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The Paradine Case

By Robert Hichens

- Dinner will be ready in 15 minutes.

- Thank you, Leakin.

Inspector Ambrose is here,
madam.

- Show him in will you?

- Yes, madam.

- Good evening, Inspector.

- Good evening, Mrs Paradine.

This is Sergeant Leggott.

- How do you do?

- How do you do?

I must say I'm surprised
to see you, Inspector.

I can't imagine anything
else you want from me.

I know, Mrs Paradine,

I know what you've been through...

but I'm here to arrest you.

That's incredible.

I'm sorry.

- Then you'll want me to go with you?

- Yes.

I'll tell them I won't need dinner.

Will you ring? The bell is there
beside the picture.

Do you like the picture?

It was finished a week
or two before he...

before he died.

I think the artist has caught
the blind man's look...

quite wonderfully.

Mrs Paradine, I have to use
some formal words.

Leakin, ask Helen for
my black coat and handbag.

I suppose if I need other clothes
they can be brought to me?

Yes, ma'am.

- Well?

- I have a warrant for your arrest.

I warn you that you

need not say anything...

but that what you say will be taken

down and may be used in evidence.
The warrant charges you
that on 6 May 1946...
you administered, or caused
to be administered...
a poisonous substance to Richard
Patrick Paradine. And murdered him.
Leakin, I probably won't be back
this evening.
Very well, madam.

- Tell Cook I'm sorry about dinner.
- Yes, madam.
- Goodnight.
- Goodnight madam.

Yes, I know the country very well.
But it's so difficult
to get there...

- you can't go by car...
- In here sir.

Forgive me for being late.
I was dressing for dinner
when your call came.

- I took it in a bath towel.
- This is Chief Inspector Ambrose.
Sir Simon, my family solicitor.

Yes, we're old friends.
How are you, Inspector?

Well, thank you, Sir Simon.
We don't often see you here.
You must excuse an old man.

I'm not very keen on this place.
We'll get out as soon as possible,
Mrs Paradine. As soon as possible.
When you're ready, we'll make
the formal charge.

- Do you want another room?
- That's not necessary.

Just give me
a couple of minutes here.
Now, let's not waste words.
I know the police are making
a terrible mistake.
We mustn't despair. Above all,
we mustn't despair.

- You're not despairing, are you?

- No, Sir Simon.

Let me see.

They'll read the charge...

and ask if you've anything to say.

You'd better say "No".

Quite simply:

Understood?

All right then.

Madelena Paradine...

the charge is that you,

on 6 May 1946...

did wilfully murder Richard Patrick

Irving Paradine.

Do you wish to say anything?

- I have nothing to say.

- That's all we can do.

I'll tell your maid to put together

some of things.

- You're allowed a few things.

- Who'll defend me? You?

At the trial?

No. Of course not.

I'll get you a distinguished leader

of The Bar.

- You know Anthony Keane?

- I've heard of him.

He's good in this sort of thing...

full of charm and cunning.

But juries like him. So do I.

- Won't it be difficult to get him?

- We'll see.

He's on a case in Lincoln now.

I'll go down and talk to him.

You'll like him.

It's not as important as his

liking me, is it?

I think he will.

Goodnight.

Goodnight.

Goodnight.

Would you come this way,

please?

- Think it over, Keane.
- I will, Simmie, I will.
- Evening, Baker.
- Good evening, sir.
- Tony?
- Yes, my love?

I knew it. You didn't have an umbrella or raincoat. Oh, darling. You're wet through Tony. Baker, will you bring up the cocktails?

- You might ask me if I won.
- You always win.

Even if you don't come home dry. Simmie's car, it leaks. Come and have a hot shower. I'll make your drink strong.

We may pull through.

- Simmie wants me to take a case.
- Oh?

Mrs Paradine.

- I don't believe she did it.
- Could you tell me why?

As her lawyer, I could use any bit of evidence.

Nice people don't murder other nice people.

So you think she's nice.

Her photograph looks nice.

If not, she wouldn't have married that poor blind man.

Here you are.

- Just right.
- Good.

So nice people never murder their husbands?

I suppose

there are circumstances.

It's amazing how 11 years with the greatest realist in the country...

haven't altered your lovely delusions about nice people.

I'm glad you're defending her.

- Why?
- Well... Your hair's wet. I'll rub it.

- Not so hard.
- It's nice you can help others.
Even save their lives.
But you've changed. 11 years ago
you wouldn't have taken this case.
Nonsense, I never turn down
a big fee. Then or now.
You'd have taken it, but only after
sneering at the decadence of the rich.
I hardly recognise my lost ideals.
I remember the first time
you called on me...
with 2 tickets for that Shaw play.
Remember?
You'd forgotten to dress. The look on
Mother's face as we left the house.
It took you 5 years
to forgive that look.
It took her 50 years
to perfect that look.
You're reasonably dry.
You better get dressed.
- I'm not really mental.
- I know you're not.
If I didn't pretend, I couldn't
live with so brilliant a man.
I use that sort of talk
only on juries.
- Does it actually work?
- Come here.
- No, we've guests for dinner.
- Come here.
No, Tony.
She's a strange woman,
with an almost mystic calm.
- How do you do, Sir Simon?
- Here's the great man. Mrs Paradine.
May I present Mr Keane.
- How do you do?
- How do you do, Mrs Paradine?
You may take heart now.
We've got the Marines on our side.
- You'll defend me?
- The Marines don't expect trouble.

A brief skirmish, and you'll be
lunching at the Savoy.

Really? I haven't been thinking
about the Savoy.

- I know what you've been thinking.

- Do you?

Yes. Dark thoughts like:

"Death, where is thy sting?

- Grave where is thy victory"?

- I keep hearing them...

All the time. Saying I married
a blind man for money.

Then killed him for money.

And what will they say of Dickie?

It makes him such a fool
for loving me.

We'll have the answers.

You loved him and he needed you.

- You know that?

- Weren't you his eyes?

Of course, I had to be.

Had to be, Mrs Paradine?

Had to be?

You must mind your verbs.

He means it was voluntary service.

You devoted your whole life to him.

Freely. Gladly.

Yes. I see what you mean.

It was a sacrifice.

A sublime sacrifice.

Yes, it's better to see it
in that light.

What's more, Paradine
couldn't understand.

Couldn't understand your sacrifice.

He'd never seen you.

- He'd never seen you.

- Yes, quite so, quite so.

I'm not sure if Mr Keane will put you
in the witness box. If he does...

We needn't trouble Mrs Paradine
with that now.

When shall I see you again?

As soon as I've gone

over the details.
- Thank you deeply.
- Good afternoon.
Thankyou for bringing him.
Until the next time, then.
Come along, Keane.
So you think Tony
was taken with her?
Let's not go on
a fishing expedition.
All right, don't tell me.
Tony may be a good lawyer...
but he loves anything dramatic.
Hold still if you want
this thing tied.
The impertinence of young people
today is appalling.
- If there's one thing I can't abide...
- I know. It's impertinence.
Tony will give another
great performance.
Riding to the rescue of beauty
in distress.
How he must relish this.
If the case is before Hawfield,
he'd better not try a performance...
or he'll be sat upon. Properly.
Gracious, we're late.
Hawfield will take it out on Sophie.
Let's not miss a word of his
Lordship's reminiscences.
If I hear once more of his times
in Deuxville with lady so-and-so...
Remarkable old girl, Lady Millicent.
We had great times together.
Deuxville, back in the twenties.
I persuaded her to go swimming at 70.
I watched her and had sad thoughts
about the impermanence of beauty.
Have you swallowed a plum stone?
No Tommy, I'm all right.
I only... I mean...
I mean, I thought perhaps...
Don't be too long you men.

This is so antiquated...

- but he likes it.

- He won't keep us away too long.

Call me, if the conversation
takes an interesting turn.

I see you haven't forgotten
my deaf ear.

Keane's too good a barrister
to have forgotten.

