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Rear Window

By John Michael Hayes

FADE IN:

INT. JEFFERIES' APARTMENT - DAY - LONG SHOT

Although we do not see the foreground window frame, we see the whole background of a Greenwich Village street.

We can see the rear of a number of assorted houses and small apartment buildings whose fronts face on the next cross-town

street, sharply etched by the morning sun.

Some are two stories high; others three; some have peaked roofs, others are flat. There is a mixture of brick and wood

and wrought iron in the construction.

The apartment buildings have fire escapes, the others do not.

The neighborhood is not a prosperous one, but neither is it poor. It is a practical, conventional dwelling place for people living on marginal incomes, luck -- or hope and

careful

planning.

The summer air is motionless and heavy with humid heat.

It has opened windows wide, pushed back curtains, lifted blinds and generally brought the neighborhood life into a sweltering intimacy. Yet, people born and bred to life

within

earshot and eye glance of a score of neighbors have learned to preserve their own private worlds by uniformly ignoring each other, except on direct invitation.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK until a large sleeping profile of a man fills the screen. It is so large that we do not see any features, but merely the temple and side of the cheek down which a stream of sweat is running.

THE CAMERA PANS OFF this to the right hand side of the

window,

and MOVES TO a thermometer which is hanging on the wall just

outside the window. It registers 84.

THE CAMERA MOVES ON into the open, and brings nearer to us a

room with a large studio window. We are able to see inside this room. A short, balding man is standing near the window,

shaving, using a small bowl of water and a portable mirror

which he has set up on a shelf.

To the right of him is a battered upright piano. On top of the piano is a radio. The music selection coming from the radio stops, and the announcer is heard.

ANNOUNCER

The time -- 7:15 A.M., WOR, New York.

The temperature, outside, 84 --

Friends -- is your life worth one
dollar?

The man shaving quickly puts down his razor, hurries to the radio, and changes the station, moving past a number of commercial voices until he again finds some music.

Contented, he returns to his shaving.

THE CAMERA MOVES ON AND OVER to a far building. It passes over the face of this building until it comes to fire

escapes.

It goes up and near enough to one which has become the

outdoor

bedroom of a couple. We are near enough to see an alarm

clock

hanging from the rail which is now ringing vigorously. A man

rises lazily to a sitting position. He gropes to switch the alarm off.

We see that his pajamas are stained with sweat. In his

sitting

position he leans forward and shakes somebody beside him. To

our surprise, the head of this other person -- a woman -- rises where his feet are. They have been sleeping in

opposite

directions. They sit limply looking at each other with bedraggled and weary expressions which show they enjoyed very little sleep in the heat of the night.

THE CAMERA NOW MOVES DOWN toward the left onto another low building. It MOVES IN A LITTLE to a living room window. Just

inside the windowsill, a small fan is oscillating. The fan sits on the right side of the table, and to the left of it is an automatic toaster.

Behind the toaster stands a full-bodied young woman, apparently wearing only a pair of black panties. Her

stomach,

navel, and the lower part of her chest are naked. Just below

her breasts, the curtain, partly drawn, has thrown a deep shadow which extends upward, hiding her breasts, shoulders and head. Two pieces of toast pop up in the toaster. She takes them out, butters them. Then she turns around and

bends

over another table on which stands an automatic

coffee-maker.

She picks up the coffee-maker, and swings back to the table to sit down. She does this so deftly that her breasts are never exposed, but hidden by the fan as she sits down. The fan moves back and forth as she pours coffee, far enough to reveal that she wears no bra, but not far enough to fulfill the exciting promise of her lack of clothes.

THE CAMERA MOVES ON to a distant street corner seen between two buildings. The traffic is very light at this hour, but a

Sanitation Department truck moves through the intersection spraying water out behind it to cool the pavement and keep the dust down. Three little kids in bathing suits run behind

the truck, playing in the water.

THE CAMERA MOVES OFF and around to some buildings at the side. As it skims this building, we see a hand emerge from one of the windows, and remove the cover from a birdcage which is hanging from a hook on the wall outside. In the cage are two lovebirds -- arguing.

THE CAMERA NOW PULLS BACK SWIFTLY and retreats through the open window back into Jefferies' apartment. We now see more of the sleeping man. THE CAMERA GOES IN far enough to show a

head and shoulders of him.

He is L. B. JEFFERIES. A tall, lean, energetic thirty five, his face long and serious-looking at rest, is in other circumstances capable of humor, passion, naive wonder and the kind of intensity that bespeaks inner convictions of moral strength and basic honesty.

He is sitting in an Everest and Jennings wheelchair.

THE CAMERA PANS along his right leg. It is encased in a plaster of Paris spica from his waistline to the base of his

toes. Along the white cast someone has written "Here lie the

broken bones of L. B. Jefferies."

THE CAMERA PANS to a nearby table on which rests a shattered and twisted Speed Graphic Camera, the kind used by news photographers.

fast-action

On the same table, the CAMERA PANS to an eight by ten glossy photo print. It shows a dirt track auto racing speedway, taken from a point dangerously near the center of the track.

A racing car is skidding toward the camera, out of control, spewing a cloud of dust behind it. A rear wheel has come off the car, and the wheel is bounding at top speed directly into the camera lens.

THE CAMERA MOVES UP to a framed photograph on the wall. It is a fourteen by ten print, an essay in violence, having caught on film the exploding semi-second when a heavy artillery shell arches into a front-line Korean battle outpost. Men and equipment erupt into the air suspended in a solution of blasted rock, dust and screeching shrapnel. That

surprising

the photographer was not a casualty is evident, but when the short distance between the camera and the explosion is estimated. A signature in the lower right hand corner of the picture reads -- "L. B. Jefferies."

THE CAMERA PANS to a second photograph of a picket line at an aircraft plant strike. Strikers, non-strikers and police are embroiled in a bitter and confused riot.

Clubs, fists and truncheons swing, blood flows, faces twist with emotion and fallen victims struggle to regain their feet. The picture represents no distant, cautions

photographic

observation, but rather an intimate report, so immediate and real that the viewer has the nervous feeling the fight surrounds him and he had best defend himself. The same signature, "L. B. Jefferies," is in the corner.

THE CAMERA PANS TO another framed picture, this one a beautiful and awesome shot of an atomic explosion at Frenchman's Flat, Nevada. It is the cul-de-sac of violence.

The picture taken at a distant observation point, shows some spectators in the foreground watching the explosion through binoculars.

THE CAMERA MOVES ON to a shelf containing a number of cameras, photographic film, etc. It then PAN ACROSS a large viewer on which is resting a negative of a woman's head.

From this, THE CAMERA MOVES ON to a magazine cover, and although we do not see the name of the magazine, we can see the head on the cover is the positive of the negative we have just passed.

THE CAMERA FINALLY COMES TO REST ON a pile of magazines -- perhaps a hundred or so. They are all of the same publication.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GUNNISON'S OFFICE - DAY - CLOSE UP

The screen is filled with the top of a desk. In addition to the usual telephones, blotting pad, etc., the most prominent feature is the number of glossy photo prints, and even

larger-sized mat prints. Some of them have slips pasted over with descriptions. The center of the desk is occupied by a large layout of photographs on one magazine page. Behind this we hear the murmur of two voices of men who can be vaguely seen

beyond the desk.

THE CAMERA PANS UP and we are now face to face with IVAR GUNNISON and JACK BRYCE. Gunnison is sitting on a window-ledge, and beyond him we realize we are high above the New York streets. Bryce leans against a wall at right angles to him.

Gunnison is holding a cablegram in his hand. Bryce has a cigarette in his mouth. He scratches a match, and is about to light it, when he notices that Gunnison, still reading the cable, has reached into an inside shirt pocket, and produced a cigarette. Quickly, Bryce moves over to light Gunnison's cigarette. Then he settles back to light his own.

Gunnison doesn't even bother to thank him.

GUNNISON

(Looks up)

Indo-China -- Jeff predicted it would go sky-high.

BRYCE

From the looks of Davidson's cable, it might even go higher than that. And we haven't even got a camera over there.

GUNNISON

(Stands)

This could go off in a month -- or an hour.

BRYCE

I'll pull somebody out of Japan.

GUNNISON

(Heads for his phone)

Bryce, the only man for this job is sitting right here in town.

(Picks up phone)

Get me L. B. Jefferies.

BRYCE

(Puzzled)

Jefferies?

GUNNISON

(To Bryce; still holding phone)

Name me a better photographer.

BRYCE

(He can't)

But his leg!

GUNNISON

Don't worry -- it comes off today.

Bryce gives Gunnison a startled look.

GUNNISON

I mean the cast.

(To phone)

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Shooting through the open window, onto Jeff. He is shaving himself with an electric razor as the phone rings. He shuts off the shaver, picks up the phone.

JEFF

Jefferies.

GUNNISON

(On filter)

Congratulations, Jeff.

JEFF

For what?

GUNNISON

For getting rid of that cast.

JEFF

Who said I was getting rid of it?

At this moment, his attention is drawn to something across the way. He looks up, expectantly. There is almost a touch of eagerness in his expression.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - LONG SHOT

While Jeff is continuing his phone conversation, we see the object of his look. Two pretty girls have appeared on the distant roof. They are smiling and talking, although we

cannot

hear their dialogue. Each wears a terrycloth robe. With

their

backs to the CAMERA, they take off the robes, slipping them down over their shoulders slowly. Then, seductively, they turn -- revealing the full beauty of their tanned and

bathing-

sued bodies. It is almost as if they want to be noticed, the center of neighborhood attention. They at least have all

of Jeff's attention. Then they spread the robes in front of them, and lie down on the roof, and out of sight. Jeff seems

a little disappointed.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - SEMI-CLOSEUP

During the whole of this previous action, the conversation between Jeff and Gunnison has gone on as follows:

GUNNISON

(With logical proof)

This is Wednesday.

