You're quite welcome.
Oh, I'm sorry.
I was staring at you, wasn't I?
I didn't mean to, really.
It's only because...
Because you look so much

like my father.
When he was younger,
of course, your age.
A most remarkable resemblance.
For a moment I thought...
Do forgive me.
To tell you the truth,
I was doing quite a bit of staring myself.
And I assure you it's not because
you look like my mother.
In fact, I can't say you look like
anyone I've ever met before.
Then why did you stare?
- Do you want to know?
- If it's not too unflattering.
Now, you know perfectly well
that nothing I could say about you...
The way you look, I mean,
could be anything but flattering.
- Of course, if you don't like flattery...
- But I do.
On second thought,
it won't be flattery.
It'll be the truth
and nothing but the truth.
Any resemblance to flattery
will be sheer coincidence.
- Shall I proceed?
- Proceed.
While I was watching you, exotic words
drifted across the mirror of my mind...
...as summer clouds
drift across the sky.
Mmm.
- Couldn't you be a bit more specific?
- I'll try.
Watching you, I thought of tales
in the Arabian Nights...
...of myrrh and frankincense and....
- And patchouli?
- Patchouli, that's it.
Wait a minute.
I knew it. Here it is. I quote:
"As he watched her, exotic words

drifted across the mirror of his mind.
He thought of tales
in the Arabian Nights...
...of myrrh and frankincense
and patchouli. " Unquote.
- So that's where it came from.
- Oh, I guess so. But really, I wasn't...
I give you my word,
it's weeks since I read it.
- It must've impressed you enormously.
- The book? Not particularly.
- Rather a sloppy job, I thought.
- I agree with you.
You do?
Next stop, Jacinto.
Next stop, Jacinto.
Oh, that's me.
Jacinto. That's me.
Oh, there you are. Hello there.
Oh, it's nice to see you.
- Mrs. Berent.
- Hello.
- Hello.
Hello, baby, how are you?
Hello, darling.
- And how's Louise?
Fine.
- And the children?
- Fine, wonderfuI.
Get those bags, will you?
- Looking forward to seeing the ranch.
- Can you stay long?
Here! Here we are!
Hello there.
Hello, Glen, how are you?
Nice to see you.
- Glad to see you, Dick.
- You look fine.
- How's your brother?
- Danny's still flat on his back.
He wanted very much to come...
...but the doctor thought the trip
might be too much.
Oh, I'm sorry.

Ladies, may I present Mr. Harland?

Mrs. Berent.

- How do you do?

- How do you do?

Ruth Berent.

- How do you do?

- Hello.

Ellen Berent.

- How do you do?

- How do you do?

We met on the train, rather briefly.

Too briefly.

I've got the car right here, folks.

Are you all ready? Come on.

- Did you say Harland?

- Richard Harland.

Oh, Mr. Harland, I'm terribly sorry.

I doubt if I'll ever forgive you.

Wait till you get a look

at the new colts.

Oh, I bet they're darling.

Ellen, we've got plenty
of wild turkey this year.

WonderfuI.

- Big as ostriches, twice as ornery.

Hope you people

are all good and hungry.

- Here we are.

- Mom, they're here! They're here!

- Welcome to Rancho Jacinto.

Thank you, Glen.

- Mother, isn't it wonderfuI?

- It's beautifuI.

Ruth.

Oh, my dear.

Margaret.

I did want to come to meet you...

...but I thought it best to stay here
to supervise dinner.

- Ellen, how are you?

- How are you?

Dick, it's so good seeing you.

But where's Danny?

- He couldn't quite make it, Louise.

- Oh, I'm terribly sorry.
- Is he still at Warm Springs?
- Yes, he's getting along fine.
Oh, good.
You'll probably want to change.
Come on, I'll show you your room.
Those trout
were in the stream hours ago.
- You couldn't get that in Boston.
Perhaps, but our codfish...
I was born and raised
in Boston myself.
I yield to no one
in my passion for codfish.
- I hate codfish.
- So do I.
- Children, that's rank disloyalty.
- It's treason.
Mr. Harland, what do you think?
Mrs. Robie,
I'm what you call a salmon man.
Fact of the matter is Mother
just doesn't like New Mexico.
Since this is my first visit, I don't see
how you can say such a thing.
It's true just the same.
Father and I used to come here
every spring, year after year.
And occasionally Ruth came along,
but never Mother.
Too bad Mr. Berent didn't come along
this time. I've been told I resemble him.
- Who told you that, Mr. Harland?
- I did.
Louise, don't you think so?
Well, yes, now that you mention it.
- Glen?
- Well, in a way.
In every way.
I noticed it the minute I saw him
in the club car.
His face, his voice, his manner.
It's uncanny.
Well, I must admit

you've aroused my curiosity.
If I should get an opportunity
to meet your father...
That's hardly likely, Mr. Harland.
- My husband...
- We've come for my father's funeral.
My goodness, there is a resemblance.
Why, a most decided resemblance.
Tell me, what did they mean
about coming here for the funeral?
Oh, that was rather
a figure of speech.
As a matter of fact, Professor Berent
died some time ago in the East...
...and his body was cremated.
They brought the ashes here.
They're having the ceremony
in the morning.
- Where?
- High up in the mountains...
...sort of a plateau.
A favorite spot of his.
He used to go there a lot with Ellen.
Well, now, if you'll excuse me,
I'll see if the children have gone to bed.
Hello.
Hello.
Ellen's gone for a walk.
- Well, how did you know that I...?
- Oh, I'm quite psychic.
Oh.
And is your sister psychic too?
Oh, yes, much more than I am.
Only I'm not her sister.
- You're not?
- No, I'm her cousin.
I've lived with the family
ever since I was a child.
Mrs. Berent adopted me.
Good evening, Mr. Harland.
Oh, good evening.
In all fairness,
I must confess the nights here...
...seem more beautiful

than at Beacon Hill.

Infinitely. I think everything's
more beautiful here.

Ellen has gone for a stroll.

Thank you.

Hello.

Hello.

- Am I intruding?

- Not at all.

I...

Well, I'm afraid I owe you an apology.

It was rather clumsy of me at the table
to speak of your father.

That's all right.

You couldn't have known.

You were very close to your father,
weren't you?

Yes, we were inseparable.

From the time I was able to walk...

...we were both happiest
when we were together.

Engagement ring?

Yes.

I believe I'd better be going in now.

We're getting up at 5:00
in the morning.

- Good night.

- Good night.

Don't you think somebody
ought to look for Ellen?

- What for?

- Well, it's pretty wild country up there.

- Perhaps she's lost.

- Ellen knows her way home.

I know, but it's been over 12 hours.