Sometimes I wonder how good
you really are.

- Good enough, or lucky enough.

- Come, come. No false modesty.

- There aren't many better.

- Perhaps. But I'm a legalist myself.

You have the habit using emotion
with the jury.

I must confess I don't think
it's proper.

Come, come. Keane's not
that emotional.

Don't interrupt me in the middle of
an insult. Will you have a cigar?

You understand that I'm just
concerned for you.

- Will you have a cigar?

- No, thank you.

Tommy has a great opinion
of your husband.

At least I think he has.

- Your husband is clever, isn't he?

- Yes.

- I think so.

- So's mine. I'm not sure I like it.

Shall I hurry them up?

They'll be all night...

if someone doesn't ring a bell.

I shouldn't tell you this...

but I dread it when he takes
a murder trial.

He comes home looking so...

Yes, I can well imagine.

It must be a terrible strain...

trying a capital charge.

Yes, that's very comforting.
They were retrying Charles I,
and Tony got him off.
You've been such a long time.
I've been chattering and chattering.
My dear, I'm sure Keane and Simmie
would like to see your jade.
Would they? I have some
pretty pieces.
Very much indeed.
You look very appetising tonight.
A charming complement from such
a gourmet, Lord Hawfield.
Tell me, Mrs Keane...
I don't amuse you very much,
do I?
I've always admired your wit.
You may call upon my wit
whenever you wish.
Life can be very boring
for grass widows.
What makes you think
I'm a grass widow?
Don't let's be pedantic.
Golf widows, stock-exchange widows
and law-court widows...
are the same thing.
Charming ruby.
Did your husband earn all that
whacking away at juries?
Lady Hawfield was admiring it too.
It pleased me because she has
such excellent taste...
in most things.
Keane, I'm afraid your wife
is wearying of me.
Pity.
- Are you coming to bed?
- In a little while, dear.
You'll be tired in the morning.
- Dull evening, wasn't it?
- Yes, I know.
I've a murderous day tomorrow.
I shoudn't have let Simmie talk me

into a new case.
Did you see Mrs Paradine?
What's she like?
Strangely attractive.
I'm sure you'd think so anyway.
- No, I wouldn't.
- What do you mean?
She's cost me too much.
Cost you?
What are you talking about?
If you don't remember,
I won't tell you.
The anniversary trip I promised.
We'll still make it.
Maybe before the case
comes to trial.
It's all right darling.
Your excitement will always be
the Old Bailey...
- and other musty law courts.
- Honestly, I was thinking today...
how much fun
it'd be to go to Italy.
- Italy? I thought it was Switzerland.
- I know.
But Italy seems
much more colourful.
Might go back to Venice.
Get in a gondola.
Darling.
- What's the matter? What's amusing?
- Nothing.
I can't imagine anything better than
being in a gondola again with you.
- What is it then?
- It's just that you're so...
so transparent.
And for such a devious kind of
barrister, too.
You're pretty devious yourself.
Come on, tell the jury
what's on your mind.
All right. Mrs Paradine is
"strangely attractive".

And isn't Italy colourful?
Idiotic nonsense!
I thought you might be pleased
I can be jealous.
It isn't that. How can you think
I could be interested...?
Of course you're not interested.
I hope you're not so old you can't
admire an attractive woman.
But I want you to know something.
Lots of men find me attractive too.
Is that so? Who, for instance?
- Well, there's Tommy, for instance.
- Tommy?
Tommy Hawfield.
It's getting late.
Time we were in the gondola.
That's enough for today.
Are they treating you well?
- Yes, they're very kind.
- Do you want any books?
- No, they have a good library.
- Good, good.
Soon, I'd like to talk to you
about yourself.
Before you met Colonel Paradine.
- Will that be necessary?
- It's annoying...
Prosecution try to tear down
the defendant's character.
I wouldn't like them to have
the advantage on me.
My past is no affair of anyone
but my husband and myself.
And my husband is dead.
The defendant's background
is important to the defence.
And how far back will this
inquisition go?
As much as I dislike it,
I must advise you to tell me...
anything you think might be...
embarrassing.
I must say, it's essential

I have your co-operation.
Forgive me if I'm being difficult.
I shall try. It won't shock you,
I assume...
to learn that I am a woman...
who has seen a great deal of life.
Please don't mistake my persistence
for any lack of sympathy.
When I was still at school in Naples
it began.
I was 16, or so I said.
Actually I was younger.
- Tragic.
- Yes, perhaps.
But I didn't think so then.
I ran away with a man.
Istanbul, Athens, Cairo.
He was much older, of course? Rich.
He took advantage of your youth.
He was married, respected.
I took advantage of him.
Then, as suddenly as it began,
it ended.
He wearied of me, and me of him.
What difference does it make?
There were others?
Of course.
We cannot hide these things.
You said so.
Let's drag them out.
Let them hang me for the past.
No. You mustn't feel that. We won't
let them make anything of it.
Poor Dickie. He would've hated
all this.
He gave me his name, his fine name.
He depended on me to protect it.
He knew all about you?
I kept nothing from him.
He was so good. He trusted me.
He used to sit in the dark,
the eternal dark...
- and weep. The pain...
- I've tortured you enough.

We'll get you free.

Trust me.

I shall.

I do.

Why not let The Crown have to prove
its accusations?

What objection can you have
to proving suicide?

I think it's dangerous. Remember,
if Hawfield's on the bench...

You all have such an unholy fear
of Hawfield.

What's on your mind, Keane?

I don't understand you.

Blind men have
committed suicide before.

We have only to decide
who helped Paradine to do it.

Here, let me show you something.

Do you realise what you can learn
from photographs?

The social footsteps of time.

- Notice anything peculiar?

- No, can't say that I do.

And everywhere
the Paradines went...

- the valet was sure to go.

- What's extraordinary about that?

LaTour worshipped him.

Guided Paradine's every step.

Like a mother hen.

- It's after midnight.

- I know it's after midnight.

It's after one, I heard the clock.

- But I'm not sleepy. I have to work.

- Simmie looks dead.

- Well, he isn't dead.

- Quite right, I only look dead.

- What about some drinks?

- Good idea. Have Baker bring...

Baker's asleep.

Like any civilised person.

I'll bring them myself.

- That's our man. I'm sure of it.

- Our man? Who?
- The valet?
- Who more likely...
- to help Paradine out of his misery?
- Forget it. There's no one less likely.

The devoted servant and war
companion...

who'd do anything to help end
his master's agony.
It won't wash Tony.

Let's face it:

This wasn't suicide, or assisted
suicide, it was murder.

- Are you saying LaTour murdered him?
- I'm not talking about LaTour.
- Who then?
- I'm talking about our client.
- So you think she killed him?
- It's what they'll try to prove.

There's no sense going into court
hurling other names into the case.

We have to prepare to answer
the Crown on Mrs Paradine.

- I'll have an answer.
- With facts?

To begin, we've the obvious fact
that Mrs Paradine isn't a murderess.

- She's too fine a woman.
- Indeed?

I thought she was a woman
of very low estate.

Of rather easy virtue.

You're an insufferable snob.

Incapable of recognising
genuine character.

I hope the Crown tries to foul
her name once. Just once.

I'm sorry, I didn't realise
how she'd impressed you.

I've talked to her for hours and I've
done more than hear words...

I've seen the decent,
lovely woman behind them.

I intend the world
to see her as I do.
As a noble self-sacrificing person
any man would be proud of.
We've...
run out of soda water.
Ordinary water will do.
Shall I pour yours, Sim?
Please, a strong one.
La Tour worshipped the Colonel.
That's true isn't it?
He was alone with him,
day and night.
So if the Colonel, blind, helpless,
wanted to die...
there was only one person he could
turn to, isn't that right?
- I won't say that.
- You won't say what?
- That Andre helped him.
- Andre.
LaTour.
You call him Andre, the valet?
I'm not trained in the subtle
snobberies of your class.
My class? You don't know me
very well.
I know you.
Always ready to sacrifice
an underdog to win a point.
You're very eager
to protect this man.
From even
suspicion of involvement.
- What do you mean?
- You talk about LaTour as if...
As if what?
I'm confused by your attitude to
LaTour. You speak his name oddly.
This is impossible.
I'll not listen to any more
vicious innuendos.
You spoke as my rescuer.
Talked about a brief skirmish.