JEFF

Gunnison -- how did you get to be such a big editor -- with such a small memory?

GUNNISON

Wrong day?

JEFF

Wrong week. Next Wednesday I emerge from this plaster cocoon.

GUNNISON

That's too bad, Jeff. Well, I guess

I can't be lucky every day. Forget I called.

JEFF

Yeah. I sure feel sorry for you, Gunnison. Must be rough on you thinking of me wearing this cast another whole week.

INT. GUNNISON'S OFFICE - DAY - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Gunnison is now seated at his desk, with the phone receiver to his ear. His assistant, Bryce, can be seen vaguely in the background.

GUNNISON

That one week is going to cost me my best photographer -- and you a big assignment.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - CLOSE-UP

Jeff asks, eagerly and alertly.

JEFF

Where?

We hear Gunnison's reply.

GUNNISON

There's no point in even talking about it.

Jeff's eyes become set upon something else in the neighborhood he sees.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - LONG SHOT

Jeff's attention is now drawn to another feature of his backyard entertainment. THE CAMERA IS NOW FOCUSED on the window of the small building where we earlier saw the girl behind the oscillating fan. Loud ballet music is pouring from her open window. The girl, now dressed in dark and revealing leotard, and ballet slippers, has just turned away

from a portable record player. She begins the first graceful movement of a modern ballet interpretation.

She gracefully moves across the room to the rhythm of the music and dance, toward the ice box. With her feet still moving, she throws open the door, and then rhythmically

moving

back to the center of the room, gnaws the chicken bone, occasionally waving it in the air as part of the

choreography.

She now twirls over toward a table at the other side of the room on which is an open package of bread slices, some butter nearby.

With swaying body, she puts down the chicken leg, and gracefully and rhythmically butters a slice of bread. She picks up both bread and chicken leg and continues her interpretive dance, alternately munching the bread and

butter

and chicken leg.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY - CLOSEUP

Jeff's eyes drop from the ballet dancer's room to the one underneath.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - LONG SHOT

THE CAMERA PANS from the window of the dancing girl, to the window below. Someone is reading the New York Herald

Tribune.

The paper lowers, and we see an elderly lady, in her late sixties. She is a faded, refined type. She looks up in the direction of the music and in a calm routine fashion adjusts

the volume of her hearing aid. She resumes her reading.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - CLOSEUP

Jeff is amused by what he sees, but continues his

conversation

with Gunnison, which has gone on through all the scenes with the ballet dancer.

JEFF

(Insistent)

Where?

GUNNISON

(Filter)

Indo-China. Got a code tip from the bureau chief this morning. The place is about to go up in smoke.

JEFF

(Pleased; excited)

Didn't I tell you! Didn't I tell you it was the next place to watch?

GUNNISON

You did.

JEFF

(On filter)

Okay. When do I leave? Half-hour? An hour?

GUNNISON

With that cast on -- you don't.

JEFF

(On filter)

Stop sounding stuffy. I'll take pictures from a jeep. From a water buffalo if necessary.

GUNNISON

You're too valuable to the magazine for us to play around with. I'll send Morgan or Lambert.

JEFF

Swell. I get myself half-killed for you -- and you reward me by stealing my assignments.

GUNNISON

I didn't ask you to stand in the middle of that automobile race track.

JEFF

(A little angry)

You asked for something dramatically different! You got it!

GUNNISON

(Quietly)

So did you. Goodbye, Jeff.

JEFF

(Won't let him hang up)

You've got to get me out of here!
Six weeks -- sitting in a two-room apartment with nothing to do but look out the window at the neighbors!

At this moment we hear the sounds of a piano playing. It is a simple, but broken, melody as if someone was just learning to play the piano, or carefully composing a song. It clashes abruptly with the music from the ballet dancer's apartment. It irritates Jeff as he looks in the direction of the new music.

JEFF

It's worse than the Chinese water

torture.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - SEMI-LONG SHOT

We now see the source of the piano music. It comes from the apartment with the studio window which we saw earlier where the man was shaving and listening to the radio. The short, balding man sits at the piano playing a few notes, then transferring them by pencil to notepaper on the piano rack. He continues this process, fighting the interference of the ballet music. The opening bars of his melody are beautiful and ear-catching.

It is slow, hard work, and the ballet music finally becomes such an interference that he gives up and walks to the

window

to look down toward the dancer's apartment.

He stands by a table at the window which is littered with records, the morning coffee cup, unwashed, the remains of breakfast, old newspapers, song sheets, etc.

He takes a cigarette out of his mouth, looks for an ash

tray,

and ends up putting it out in the coffee cup. He then

returns

to the piano and begins picking out the melody the dancer is

playing on her record player.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff frowns at the double sound, and raises his voice a little. He continues the conversation which has been heard all through the previous scene.

GUNNISON

Read some good books.

JEFF

I've been taking pictures so long I don't know how to read anymore.

GUNNISON

I'll send you some comic books.

JEFF

(Low, tense)

Listen -- if you don't pull me out of this swamp of boredom -- I'll do something drastic.

GUNNISON

Like what?

JEFF

(On filter)

I'll -- I'll get married. Then I'll never be able to go anywhere.

GUNNISON

It's about time you got married -- before you turn into a lonesome and bitter old man.

JEFF

Can you see me -- rushing home to a hot apartment every night to listen to the automatic laundry, the electric dishwasher, the garbage disposal and a nagging wife.

GUNNISON

Jeff -- wives don't nag anymore -- they discuss.

Jefferies glances out across to the other apartments as he sees:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - SEMI-LONG SHOT

We see a three-storied, flat-roofed apartment house.

The brick is weather-worn and faded. Each apartment has

three

windows facing the back, one showing a hallway, one a living

room, and the window on the right opening into a bedroom.

On the second floor, a man has entered the living room from a hallway door. He carries a large aluminum sample case

common

to salesmen. He sets down the case heavily, removes his hat,

and slowly wipes his brow with the back of his right hand.

He takes off his coat and tie. His shirt is stained with

sweat underneath. He rolls up his sleeves, and his well-muscled arms heavy with hair confirm his dark, husky build.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - SEMI-CLOSEUP

With his eyes still focused on the distant apartments, Jeff continues talking with Gunnison.

JEFF

Yeah? Maybe in the high rent districts they discuss -- but in my neighborhood, they still nag.

GUNNISON

Well -- you know best. Call you later, Jeff.

JEFF

Next time, have some good news.

He hangs up and resumes his attention on the apartment of the salesman.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - SEMI-LONG SHOT

The salesman looks toward the bedroom door, hesitates, then reluctantly walks toward it. For a moment he is hidden by the wall.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - CLOSEUP

Jeff shifts his look more to the right.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - SEMI-LONG SHOT

The man enters the bedroom. We can see a woman lying on the far bed. Near her, a small table is covered with medicine bottles, spoons, boxes of pills, a water pitcher and the other impedimenta of the chronically ill. The woman sits up as the man enters. She takes a wet cloth off her forehead. Before the man even reaches her, she begins talking,

somewhat

vigorously. Pointing to a wristwatch, she seems to be saying

something such as "You should have been home two hours ago! I could be lying here dying for all you'd know -- or care!" The man stops short of the bed, makes gestures of trying to placate her, but she goes on scolding. His attitude changes to weary patience, then irritation, then anger.

He shouts back at her, turns and goes out of the room.

Back in the living room, he picks up his hat, throws it against the wall in anger, and leaves the apartment,

slamming

the door behind him.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - MEDIUM SHOT

Jeff's attention is suddenly diverted to himself. His leg, under the cast, begins itching. He squirms, tries to move the leg a little. It gives no relief. He scratches the

outside

of the cast, but the itch gets worse. He reaches for a long,

Chinese back scratcher lying on the windowsill. Carefully, and with considerable ingenuity, he works it under the cast.

He scratches, and a look of sublime relief comes over his face. Satisfied, he takes the scratcher out. As he replaces it on the windowsill, his attention is drawn back to the scene outside the window.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - SEMI-LONG SHOT

We see the man who left his apartment in anger come out of the doorway into the backyard. He is easy to identify through the color of his garish necktie. In one hand the man carries a small garden hoe and rake, and in the other a pair of trimming shears. He goes to a small patch of flowers, perhaps three feet square. They are beautiful, multi-colored three foot high zinnias. He kneels down, inspects them, touches them affectionately and with some pride. His anger seems to have left him, replaced by the kind of peace that flowers bring many people.

He stands up, carefully hoes the ground, then rakes it. Then he snips a few leaves off the lower parts of the plant. Finally, he waters them.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff's attention is turned to something else of interest.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Into the next door yard we see emerging from the apartment below the ballet dancer, the elderly lady.

She wear a broad sun hat, dark glasses, and a sunsuit consisting of pink shorts and halter. She carries a copy of the Herald Tribune, and still wears her hearing aid. She settles into a folding, canvas deck chair.

Her skin is dead white, and her body is thin to the point of emaciation. No sooner has she settled into her chair, than she is attracted by the sound of the salesman working in his

garden. She gets up, walks to the fence, and looks over. He notices her, but doesn't speak.

She begins gesturing to him how to take care of his flowers.

He listens for a moment, then looks directly at her. The strong movements of his mouth show us that he objects vigorously to the annoyance of her comments. She moves away from the fence, started and a little shocked.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - MEDIUM SHOT

Jeff is seated in the foreground, in a waist shot.

Behind him, the entrance door to his apartment opens.

STELLA MCGAFFERY comes in. She is a husky, unhandsome, dark-

haired woman who is dressed like a district nurse, with dark coat, dark felt hat, with a white uniform showing underneath the coat. She carries a small black bag. Stella pauses on the landing to watch Jeff. He doesn't appear to notice her entrance.

STELLA

(Loud)

The New York State sentence for a peeping Tom is six months in the workhouse!

He doesn't turn.

JEFF

Hello Stella.