Suppose something happened to her.

Nothing ever happens to Ellen.

Well, I think I'll take a ride
before I turn in.

- Are you all right?

Oh, yes, perfectly.

I just wanted to be alone for a while.

Thank you for coming
to the funeral.

- You knew I was there?
- Yes, I saw you as I rode by.
I hope you don't think
it was just curiosity.
No, I understand.
- I'm glad you were there.
- So am I. I'll never forget it.
Father used to say it was like riding
across the front lawn of heaven.
We made a pact to bring
our ashes here when we died.
"If you die first," I told him,
"I'll bring yours here.
If I die first, you'll bring mine. "
Yet, I know now...
...people you love don't really die.
Can we go now?
I'm not a bit sleepy, are you?
Not in the least.
Have you forgiven me yet?
- What I said about your book.
- Oh, that.
I have a different opinion now.
I finished reading the book last night
and I found it quite absorbing.
What made you
change your mind?
I got interested
in one of the characters.
- Which one?
- The author.
Well, I assure you the book
is not supposed to be about me.
Oh, but it is,
whether you like it or not.
"Every book's a confession,"
my father always said.
- You have to read between the lines.
- And did you?
- Well, what sort of man am I?
- You're a bachelor.
Thirty years old.
You were born and raised in Boston...
...and you went to Harvard,

where you edited the Lampoon.
When you graduated, you went to Paris
and you studied painting for a while.
You have a lodge in Maine
called Back of the Moon.
Before you went in for writing novels,
you were a newspaper man.
Your favorite sport is fishing, and you
speak French and Spanish quite well.
Shades of Sherlock.
You got all that
just from reading my book?
Just from reading the dust jacket.
It was all there under your picture.
You know, if you'd lived in Salem
Why did you give up painting?
Well, it was like this.
In the first place,
I discovered I was colorblind.
Since I was interested
in Post-Impressionism...
- ...that didn't matter, did it?
- No.
When I made the acquaintance
of the boys on the Left Bank...
...I found that they lived
in squalid garrets...
...and most of them
were miserably undernourished.
Have you ever known
what it was to be really hungry?
I'm hungry right now.
You must be.
You haven't had dinner, have you?
- Nor lunch.
- You poor thing, you must be famished.
Mrs. Robie told Emily
to leave you a tray.
Good.
Oh, there it is.
I'll get it.
Let me.
Tell me about your place in Maine.
Oh, it's just a cabin,

a shack, that's all.

But it's set down in just about the most beautiful country I've ever seen.

Why do you call it Back of the Moon?

Well, there's a lake up there, shaped like a crescent.

Danny and I used to spend all our summers there.

- You love Danny a lot, don't you?

- Well, naturally.

Is that why you've never married, because you've had to take care of him?

No, not exactly.

The way I feel about marriage...

Well, it's like... Thank you.

It's like that trip I made to Europe after I graduated.

I hadn't the least idea of going abroad.

It just happened.

I was taking a walk with a girl.

We went down to Boston Wharf and watched a freighter being loaded.

I liked the looks of her.

- The girl?

- No, the freighter.

She looked good to me and she smelled good.

I didn't know where she was going, but I knew I was going with her. And I did.

Mmm....

This is the tastiest sandwich I've ever eaten.

- What is it?

- Turkey. Wild turkey.

- Ever hunted them?

- No, I haven't.

It's tricky shooting.

They're sort of scary, but they're so big and clumsy, they hate to take wing.

It's a lot of fun.

I'd like to try it sometime.

- How about tomorrow?

- Well, if Glen has no other plans.

- I meant just the two of us.

- I'd love to.

Why did you come for me tonight?

Well, I don't know exactly. Everybody assured me you'd be perfectly all right. I guess it was just an impulse.

- Like the time you took the freighter?

- Yes.

You knew I was coming up there tonight.

You were waiting for me, weren't you?

Yes.

And you came, didn't you?

Well....

Good night.

Hello.

- What's going on up there?

- I'm just pruning and tying up the roses.

- I hope I wasn't interfering.

- Not at all. I'm glad you're here.

I was thinking about you.

Something you said the other night.

- What did I say?

- Something rather strange.

You said you'd been adopted by Mrs. Berent.

Well, what's so strange about that?

Well, you didn't say

Mr. and Mrs. Berent.

- Weren't you adopted by both of them?

- Yes, of course.

- Why did you say Mrs. Berent?

- I don't know.

I suppose it was because she suggested that...

She was alone so much of the time, and I...

I mustn't keep you from your work.

- Be careful.

- Oh, I'm all right.

How's that for an entrance?

Perfect.

I'm delighted to see you.

- All of you.

- Thank you.
I do hope I've interrupted you
in your work.
You have, constantly, all morning.
How could I?
I haven't been with you till now.
Oh, yes, you have. I've been thinking
about you and about Quinton.
- Who told you his name?
- Glen Robie.
- How did he happen to tell you?
- I asked him.
- Why?
- Because I hated Quinton.
- Do you know him?
- No.
- Then why do you hate him?
- Because you knew him.
That's nice.
You going to hate everybody I know?
You've lost your ring.
No, I took it off an hour ago.
Forever.
Come on, hurry up!
I'll race you across.
One, two, three, go.
Thattaboy, Lin.
Come on, Lin, keep it up.
Come on.
- Lin's going to win.
No. Ellen.
Ellen always wins.
The winner!
Don't forget we have a date
after lunch.
Quiet, Fritz. Lie down.
What's the matter with you?
Oh, come in.
Hello, Robie.
Quiet, Fritz. Quiet.
Let me take your things.
Thank you.
Here, let me fix your tie.
Well, hello.

- What in the world brought you here?

- An airplane.

I grabbed the first one I could catch
after getting your telegram yesterday.

Why all the rush?

I wanted to be among the first
to congratulate you...

...on your forthcoming marriage.

Well, we hadn't planned

to announce it for a while...

...but since you've let the cat
out of the bag....

Darling, this is Russell Quinton.

My fianc, Richard Harland.

How do you do?

- Might I have a moment with you alone?

- Certainly. We can go in the library.

Will you excuse us?

Mrs. Berent, Ruth.

Dick. Dick, is it true?

- I'm so happy for Ellen. For both of you.

- Thank you.

That's all very well, but what I want
to know is when and how?

- Well....

- I'm sorry, Russ. Really, I am.

I never expected you to come here
in the midst of a political campaign.

- When do you plan to be married?

- As soon as possible.

Would it be convenient for you
to postpone it until the fall?

Until after election, you mean.

It wouldn't do me much good
for the news to get out...

...that I'd been jilted
and thrown aside like an old shoe.