Yes, so I did.

I'll try to recover my position
as your champion.

We'll drop LaTour for now.

Keane's given up the idea of
dragging the valet into the suicide.

He hasn't been able to talk
Mrs Paradine into it.

Has he got a substitute?

Or is he going to follow your advice?

I don't know.

- He's turning detective.

- What do you mean?

He's going to Cumberland to
investigate Paradine's country house.

But the thing happened in London.

I'm bored with this game,
let's finish it later.

The adventures of Anthony Keane
are much more interesting.

I don't know where you got
this unfeminine interest in things.

Your mother was a simple woman,
who'd shudder at the thought...

I'm glad your not going on with
the game. You nearly had me.

- Is Tony infatuated with that woman?

- What?

Where do you get
such insane ideas?

Tell me, why is Hindley Hall
still open?

It's not open. There's the
housekeeper...

What plot
are you concocting now?

Is that handsome valet still there?

No more questions. If you won't
play chess, go to bed.

I'll bet there's something between
Mrs Paradine and that valet.

Valet? Where did you get
that notion?

Why are you looking so funny?

Did you have the same idea?
I wondered if he could've
found out...
That she and the valet...
That's it. He's jealous.
- He's jealous of that valet.
- Oh come, come.
Don't come, come me. Have you ever
known Tony visit a jail so often?
Tony is still in love with Gay.
And why shouldn't he be?
If he lets Gay down,
after all these years...
Such things do happen.
I'm sorry to tell you...
but your education was paid for
by many a broken heart.
- He's in love with that woman.
- Oh, get off my lap.
I've never seen it to fail.
Men who've been good too long,
long to wallow in the mud.
Where did you read that? Tony's too
decent for that sort of thing.
Really? The best men always end up
with the worst women.
He's after her boyfriend. That's
why he's going to Cumberland.
- That's absurd.
- Don't you think I'm right?
Answer me.
I'll not be treated as a hostile
witness by my own flesh and blood.
Men are such horrible beasts.
I wish I were married to Keane.
I'd make him jump through hoops.
I wish you were married to someone.
Perhaps he could put up with you.
I hope... No, I don't hope
they hang her.
I don't like breaking pretty things.
But I do hope they send her
to prison for life.
What's she really like?

Fascinating. Fascinating.

I'm an old ruin, but she brings
my pulse up a beat or two.

Poor Gay.

- Hello, Tony.

- Hello, darling.

- You're late.

- I told you not to wait up for me.

I wasn't.

Well, I'll be off to bed.

Goodnight, darling.

Tony?

- Yes, dear.

- I'm sorry if I...

don't seem quite myself...

I have a headache.

I'm sorry you're not feeling well.

I'm a bit on the ragged side myself.

Tony, couldn't we get away?

Just for a little while?

You do need a rest.

I've never seen you

quite like this before.

- Just a good night's sleep.

- Even if only for a few days.

For our anniversary.

You did promise.

Some things are more important
than anniversaries.

You didn't use to think so.

In fact, I may have to go away.

The Paradines lived a lot of the time
at Hindley Hall, in Cumberland.

I thought I might
nose around a bit.

See what I can pick up.

And get a breath of fresh air.

That sounds wonderful. You won't be
busy all the time, we can...

It's only for a day or two.

It wouldn't be any fun for you.

You see that, don't you?

Yes, I see.

It might be cold and wet up north.

Yes, I suppose so.

This is the place for you.

Warm, cosy, protected.

I want to keep all this ugly business
away from you.

- But can you?

- Can I what?

Keep the ugliness away?

Haven't I always?

What do you mean?

What are you afraid of?

Need I say?

Listen, this settles it. Nothing is
worth trouble between us.

I won't go to Cumberland. I won't
go on with the case. I'll give it up.

- Tony.

- Simmie can get someone else.

- But what will she say?

- What the devil does it...

matter what she says?

The case isn't so difficult.

Any of 50 men can handle it.

Is that what you want? We'll leave
for Switzerland. Tomorrow perhaps.

- Darling.

- What's the matter now?

Nothing's the matter. Just thank you.

Thank you...

for being so good.

I knew my old Tony couldn't have
changed that much.

Well, what do you say?

Lausanne or Saint Moritz?

No, darling, neither. You're
going up to Cumberland...

then you're coming back
and going to court.

No, I am tired. You're right.

You're not too tired, Tony.

You're not too tired.

There aren't 50 men

who can save her.

There's only one Anthony Keane.

You've always had such big ideas about me.

No I haven't. Besides,

I have a stake in this too.

I don't know what you mean.

I wouldn't like a woman to be hanged, any woman...

just because my husband had a rendezvous with her.

In jail.

Oh, Gay.

Let's go to bed darling.

Not now.

- You'll come up to Cumberland?

- I'll be waiting here.

Cosy, comfortable and protected.

Goodnight darling.

Goodnight.

- Have I a sitting room?

- Yes, sir.

- Do you want to see it?

- Yes, please.

Would you like some fish and salad before you go to bed?

No, thank you. Any chance of a whiskey and soda?

Okey-doke.

Your bedroom's number 17,

I'll have your bags sent up.

Thank you.

- Are you a detective?

- No, why?

- Oh, I just wondered.

- Why do you ask?

- Have you had trouble here?

- No, not exactly here.

But we don't like

being in the Sunday papers.

Haven't you heard about the poisoning case?

That was Colonel Paradine.

He had Hindley Hall.

Your fire's going out.

- Yes, I heard about that.

- This chimney won't draw.
We found a dead owl in it.
That murder's been the talk of the
place. Mrs Paradine did it, they say.
That's better. The sticks were damp
and the wind's in the wrong way.

- Did you know her?

- Nobody knew her.
She'd ride over here once in a while
on her black hunter.
Pleasant enough,
but she never spoke to no-one.

- Did she always ride alone?

- That's got it.
Yes, now I come to think of it,
she always was alone.
And now the Colonel's dead
and the house is up to let.
I heard it was. That's why
I came in fact.
Oh, that's why you're here.
I was wondering.

- Will you see the house tomorrow?

- Yes. I think so.
Would you mind the pony and trap?
Our car's all booked up for tomorrow.

- It's only about 8 miles.

- Fine. Make it about 10 o'clock.
Okey-doke.
Up there in those trees is the hall.
Where the poor Colonel lived.
Many times I've seen him out
walking, blind as he was. With Andre.

- Andre?

- Andre LaTour, the Colonel's servant.
The queer one.

- Is anyone living at the hall now?

- Only the caretaker, Mrs Clark.
Maybe Andre's back
from London now.
They say he knows more about
the Colonel's death than he'll tell.
He's a queer one all right.

- In what way?

- I don't know.

He keeps himself to himself.

Perhaps it's because he's foreign.

Never seem quite the same,
do they?

Hey, LaTour. Here's a gentleman from
London with an order to see the hall.

- I'm interested in renting the house.

- In renting the house, Mr Keane?

Will you come in please?

If you'll wait here Mr Keane,
I'll open the shutters.

- Isn't he coming back?

- He might and he might not, sir.

Will you step this way?

This is the morning room,
the poor Colonel's favourite room.

It has a fine view, sir.

He loved her to describe it...

each time the seasons changed.

- Did she...

- I'll show you the upstairs, sir.

And this was her room, sir.

I'm sorry it's so untidy,

I was packing up her things.

If you'll excuse me,

I'll open up the other rooms.

LaTour.

- Sir?

- I should like to see the gardens.

- Would you take me round?

- Very good, sir.