As she comes down the stairs of the landing, holding on the wrought iron railing with one hand:

STELLA

And there aren't any windows in the workhouse.

She puts her bag down on a table. It is worn, and looks as if it belongs more to a fighter than a nurse. She takes off her hat coat, and hangs them on a chair.

STELLA

Years ago, they used to put out your eyes with a hot poker. Is one of those bikini bombshells you always watch worth a hot poker?

He doesn't answer. She opens the bag, takes out some medical supplies: a thermometer, a stop watch, a bottle of rubbing oil, a can of powder, a towel. She talks as she works.

STELLA

We've grown to be a race of peeping Toms. What people should do is stand outside their own houses and look in once in a while.

(She looks up at him)

What do you think of that for homespun philosophy?

A look at his face shows he doesn't think much of it.

JEFF

Readers' Digest, April, 1939.

STELLA

Well, I only quote from the best.
She takes the thermometer out of its case, shakes it down.
Looks at it. Satisfied, she walks to Jeff.
She swings the wheelchair around abruptly to face her.
INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - MEDIUM SHOT
Jeff starts to protest.

JEFF

Now look, Stella --
She shoves the thermometer into his mouth.

STELLA

See it you can break a hundred.
As she leaves him holding the thermometer THE CAMERA PULLS
BACK as she crosses to a divan. She takes a sheet from
underneath, and covers the divan with it. Talking, all the
time.

STELLA

I shoulda been a Gypsy fortune teller,
instead of an insurance company nurse.
I got a nose for trouble -- can smell
it ten miles away.

(Stops, looks at him)

You heard of the stock market crash
in '29?

Jeff nods a bored "yes."

STELLA

I predicted it.

JEFF

(Around thermometer)

How?

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Stella stops for a moment, and looks at Jeff challengingly.

STELLA

Simple. I was nursing a director of
General Motors. Kidney ailment they
said. Nerves, I said. Then I asked
myself -- what's General Motors got
to be nervous about?

(Snaps her fingers)

Overproduction. Collapse, I answered.
When General Motors has to go to the
bathroom ten times a day -- the whole
country's ready to let go.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - CLOSEUP

A patient, suffering look comes over his face. He takes out the thermometer.

JEFF

Stella -- in economics, a kidney ailment has no relationship to the stock market. Absolutely none.

STELLA

It crashed, didn't it?

Jeff has no answer. Defeated, he puts the thermometer back into his mouth.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - CLOSEUP

Stella goes on with her work.

STELLA

I can smell trouble right in this apartment. You broke your leg. You look out the window. You see things you shouldn't. Trouble. I can see you now, in front of the judge, flanked by lawyers in blue double-breasted suits. You're pleading, "Judge, it was only innocent fun. I love my neighbors like a father." -- The Judge answers, "Congratulations. You just gave birth to three years in Dannemora."

THE CAMERA PANS HER over to him. She takes out the thermometer, looks at it.

JEFF

Right now I'd even welcome trouble.

STELLA

(Flatly)

You've got a hormone deficiency.

JEFF

How can you tell that from a thermometer!

STELLA

Those sultry sun-worshipers you watch haven't raised your temperature one degree in four weeks.

She gets down the thermometer. Sterilizes it with a piece of

alcohol-soaked cotton in her other hand.

She gets behind the wheelchair the CAMERA PULLS back as she pushes it over to the divan. She puts the thermometer away

in its case. Then she helps him off with his pajama top. She

helps him stand on one foot.

He hops one step, then she lowers him, face down, on the divan. She gets a bottle of rubbing oil.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - CLOSE SHOT

The CAMERA is very low at one end of the divan. Jeff's head,

half-buried in the sheet, is large in the fore-ground.

Beyond him Stella looms large and powerful-looking.

JEFF

I think you're right. There is going
to be some trouble around here.

Stella takes a handful of oil, slaps it on his back. He
winces.

STELLA

I knew it!

JEFF

Don't you ever heat that stuff up.

STELLA

Gives your circulation something to
fight.

(Begins massaging his
back)

What kind of trouble?

JEFF

Lisa Fremont.

STELLA

You must be kidding. A beautiful
young woman, and you a reasonably
healthy specimen of manhood.

JEFF

She expects me to marry her.

STELLA

That's normal.

JEFF

I don't want to.

STELLA

(Slaps cold oils on
him)

That's abnormal.

JEFF

(Wincing)

I'm not ready for marriage.

STELLA

Nonsense. A man is always ready for marriage -- with the right girl. And Lisa Fremont is the right girl for any man with half a brain, who can get one eye open.

JEFF

(Indifferent)

She's all right.

She hits him with some more cold oil. He winces again.

STELLA

Behind every ridiculous statement is always hidden the true cause.

(Peers at him)

What is it? You have a fight?

JEFF

No.

STELLA

(After a pause)

Her father loading up the shotgun?

JEFF

Stella!

STELLA

It's happened before, you know! Some of the world's happiest marriage have started 'under the gun' you might say.

JEFF

She's just not the girl for me.

STELLA

She's only perfect.

JEFF

Too perfect. Too beautiful, too talented, too sophisticated, too everything -- but what I want.

STELLA

(Cautiously)

Is what you want something you can discuss?

Jeff gives an exasperated look.

JEFF

It's very simple. She belongs in that rarefied atmosphere of Park Avenue, expensive restaurants, and

literary cocktail parties.

STELLA

People with sense can belong wherever they're put.

JEFF

Can you see her tramping around the world with a camera bum who never has more than a week's salary in the bank?

(Almost to himself)

If only she was ordinary.

Stella sprinkles powder on his back, spreads it around.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK as she helps Jeff to a sitting position.

He buttons on his shirt.

STELLA

You're never going to marry?

JEFF

Probably. But when I do, it'll be to someone who thinks of life as more than a new dress, a lobster dinner, and the latest scandal. I need a woman who'll go anywhere, do anything, and love it.

THE CAMERA MOVES IN as she helps him into the wheelchair, listening to him with exaggerated attention. He, stops as he

notice her attitude. Then he goes on with less conviction:

JEFF

The only honest thing to do is call it off. Let her look for somebody else.

STELLA

I can just hear you now. "Get out of here you perfect, wonderful woman! You're too good for me!"

JEFF

(After pause)

That's the hard part.

She swings him around in front of the window. He starts to look out.

STELLA

Look, Mr. Jefferies. I'm not educated. I'm not even sophisticated. But I

can tell you this -- when a man and a woman see each other, and like each other -- they should come together -- wham like two taxies on Broadway. Not sit around studying each other like specimens in at bottle.

JEFF

There's an intelligent way to approach marriage.

STELLA

(Scoffing)

Intelligence! Nothing has caused the human race more trouble. Modern marriage!

Jeff swings his chair back to look at her.

JEFF

We've progressed emotionally in --

STELLA

(Interrupting)

Baloney! Once it was see somebody, get excited, get married -- Now, it's read books, fence with four syllable words, psychoanalyze each other until you can't tell a petting party from a civil service exam

JEFF

People have different emotional levels that --

STELLA

(Interrupting again)

Ask for trouble and you get it. Why there's a good boy in my neighborhood who went with a nice girl across the street for three years. Then he refused to marry her. Why? -- Because she only scored sixty-one on a Look Magazine marriage quiz!

Jeff can't help smiling.

STELLA

When I married Myles, we were both maladjusted misfits. We still are. And we've loved every minute of it.

JEFF

That's fine, Stella. Now would you
make me a sandwich?

She relaxes.

STELLA

Okay -- but I'm going to spread some
common sense on the bread. Lisa
Fremont's loaded to her fingertips
with love for you. I'll give you two
words of advice. Marry her.

JEFF

(Smiles)

She pay you much?

Stella leaves for the kitchen in a huff. Jeff turns his
chair
to the window.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff now looks out to see what has happened to the old lady,
and the man with the flowers.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - SEMI-LONG SHOT

The elderly lady is now asleep in her deck chair, her face
covered with the Herald Tribune. There is no sign of the man
with the flowers.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - CLOSEUP

Jeff's eyes travel up to the ballet dancer's window.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - SEMI-LONG SHOT

She is sitting near the window looking into an upright
mirror.

Dreamily, and methodically, she is brushing her long copper-
colored hair.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - CLOSEUP

His eyes are suddenly turned in another direction, sharply
to his left.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - SEMI-LONG SHOT

He is now looking at the windows of the apartments nearest
to him. A shade has gone up, and a man, obviously a
caretaker

is raising a window with some effort. Having accomplished
this, he turns back into the room, and we now see him
approach

a young man and woman who are standing just inside the
doorway. He hands a key to the young man, and then
obligingly

brings in two suitcases which he places on the floor beside them. He gives them a studied, but agreeable nod, then departs.

We now see that the girl has a small hat with a veil, and an

ornate corsage pinned to her light blue tailored suit. The boy, who like the girl is perhaps twenty years old, wears a dark blue serge suit and a grey felt hat. He takes off the hat, and scales it over to a nearby chair. Quickly they are in each other's arms, kissing passionately, crushing the girl's corsage and pushing her hat back a little. They part,

the boy laughs nervously, and takes a furtive glance out toward the corridor. He looks back into the room, and

beckons

her to come out. She follows him wonderingly. For a moment, both are lost from sight. When they reappear, he is carrying

her in his arms, over the threshold. He sets her down,

closes

the door, and they kiss again.

They part, still holding hands and looking into each other's

eyes. Then slowly, and significantly, she looks toward the open window. He releases her hands, goes to the window and pull down the shade, as she is reaching upward with both hands to unpin her hat.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - SEMI-CLOSEUP

There is a soft, understanding look on Jeff's face, and he gives an involuntary sigh. He is unaware that Stella is now standing behind him.

STELLA

(Quietly)

Window shopper.