Oh, come now, Russ.

Surely there's no political significance...

...in the fact that a lady
has changed her mind.

I don't understand it, Ellen.

I always knew you'd never marry me
while your father was alive.

But after he died, I thought...
Well, I thought there might be a chance.
What happened?
I'm in love.
We intend to get married at once.
Tomorrow.
Don't look so downcast.
I'll still be able to vote for you.
Perhaps you don't think I'm good enough
for you or romantic enough.
People thought I was marrying
into the Berent family for reasons...
...but that's not true.
I want you to know
that I had only one reason.
I want you to know
that I was in love with you.
I'm not a man who loves often, Ellen.
I love once.
Thank you, Russ.
That's quite a concession.
I loved you...
...and I'm still in love with you.
That's a tribute.
And I always will be.
Remember that.
Russ, is that a threat?
Now, look here, Ellen...
Darling, will you marry me?
Why, you unpredictable little...
And I'll never let you go.
Never, never, never.
Ellen, there he is.
Danny.
Dick.
Dick!
Easy, boy, easy.
Oh, Dick!
Hey, you've put on weight.
- I believe you've actually grown.
- You look sort of different yourself.
Get my telegram?
Yeah, but I didn't sleep much
that night.

I kept thinking, "Now he's left
the ranch, and now he's in Chicago. "
I kept seeing that train
coming nearer and nearer.
- I counted every turn of the wheels.

ELLEN:

Hi, Danny.

Hi, Ellen.

I hope you like her, Danny, because
if you don't, we'll send her right back.

Oh, please don't let him fire me,

Danny. I like this job.

Don't you worry.

If he fires you, I'll hire you.

Thank you.

- Were you surprised to get my letter?

Not a bit. I knew what was
in that letter even before I opened it.

I just kept reading it over
and over again, just to sort of...

- Get used to the idea?

- Yeah.

I was trying to picture
what kind of a place Taos was...

...how long a honeymoon is.

Ellen didn't like Taos.

I thought Warm Springs would be
better for a honeymoon.

I hope you can stay a while.

We're going to take a cottage
right here in Warm Springs.

- And live here, you mean?

- That's right.

That's Ellen's idea.

That's the way she wants it.

Gosh.

Well, Mrs. Harland.

I think I can feel safe in saying
the job is permanent.

Thank you, sir. I always does my best.

I trust you'll find the soup
to your taste.

It's sheer understatement

to call this ambrosia soup.
I call it consomm la patchouli.
When you hire a cook,
teach her the recipe.
I have no intention of hiring a cook
or a housekeeper or any other servants.
- You mean for the present.
- Ever.
- Idiot.
- I don't want anybody else but me...
...to do anything for you.
I want to keep your house and wash
your clothes and cook your food.
A born slavey.
I don't want anybody else
in the house but us.
- Ever?
- Ever.
Well, but suppose in the natural course
of events....
- Well, that's different.
- And what about Danny?
Well, that's different too.
Only three people have been
to Back of the Moon:
Me and Dick and Thorne.
- Who's Thorne?
- Leick Thorne. He's a woodsman.
He helped build the house, the dam,
the boathouse and all.
He takes care of the place.
I'd like to get hold of some
of Richard's baby pictures.
- Could I, do you suppose?
- Yeah, there's a whole album full.
A lot of college yearbooks
with loads of pictures of him.
Only, there's one he doesn't like
to show to anybody.
Why not?
Well, it's got a picture
of Enid Sothern in it.
Who's she?
The one they voted

the best-looking girl.

- Was she really beautiful?

- Not as beautiful as you are.

Thank you, Danny.

Won't it be wonderful

when you can go back to school?

Gosh, yes.

- What school did you go to?

- Same one as Dick.

- Boarding school?

- Yeah.

- Oh, that must be fun.

- Sure is.

Uh... Has Dick been busy lately?

Yes, he's been working awfully hard
on his book.

We mustn't interrupt him.

Besides, have you forgotten
our secret?

Danny.

Dick. Dick.

Danny. Danny.

Now we can, all three of us,
go to Back of the Moon.

Can't we, Dick? Can't we?

You bet we can. You bet we can.

It's way up north, miles from nowhere.

I know all about that place.

I've heard about it plenty from Danny.

- He can't wait to get up there again.

- I know, that's my problem.

Dr. Mason, my husband is planning
to leave for Back of the Moon...

...as soon possible,

and he wants to take Danny with us.

So do I, of course.

- What's the problem?

- Well, it's so remote up there.

Wild and rugged

and miles from the nearest town.

The facilities are primitive.

There isn't a telephone...

...in case we need a doctor for Danny.

I'm sure he won't need

a doctor up there.

- Or medicine?

- Or medicine or anything.

- What about school?

- That can wait.

I must say Danny's progress

has been rather remarkable.

I don't know how you did it.

You must've willed that boy to walk.

But don't you see, doctor...

...my husband will be busy

a good deal of the time writing...

- ...and with nobody else...

- Isn't somebody there?

- Somebody by the name of Thorne?

- Yes, but he's leaving, and so it'll be...

I assure you, I don't want
to shirk any responsibility.

I'm thinking only of Danny, and I...

No, that isn't true.

I'm thinking a little about myself too.

I know you'll understand, Dr. Mason.

I gave up my honeymoon

to come here...

...so my husband could be

with his brother.

But he's been working,

and the burden's been on me.

I've spent hours here every day.

I was glad to do it.

It was no sacrifice at all.

I love Danny as much as he does...

...and I'm just as happy as he is

that Danny's doing so well.

But after all, he's a cripple.

I'm sorry.

I didn't mean to say that.

I'm sure you didn't.

I didn't mean it.

Of course not.

I'm afraid I haven't been

too well myself lately.

Mrs. Harland,

what do you want me to do?

I want you to tell my husband it would be better for Danny to stay here.
But that isn't true. It's much better for him to go to Back of the Moon.
But it could do no harm for him to stay here or go back to school.
If you'll tell my husband...
- Why don't you tell him?
- Because coming from you...
- Richard.
- Hello, doctor.
Oh, Richard, I've got such wonderful news.
Dr. Mason just consented to let Danny come with us to Back of the Moon.
Oh, no, darling, please.
Let me.
I want to be the first to tell him.
And this is Leick Thorne.
Hello?
Yes. It's for you.
Hello?
Oh, golly, Ellen!
We're going to Back of the Moon.
Yes, Ellen.
When?
Tomorrow?
Oh, gosh.
Yeah?
Gee, thanks, Ellen.
Gosh.
Good morning.
Good morning.
Oh, darling, I dreamed you were...
What gives?
Another day with you.
Twenty-four hours with you.
Good morning, Dick.
- Hey, good morning, Danny.
- Good morning, Ellen.
Hi, Danny!
Hey!
How about a dip in the lake before breakfast?