Wait there for me,

I'll be down immediately.

Don't bother with the other rooms.

LaTour's going to show me the garden.

Very well, sir.

What door's that?

It's LaTour's room.

LaTour? Why wasn't he

in the servants' quarters?

She felt he should be near

the Colonel.

Well, I may drop in again to...

tomorrow.

- Where's LaTour?

- I couldn't say sir.

- But he was to show me the garden.

- He was called away.

All right, back to the inn.

Can I have a word with you, sir?

Come in.

- What can I do for you?

- It's not an easy question to answer.

- How did you know this was my room?

- I saw you come up from the lake.

And then this light go on.

- You've been watching the inn?

- Yes, I walked over from Hindley.

- To see me?

- Yes, sir.

It came to my mind it would be well
to see you.

Sit down.

Why didn't you come to the front
door? Why come in the back way?

They'd all gone to bed. I didn't
want to disturb the household.

- But you might have come earlier.

- I didn't care to come earlier, sir.

- Why not?

- I'll leave that to you, sir.

- What is it you want with me?

- Beg pardon...

but I thought it was you
wanted to see me.

- What caused you to think that?

- Well, you came to the hall.

I didn't come to the hall to see you.

I came to see the house.

But you asked me

to show you the garden.

Yes. You said you would and then
you shot out of sight like a rabbit.

Why?

I don't know.

I think first:

to talk to him."
And then I think perhaps I'm wrong.
Remember this LaTour:
You forced yourself on me.
I didn't seek you out.
You're going to be a very hostile
witness in this case.
And you're not
one of my witnesses.
And it would be most improper
for me to...
try to establish contact with you.
- I came on you entirely by chance.
- But you wanted to come on me, sir.
You say so,
but it's my job...
to save the life
of your former mistress.
Beg pardon.
She was not my mistress.
Colonel Paradine was my master.
Have it your own way.
I would never
have served a woman.
It's not in my character to do that.
I insist upon knowing your reason
for wanting to see me tonight.
If you tell me why you came
from London...
I'll tell you why I came here.
So it's to be a bargain is it?
Why should I
make a bargain with you?
Call it what you like.

All I say is:

You tell me and I'll tell you.
Seems fair enough to me.
Cigarette?
- No, thank you, sir.
- You don't smoke?
I won't smoke, sir. Thank you.
I know why you wanted to see me:
She sent you.

She? Mrs Paradine doesn't know I'm here. She had nothing to do with it.

- Seems I'm wrong then.

- Why would she send me?

She might have her reasons.

- I don't know what they might be.

- Perhaps you don't know her as I do.

Mrs Paradine is my client. I know her as her lawyer. That's sufficient.

You may not think it, but you're on the wrong side sir.

- And I tell you so.

- What do you mean exactly, by that?

You'd better make yourself clear.

Excuse me. You've only known her since she's in prison.

Is it not so?

Then how can you know her?

If you did,

I'd not need to tell you...

that only Almighty God...

or the Devil himself

knows what's in her head.

- I won't hear any more against her.

- I know what I'm talking about.

What I say is true.

I know her.

And I will tell you one thing more.

I will tell you about Mrs Paradine.

She's bad, bad to the bone.

If ever there was an evil woman...

she is one.

Would you mind

getting out of here?

I don't want any dirty,

lying sneaks in my room.

- Get out.

- Very good sir, as you wish.

But if you'll allow me sir...

I'm very sorry for you.

God help you.

- Here you are, sir.

- Holloway Prison.

- How are you?

- I thought you'd forgotten me.
I've been out of London.
I went up to Hindley Hall.
Why did you go there?
I thought it'd help me to know
more about your background.
I walked on the terrace, went
into the house, into your room.
I saw LaTour.
He behaved very strangely.
He avoided me then forced himself
on me. Came to my room late at night.

- Why did he do that?
- He wanted to talk to me.
About you.
Indeed. And what did my husband's
valet have to say about me?
Don't, I beg of you, don't
behave this way with me.
I don't know what you mean.
LaTour hates you. You know that?
He hates you most bitterly.
He said you're an evil woman.
Do you know
what he meant by that?
This man despises you. Why?
- He despises all women.
- What's the good of telling me that?
It's you he hates,
not all women.
The jury will find a reason for it:
Something you did to his master.
- Can't you see that?
- Of course I see.
You needn't explain these things
as though I were a child.
Listen to me.
I want to save you.
I want to fight for you.
But I can't like this,
in the dark.
I can't sleep, I can't work,
I can't think, I...
I don't understand you.

All right.

Is it possible that

LaTour hates you...

because you made him

disloyal to his master?

- That's enough Mr Keane.

- What existed between you and LaTour?

I will not be treated this way

by my own counsellor.

I'd prefer you

to give up the case.

No, I must save you. No-one else can.

My personal feelings are such that...

Forgive me if I regard

my life as more important.

I apologise. Deeply.

If you'll forgive me, I...

I'll do my best to defend you.

I'm a little tired.

I think you also are a little tired.

Tony back from Cumberland?

- Sorry Judy, what did you say?

- Just making conversation.

I asked if Tony was back

from Cumberland.

He was due back this mornng.

I haven't seen him yet.

Give me a cigarette will you Judy?

- When did you start smoking?

- Just lately.

Poor Father, I'm afraid he's failed

with me in every way.

- What do you mean?

- 20 years he's been telling me:

"Do not ask questions,

leave others to tell you.

Only vulgar people probe."

You're my best friend, Judy.

Ask anything you wish.

You must know

what everyone's saying.

I know it's probably exaggerated...

Would it surprise you Judy, to know

he wanted to give up the case?

Surprise me? It'd floor me.
Why didn't he then?
Because I wouldn't let him.
Suppose someone else
had taken the case.
It would've been won or lost.
Either way...
the little romance of Gay and Tony
Keane would have ended forever.
Perhaps so.
Judy, just because a man, a husband,
fancies another woman...
you don't treat him as a criminal.
- You don't.
- I doubt you would either.
It's very painful, but it's
painful for him too.
He's very fond of me,
and I'd like to keep him so.
Even if it means letting him go?
No, simply by not making him
suffer for hurting me.
After all, I don't own him.
I only love him.
- Hello, Baker, Mrs Keane home?
- I'm in here, Tony.
Hello, darling.
You're just in time for tea.
Well, pour me a cup, will you?
- How was the journey?
- Not very interesting.
- You're doing your hair a new way.
- No.
You've seen it like this
hundreds of times.
- Would you rather I didn't talk?
- What do you mean?
Nothing. It's just you look tired.
No, there's really nothing to tell.
It's a big house. Rather what you'd
expect. You know the Lake District.
Oh, Tony.
What is it you...
want to know about?

Nothing, actually I...
Shall we dine early or would you
like to sleep for a bit?
I suppose you hate her,
don't you?
Let's not talk about it Tony.
I'm trying hard and I'm hoping...
You're hoping that I'll
lose the case.
I wouldn't blame you, darling.
No matter what you hoped for.
You've been my life, Tony.
And for such a long time.
Do you think I could ever want
anything bad for you?
No, I suppose not.
I won't deny there've been moments
when I've wished the worst for her.
It's not easy to face
the thought of...
losing you.
We've been really married.
Really truly married.
As few people have been.
Yes, I've lain awake alone,
night after night.
And I've been tempted to pray...
But I've come to a conclusion,
Tony.
I want her to live.
I want very much for her to live.
And I hope she gets free, scot free.
Free to kill.
To take other husbands or anything
that comes into her beautiful head.
I don't understand. You can't really
care what happens to her.
But I do, I care very much.
Not for any noble reasons.
I do hate her.
But because I want
this to be over...
and an end to you being all mixed up,
part lawyer, part lover.