He freezes, turns slowly to look up at her.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SUNSET - LONG SHOT

The CAMERA makes a short sweep around the neighborhood

showing

that some of the rooms are now with their lights on.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK into Jeff's apartment until his head fills the screen. He is asleep. A shadow of some other

person

creeps over his face. His eyes start to open. He looks up.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - SUNSET - CLOSEUP

The screen is filled with the eyes, nose and mouth of a

woman

coming nearer and nearer to the CAMERA to kiss Jeff. The face is more or less in shadow, a faint light coming onto the profile from the window. It moves down until the lips move out of her bottom of her screen, and just the remain for fill the screen.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - SUNSET - CLOSEUP

The two big profiles filling the screen. The girl kisses Jeff firmly, but not passionately. Then her head moves back an inch or two. She speaks.

LISA

(Softly)

How's your leg?

JEFF

Mmmm -- hurts a little.

LISA

And your stomach?

JEFF

Empty as a football.

LISA

And you love life?

JEFF

Not too active.

LISA

Anything else bothering you?

JEFF

Uh-huh.

She gives a low. Warm laugh, and the CAMERA PULLS BACK to show that Lisa has been bending over Jeff's wheelchair from the side. As she straightens up, it PANS her swiftly over to

the corner of the room, keeping her in big closeup. She

turns

on a low, hanging light.

We see her full facial beauty for the first time. It is a warm, intelligent face.

LISA

(As she moves)

Reading from top to bottom --

(Light on)

Lisa --

The CAMERA FOLLOWS HER quickly to another lamp. She gets a little farther away from us so that we now see her down to her waist. She turns on the second lamp and the light shows us that her beauty is not alone in her face.

LISA

Carol --

The CAMERA PANS HER over to a third lamp which she turns on.

She is now full figure, beautifully groomed and flawless. Her dress is high-style fashion and dramatic evening wear.

LISA

Fremont.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - SUNSET - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff looks across the room at her.

JEFF

The Lisa Fremont who never wears the same dress twice?

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - SUNSET - SEMI-LONG SHOT

LISA

Only because it's expected of her.

She does a professional model's turn in the dress showing off its features.

LISA

Right off the Paris plane. Think it will sell?

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - SUNSET - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff replies:

JEFF

Depends on the quote. Let's see -- there's the plane tickets over, import duties, hidden taxes, profit markups --

LISA

-- A steal at eleven hundred dollars.

JEFF

(A low whistle)

That dress should be listed on the stock exchange.

LISA

We sell a dozen a day in this price range.

JEFF

Who buys them? Tax collectors?

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - SUNSET - MEDIUM SHOT

She laughs pleasantly.

LISA

Even if I had to pay, it would be
worth it -- just for the occasion.

She looks down at the long mahogany table beside her which
is littered with a number of his personal effects.
Her own handbag is also on the table. As she talks her eyes
scan the table as if she's looking for something specific.

JEFF

(Off -- puzzled)

Something big going on somewhere?

LISA

(Looking up from the
table)

Going on right here. It's a big night.

JEFF

(Off)

It's just a run-of-the-mill Monday.
The calendar's loaded with them.

Lisa finds what she has been looking for. Picks up an old
and cracked cigarette box, examines it as she talks.

LISA

It's opening night of the last
depressing week of L. B. Jefferies
in a cast.

JEFF

(Off)

Hasn't been any big demand for
tickets.

She turns to look at him, and moves toward him, carrying the
cigarette box.

LISA

(Smiling)

That's because I bought out the house.
This cigarette box has seen better
days.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - SUNSET - MEDIUM SHOT
Lisa facing Jeff in the chair.

JEFF

Picked it up in Shanghai -- which
has also seen better days.

LISA

It's cracked -- and you never use
it. And it's too ornate. I'm sending

up a plain, flat silver one -- with
just your initials engraved.

JEFF

Now that's no way to spend your hard-
earned money!

LISA

I wanted to, Jeff.

(A sudden intake of
breath)

Oh!

She turns around quickly and dashes to the door, dropping
the cigarette box on the table as she passes, THE CAMERA
PANNING with her. She goes up the two steps, stops, turns
back to Jeff.

LISA

What would you think of starting off
with dinner at the "21"?

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - SUNSET - SEMI-CLOSEUP

JEFF

You have, perhaps, an ambulance
outside?

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - SUNSET - SEMI-LONG SHOT

She reaches for the doorknob, turns it:

LISA

(Simply)

Better than that. The "21."

She swings open the door and stands to one side. Framed in
the doorway is middle-aged waiter wearing a white linen pea
jacket with a red collar. He's carrying in one hand a large
portable warming oven, and in the other hand an ice bucket
containing a bottle of wine covered with a napkin.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - SUNSET - CLOSEUP

His reaction is one of tender amusement.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - SUNSET - MEDIUM SHOT

LISA

Thank you for waiting Carl.

He smiles, nods enters. He goes down the stairs, as she
follows. THE CAMERA GOES with both of them.

LISA

Kitchen's on the left. I'll take the
wine.

He hands her the wine bucket and she places it on the table.

He moves toward the kitchen.

CARL

Good evening, Mr Jefferies.

JEFF

Hello.

Carl goes into the kitchen.

LISA

(Up, to Carl)

Just put everything right in the oven Carl. On "low."

CARL

(Off)

Yes ma'am.

LISA

(Enthusiastically)

Let's open the wine now. It's a Montrachet.

JEFF

(Appreciatively)

A big glassful.

She moves to a small bar set in the wall cabinet.

Produces two glasses, hold them up.

LISA

Big enough?

JEFF

Fine. Corkscrew's on the right.

She finds it. Puts the glasses on the table, uncovers the wine, and begins screwing in the corkscrew.

LISA

I couldn't think of anything more boring and tiresome than what you've been through. And the last week must be the hardest.

JEFF

Yeah -- I want to get this thing off and get moving.

LISA

(Struggling with cork)

Well, I'm going to make this a week you'll never forget.

Carl comes out of the kitchen carrying the empty warming oven. He sets it down he sees Lisa struggling with the corkscrew.

CARL

Let me, madam.

quickly
napkin

She does. He takes out his own professional corkscrew,
inserts it and levers the cork out. He deftly wraps the
around the bottle and pours the wine, replacing the bottle
in the wine bucket. Lisa has opened her purse to produce
some money, in bills. She hands it to the waiter.

LISA

This will take care of the taxi as
well.

Carl, without looking at the money, puts it in his pocket.

CARL

Thank you, Miss Fremont.

He picks up the warning oven.

CARL

Have a pleasant dinner, Mr. Jefferies.

JEFF

Thank you.

Carl goes up the stairs and out the door, while THE CAMERA
REMAINS on Lisa and Jeff. She picks up both glasses of wine
and walks toward Jeff. She seats herself on the windowsill
as she hands him his glass. We notice that the outside is
considerably darker by now, and the lights are beginning to
come on in the various apartments outside. They raise their
glasses in a silent toast, and sip the wine. THE CAMERA

CLOSES

IN until they are both in a tight TOW SHOT.

LISA

What a day I've had!

JEFF

Tired?

LISA

Not a bit. I was all morning in a
sales meeting. Then over to the
Waldorf for a quick drink with Madame
Dufresne -- just over from Paris.
With some spy reports. Back to the
"21" for lunch with the Harper's
Bazaar people -- that's when I ordered
dinner. Then two Fall showings --
twenty blocks apart. Then I had to
have a cocktail with Leland and Slim
Hayward -- we're trying to get his
next show.

(Softly, looking up
to him)

Then I had to dash back and change.

JEFF

(Mock seriousness --
one girl to another)

Tell me -- what was Slim Hayward
wearing?

LISA

(Seriously)

She looked very cool. She had on a
mint green --

She breaks off with a little laugh, and a slight reproachful

look at Jeff. She sips her drink then says:

LISA

And to think, I planted three nice
items about you in the columns today.

Jeff's opinion of that is a short chuckle.

LISA

You can't buy that kind of publicity.

JEFF

That's good news.

LISA

Someday you might want to open up
your own studio here.

JEFF

How could I run it from say --
Pakistan?

She puts down her glass and slides along the window seat
nearer to him, THE CAMERA CLOSING IN. She looks up at him
with a serious frankness.

LISA

Jeff -- isn't it time you came home?
You could pick your assignment.

JEFF

I wish there was one I wanted.

LISA

Make the one you want.

JEFF

(As if he can't believe
her)

You mean leave the magazine?

LISA

Yes.

JEFF

For what?

LISA

For yourself -- and me.

(She adds eagerly)

I could get you a dozen assignments tomorrow... fashion, portraits --

Jeff interrupts her with soft laughter.

LISA

(Offended)

Don't laugh. -- I could do it!

JEFF

That's what I'm afraid of.

(He gazes into space)

Could you see me -- driving down to the fashion salon in a jeep -- wearing combat boots and a three day beard?

(He chuckles at the thought)

LISA

I could see you looking handsome and successful in a dark blue flannel suit.

JEFF

(Looking directly at her)

Let's not talk any more nonsense, huh?

She stands up. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK.

LISA

I'd better start setting up for dinner.

She moves away behind him, into the kitchen.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff gives a sigh of relief, exhaling his breath, then looks

down toward his legs in thought. He holds this attitude for just a moment, then seems to shake off his concern to lift his head and turn his attention to what might be happening in his neighborhood beyond his window.

Behind him we see the vague form of Lisa bringing in a card table, which she proceeds to unfold.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Jeff's attention is concentrated on an apartment we have not seen before. This belongs to a single woman, about forty years of age. She lives alone. Her apartment is below that of the salesman with the invalid wife.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

Jeff leans forward with increased interest. Behind him we get vague figure of Lisa laying a cloth over the card table.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

A nearer view show us a more intimate picture of the woman Jeff is concentrating on. She is thin and unattractive. At the moment, she is putting on her make-up in front of the bedroom mirror. She gives a half turn and picks up a pair of horn-rimmed glasses, which she puts on, and leans nearer to her mirror. She picks up a lipstick and proceeds to paint her lips carefully.