Okay.

- Morning, Mrs. Harland.

Thorne.

Who gets up first, you or the sun?

Well, mostly it's neck and neck.

I thought I'd fix breakfast
for you this morning.

Oh, no. That's my job.

I'm beginning to feeI sort of like
a fifth wheeI around here.

You mustn't feeI like that.

Richard considers you a part
of the place.

You must've been especially nice to him
when he was a boy.

Oh, that wasn't hard. He was a nice kid.

You must've had
wonderfuI times together.

Yes, tolerable.

Did he change much
when he got to be a young man?

Not especially.

Did he use to confide in you a lot?

Yeah, sometimes.

Did he ever tell you
about Enid Sothern?

- Who?

- Enid Sothern.

I don't especially recall he did.

Who was she?

Oh, nobody in particular, I guess.

Just schooI stuff.

I'll take those.

- Thorne, do you dream a lot?

- Never.

I had the most awfuI nightmare
last night.

We were out in the skiff, my husband
and I, and he jumped in for a swim.

But I was too lazy,
so I just rowed after him.

Somehow I was afraid. When we got
to the middle of the lake...

...I thought it was time for him

to get in the boat.
So I decided to call out to him,
but I had no voice.
Suddenly, Richard went under,
not diving, but the way seals do...
...just sort of settling in the water.
Then he came up again,
and one of his arms flung out to me...
...as if he were trying to call to me.
I tried to row to him, but the lake
was like glue. The boat wouldn't move.
My arms were paralyzed.
Then he went down again...
...and this time he stayed down.
I reckon there's only one way left
for you to save his life.
- How?
- For you to wake up.
That's just what I did.
Hey!
Come and get it!
- Come on in, Ellen!
The water's swell!
I guess we'd better go in.
Okay, last one in is a sissy.
Oh, no!
- No what?
- Good grief!
- "'Will you marry me?' he said. "
- Well, what's wrong with that?
First, men never propose. They may
think they do, but it's really the woman.
Who told you that? Ripley?
If men do propose, they never say,
"Will you marry me?"
Get away. Get away, gadfly.
- Did you ever propose to a woman?
- Hundreds of them.
- When you proposed to Enid Sothern...
- Who told you about Enid Sothern?
Did you say, "Will you marry me?"
- I didn't propose to her.
- Did she propose to you?
- Beat it, will you?

- How did you propose to me?
- Uh....
- You didn't.
I proposed to you, like this.
- Remember?
- Okay, I'll marry you...
...right after I finish my chapter.
Oh, I hate your chapter.
I hate all your chapters.
- They take up too much of your time.
- Funny, that's what my publisher says.
No, I'm serious. After all, it isn't
as if you had to write for a living.
I've got more than enough
for both of us...
...and it's the dearest wish
in my heart to support you.
Is that bad?
Oh, darling, I didn't know it could be
so wonderful here, Back of the Moon.
- You like it here, do you?
- Every minute...
- ...if only it weren't so crowded.
- Crowded?
Why, this is the most remote,
uninhabited place east of the Mojave.
I mean the cabin.
Not that I mind chaperones,
not in the least.
But there's Danny's room on one side of
us and Thorne's room on the other side.
And the wall's as thin as paper,
and the acoustics disgustingly perfect.
Well, at least nobody snores.
Do you know since we've been married,
we've never been alone, not for a day?
- Do you know...?
- Do you know...
...Thorne moved his cot
to the boathouse this morning?
He did? Oh, Richard,
I hope you didn't tell him I...
Oh, not at all. It was his own idea.
As far as Danny's concerned...

- Where is Danny?
- He went with Thorne.
- Where's Thorne?
- He went to town.
- You don't mean they'll stay in town?
- Oh, certainly not.
- Then why did they go?
- Do you have to know everything?
- Tell me.
- No.
- Tell me.
- Cut it out.
- Tell me.
- Stop it. It's a secret.

You can't have any secrets from me.

We wanted to surprise you, honey.

Danny, you sing one. Come on.

What was that?

That was a loon. There's a couple of them across the lake.

They sound horrible.

You'll get used to it. Wait till you see the deer. You'll love them.

They come right up to the cabin to be fed.

- What do you give them?

- Potato peelings and salt.

And then, of course, there's our porcupine.

Oh, yeah. He used to come every morning and nibble on the doorstep.

The Robies paid us a visit at Bar Harbor just before we left.

Are they well?

- The children had the mumps.

- Oh.

Of course, you've heard about Russ Quinton being elected district attorney.

Really?

They say he's got his mind set on the governorship.

It wouldn't surprise me if he made it.

Can we find some wild wisteria and transplant it around the cabin?

- I know where there's some.
- Oh, fine. Then tomorrow we...
I'm afraid Thorne
won't have time for that.
He has his work to do.
Look what I can do.
Thorne showed me.
Oh.
After all, Mother, you must remember
Ellen didn't expect us.
We shouldn't have come, Ruth.
We shouldn't have come.
There must be loose bricks
in the chimney.
I noticed it wasn't drawing very well.
Did you hear me, darling?
What happened tonight?
Since Ruth and your mother arrived
you've been acting like a shrew.
At the landing you were cold,
at dinner, aloof.
- After dinner you were beastly.
- I didn't expect guests.
- I thought you'd be pleased.
- Don't let's quarrel, Richard.
And Danny adores you.
You hurt him. Why?
- I was upset.
- You were insulting to your mother...
...and mean to Thorne,
treated him like a servant.
- Isn't he?
- Certainly not!
He's a friend,
one of my dearest friends.
Is Ruth one of your
dearest friends too?
What's eating you?
Ruth is your sister.
Ruth is not my sister. All night long,
you devoted yourself to her!
Well, somebody had
to make her welcome.
Maybe you're in love with her.

You're in a rotten mood, Ellen.
- Maybe that's why you invited her.
- Do you want her to hear you?
You can't draw a breath in this room
without being heard all over the house.
Let's change the name from
Back of the Moon to Goldfish Manor.
What's happened to you?
You're whipping yourself
into a fit of hysterics.
Oh, no, I mustn't do that.
It might disturb Mother and Ruth
or wake up Danny!
Ellen, what's got into you?
I don't know.
I don't know.
Oh, darling, forgive me.
I'm sorry.
I can't help it.
It's only because I love you so.
I love you so I can't bear to share you
with anybody.
Well, the gal with the hoe.
Oh.
You're doing a swell job.
It's easy here. You just put things
in the ground and they grow.
It's much harder by the sea
where we live.
Dick, when are you going to visit us
at Bar Harbor?
When I finish the book maybe.
I think you'll like it there.
We were talking about it this morning,
Mother and I.
We thought it might be a good idea
for Danny to go back with us.
The beach is lovely,
and we have a sailboat.
He'd have a wonderful time.
I'm sure he would.
There's a school too,
an excellent school.
Yes, I know.