What nonsense. Nonsense.
All right. Frustrated lover then.
Yes, and part husband still.
You're not finished with me.
You wouldn't have come back
home today if you were.
I've seen your torture and...
I've loved you more for letting
it torture you.
- I know the depth of your feelings.
- Yes, Gay.
I know it and I'm counting on it.
All I ask is that she lives so the
fight can be an even one.
Because, if she dies...
you're lost to me forever.
You'll go on thinking
you love her...
imagining her as your
great lost love.
May I tell you something Tony?
You don't love her.
You don't. I'm not the cleverest
woman in the world...
I don't know lots of things.
But there's one thing I know better
than anyone else.
I know you.
- My dear, if only I...
- Don't say anything.
But I ask you for the most
brilliant job of your career.
I want you to win this case.
I want you to get her free.
There.
I've made my speech.
What a speech.
That's what comes from
being married to a lawyer.
I'm going up to change now.
- Are you coming?
- Yes, in a minute.
Are you ready, Mrs Paradine?
Silence. All persons

with anything to do...
before the courts
of the King's Justices...
take delivery of the jurisdiction
of the Central Criminal Court...
draw near,
and give your attendance.

- Wait here.

- God save the King.

Bring forth the prisoner.

Madelena Ana Paradine...

you're charged with the murder of
Richard Patrick Irving Paradine...
on May 6th last. Are you
guilty or not guilty?

Not guilty.

Gay, how can you stay away?

Tony won't see you. We'll be in the
gallery, just 2 more dim faces.

On the night of May 6th, at a time
we can fix to within a few minutes...

someone administered to Paradine
a murderous dose of poison.

At half past 9, he was heard
calling for help...

and a few minutes later
he died painfully...

before he could be reached by
his faithful servant...

Andre LaTour.

You'll hear that on the night
of May 6th a quarrel took place...
between Coronel Paradine...

Mrs Paradine

and Andre LaTour.

The Coronel, in an agitated state,
shut himself up in his bedroom alone.

The butler took
him his dinner...

a dinner of roast chicken,
roast potatoes...

and cauliflower au gratin.

Later...

he asked for a glass of burgundy

to be put by his bed...
so he would know exactly
where to feel for it.
A glass of burgundy,
ladies and gentlemen.
Farrell's off
to a good start.
You're aware
of the Coronel's character.
He was a man cast
in a heroic mould.
One looks back on his life
with humility and pride.
He was like a reincarnation from the
spacious days of Queen Elizabeth.
Incredibly daring,
inimitably adventurous...
and this man, this man
of dynamic energy...
is doomed suddenly to darkness
and the life of a helpless invalid.
Members of the jury, we must
surely pity this woman...
chained to a ruined giant, who was
burning with a dreadful resentment.
One could forgive an occasional
demonstration of impatience from her.
But the odd thing is that outwardly
this woman was a model of patience.
Heaven knows what sultry fires
were banked within.
It would've been a strain to any
ordinary woman, no doubt.
But this woman...
is no ordinary woman.
She had patience.
She could wait.
This was indeed...
no ordinary woman.
Leakin, after you served dinner to
Colonel Paradine in his bedroom...
he asked you for
a glass of burgundy.
- Is that correct?

- Yes, sir.

Would you call that a suitable
bedtime drink? You as a butler?

No sir, I would not.

But the Colonel...

Answer my questions, please.

Had he ever asked for a burgundy
to be put by his bedside before?

- No sir, not that I can remember.

- Did he usually drink burgundy?

It usually didn't
agree with him...

- but sometime...

- That will do.

He's building
a suicide motive.

One moment, Leakin.

You told the jury that the Colonel
didn't usually take burgundy...

because it disagreed with him.

Did he dislike burgundy?

Oh no, my lord.

On the contrary.

- But seldom dared take it.

- Yes, my lord that is correct.

- Hawfield's killed that point.

- How? What do you mean?

By making it clear there's nothing
strange about his drinking burgundy.

I was anxious that the point
should be clear, Mr Keane.

Well, thank you, my lord.

I'm obliged to your lordship.

No questions, my lord.

Call Andre LaTour.

Andre LaTour.

Take the testament in your
right hand and repeat the oath.

"I swear by Almighty God...

that the evidence I shall give, shall
be the truth, the whole truth...

and nothing but the truth."

- Your name?

- Andre Etienne LaTour.

- Your age?

- Thirty.

You were born in Montreal, Canada and you served in the war with Paradine?

Yes, sir. I was

his manservant before the war...

and later I had the honour

of serving under his command.

You won the Distinguished Conduct

Medal for gallantry in the field?

That is so, sir.

At the time of Paradine's death...

you were again employed as his valet

and confidential companion.

- Yes.

- Speak up, so that we can hear you.

You were very attached to

Colonel Paradine, were you not?

He was the best man I ever knew

in all my life.

Very well then. At about 8 o'clock

you heard the bell ringing violently.

You went upstairs

to the Colonel's room.

You saw the Colonel and

Mrs Paradine facing each other.

What happened then?

He looked at me for a minute, in his

blind way and burst out with it.

Try to give us his exact words.

He said:

you're going to leave me?

Now, when I need you most?"

I asked him who had told him

such a thing.

He said:

"She did."

- Did he say anything else?

- He was very angry.

He used strong language.

- Did you intend to leave him?

- No, sir.

Do you know
why Mrs Paradine...
would tell her husband
you were leaving him?
She wanted to get rid of me.
You told us yesterday that when you
went back up to see the Colonel...
you saw Mrs Paradine in the hallway
outside the bedroom.
- You're certain of that?
- Yes, sir.
Where's that plan?
I have here a plan of the house.
The upper floor.
Do you think she was passing directly
from Colonel's bedroom to her own?
- Yes, sir.
- Thank you.
That will be all for
the time being.
LaTour lied about the quarrel.
He's keeping something back.
Does the name of Margaret Wells
convey anything to you?
- Yes, sir.
- And what does it convey to you?
I must try to help your memory.
I put it to you that some years ago
you were engaged...
to Margaret Wells
of Three Rivers, Quebec.
On your wedding day, she left you
at the church and went off...
- with a saddler named Richard Truman.
- That is finished! It's in the past.
Your question may be relevant,

Mr Keane:

My lord, the witness has shown
in his evidence and behaviour...
an almost pathological bias, against
not only my client, but all women.
I may be stupid, but I can't see what
this jilting has to do with the case.

After seeing the witness,
his appearance and bearing...
I'm inclined to regard the lady's
conduct as pathological, not his.
Silence.

Proceed to your next question.

Very good, my lord. If I'm
not allowed to show a reason...
for his hostile
attitude to my client.

Were you aware that Paradine made
a will bequeathing you 3500 pounds?

Come, come.

It's a simple question of fact.
Colonel Paradine told me he might
leave me a little something.

But I didn't
know about the will.

He told you he was going to leave you
this legacy, but you doubted his word?

- No, sir, I did not doubt his word.

- Then you believed it?

Yes, sir.

Then you knew and believed you would
receive such a legacy on his death.

- Please answer the question.

- I don't know what you ask.

You're being asked if you knew
you'd inherit...

We never discussed it.

I didn't think about it.

Yes, I knew.

You don't remember very
easily, do you, LaTour?

Now please think carefully
before you reply to this.

And remember
you are on your oath.

When you were in London,
did you or did you not...

repeatedly hear Colonel Paradine
say that he wished to be dead?

- That he wished he was dead, sir?

- That he wished to be dead.

Andre LaTour, do you deny
having heard Paradine say...
again and again, to you
and within your hearing...
that he was sick of life
and wished to be dead?
He said a lot of things when he
was angry about his blindness...
I got so accustomed to them
I didn't take much notice.
You didn't take much notice.
You did not take much notice.
Very well. Would you tell the court
exactly what happened about...
You mean you want me to
go over my evidence again?
No, LaTour. I don't want you
to go over your evidence again.
But did you not stand in that box
and swear by Almighty God...
that you'd tell the truth...
the whole truth and
nothing but the truth?
Very well, I put it to you that your
evidence was a tissue of lies.
You were trying to cover up
what really happened.
There's another person
in court who was there...
who knew what happened.
Remember that.
Mr Keane,
what is your question?
Do you still alledge that
Mrs Paradine invented a story...
about you leaving the Colonel
and this precipitated the quarrel?
- Yes, sir, she did.
- It would be her word against yours.
Yes, sir and so it was then
with the Colonel.
You're asking his lordship
and the jury to believe...
that after years of devoted service

in the field and the sick chamber...

that you were in this position?