Having completed her make-up, she takes off her glasses and surveys her face in the mirror. She stands up, swings the skirt of her dress around, admires herself in the mirror. She is quite flat-chested, and the dress hangs

unattractively.

She lifts her chin, gives one last look, and turns toward her living room. As if she's preparing to meet someone.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

Without taking his eyes from the scene, Jeff picks up his wineglass and drinks. As he drinks, his eyes move slightly over.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

THE CAMERA HAS PANNED slightly to the woman's living room window. A small, candle-lit table is set up, with dinner for

two. The spinster sweeps into the room, smiling. She goes to

the door, opens it, and in pantomime admits an imaginary caller. She pretends to kiss him lightly, take his hat, and place the hat on a chair. Then she shows him to a seat at the table, disappears into an unseen kitchen and returns with a bottle and two glasses. She sits down, pours two drinks. She lifts her drink in a toast to the imaginary man opposite her.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

Jeff gives a faint, sympathetic smile, and subconsciously raises his glass in response. In the background, Lisa,

having

just placed a pair of candlesticks on the table, is

returning

to the kitchen.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Having finished her drink, the lonesome woman pours herself another one. Then she starts to take a sip, smiling across the table at her imaginary guest. She lowers the glass onto the table. The smile fades from her face as her head drops. Suddenly she buries her head in her arms over the table and starts to sob.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff, his glass in hand, looks out sympathetically. He is unaware that Lisa is standing behind him, and is also

watching

this little drama.

LISA

That's what is know as "manless melancholia."

JEFF

(Nods agreement)

Miss Lonely Hearts. At least that's something you'll never have to worry about.

LISA

Oh? You can see my apartment all the way up on 63rd street?

JEFF

Not exactly -- but we have a little apartment here that's probably about as popular as yours.

(He points)

You, of course, remember Miss Torso.

Both of them swing their eyes a little to the left.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

The kitchen-lining room combination of the ballet dancer's apartment has now been made more presentable.

The ice box is now skillfully concealed by a large Chinese screen. All kitchen utensils have been put away, replaced by

more attractive effects, and lamp light softens the surroundings.

Miss Torso is now wearing a cocktail dress, which shows off her figure to great advantage, especially when she leans

toward three assorted men to offer them a plate of hors d'oeuvres. She is the perfect hostess, animated, charming, and with an added personal touch for each guest. She is behaving with a sophistication which was not apparent when we first saw her in the morning. Her every movement is followed admiringly by the eyes of the three men -- one wearing black tie, with a touch of grey in his hair, a Long Island

socialite --

a young rather handsome, actor in grey flannel suit -- and last, a bright, pleasant, young man who might possibly be from Wall street, wearing a blue-pin-striped suit. The

latter

two are engaged in an animated conversation. The young man in the grey suit is showing the other young man some

newspaper

cuttings he's taken from his pocket.

Miss Torso sees that the cocktail glass of the third man is empty. She takes it over to the window, and starts to fill it. The man in the tuxedo follows her over, with a casual glance toward the other two. He stands beside her as she makes the drink. He looks at his watch with some impatience,

and makes a side comment to her as to the lateness of the time. She turns, gives him a light kiss on his cheek, as if she's telling him to be patient. Instead of pacifying him, it makes him more amorous, and he puts an arm around her shoulder and plants a heavy kiss on her cheek. She turns to face him, they look into each other's eyes a moment, and she

allows herself to be kissed on the lips -- but only long enough so as to attract the attention of the other two men. With a little admonishing look, she moves away from him, and

makes him rejoin the other two.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff turns and looks up to Lisa with a grin.

JEFF

Well, she picked the most prosperous looking one.

LISA

She's not in love with him -- or any

of them.

JEFF

How can you tell that -- from here?

LISA

You said it resembled my apartment,
didn't you?

She moves away with a significant look to him. THE CAMERA MOVES IN until Jeff is in semi-closeup, alone.

He ponders over her last remark, then changes his look to another direction.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

The newlyweds's apartment has the shades still drawn. Although there's a light burning inside.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

There is a slight, but warm, smile on Jeff's face as he

looks

at the drawn shade. His eyes move away from the newlyweds' apartment, and slowly explore the neighborhood to his right.

He finds something of interest, and stops to stare at it. His face sobers at what he sees.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

The salesman's apartment. We see both the living room and the bedroom. The salesman has prepared a dinner tray, and is

carrying it from the kitchen, through the lining room, into the bedroom. He places it on the lap of his wife, sitting up

in bed. He puts a couple of pillows behind her back to make her more comfortable.

She doesn't bother to thank him, but is busy examining the content of the tray. Her attitude shows her dissatisfaction.

Nothing is right. It's not what she wanted, and it's badly prepared. She begins criticizing him. He starts to answer her back, but decides better of it, and instead, leaves the room. He goes to the kitchen reaches up to a wall cabinet, takes down a bottle and pours himself a drink. Then he

returns

to the lining room, listens a moment. The wife is grudging beginning to eat the dinner. The husband quietly lifts a phone from the cradle, and dials a number.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

Jeff becomes completely absorbed with he sees. He leans

forward a little.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

We get a better view of the salesman waiting while his connection is being made. Whoever he has called answers. And

instantly there is a marked change in his attitude. He relaxes, smiles, is warm. He talks softly, perhaps

guardedly,

with an occasional glance at the bedroom door. In the

bedroom,

his wife has become aware of the call.

Quietly she moves the tray, gets out of bed, and goes to the

bedroom door to listen. The wall hides her from our view.

Then suddenly, she apparently opens the door, because the living room, we see her arm suddenly appear, pointing at the

man and the telephone. He speaks quickly into the phone, and

hangs up. His face is flushed and angry as he goes toward the bedroom. In the bedroom his wife appears walking back to

the bed, followed by the husband. She is laughing, and he is

answering her in angry tones. She climbs in bed laughing.

The more she laughs, the more angry he gets, and the harder she laughs. Finally, he leaves the room, goes into the

living

room, back into the kitchen and has another drink. He stands

there, controlling an outburst of emotion, and seems almost to be crushing the shot glass in his clenched fist.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

While Jeff has been engaged in watching this little drama, the SOUND of a piano has started. He now diverts his

attention

from the salesman's apartment to the source of the piano music. He turns his eyes in the direction of the composer's apartment.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Through the studio window of the song-writer's apartment we see the man at work again on his original melody, and he is farther along the line of the melody than before.

It is beginning to take some shape, and give promise of its

full beauty.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff, listening to the composer. His head turns as Lisa's voice comes over:

LISA

(Emerging from kitchen)

Where's that music coming from?

THE CAMERA QUICKLY PULL BACK as Jeff swings his chair around.

Lisa is emerging from the kitchen, carrying the serving dish of their lobster thermidor.

JEFF

Oh... some songwriter. In the studio apartment. Lives alone. Probably had an unhappy marriage.

LISA

(Putting down the food)

I think it's enchanting.

She pulls up a chair and seats herself at the card table. We

now observe that two small lit candles adorn the table, and the rest of the room lights are out.

LISA

Almost as if it were being written especially for us.

JEFF

(Pleasantly)

No wonder he's having so much trouble with it.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

A faint shade of disappointment is seen on Lisa's face; but she quickly recovers and looks down at the table.

LISA

Well, at least you can't say the dinner isn't right.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

Jeff looks at her soberly.

JEFF

Lisa, it's perfect

(Looks down at the food, without enthusiasm)

As always.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

The brightness drains from Lisa's face, and she lowers her eyes slowly toward the table.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

Lisa slowly helping Jeff to lobster from the main dish.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

Shooting over Jeff's shoulder we see beyond him the divan-bed upon which Lisa is stretched out. There is one light burning, behind Lisa's head. A fierce discussion is in progress. Lisa gesticulates with her hands, body and legs.

LISA

There can't be that much difference
between people and the way they live!
We all eat, talk, drink, laugh, sleep,
wear clothes --

Jeff raises both his hands.

JEFF

Well now, look --

Lisa draws back one leg, and points a finger challengingly.

LISA

If you're saying all this just because
you don't want to tell me the truth,
because you're hiding something from
me, then maybe I can understand --

JEFF

There's nothing I'm hiding. It's
just that --

LISA

(Won't let him break
in)

It doesn't make sense to me. What's
so different about it here from over
there, or any place you go, that one
person couldn't live in both places
just as easily?

JEFF

Some people can. Now if you'll let
me explain --

LISA

(Ignores him)

What is it but traveling from one
place to another, taking pictures?

It's just like being a tourist on an endless vacation.

JEFF

All right. That's your opinion. You're entitled to it, but --

LISA

It's ridiculous for you to say that it can only be done by a special, private little group of anointed people.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP
Jeff begin to get desperate.

JEFF

I made a simple, but true statement and I'll back it up, if you'll just shut up for a minute!

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT
Lisa, stretched out on the divan. She looks at him for a moment without speaking. Then:

LISA

If your opinion is as rude as your manner, I'm not sure I want to hear it.

We see Jeff's hand coming to the foreground with a
restraining
gesture.

JEFF

(Soothing her)

Lisa, simmer down -- will you?

LISA

(Something starts her
up again)

You can't fit in here -- I can't fit in there. According to you, people should be born, live and die on the same --

JEFF

(Loud, sharp)

Lisa! Shut up!

Lisa turns on her side, and stares into the room, angrily.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

After a moment of silence, Jeff says earnestly:

JEFF

Did you ever eat fish heads and rice?

LISA

Of course not.

JEFF

You might have to, if you went with me. Ever try to keep warm in a C-54, at fifteen thousand feet, at twenty below zero?

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Lisa, still looking out into the room, and without turning, says:

LISA

Oh, I do that all the time. Whenever I have a few minutes after lunch.

JEFF

Ever get shot at, run over, sandbagged at night because people got unfavorable publicity from your camera?

She doesn't answer, obviously annoyed at the unnecessary questions.