Ellen told me all about it.
I'll have a talk with Danny.
Dick, as far as I've read, it's splendid.
Oh, well, just for that I'll dedicate
the book to you.
And what shall I say?
To my sweet, to my beautiful,
my discerning mother-in-law who...
Who advised me to dedicate
this book to my wife.
- I'll dedicate the next one to her.
- You dedicate them all to her.
I hope you'll send me the rest
when it's finished.
There are only
a few more chapters to write.
I'll wind it up before you leave.
That's hardly likely.
We're leaving Saturday.
Saturday? That's preposterous.
You've only been here a few days.
Yes, and they've been wonderful days.
Ruth and I shall never forget them.
But there are reasons
why we must be getting home.
- Does Ellen know you're leaving?
- I told her this morning.
Now, don't look so downcast, Dick.
In a way, mothers-in-law
are like children.
They should be seen and not heard...
...and not seen too much.
What's wrong with Ellen?
There's nothing wrong with Ellen.
It's just that she loves too much.
Perhaps that isn't good.
It makes outsiders of everyone else.
But she can't help it.
You must be patient with her.
She loved her father too much.
Please, sit still.
How do you expect me...?
I can't help it. It tickles.
You'll just love our house by the sea.

There are rocks on one side
of the beach. When it's low tide...
...you can go there and watch
the anemones and ink-squids.
And there are the most wonderful shells
and pebbles, all sizes and colors.
Sounds swell.
Hold still.
How would you like to go
to Bar Harbor for a while?
I had a letter from Ruth,
and she'd love to have you.
I'd love to go.
With Dick, you mean?
He doesn't want to leave
until the new book's finished.
Then we can join you.
Well, I'd rather wait then...
...till we can all go together,
the three of us.
We wouldn't be separated for long,
just a few weeks.
No, I'd rather wait.
Can I swim all the way across today?
- Think you could make it?
- Why, sure.
I made it 3/4 yesterday
and wasn't a bit tired.
- All right.
- If I make it today...
- ...can we show Dick tomorrow?
- Yes, tomorrow.
We don't have to tell him how long
I've been practicing, do we?
No, we can just pretend you decided
to do it on the spur of the moment.
Yeah, that's what we'll do.
You know,
I can just see him watching now.
After a while he'll say,
"That's enough. Get back in the boat. "
I'll pretend like I didn't hear him
and keep on going.
Are you ready?

Ready.

- You think you can make it, Danny?

- It's a cinch.

Don't worry about your direction.

I'll keep you on your course.

Okay.

Are we halfway to the point yet?

Not yet.

You're not making

very much progress, Danny.

Are you all right?

I'm a little winded.

I had a kink in my side,

but it's gone now.

- You'd better float for a while.

- Yeah.

I.... I think I'm getting tired.

Take it easy.

You don't want to give up

when you've come so far.

Okay. I'll get my second wind

in a minute.

Oh....

The water's cold.

Colder than I thought.

I ate too much lunch.

I have a stomachache. Ellen!

It's a cramp.

Ellen, it's a cramp!

Ellen! Ellen!

Help me!

Danny!

Danny!

Danny!

I've been cleaning Father's laboratory.

It might be a good place

for Dick to work.

He's dropped his work.

He's dropped everything.

I'm losing him, Ruth.

I'll die if I lose him.

Perhaps if you went back to the lodge,

just the two of you.

No, he hates it now,

everything about it.
He never wants
to set foot there again.
And he doesn't want
to go back to Boston.
If I only knew what he was thinking.
You've always helped me, Ruth.
Help me now.
A little time, Ellen, you'll see.
He's had a great loss.
There's a great emptiness in his life.
If he only had a child of his own.
Oh, it's wonderful!
When Ellen was little,
her father fixed this as a playroom.
When she grew up,
he used it as a laboratory.
It's going to be a playroom again,
as it was before.
Not exactly. Your baby was a girl.
Ours is going to be a boy.
- You've decided that, have you?

RICHARD:

Ellen gave me her word of honor.
Stand still, will you?
- I've got a kink in my neck.
- Dotted Swiss is nice for the curtains.
- What about the rug?
- Don't put rugs in children's playrooms.
- You use linoleum.
- Why?
Linoleum washes easier, just in case.
Say, you women think
of everything, don't you?
- All right, you can rest.
- Oh.
Ellen, you shouldn't have walked up
those stairs.
You know what the doctor told you.
Come here and sit down.
What have you done
with Father's lab?
We didn't want you to see it

till it was finished.

- Where are his things?

- We stored them in the basement.

Why didn't you consult me?

We wanted to surprise you.

It's an ideal place for a playroom.

But I didn't want the room changed,
ever. I wanted it left just as it was.

I know you don't like being surprised,
but we were trying to please you.

Come on, darling,
everything's so wonderful now.

Patchouli.

You'll have to behave yourself.

Imagine eating shrimps
at a time like this.

- Where's Richard?

- He went to town.

They upset you.

I've been telling you that for years.

- Did Ruth go with him?

I think so.

Especially now, in your condition.

- When did they leave?

- Right after lunch.

And another thing,
don't try to be so blamed athletic.

What time is it, Mother?

- Almost 5.

- You've got to stop gadding about.

Gadding?

What are you talking about?

- This baby's making a prisoner of me.

- Why are you having it then?

I can't do anything.

I can't go any place.

- I don't even see my husband.

- Why don't you have him come here?

Because I don't want him
to see me this way.

That doesn't make sense.

Those are orders, now.

No shrimps. No stairs.

And don't you budge off that couch.

Hey!

- Oh! Oh!

Get those, Ruth.

- Oh, heavens!

Hey!

There.

- What are you doing?

You look so funny. You should always wear your hat like that.

I missed you this afternoon.

What did you do

when you went to town?

Oh, we just shopped around for the baby things.

You were gone about four hours.

Well, we walked to town and back.

Rather a long walk, isn't it?

Tell me, what did you talk about?

Oh, a lot of things.

About Danny?

No.

- About me?

- Not especially.

You're looking very well, Ruth.

I've never seen you so happy.

Tell me, do you think

Richard loves me?

Well, now, that's a silly thing to say.

Oh, I know in the beginning

he loved me.

But I'll tell you something funny,

he never liked me.