That Paradine had absolutely
no faith in your word of honour?

I put it to you, LaTour, that
your story is a pack of lies.

- Do you persist in it?

- If she says the contrary, she'd...

What was that

you started to say?

Answer the question.

I stick to what I said.

If you don't mind, I'd like to
go over that night with you again.

In case any small incidents
have slipped your memory.

After the butler took
the Colonel his dinner...

- where were you?

- In my room.

Did he tell you about
the burgundy?

- Yes.

- Was that, or was that not unusual?

- Maybe so.

- Was it or wasn't it?

- It was.

- And after he'd told you this...

- then you went upstairs again?

- Yes.

- Why?

- I had no special reason, sir.

Shortly before, the Colonel
had denounced you...

for deserting him.

And yet you went upstairs
for no special reason?

I was unhappy about being
on bad terms with him.

What's that? Speak up,
the jury can't hear you.

I wanted to make it up
with the Colonel.

Very well. You knocked at the

Colonel's door and went in?
I knocked on his door.
I did not go in.
Very well, you knocked.
What happened then?
- The Colonel told me to go away.
- He told you to go away?
Without even knowing
who was knocking?
He asked who it was, I told him,
then he told me to go away.
You're very sharp, LaTour.
Tell me, what tone
did the Colonel use?
When he told you to go,
to get away from him.
My lord, when LaTour
gave his evidence...
his words were "The Colonel told me
to go away" not "get away from me".
Go away, get away from me,
what's the difference?
My learned friend can well appreciate
difference in shades of meaning...
and I'd prefer that he be
accurate in these matters.
It's a point of no importance.
Make it go away if you like.
Counsel is right in his contention,
you should be more careful.
If your lordship pleases, I'll
continue the cross examination.
LaTour, you used to help the
Colonel get to bed, did you not?
Quite a complicated matter
getting a blind man into bed.
Didn't everything
have to be ready?
Toothbrush, pyjamas,
hot-water bottle?
- Yes, sir.
- Yet you did not enter the room.
Not even to check that Leakin
had put the burgundy...

in the right place where the Colonel
wouldn't knock it over by mistake.

I wasn't thinking
about the burgundy.

Very well, you were wondering
how to make it up with the Colonel.

You were very much upset.

Is that putting it fairly?

Yes, I think so.

You stated that you saw
someone else in the hall.

- Yes, sir, Mrs Paradine.

- What was she doing?

Going to her bedroom.

Mrs Paradine's room was
across the hall...

- from the Colonel's room, correct?

- Yes, sir.

At the moment

you saw Mrs Paradine...

did you know where

she'd come from?

No, sir.

She might've come out of her room,
seen you and turned to go back again.

- It's possible.

- But...

she couldn't have come from the
Colonel's room without going around...

or through you.

Is that correct?

Yes, sir.

You saw Mrs Paradine
go into her room and shut the door.

- What did you do then?

- Nothing...

I hung about

for a minute or two...

- and then...

- What was your purpose...

in hanging about

for a minute or two?

I didn't have

any purpose. I just...

I just didn't know what to do.
Then I decided to go downstairs.
Tell me LaTour...
have you ever seen anyone
else die by poison?
No, sir.
Or any animal?
No, sir.
Wasn't there an old dog poisoned
at Hindley about 2 years ago?
Yes, sir, I beg your pardon.
I almost forgot.
Yes, so we noticed.
- It was killed by poison, wasn't it?
- Yes.
It was the Colonel's old
hunting dog. It was sick.
So we put him away.
You see...
You mean you put him away.
- Yes, sir.
- What poison did you use?
- I don't know, sir.
- Don't know?
- Did you keep any of it?
- We got a single dose from the vet.
Don't keep saying we.
- You mean you did.
- Yes, sir.
It wasn't a big dose?
No sir, very small.
And it acted very quickly.
Yes it did.
I understand what you
mean to say.
He's accusing me of poisoning my
Colonel. But I didn't. I didn't.
I must ask the witness
to collect himself...
But it's not true, I tell you.
I didn't do it. How could I?
I must again
caution the witness...
to just answer the questions.

He is not on trial.
It is unnecessary for him...
to protest his innocence
concerning actions...
with which he has
not been charged.
And I think, Mr Keane, that this is a
convenient opportunity to adjourn.
We will resume at 5 past 2.
I swear by Almighty God...
that I shall keep this jury...
in a convenient place...
with such accomodation
as the court shall direct.
I will not suffer
any person to speak to them...
neither will I speak to them myself
touching this trial, except...
to ask if they are agreed
upon a verdict...
without leave of the court.

Tony.

Keane, Keane...

- Tony's torn him to pieces.
- It was horrible.

But darling, you've got to
remember it's Tony's job.

- It's gone well for us this morning.
- Has it?
- Surely you must know that.
- I'm not a lawyer.

Good heavens, you're a clever woman.

Don't you realise how I shook him?

You have not kept
faith with me.

- What do you mean?
 - I didn't agree to what you did today.
- I objected when you wanted to say that
Andre helped my husband kill himself.
I objected even to that. And now you
make him out to be a murderer.

No, I will not forgive you
for what you have done today.

Forgive me?

I've exhausted myself...
destroying everything
to save you?
I did not ask you to do that.
Forgive me...
you forgive me.
When I was idiot enough to
fall in love with you.
Did you hear that?
If it's true, how could you deceive
me as you've done today?
Look...
the case has narrowed itself
down to this. One of three things.
Either your husband
poisoned himself...
or LaTour did it,
or you did.
As you like. But I will not have
you making Andre a murderer.
- Are you in love with him?
- What has that to do with it?
You're my lawyer
not my lover.
Someone else
said something...
very like that to
me recently.
I should like to know whether you
intend to continue with the case.
Yes, of course. I'm planning to cut
out all the witnesses except you.
I'm going to rely on your evidence
and my final speech to save you.
I know I can trust you.
I feel it.
- Yes, you can trust me.
- You will save me.
But not at his expense.
You understand that, don't you?
And suppose that's
the only way to save you?
You are not to destroy him.
If you do, I shall hate you as

I've never hated a man.
I must go on the way I've begun.
I must act according to my own view.
You can do what you like.
I've not finished with LaTour yet.
After that I'll put you
in the box.
Say what you like. My questions
will be mine and your answers yours.
Now, LaTour...
you remember your evidence?
During the quarrel, the Coronel
used strong language with you?
- Yes, sir.
- Did he discharge you?
I didn't know what to think.
It was all a lie about my leaving.
Yes, yes, we've heard
about that.
- Did you assume you were discharged?
- Yes. I suppose so.
Aren't you aware that Mrs Paradine
is the mistress of Hindley Hall?
Yes, sir.
Well, let me review
things for you. You...
suppose you were discharged,
yet continue in the employ...
of a woman who allegedly lied
about you to your master?
Well, answer me, LaTour.
I felt I wanted to help take care
of the Colonel's estate.
- There was nowhere else to go, so...
- Yes, yes.
Do I understand, that after
the quarrel on May 6th...
you never again saw
Colonel Paradine alive?
- Yes, sir.
- But you did see him dead?
Yes, sir.
- When?
- After Dr Young left, I was told...