JEFF

Those high heels would be a lot of use in the jungle -- and those nylons and six-ounce lingerie --

LISA

(Quickly)

Three.

JEFF

Well, they'd be very stylish in Finland -- just before you froze to death. Begin to get the idea?

She turns at last, and looks across at him.

LISA

If there's one thing I know, it's how to wear the proper clothes.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

SHOOTING OVER LISA'S SHOULDER, and down her body, with Jeff in the chair beyond. Jeff says, as if remembering some old experience:

JEFF

Huh? Try and find a raincoat in Brazil. Even when it isn't raining
(Squints at her)

Lisa, on this job you carry one

suitcase. Your home is the available transportation. You sleep rarely, bathe even less, and sometime the food you even look at when they were alive!

LISA

Jeff, you don't have to be deliberately repulsive just to impress me I'm wrong.

JEFF

If anything, I'm making it sound good.

(A thoughtful pause)

Let's face it, Lisa... you aren't made for that kind of a life. Few people are.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

Lisa realizes she is getting nowhere.

LISA

You're too stubborn to argue with.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

Jeff, getting angry.

JEFF

I'm not stubborn! I'm truthful!

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

Lisa, with sarcasm.

LISA

I know. A lesser man would have told me it was one long holiday -- and I would have awakened to a rude disillusionment.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

Jeff is definitely angry.

JEFF

Now if you want to get vicious, I'd be very happy to accommodate you!

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

Lisa starts to rise from the divan, THE CAMERA PANNING UP. She moves away from THE CAMERA into the center of the room, as she says:

LISA

(Wearily)

No. I don't particularly want that.

(She turns, faces him)

So that's it. You won't stay here --
I can't go with you.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP
Jeff looks across at her with some concern.

JEFF

It would be the wrong thing.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT
Lisa, from Jeff's viewpoint.

LISA

You don't think either one of us
could ever change?

JEFF

Right now, it doesn't seem so.

Lisa begins to move around the room assembling her

possessions

preparatory to leaving. She puts a comb, and other effects,
into a handbag. She gets her stole.
All this as she talks.

LISA

(Simply)

I'm in love with you. I don't care
what you do for a living. Somehow I
would just like to be part of it.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP
Jeff starts to say something then thinks better of it, and
remains silent.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT
Lisa pauses in the act of gathering her things together.

LISA

And it's deflating to find out that
the only way I can be part of it --
is to take out a subscription to
your magazine. I guess I'm not the
girl I thought I was.

JEFF

There's nothing wrong with you, Lisa.
You have the town in the palm of
your hand.

LISA

(Looks at Jeff)

Not quite -- it seems.

(Tosses a stole over
her shoulder)

Goodbye, Jeff.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

JEFF

You mean "goodnight."

LISA

I mean what I said.

Jeff's eyes follow her up the steps toward the door. He

calls

out to her, impulsively, as we HEAR the SOUND of the door opening.

JEFF

Lisa!

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Lisa turns in the half-opened door.

JEFF

Can't we just sort of keep things
status quo?

LISA

Without any future?

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI LONG SHOT

Jeff tries to be pleasant, and offhand.

JEFF

Well -- when'll I see you again?

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

Lisa, standing in the open doorway.

LISA

Not for a long time. Not, at least
until --

(She begins smiling)

-- tomorrow night.

Continues smiling as she close the door softly behind her.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

The pleasantness on Jeff's face slowly melts into baffled discouragement. He reaches for a nearby phone picks up the receiver, dials. It buzzes on filter.

Receiver up on filter.

GUNNISON

(Filter)

Hello.

JEFF

Gunnison?

GUNNISON

Yeah. Is that you, Jeff?

JEFF

It's me.

GUNNISON

Something wrong?

JEFF

The word is "everything." Now what time does my plane leave Tuesday?

GUNNISON

(Unhappy)

Jeff --

JEFF

(Won't give him time to argue)

I don't care where it goes -- just as long as I'm on it.

GUNNISON

(Wearily, after pause)

Okay. Indo-China. Tuesday. We'll pick you up.

JEFF

That's more like it. Goodnight, old buddy.

GUNNISON

Yeah.

Jeff hangs up, looks up to the door through which Lisa left.

He's not particularly happy.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff returns to the window. He lights a cigarette and smokes

it peacefully, as he contemplates the neighborhood.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

The CAMERA slowly sweeps over the various apartments with an

odd window lit here and there. In the distant street there is still some traffic passing, with one or two pedestrians going by. THE CAMERA completes its sweep, and starts to move

back again. Somewhere a dog howls. The PANNING CAMERA comes to a sudden halt.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

Jeff smiles a little, but as the howl continues, his expressions sobers. His eyes begin to scan the neighborhood,

as if looking for the source. He fails to find it, and sits there, puzzled and disturbed. The scene, and the sound of

the dog:

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff's chair is turned facing the window so that we see the darkened room behind him. There is just one side light burning, which illuminates the side of his face.

His head nods sleepily as he dozes. He opens his eyes and looks out, as a slight sound of rain starts.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - LONG SHOT

From his viewpoint we see the first few drops of rain

starting

to fall. It is sort, gentle rain, not a downpour. There are still some windows lit in the neighborhood. The apartment house corridors all have small night lights burning.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

Jeff wakens a little more fully as his attentions is drawn to:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

The couple who sleep on the fire escape. The increasing rain

cause them to hastily gather their things to retreat inside.

The man, hurriedly untying the alarm clock from the railing of the fire escape, lets it slip through his fingers. As it falls to the garden below, the CAMERA FANS SWIFTLY down with

it. When the clock hits the ground, the alarm goes off

sending

a shrill sound through the neighborhood.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

Jeff smiles at the incident, and then lowers his eyes

slightly

as something else catches his attention.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

Coming out of his apartment into the corridor on the floor below is the salesman with the nagging wife. The shades are drawn in his apartment, but a light burns dimly behind them.

The salesman carries a large aluminum suitcase -- the same one we saw him with earlier in the day. The sound of the alarm startles him. He turns toward the window a moment listening. Then reassured that it is nothing important, he turns and moves down the corridor.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

Jeff is puzzled. He looks down a moment in thought. Then he darts his eyes and swings them toward the left.

He looks steadily toward the distant street corner.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

The street corner, lighted by a lamp, is deserted. A moment later, the salesman, still carrying the suitcase, moves diagonally across the corner, head down against the rain.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff looks wonderingly at this nocturnal activity. Then he looks down at his wristwatch.

INSERT

Jeff's watch reads 1:55.

QUICK FADE OUT:

QUICK FADE IN:

INSERT

The watch now reads 2:35.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

More puzzled, allows his eyes to travel from the street to the apartment corridor.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

The salesman is seen coming down the corridor to his

apartment,

still carrying the aluminum case. He quickly enters his apartment door in a business-like manner.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

Jeff starts to assume a thoughtful air, when he is startled by a light which falls across his face from the right. He looks toward the light.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

The light comes from the song-writer's apartment. His door is open, and he is hanging onto the door frame, his hand still on the light switch. He surveys his apartment. He appears rather drunk. He comes into the apartment, closes the door behind him, and sways a little. He wears a hat, pushed back on his forehead, and no raincoat. His clothes are quite wet. He might have even fallen.

He looks disgustedly at the piano, then lurches toward it. There is no doubt now as to the state of his drunkenness. At the piano he viciously sweeps all the note paper off the music stand. This seems to give him some satisfaction, but he loses his balance, twists sideways, and falls into a

nearby

chair. He remains there, bleary-eyed and a little sick.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

What he has observed seems to give Jeff an idea. He moves his wheelchair backward and to the left alongside the side board. Awkwardly, with his left hand, he reaches up for a bottle of whiskey. He cradles the bottle in his lap, and reaches for a tumbler. He then wheels back to the window, and pours himself a good, long drink. He lifts up the glass,

starts to drink, but something happening beyond his window startles him and he stops in the middle of his drink, his eyes a little wider than usual.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

The salesman is again leaving his apartment with his suitcase.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

Jeff's eyes travel down to the street.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

A brief moment or two. Then the salesman, carrying his aluminum case, crosses the street.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

Jeff's face is expressionless. He just stares.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

Jeff's head is nodding and dozing again. The side light from

the song-writer's apartment is no longer on his face. Jeff's

eyes open, then his head comes up quickly, trying to clear the sleep from his mind, as he remembers the object of his vigilance.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

The salesman's apartment shows the shades drawn and a dim light burning behind them. The CAMERA PANS to the empty corridor.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

Jeff's eyes turn sharply in the direction of the street.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

The street is deserted. At the right hand side of the screen

a light goes on. THE CAMERA PANS OVER and we see that Miss Torso has returned from her date. She is wearing a three-quarter length coat over her evening dress. She is inside,

with the door two-thirds closed, but she leans out to kiss someone goodnight. Then it takes some coaxing to get the door completely closed.

She turns the key in the lock. She listens a moment then comes to the center of the room. She takes her coat off and drapes it over chair. She removes the screen in front of the

ice box, then opens the ice box.

She searches it for something to eat; finds a big piece of pumpkin pie. She closes the ice box. She starts to eat the pie as she moves in the direction of the bathroom. Stopping a moment, she puts the piece of pie on a table, and proceeds

to take off her dress. Undoing the zippers, she slides it over her head as she passes into the bathroom. The dress is thrown on a nearby chair, and the bare arm picks up a piece of pie. She is now in the bathroom. We see her slip down the

brassiere straps, but the window does not permit us to see any lower. As she munches on the pie, she pulls out a few pins holding up her hair, which she proceeds to brush rhythmically. She turns and moves down her bare back.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

Jeff's eyes suddenly switch to the street.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI LONG SHOT

We catch a quick glimpse of the salesman, just passing the alleyway, suitcase in hand. The CAMERA PANS across the

ballet

dancer's apartment, over to the salesman's apartment. It waits, until he appears in the corridor.