- He loved you, but he never liked you?

- That's right.

We've never really been friends,

like you and he.

He likes you.

Tell me, has he found a nickname

for you yet?

Well, not exactly.

Sometimes he calls me "the gal with the hoe," to kid me about my gardening.

He used to call me Patchouli.

Look at me.

I hate the little beast.
I wish it would die!
Ellen!
Shocked, aren't you?
If you were having the baby,
you'd love it.
Well, I never wanted it.
Richard and I never needed
anything else.
And now this.
How can you say such wicked things?
Sometimes the truth is wicked.
You're afraid of the truth,
aren't you, Ruth?
No, you're the one who's afraid.
Ellen!
Call the doctor.
What happened?
- She must have tripped.
Hello, Dr. Saunders?
This is Ruth Berent.
Please come over at once.
Something terrible has happened.
Well, we couldn't save the child.
It was a boy.
Well.... I hadn't really hoped that...
- As long as she's out of danger.
- Oh, yes, you may rest assured of that.
When she came to, she remembered
nothing about leaving her room.
She thought she must have been
walking in her sleep.
She couldn't have been asleep. I was
with her 20 minutes before it happened.
You can go in and see her now
for a moment if you like.
First his brother...
...and now his son.
Yes?
No, she's not here at the moment.
I'd be glad to take a message.
Yes, I will.
Don't mention it.
Ruthie, my lass, the surf was wonderfuI.

You should've come in for a dip.
Too cold for me.
You're a softy.
You always were.
Hmm.
Richard's new book.
Nice.
Where is everybody?
Dick's gone for a walk.
Mother's in her room.
I'm worried about Mother these days,
the way she keeps to her room.
- Isn't she well?
- Perfectly well.
Then why do you suppose
she insists on acting like a hermit?
- Why don't you ask her?
- She won't talk to me.
I can't imagine what's come over her.
Oh, by the way,
that phone call was for you.
Somebody from the travel bureau
in town.
Said it was all right about the
transportation and hotel reservations.
Who's going places and where?
I am. Mexico.
Well, why the wanderlust
all of a sudden?
I just thought I'd like
to get away for a while.
From what?
Is there anything strange
about wanting to take a trip?
No, I suppose not, but why Mexico?
I've always wanted to see Mexico.
I've never heard you
say anything about it before.
What part of Mexico?
Taxco.
- When are you going?
- Next week.
- With Mother?
- No.

- By yourself?

- By myself.

What are you running away from?

Is it me?

When we were kids, you tormented me every way you could think of.

- You can't do that anymore.

- Is it Richard?

I'm going away because I can't stand living in this house any longer.

The whole place is filled with hate. Your hate.

Not hate, love, Ruth.

Richard's love for me.

All these weeks I was

in the hospital, helpless...

...you had him here to yourself, but it didn't do you any good, did it?

He loves me more than ever.

That's what you can't abide.

- That's why you envy me, isn't it?

- I don't envy you, Ellen.

All my life I've tried to love you, to please you.

All of us have. Mother, Father and now Richard, and what have you done?

With your love, you wrecked Mother's life and pressed Father to death.

With your love,

you've made a shadow of Richard.

No, Ellen, I don't envy you.

I'm sorry for you.

You're the most pitiful creature

I've ever known.

Hello, Richard.

Have a nice walk?

You haven't shaved, darling, but I'll forgive you.

Your new book just came.

I've been glancing through it.

I noticed the dedication:

"To the gal with the hoe. "

I'd hoped it would be

"To Patchouli. "

But I suppose she did help you
with it a lot.
Oh, well, there'll be other books.
Darling, I had no idea the setting
of your book was Mexico.
I didn't even know you'd been there.
Why didn't you tell me?
Is anything wrong, Richard?
You're so strange.
You've been avoiding me.
Going off by yourself.
Where do you go?
What do you think about?
Whatever it is,
can't you share it with me?
We haven't done that for a long time,
shared things.
Ever since Danny...
You've never forgiven me
for that, have you?
You've always blamed me.
You did tell me not to let him swim
the lake unless you were with us...
...but we wanted to surprise you.
Danny was so happy planning
to surprise you.
He swam 3/4 the day before...
...and he was sure he could make it.
The water was so warm.
I thought there was no danger.
I must've looked away for a moment,
then when I looked back, he was sinking.
I pulled at the oars and then lost one,
and then I grew panicky.
It was like a nightmare.
Like walking in your sleep?
Yes.
Yes, I began to paddle
and the boat didn't seem to move.
So you let him drown.
Didn't you?
- Didn't you?
- Richard, you're hurting me.
What happened that day

at Back of the Moon?
You'd got rid of everybody else.
Your mother, Ruth, Thorne.
There was only Danny left.
What were you thinking of?
You never really cared for him.
You only pretended to.
What happened?
Did he refuse to leave?
Don't, Richard. Don't.
- Is that why you killed him?
- I didn't mean to let him drown.
But you did, didn't you?
You're a perfect swimmer...
...and the boat was so far away,
he was going down for the third time.
You killed him.
You let Danny drown, didn't you?
- Didn't you?
- Yes.
I did. I let him drown,
and I'd do it again.
I didn't want him around.
I didn't want anyone but you.
I knew it.
I must have known it all along...
...but I kept pushing it out
of my mind.
I couldn't believe it.
I didn't want to believe it.
How could I?
You loved me, you said.
Wanted only to make me happy.
Yes, that was all I ever wanted,
Richard. Your happiness, only that.
I didn't mean to let Danny drown.
I didn't plan it, I swear I didn't.
But when he went under...
...I thought if he never came up,
I'd have you all to myself.
I thought if he was gone,
you'd have only me.
And while I was thinking that,
he was gone.

I was sorry then, and frightened. I tried to find him, tried honestly, tried hard.

But it was too late.

Why don't you kill me, Richard?

You could so easily, you know.

And the baby.

- You never wanted it, did you?

- No.

Don't you see? I didn't want anyone around. Only you.

I wanted to be just with you. I couldn't stand having anyone between us.

Oh, I love you so, Richard.

I love you so.

I'm leaving you, Ellen.

Mr...

...Russell...

...Quinton.

District...

...attorney.

Sussex.

Flight 17, the sunset special, now loading at gate seven.

Mr. Richard Harland wanted at the telephone.

Inquire at Information.

- I'm Richard Harland.

- Use the phone number one.

Thank you.

Hello.

Yes, this is...

Oh, hello.

What?

Well, how did it happen?

Oh, yes, of course.

I'll take the first train back.

Dr. Saunders, I'm sorry to get you out of bed, but she's much worse.

Would you hold on for just a minute, please?