- to clean up the room.
- Who gave you these instructions?
She did.
Whom do you mean by she?
Mrs Paradine.
While you were
cleaning the room...
did you notice the wine glass?
- Yes, sir.
- Did it still contain the burgundy?
Just a few drops in the
bottom of the glass.
Oh, there were a few drops left
in the bottom of the glass?
Yes, sir.
If you were told that Dr Young
had examined the glass...
after he discovered
Paradine was dead...
and found it to be clean.
That it had been washed and dried.
Would you still say there were a few
drops in the bottom of the glass?
Yes, sir,
I still say the same thing.
When did you wash
and dry that glass?
I never washed
or dried that glass.
I never touched it. I left it
just where it was.
You stated that Mrs Paradine
sent you to clean up the room.
- Yes, sir.
- But after she sent you in...
- the glass was not yet washed.
- Yes, sir.
Then it could not have been
Mrs Paradine who washed the glass.
Really, all this
is most improper.
Questions must
be kept within bounds.
Yes, I noticed Counsel

was tending to make points...

rather than ask questions.

But I was reluctant to interfere...

knowing how

he resents interruption.

LaTour, are you aware

of the penalty for perjury?

- Answer me.

- I've told the truth.

I put it to you that Paradine had a reason for his rage that fatal night.

A reason that had nothing to do with the story that you told in this court.

Was it at Hindley Hall or London that you first gave Mrs Paradine reason...

- to complain of your attentions?

- It's not true, she never did.

And was she not forced

to go to her husband...

to beg him to dismiss

you from his service?

I won't stand here and listen

to these filthy lies.

And was that in fact the only

cause of the terrible scene...

which took place on

the night of Paradine's death?

No, you can't say that.

The Colonel knew, didn't he? Because

she told him. Isn't that the truth?

- Answer the question.

- I will not answer.

Why, because you won't admit

that you betrayed his trust?

No. She's told you lies

and I hate her.

- She told her husband about you?

- No she did not. He found out.

Then you mean he heard you

speaking improperly to his wife?

- Yes.

- I've finished with the witness.

I didn't want to tell about it.

I didn't want to hurt

his good name.

But you've spoken...

you and she.

Both of you.

So I too will speak.

I am finished with the witness.

Tony.

It was she who dragged

us both down.

I hated every moment with her...

but I couldn't help myself.

This man is a confessed perjurer.

Must the jury listen to this rubbish?

- Mr Keane.

- He's been forced to tell the truth...

and is now trying to involve

my client in his treachery.

Mr Keane,

this is not the first time...

you are responsible for such

an over-emotional atmosphere.

- I cannot blame the witness.

- With respect...

I submit that his evidence...

be sent to the Director

of Public Prosecutions...

with a view to the formulation

of charges of perjury...

which he certainly committed.

And whether to such a charge

might be added...

- one of murder.

- Mr Keane...

you seem anxious to use up

the duties of the judge in this case.

Proceed, Sir Joseph.

LaTour, in testifying as to what

was heard by Colonel Paradine...

are you implying you had an adulterous

relationship with Mrs Paradine?

Yes.

You know now what I did.

I can't live with

the memory of what I've done.

I'm afraid I must ask you to bear
with a few more questions.
Did you avoid the truth because of
your feelings about this woman?
Yes, I lied.
Because I didn't want the world
to know what she was.
She was my Colonel's wife.
And also because
you care for her?
I don't know how to say it.
I tried not to but...
That's all.
My lord that concludes
the case for the prosecution.
Members of the jury...
the woman who is before you
in the dock is a foreigner.
Friendless and alone
in a strange country.
But a country that has always prided
itself on its passion for justice.
I had intended to call before you
numerous witnesses on her behalf.
To speak of her character...
of her self-sacrifice.
A sacrifice made by a beautiful
woman while still fascinating...
and still young, in order to bring
the light of affection...
into the darkness of
a blinded man's life.
But after hearing the case
for the Crown...
we have decided to call
no witnesses...
except the prisoner.
He hasn't lost his nerve.
I'll say that for him.
When she's been heard, I'm confident
the jury will decide not guilty.
I'll now ask the prisoner
to go into the box.
Absolutely certain

that when she leaves...
there'll be nothing left of
the stain which the prosecution...
has so wrecklessly
and unjustifiedly...
sought to place
upon her character.
I call the prisoner,
Madelena Paradine.
Hold the Testament in your right
hand and repeat the oath.
I swear by Almighty God, the evidence
I shall give shall be the truth...
the whole truth and
nothing but the truth.
If you wish, you may be seated
while giving your evidence.
No thank you, my lord.
- What is your name?
- Madelena Ana Paradine.
- The widow of Richard Paradine?
- I am.
What were your circumstances
when you married him?
I was very poor. My life had been
unpleasant and...
unattractive.
- Joyful, isn't she?
- Very clever of Tony.
He's just
disarming the other side.
Had you no fear at the thought of
spending your life with a blind man?
- I thought it a splendid opportunity.
- Opportunity?
Yes, I thought...
I would be his eyes.
Did you find it difficult to care
for a blind man?
To take care of him.
- No.
- He was never unkind to you?
Sometimes.
But I understood.

It was terrible for him being like that. It was easy to forgive him.

On the night of your husband's death...

a quarrel took place at your London home?

Yes.

Will you tell the jury, please, the cause of that quarrel?

I'd spoken to my husband about his valet LaTour.

I asked my husband to find another place for him.

Why was that?

Answer the question.

I did not wish LaTour to stay in the house.

Why didn't you wish LaTour to stay in the house?

I preferred

he shouldn't be there.

- But why?

- I did not like his manner with me.

What did you dislike?

I thought it sometimes too familiar.

Could you explain exactly what you mean by that?

He took liberties.

Did he try

to make love to you?

Please answer.

Did he try

to make love to you?

Yes.

And you complained

to your husband?

I did.

Now, Mrs Paradine...

you've heard LaTour's version of the quarrel on May 6th.

What actually did happen

when he came into the room?

My husband swore at him

and said...

- "You have insulted my wife."

- And what did LaTour say?

He broke down and said...

that if my husband would forgive him

it would never happen again.

Then LaTour's version

is completely untrue?

My lord, I object.

My learned friend is putting words...

- into the mouth of a witness.

- I was merely asking a question.

The form was objectionable.

I'm anxious not to intervene again.

Am I being clear?

Your lordship always makes his

meanings perfectly clear.

Then kindly attend

to my ruling...

and do not let me

have to repeat it.

I'll always note the ruling of a

learned judge...

however much I may

disagree with it.

Don't bandy words with me,

Mr Keane.

Kindly go on with your

examination of the witness.

Mrs Paradine...

after your husband's death

you sent in LaTour to tidy up?

Was anyone with you when

you sent LaTour into the room?

Dr Young.

Was Dr Young still with you when

LaTour came out of the room?

Yes.

Have you heard Dr Young's statement

that after he left you...

he found the glass

washed and dried?

I've heard that, yes.

Is it not true that the only person

who could've washed it is LaTour?

- My lord, I...

- All right, all right...

Could anyone else have washed and dried it?

I know what you're trying to make me say.

You want to make people think... that Andre LaTour killed my husband.

Silence.

I asked you whether anyone else could have washed the glass.

Yes.

What do you mean by yes?

I did.

I warn you that you've made a very serious admission.

Would you like to make some explanation of it to the jury?

My lord, with

the utmost respect, I...

would like to request that I be given time to consider this turn of events.

This piece of evidence is entirely new to me.

Mr Keane, it's getting late and we've had a very trying session.

Would it be convenient to you if we adjourned now?

I would be greatly obliged to your lordship.

We will adjourn until tomorrow morning at 10.30.

- Aren't you staying to dinner Judy?

- No, I promised Father.

Goodnight, dear.

- Hello Tony.

- Hello.

What the devil are you looking so sad about?

Nothing.

I was there today.

- Was Gay with you?

- Yes.

- Was that your idea?

- Yes.

I suppose you'll have your usual expert comment to make on the case.

- Yes.

- That will most certainly be helpful.

Precisely what I need at this moment.

- If she washed the wine glass...

- She didn't.

- I hope the jury agrees with you.

- She's covering for that dirty swine.