He enters his apartment.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

Jeff sits in his wheelchair, looking quietly out at the neighborhood, sleep beginning to take hold on him again.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - LONG SHOT

THE CAMERA PANS slightly over the whole of the neighborhood.

The lights in Miss Torso's apartment snap out. Only one

light

remains. It burns behind the drawn shades of the salesman's apartment.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAWN - CLOSEUP

A big head of Jeff. He is still in his wheelchair, sound asleep. The CAMERA PANS off his face, out through the window.

The rain has stopped, and the general light of dawn is coming up. The CAMERA COMES TO REST on the salesman's apartment and corridor, which is still dimly lit by the electric lights. We see the salesman emerge into the corridor, pause a moment to allow a woman to proceed him. Her back is to the CAMERA and we do not see her face. They move away, down the corridor.

The CAMERA PANS BACK into Jeff's sleeping face.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - LONG SHOT

It is now mid-morning. The sun is shining. Miss Torso is practicing her dance to the sound of ballet music. We can hear the song-writer at work, but the thing that attracts our attention mostly, is some action that emanates from the fire escape where the couple sleep at night. On a long rope, the woman is lowering an open wicker basket in which sits a small dog. When it reaches the yard below, the CAMERA PANNING DOWN, the dog steps out and runs off to

explore

the yard. The woman pulls up the basket, and leaves it on the fire escape. The CAMERA PULL BACK into Jeff's apartment where Stella is busy massaging Jeff's back as he lies face down on the divan.

STELLA

You'd think the rain would have cooled things off. All it did was make the heat wet.

Stella hits a sore muscle in Jeff's back. He jumps.

JEFF

That's a stiff one.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - MEDIUM SHOT

A low camera has Jeff's head on the foreground, with Stella just behind him, at work on his back. She attacks the sore muscle vigorously.

STELLA

The insurance Company would be a lot happier if you slept in your bed,

not the wheelchair.

JEFF

(Between clenched
teeth)

How did you know!

STELLA

Eyes bloodshot. Must have been staring
out the window for hours.

JEFF

I was.

STELLA

(Massaging harder)

What'll you do if one of them catches
you?

JEFF

Depends one which one.

She stops massaging, reaches for the oil.

JEFF

Now Miss Torso, for example --
Stella hits his back with a palmful of cold oil. It takes
his breath.

STELLA

Keep your mind off her.

JEFF

She's real eat, drink and be merry
girl.

STELLA

And she'll end up fat, alcoholic and
miserable.

JEFF

Speaking of misery, Miss Lonely Hearts
drank herself to sleep again. Alone.

STELLA

Poor girl. Someday she'll find her
happiness.

JEFF

And some man will lose his.

STELLA

Isn't there anyone in the neighborhood
who might cast an eye in her
direction?

JEFF

Well, the salesman could be available
soon.

STELLA

(Interested in the
scandal)

He and his wife splitting up?

JEFF

It's hard to figure. He went out
several time last night, in the rain
carrying his sample case.

STELLA

(So?)

Isn't he a salesman?

JEFF

Now what could he sell at three in
the morning?

STELLA

(Shrugs)

Flashlights. Luminous dials for
watches. House numbers that light
up.

JEFF

He was taking something out of the
apartment. I'm certain.

She helps him to a sitting position.

STELLA

His personal effects. He's probably
running away -- the coward.

JEFF

Sometimes it's worse to stay than it
is to run.

STELLA

(Looks at him)

But it takes a particularly low type
of man to do it.

Jeff turns his head away for a moment. She helps him into
the chair. Hands him his shirt, which he proceeds to put on.

The back of his chair is to the window.

STELLA

(Putting oil and power
away)

What about this morning? Any
developments?

JEFF

No. The shades are still drawn in

their apartment.

STELLA

(stops)

In this heat?

(Turns, looks over
his shoulder)

They're up now.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - SEMI-CLOSEUP

He quickly turns his wheelchair around to the window until he is in profile.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - SEMI-LONG SHOT

The salesman, having just raised the shades in the living room, is now looking out the window. It is not a casual

look,

but a long, careful, searching appraisal of all the

apartment

house windows in his neighborhood, starting from his left to

his right. His eyes move closer toward Jeff's apartment.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - MEDIUM SHOT

Jeff in his chair, facing the window, Stella beside him.

Jeff nearly knocks the startled Stella off her feet with his

arm.

JEFF

Get back! Out of sight! Quick!

He propels his chair backward quickly, and Stella moves to the side with surprising agility. They are both in shadow.

STELLA

(A startled whisper)

What is it? What's the matter?

Jeff keeps his eyes trained on the window.

JEFF

(Quietly)

The salesman's looking out his window.

Stella relaxes, gives Jeff a disgusted look, and starts to move out of the shadows.

STELLA

A Federal offense.

JEFF

(Sharply)

Get back there! He'll see you!

She moves back into the shadows.

STELLA

I'm not shy. I've been looked at before.

JEFF

(Still peering toward window)

It's not an ordinary look. It's the kind of look a man gives when he's afraid somebody might be watching him.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - SEMI-LONG SHOT

The salesman completes his searching glance at the neighborhood. Then something directly below his window

catches

his attention. He looks sharply downward, his body visibly tensing.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - MEDIUM SHOT

Jeff, with a restraining hand to Stella, begins to edge his chair cautiously forward so that he can see what the

salesman

is looking at.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - SEMI-LONG SHOT

THE CAMERA MOVES FORWARD, and as it reaches the edge of the window, PANS DOWN and shows us what the salesman is looking at. The little dog that was lowered in the basket is

sniffing

at the salesman's personal flower bed.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - CLOSEUP

Jeff's eyes move up quickly to look at the salesman.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - SEMI-LONG SHOT

The salesman leans forward and grips the window sill as he watches the dog. The CAMERA PANS DOWN and we now see that the old lady with the hearing aid is leaning over the fence admonishing the dog. We can faintly hear her voice saying something to the effect that he'll get into trouble. The dog

turns to glance at her and apparently taking heed, moves away. The old lady is wearing a faded house-robe.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - CLOSEUP

Jeff is amused at the dog incident. Behind him, Stella moves

to the center of the room, saying:

STELLA

Goodbye, Mr. Jefferies. I'll see you tomorrow.

JEFF

(Grunts)

Uh-huh.

She begins putting her equipment back into her black bag. Jeff's eyes lift to the salesman's apartment, and the amusement drains from his face. He leans forward a little, tensely.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - SEMI-LONG SHOT

The salesman has his aluminum case on the table near the center of the room. He is carefully wiping out the interior with dust cloth.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff watching intently. Stella putting the last of her things into her bag.

STELLA

And don't sleep in the chair again.

Jeff continues to watch the salesman, his face showing a great concentration of thought.

JEFF

Uh-huh.

Stella picks up her bag, stares at Jeff's back a moment, then starts for the door.

STELLA

Uh-huh. Uh-huh. Great conversationalist.

Jeff swings half-way around in his chair just as Stella reaches the top of the steps.

JEFF

Stella.

She turns around. Jeff points to a coat-stand near the door.

JEFF

(Goes on quickly)

Will you take those binoculars out of the case and bring them to me.

She puts down her bag, reaches for the binoculars, takes them out the case. She comes down the stairs, brings them to him. He immediately swings to the window, and lifts them to his eyes. Stella sniffs, then goes to the door, as she says:

STELLA

Trouble. I can smell it. I'll be glad when they crack that cast, and

I get out of here.

As Stella goes out the door, the CAMERA MOVES IN until

Jeff's

head, and the binoculars, are filling the screen.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - SEMI-LONG SHOT

The salesman has completed his cleaning of the case. He is in the act of placing it on the floor. He turns and again glances out of the window.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - CLOSEUP

Jeff quickly lowers the binoculars and edges back a few inches. He watches a moment, then cautiously lifts the binoculars again.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - SEMI-LONG SHOT - (DAY)

The man is now moving out of the living room, and the binoculars PAN him through to the small kitchen which is seen

through a side window.

The man starts to busy himself in this kitchen with his back

to us, but the image is very unsatisfactory.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff lowers the binoculars and there is an expression of exasperation on his face. He throws the binoculars down, and

then looks about him. He backs his chair up quickly toward the main cabinet on his left. He leans down, opens a

cupboard

door and takes out a long-focus lens. Then from a shelf

above

he takes a small Exacta camera. He quickly takes off the existing lens and puts on the telephoto lens in its place. He wheels himself back to the window and raises the camera to his eye.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - CLOSE SHOT

Through the view-finder of the camera, we are now brought into close proximity with the salesman in his little

kitchen.

His back is still to us. He half-turns and takes a used newspaper. He spreads it open, along the drainboard. From the sink he takes out a large butcher's knife, and a long, narrow saw. They disappear from sight as he lays them on the

newspaper and proceeds to wrap them up. Having completed his

job, he emerges from the kitchen carrying the newspaper-wrapped parcel.

For a moment he is lost behind the wall that separates the kitchen recess from the living room. He does not reappear for a moment.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - CLOSEUP

Jeff lowers the camera for a moment, and watches tensely. Suddenly he puts it up to his eye again.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - CLOSE SHOT

Half of a man's body is now seen in the living room. Then the salesman turns and moves to the center of the room.

He is not carrying anything. He sits down on a couch, with a display of fatigue. He yawns and stretches out of sight at full length on the couch.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - CLOSEUP

Jeff lowers the camera. He watches the living room for a moment. Then his eye travels briefly back to the kitchen; then return to the living room. His brow knits a little as we:

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

The thermometer outside of Jeff's window, registering 83 degrees. The CAMERA PANS OFF to the left until it comes to rest on the song-writer's studio. He is dressed only in bathing trunks, and is vigorously cleaning his rug with a carpet sweeper. In the middle of his sweeping, he stops, hurries a step or two to the piano. He plays a couple of notes with one hand, while he stands.