- Oh, Dick.

- Thanks.

- Where is she?

- In her room.

It happened very suddenly. We were having a picnic lunch at the beach. Doctor, it seems to be more serious than you thought. Come at once, please. Richard.

I'm going to die.

Don't talk like that, Ellen.

You're going to be all right.

No.

And you mustn't feel sorry for me.

I'm not afraid.

Only...

Only, promise me one thing.

I want to be cremated.

Like my father.

And my ashes scattered in the same place.

- Remember?

- I remember.

Promise?

Of course, I promise.

Anything you like, only...

Richard!

I'll never let you go, Richard.

Never.

Never.

Never.

Murder.

Cold, brutal, premeditated murder.

The State will prove that

on the afternoon of September 5th...

...at a picnic attended by Ellen Harland, her mother and her adopted sister...

...that Ellen met death

as a result of poisoning.

The State will prove that the sugar

with which Ellen sweetened her coffee...

...was mixed with poison...

...and that she met death

by reason of that poison.

The State will prove that the defendant

had both motive and opportunity...

...to commit this dreadful crime.

And the State will prove

that the defendant, Ruth Berent...
...deliberately and maliciously plotted
and carried through the murder.
It'll be all right.
I refer now to the envelope found
in the defendant's leather jacket.
When you analyzed the contents
of this envelope, what did you find?
The apparent sugar
tested 60 percent arsenic.
Shortly after you made this test,
I came to you with a sealed parcel.
The contents was a bottle
half full of white powder.
I show you the bottle.
- That's it.
- You analyzed the contents?
- I did.
- What was it?
Pure arsenic.
- Your witness, Mr. Robie.
- No questions.
Mr. Medcraft, you are the manager
of the Bay State Mortuary?
I am.
Were the remains of the late Mrs. Ellen
Harland cremated at your establishment?
- Yes, sir.
- Who made the arrangements?
Miss Ruth Berent.
Your witness.
- No questions, Mr. Quinton.
Mr. Carlson, what is your occupation?
Vice president
of the Seaboard Trust Company.
Your bank is trustee for the estate
of the late Ellen Berent Harland.
Yes, sir.
When was the last time
you saw Mrs. Harland?
After she got out of the hospital.
Did she make any provision in her will
about being cremated after her death?
No, she did not.

Would you tell the jury
what provision she did make?
She requested that she be buried in the
family vault at Mount Auburn Cemetery.

- Hello, Dick.

Hello.

- Good evening.

Good evening, dear.

Tomorrow, Dick,
you'll go on the witness stand.

You must remember that Quinton
isn't just the prosecutor.

You may rest assured he'll have
his brass knuckles on.

He'll throw the whole book at you.

He'll ask you some questions
that won't be easy to answer.

One in particular.

Do you swear to tell the truth...

...and nothing but the truth,
so help you God?

I do.

Your name?

- Richard Harland.

- Your profession?

- Writer.

If you don't mind, Mr. Harland, I shall
ask you for a moment to be a reader.

I have been asked how I happened
to investigate the death of Mrs. Harland.
This letter is my answer.

I ask you to read it.

- Aloud?

- Please.

"Dear Russ,

I'm writing this letter to you...

...because we once meant
a great deal to each other...

...and there is no one else to whom

I can go for help. Richard is leaving... "

Proceed, please, Mr. Harland.

"It was after I left the hospital I first
began to sense a change in my husband.

At first I thought it might be due

to the loss of our child...

...and then the truth, the awful truth,
began to dawn on me.

The reason for the change was Ruth.

Russ, they love each other,
and want to get rid of me.

When Richard suggested a divorce...

...I went to Ruth and begged her
to give him up.

She said she intended to have him
and would stop at nothing.

I told Ruth I would never
give Richard a divorce.

Then she threatened to kill me. "

Go on, Mr. Harland.

"Russ, I know she means it,
and is capable of it.

She will kill me first chance she gets. "

If you don't mind, Mr. Harland, would
you read that last paragraph louder?

"She will kill me

the first chance she gets. "

Go on, Mr. Harland.

"I'm afraid to stay in the house,
but I can't leave without Richard.

I'd rather die than give him up.

I don't know what to do

or where to turn, except to you.

- Please help me. Ellen. "

- Mr. Harland...

- ...identify the handwriting in this letter.

- Ellen's.

I call your attention

to the first sentence:

"I am writing this letter to you because
we once meant a great deal...

...to each other. "

Do you know the significance of this?

I suppose it refers to the fact

you once were engaged to her.

Yes, we were once engaged.

Did you know that

when you first met her?

- She was wearing an engagement...

- When you met...
- ...you knew she was engaged?
- Yes.
- In spite of that, made love to her?
- I suppose.

Will you tell the jury
about this courtship?

I didn't exactly court her.

- She courted you?
- No, not that either.

Well, then what do you mean?

- I knew she'd marry me if I asked her.
- So you decided to ask her?
- No, I decided not to.
- Did she ask you?
- Not exactly.
- Then how'd you happen to get married?

Why, I found one day that she had
removed her engagement ring.

She gave me to understand...

I realized then

that I was in love with her.

- Did you tell her so?
- Yes.

What did she say?

She said she would never let me go.

How soon after this
were you married?

A couple of days later.

She wanted it that way.

- Were you reluctant?
- I was doubtful.

Now, Mr. Harland, I don't say this
critically, nor in mockery...

...nor to suggest

that you are conceited.

But simply to be sure

that I understand you correctly.

You suggest that a beautiful young
woman, engaged to another man...

...falls in love with you, wins you, and
persuades you into a quick marriage...

...against your better judgment.

Is that a fair statement?

- Yes.

- I see.

Now, how soon after did you begin
to regret your surrender?

- Were you happy for the first month?

- Completely.

- Second, third, fourth?

- Yes.

Was Ruth at the New Mexico ranch...

- ...when Ellen met and courted you?

- Yes.

- Did you see much of Ruth at this time?

- No.

Where did you go
after you left New Mexico?

To Warm Springs, Georgia,
to visit my brother, Danny.

During your residence
in Warm Springs...

- ...did you have any servants?

- No.

- Who did the housework?

- Ellen.

- And the cooking?

- Ellen.

- You couldn't afford servants?

- It wasn't a question of afford.

She preferred it that way.

- Ellen liked doing things for you?

- Yes.

- Did Ruth visit you during this time?

- No.

Where did you go
after you left Warm Springs?

To a fishing lodge I have
at a place called Back of the Moon.

- Did anyone come with you?

- My brother, Danny.

- When was that?

- In June.

- In June, you happy with your wife?

- Yes.

- How about July?

- Yes.