If she did wash the glass...

it's because she knew he killed him.

I could make her say so tonight.

Tony, you won't get angry if I ask you something else, will you?

Will it make any difference if I do?

Why do you keep on about the quarrel?

That's what made her say what she did.

If you really want to know, if your father wants to know...

it's because I want to get at the motive.

LaTour's motive.

He was in love with her.

He wanted to get rid of her husband.

What about your motive?

What do you mean?

I know, and you know and Gay knows...

why you think

LaTour's the murderer.

You wouldn't have handled it that way otherwise.

You treated her as if you were cross examining for the prosecution.

Tony it's true.

Someone had to say.

You've got to save this woman
for Gay's sake.

If you'll leave me alone,
perhaps I still can.

If you're left to your own devices,
I'll bet you one thing:

Mrs Paradine and your career will be
done for. If it weren't for Gay...

I wouldn't be sure that'd be
a bad thing either.

Goodnight.

My lord I've finished
with the witness.

- That's funny.

- What do you mean?

I'll tell you later.

Mrs Paradine, did you think
Andre LaTour very handsome?

Of course not. He is a servant. How
could I consider him in that way?

These attentions from LaTour
had gone on for some time?

Yes.

Why did you wait until that night
to tell your husband?

- I was ashamed.

- Why should you be ashamed?

- It wasn't your fault.

- Of course not.

Then why be ashamed?

Was it your modesty that held you
back? Remembering your past?

I protest at the insinuation.

There's been no evidence
about her past.

My lord, there was
no insinuation.

I merely tried to convey
that a lady of her...

to use her own words,

unattractive past, didn't need...

to avoid appealing to her husband
because of maidenly modesty.

I must ask you, Mr Keane,

not to interrupt counsel.

I will intervene if I see reason.

Proceed.

I ask you on your oath,

Mrs Paradine...

did you not complain about LaTour
because you were in love with him?

In love with him?

Yet I asked my husband
to send him away?

- Is that what you think?

- Did you not finally succeed...

in inducing this man,

who worshipped his master...

to betray him?

I deny that.

Now, Mrs Paradine

is it not true...

that when you realised

LaTour took no interest in women...

you resolved to overcome

that indifference?

No.

Weren't you in love with LaTour all
the time you lived at Hindley Hall?

No.

Weren't you madly in love with him
all the time you lived in London?

What you say is not true.

Is anything wrong,

Sir Joseph?

I'd like an opportunity to consider
what bearing this has on the case.

I've been informed that the witness
LaTour has done away with himself.

Andre.

- That does it.

- Oh, Tony.

My lord,

I submit that this...

has great bearing on the case. It's
obvious why he committed suicide.

- It bears out my...

- I don't think so.

The witness said he couldn't live,
knowing he'd betrayed his master.
I suggest both counsel
recover their equanimity...
and remember where they are.
The jury will disregard...
all they've just heard.
None of it was evidence.
Mr Keane, do you want an adjournment
to consider your position?
No, my lord...
on further consideration...
I've no application.
I will, however...
have my observations
to make to the jury in due course.
Yes, yes. Sir Joseph,
does the prosecution...
want an adjournment?
No, my lord.
I regret the court has been subjected
to this additional sensationalism.
Then proceed, Sir Joseph.
Mrs Paradine...
you admitted yesterday that you...
deliberately washed the glass that
contained what killed your husband.
Why did you wash that glass?
Answer my question.
Why did you wash that glass?
You must answer the question.
I'm sorry, I didn't hear.
Counsel has repeated
the question once.
What does it matter now?
Andre's dead.
The man I love is dead.
I thought about it day and night.
But I didn't know how.
I wanted to do it so
we could be free.
So Andre and I could go away...
and live together as we should.
But Andre wouldn't help me.

He and his honour.
I must warn you of the gravity
of the statement you are making.
Andre knew
I killed the blind man.
Andre knew it.
I didn't tell him,
but he knew it.
I think it quite unnecessary to ask
any further questions, my lord.
Is there anything else you wish
to ask the witness, Mr Keane?
- Mrs Paradine...
- I have nothing to say to you.
I loved Andre LaTour...
and you murdered him.
My life is finished.
It is you who has finished it.
My only comfort is the hatred
and contempt I feel for you.
My lord...
members of the jury...
I've done my best.
This case...
has already...
taken a heavy toll...
in the life of LaTour...
in it's burden on you...
and indeed on me.
I am, more than ever,
conscious of my shortcomings.
Everything I've done...
seems to have gone
against my client.
But, members of the jury...
you must not confuse my...
incompetence...
with any of the issues
of this trial.
Those are two questions apart.
Two questions...
quite apart.
Many things have become
obscured in this trial.

Many things...
have become obscured.
My lord, I can go on no longer.
I request your indulgence...
to let my friend...
Mr Cullens,
take over this case.
It's surprising how closely
a walnut...
resembles the human brain.
I wish you hadn't refused...
forbidden me to... you were right...
to go to the trial today.
Your coughing, might've distracted
me. It was important that I...
concentrate on Mr Keane's
performance.
Of course.
How I shall pray the verdict'll
be not guilty.
Must I listen to more
of your silly pity...
for every scoundrel,
man or woman...
I do pity her.
Who needs pity more than
a woman who's sinned?
You always forget that punishment
is part of the scheme.
- A necessary part of it.
- Doesn't life punish us enough?
Doesn't it? Why should we
hurt each other?
We've no right to be cruel. If I'm
certain of anything, it's of that.
You've knocked over a glass.
Oh, so I have.
Give it to me.
You've been talking more
nonsense than usual tonight.
I'm afraid this trial
has got on your nerves.
- I suggest you go to bed.
- Yes, I will, Tommy.

I'm sorry.

Oh, that poor woman.

Couldn't you do something
for her?

How dare you speak to one of
His Majesty's judges like that?

The jury decides questions
of guilt or innocence.

I may be silly, Tommy, but
I love you. I've always loved you.
And you must have known how
terrible it is to love a man who...

Tommy, when you were young
you were kind.

- You can't sit on that bench...

- As long as I sit on that bench...

I'll continue to do my duty.

And I performed a duty today.

The Paradine woman will be hanged
after three clear Sundays.

Next time, you'll place your
confidence with more discretion.

I suppose I ought to get out of here.

I've kept you up late enough.

You're more than welcome.

But I wish you'd telephone Gay.

She must be worried.

- Worried to death.

- Worried I'll come home, you mean.

The least I can do is spare Gay
the boring job of standing by me.

Listen to me. You're not as wise
about everything as you think.

You mustn't despair. If there's one
thing I can't abide it's despairing.

What would you have me do?

Hope for a high court judgeship?

Well, not for a while.

But all this talk of giving up
the bar is poppy-cock.

If I know anything about Gay,
there's nothing she wants now but...

Father.

Where is she?

Hello, Tony.
Hello.
What about some breakfast?
Do you mind? Thanks...
but as a matter of fact
I was just leaving.
Tony, you really shouldn't have
worried me like this.
I waited up till all hours.
I should've known
you'd be here with Simmie.
I was proud of you today.
Yes, I was.
Darling, it won't be easy.
There'll be those
who laugh at you, sneer.
And I don't think the newspapers
will be very kind.
The worst thing of all
was what I did to you.
Tony, the most important
moment in your life...
wasn't when you discovered
what she was.
And it wasn't when you'd the courage
to stand before the whole world...
and confess your own mistakes.
The most important moment...
Look at me Tony.
The most important moment
in your life is now.
My husband is the most brilliant
man I've ever known.
You can throw away your career and
become a beachcomber if you want.
Maybe that's not
such a bad idea.
Darling...
don't you understand? I want you
back on the job as fast as you can.
And I hope you've a tough case.
Very tough.
So that... it will take
the very best you have.

Winning every verdict
you're after. Convincing...
There you go again darling...
with all your fancy ideas
about me.
Incidentally darling,
you do need a shave.