You loved her in July.

How about August?

Did anyone come to visit you
in August?

- Mrs. Berent.

- Anybody else?

- Ruth.

- You loved Ellen in August?

- Well, how about August?

- My brother was drowned in August.

Yes, that must have saddened you.

But did it affect your love for Ellen?

Danny meant a lot to me.

- So did Ellen?

- Yes.

Danny was drowned in August.

Come to September.

Did your love for Ellen continue
in September?

- In a different way.

- In what different way?

- We were to have a baby.

- Your love for Ellen increased...

...because she was going

to have a baby?

- No, not exactly.

- Did it grow less?

- I don't know.

- What do you mean in a different way?

- I don't know.

- During this time you were living...

- ...in Bar Harbor at the Berent home?

- Yes.

- Ruth was there all the time?

- Yes.

- Your wife was confined to her room.

- A good part of the time.

- Did you see a great deal of Ruth?

- Yes.

- Practically every day?

- Yes.

When did you stop loving Ellen?

I don't know.

Isn't it true that shortly

before your wife died...

- ...you quarreled with her?

- Yes.

What about?

- I can't say.

- Wasn't it because Ellen...

- ...was jealous of Ruth?

- She had no reason to be.

Wasn't she?

- She was jealous of everybody.

But was she jealous of Ruth?

- I refuse to answer.

- Perhaps you'll answer this:

- Are you in love with Ruth?

- We're very good friends.

In love?

- I'm fond of her.

I want you to answer yes or no.

I'm asking you a very simple question.

Perhaps you didn't understand.

I shall repeat it.

Are you in love with Ruth?

Are you in love with Ruth?

Are you in love with Ruth?

I hand you a copy

of Richard Harland's new book.

Kindly turn to the dedication page.

Would you please read the dedication?

"To the gaI with the hoe. "

- To whom does that refer?

- To me.

Isn't it strange Mr. Harland

didn't dedicate his new book to his wife?

I don't think Ellen was interested

in the book.

- But you were?

- Very much.

- You worked with him on it?

- The finaI draft.

- Written while Ellen was in the hospitaI.

- Yes.

You were together a great deal

during Ellen's time in the hospitaI.

Well, we were...

- Working on the book.

- Yes.

Will you tell the jury where most of the action in this book takes place?

Taxco, Mexico.

- Had you been to Mexico before?

- No.

During the time you lived with the Berents...

- ...had you gone away on a trip alone?

- No.

- Why did you decide to go to Taxco?

- I wanted to get away.

- Expect to meet anybody there you knew?

- No.

- Expect to be joined there by anybody?

- No.

- Did Mr. Harland suggest to go to Taxco?

- No.

Get back to the dedication.

Why did Mr. Harland refer to you as "the gal with the hoe"?

- I'm rather fond of gardening.

- You did all of the gardening?

- Yes.

- Did you ever use chemical sprays...

- ...or insecticides?

- Yes.

- Any containing arsenic, for example?

- I don't know.

I show you a bottle here in evidence.

Do you recognize it?

Yes, it was mine.

It held bath salts.

- You aware of what it contains now?

- Yes.

By what chemical process do you suppose bath salts turned into poison?

- I don't know.

- I show you a leather jacket in evidence.

- Recognize it?

- It's mine.

I show you an envelope in evidence.

Recognize it?

- It's the envelope containing sugar.
- Which the State chemist testified...
- ...was 60 percent arsenic.
- Yes.

Which the sheriff testified was in the pocket of this jacket?

- Yes.
- Did you wear this jacket...
- ...on the day of the picnic?
- For a while.
- Then I gave it to Ellen.
- Why did you do that?
- She complained of feeling chilly.
- So you loaned her the jacket?
- Yes.
- Will you tell the jury who prepared...
- ...the food in the picnic hamper?
- Ellen and I.

Who prepared the sugar?

- I don't know. It must've been Ellen.
- Why do you think it was Ellen?

She was the one who took sugar with coffee.

- Who served coffee on the picnic day?
- I did.
- You gave her the sugar.
- Yes.
- That night she was dead.
- Yes.

And the very next day...

- ...her body was cremated?
- Yes.

The following day Harland left with the ashes for the New Mexico ranch...

- ...to dispose of them?
- Yes.
- So that no autopsy could be possible?
- No, no! That wasn't the reason.

Ellen always wanted to be cremated and have her ashes scattered...

- ...with her father's.
- Then why did she...
...have a clause inserted in her will requesting her buriaI at Mount Auburn?

- I can't explain it.
- There's many things you can't explain.
You can't explain how poison
got in the bath salt bottle.
Can't explain how it got in the sugar.
Can't explain why Ellen's body...
...was cremated
to make an autopsy impossible.
Can't explain why you made plans
to leave the country...
...shortly before your sister
was poisoned.
Perhaps you can explain this:
When did you fall in love
with Richard Harland?
- Did you ever tell him you loved him?
- No.
When did you fall in love?
You've dodged long enough.
You can answer a simple question
and I demand you do so!
When did you fall in love
with Richard Harland?
Did you love him after his brother
was drowned?
Did you love him after the death
of his stillborn child?
After his wife died?
Did you love him last week?
A month before?
A year before?
Are you in love with him today?
Yes. Yes, I am in love with him.
I think I've always loved him.
The State recalls Richard Harland
to the stand.
That's all.
Get some water, please.
Order in the court!
Richard Harland...
...you heard that woman finally
tell the truth.
And now I want the truth out of you.
You heard Ruth Berent confess

her love for you.
And now I ask you, as I have asked you
over and over, time and again:
Are you in love with her?
Are you in love with the woman
who murdered your wife?
My wife was not murdered.
She killed herself.
You honestly believe
Ellen committed suicide?
- Yes.
- Knowing her as you and I did...
...you think her capable,
not only of committing suicide...
...but falsely accusing her sister
of her death?
- Ellen was capable of anything.
- You want the jury to believe...
- ...that she was that sort of monster?
- Yes, she was that sort of monster.
A woman who sought to possess
everything she loved...
...who loved only for what
it could bring her.
Whose love estranged
her own father and mother.
Whose love possessed her father
until he couldn't call his soul his own.
Who, by her own confession to me,
killed my brother...
...killed her own unborn child...
...and who is reaching from the grave
to destroy her innocent sister.
Yes, she was that sort of monster.
Order in the court!
It took the jury only 10 minutes to bring
in a verdict of not guilty for Ruth.
But Harland had sacrificed himself.
In withholding knowledge
of Ellen's crime...
...he'd become an accessory.
He got two years.
But Ellen had lost.
I guess it's the only time

she didn't come out first.
I guess Dick's about home now.