Listens, plays them again. Decides they are no good, and returns to his carpet sweeping.

THE CAMERA PANS FARTHER LEFT to the salesman's apartment. There are no lights burning behind the drawn shade of the bedroom, but the living room and the kitchen are lighted. There is no sign of the salesman.

THE CAMERA CONTINUES ITS PAN to the left, to include the couple who sleep on the fire escape in the hot weather. We now get an opportunity to examine these people more closely. The man is balding, and middle-aged. He is wearing striped pajamas. He is in the act of laying out the

mattress.

His wife is slightly younger, peroxidized, faded show girl

type. Also wearing pajamas, with a fluffy handkerchief in the left pocket, the wife is leaning over the railing

holding

onto the rope which leads to the dog's basket now on the floor of the courtyard. Having been a one-time siffleuse, her call to the dog is clarion and melodic.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

The little dog emerges reluctantly from the shadows, and steps into the basket. It begins to move upward, and THE CAMERA FOLLOWS it. When the basket reaches the fire escape, THE CAMERA PANS ON to the apartment of Miss Torso. She is in

the bathroom brushing her long hair, while her thoughts seem to be far away.

THE CAMERA DROPS DOWN to the apartment below, occupied by the elderly lady with the hearing aid. For the first time we

see something of her activities inside the apartment. She wears a short smock, although her legs are still bare. She is hard at work on a piece of abstract sculpture. It takes the form of a piece of mahogany through which a simple hole has been carved.

THE CAMERA MOVES ON much farther to the left, and eventually

comes to rest on the newly-weds' apartment with the shade still drawn.

It MOVES ON and at last passes though Jeff's window, and comes to rest on the two bid heads of Jeff and Lisa. Her lips are brushing lightly against his cheek as she

speaks:

LISA

How far does a girl have to go --
before you notice her?

Jeff moves his eyes slightly to something outside the

window.

JEFF

If she's pretty enough, she doesn't
have to go anywhere. She just has to
"be".

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

The salesman's apartment, just as we saw it a moment ago. The shades drawn and lights out in the bedroom, the shade up

and lights on in the living room and kitchen. Still no one in sight.

LISA

Well, "ain't I?" -- Pay attention to me.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - TWO SHOT

We are now able to see that Jeff's apartment is in darkness,

only faintly lit from the distant light of the neighbors' window. By her position, Lisa is seated on Jeff's sound

knee,

her arms around his neck.

JEFF

I'm not exactly on the other side of the room.

LISA

Your mind is. And when I want a man, I want all of him.

She starts kissing him.

JEFF

Don't you ever have any problems?

LISA

(Murmurs, kissing him)

I have one now.

JEFF

So do I.

LISA

(Kissing)

Tell me about it.

JEFF

(Slight pause)

Why would a man leave his apartment three times, on a rainy night, with a suitcase? And come back three times?

LISA

He likes the way his wife welcomes him home.

JEFF

Not that salesman's wife. And why didn't he go to work today?

LISA

Homework. It's more interesting.

JEFF

What's interesting about a butcher's

knife and a small saw wrapped up in a newspaper?

LISA

Nothing, thank heaven.

JEFF

(Looking again)

Why hasn't he gone into his wife's bedroom all day?

LISA

I wouldn't dare answer that.

JEFF

(After pause)

Lisa -- there's something terribly wrong.

She gives up trying to interest him in romance, and moves back from the embrace. THE CAMERA PULL BACK.

LISA

And I'm afraid it's with me.

Lisa stands, straightens out her dress, stretches a little then she turns to the divan, apparently not too interested in his observation about the salesman's life.

JEFF

(Looks at Lisa)

What do you think?

LISA

(Without returning his look)

Something too frightful to utter.

Jeff is thoughtful for a moment, then he relaxes and smiles a little. He turns to the window to look out again. Lisa exits the picture.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

Lisa stretches herself out on the divan. Her head rest on the cushion at the far end, and she instinctively falls into

an attractive pose. However, her expression is disturbed as she watches Jeff.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

He stares intently out the window.

JEFF

He went out a few minutes ago -- in his undershirt -- and he hasn't come back yet.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Lisa weighs this information, trying to make some sense out of it.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

Jeff turns his eyes from the salesman's apartment, and looks down reflectively. He looks up again, and then his eyes catches sight of something. He leans forward slightly.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Miss Torso is lying, face down, on her divan bed. The only light in the apartment is from a reading lamp. She is

reading

a book held in one hand, while eating a sandwich in another. Her back is bare, and all she wears is a pair of brief dark blue shorts. At one point, she lifts her torso up slightly to brush crumbs out from beneath her.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

He looks away from Miss Torso, thoughtfully.

JEFF

You know -- that would be terrible job to tackle.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

Lisa leans forward and looks out the window to see what Jeff is referring to. She turns back to him with a blank stare.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

Jeff turns and looks at her, quite unaware of her surprise at his comment.

JEFF

How would you begin to cut up a human body?

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

Lisa sits bolt upright on the divan. She reaches back and pulls on the overhead light. At that moment the songwriter returns to his composing. We can see him over Lisa's shoulder.

quickly

songwriter

shoulder.

He is beginning his song again, and it has taken on new fullness and melody.

Although it is not complete, it is farther along than

before,

and he plays his theme a number of different ways, trying to move it note by note to its completion.

Lisa just stares at Jeff for a moment.

LISA

Jeff -- I'll be honest with you --
you're beginning to scare me a little.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff is staring out of the window again. Over this we hear Lisa's voice:

LISA

(Quietly insistent)

Jeff -- did you hear what I said?

You're beginning to --

Jeff puts out a restraining hand.

JEFF

(Interrupting)

Be quiet! Shhh!

(Pause)

He's coming back!

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

At last the salesman is seen coming along the corridor. He does not wear shirt, but only an undershirt. Slung over one shoulder, with his arm through it, is a large coil of sturdy rope. He goes through the living room into the

bedroom.

He does not put on the bedroom lights.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff reaches quickly for his binoculars, and trains them on the salesman's apartment.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

As seen through the binoculars, the salesman comes out of the

bedroom, to the kitchen, where he gets a carving knife. He turns around and goes back to the bedroom.

The lights go on behind the draw shades, after a short

moment.

The dim shadow of the salesman is seen moving around the room.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

Lisa, still stretched out on the divan looking at Jeff, suddenly sits upright and then getting up from the divan, mover over to Jeff, THE CAMERA GOING WITH her.

In a sudden surprise move, she swings his chair completely around so that his back is to the window. He drops the binoculars into his lap in surprise. THE CAMERA MOVES IN as Lisa leans over Jeff, gripping both sides of his chair

LISA

(sharply)

Jeff -- if you could only see yourself.

JEFF

Now, Lisa --

LISA

(Abruptly)

Sitting around, looking out a window to kill time, is one thing -- but doing it the way you are --

(She gestures)

-- with, with binoculars, and with wild opinions about every little movement you see -- is, is diseased!

JEFF

Do you think I consider this recreation?

LISA

I don't know what you consider it -- but if you don't stop it, I'm getting out of here.

JEFF

You'd better before you catch the disease!

LISA

(Insistent)

What is it you're looking for?

JEFF

I want to find out what's wrong with the salesman's wife. Does that make me sound like a madman?

LISA

What makes you think something's wrong with her?

LISA

A lot of things. She's an invalid who needs constant care -- and yet the husband nor anyone else has been in there all day.

LISA

Maybe she died.

JEFF

Where's the doctor -- the undertakers?

LISA

She could be under sedatives,
sleeping.

(Looks up)

He's in the room now.

Jeff tries to turn around, but she won't let the chair move.

JEFF

Lisa, please!

LISA

There's nothing to see.

JEFF

There is -- I've seen things through
that window! Bickering, family fights,
mysterious trips at night, knives,
saws, rope -- and since last evening,
not a sight or sound of his wife!
Now you tell me where she is and
what she's doing!

LISA

Maybe he's leaving his wife. I don't
know, and I don't care. Lots of people
have saws, knives and ropes around
their houses. Lots of men don't speak
to their wives all day. Lots of wives
nag, and men hate them, and trouble
starts -- but very, very, very few
of them end up in murder -- if that's
what you're thinking.

JEFF

It's pretty hard to stay away from
that word isn't it?

LISA

You could see all the things he did,
couldn't you?

JEFF

What are you getting at?

LISA

You could see that he did because he
had the shades in his apartment up,
and walked along the corridor, and
the streets and the backyard?

JEFF

Yeah.

LISA

Jeff, do you think a murderer would let you see all that? That he shouldn't keep his shades down and hide behind them?

JEFF

That's where he's being clever. Acting nonchalant.

LISA

And that's where you're not being clever. He wouldn't parade his crime in front of the open shades.

She turns the wheelchair slightly to her left so that he can see the newlyweds' apartment.

LISA

(Pointing)

For all you know -- there's something a lot more sinister going on behind those shades.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

The drawn shades of the newlyweds' apartment. A dim light burning behind them.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

Jeff looks, turns back to her, trying to suppress a chuckle.

JEFF

No comment.

LISA

Don't you see how silly you're being?

JEFF

Okay, Lisa -- probably you're right. He's probably in the bedroom now, entertaining his wife with the indian rope trick. I'll admit to criminal insanity. Now when do I start the cure?

Lisa half looks up and out the window. She opens her mouth to answer, but a new look overtakes her face. It is concern,

surprise, and a little shock. Jeff sees the change, is sobered, and quickly turns the chair around.

He looks out the window, using his binoculars.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

The shades in the bedroom are now up. Both beds are empty, and stripped of their linen, the mattresses thrown up over

the end of the beds. The salesman, sweating heavily, stands over a large, square trunk in the center of the room. It is stoutly bound by the heavy rope we previously saw him bring into the apartment. He wipes one forearm across his brow, and then heads for the kitchen. In the kitchen, he produces a bottle, pours himself two or three straight drinks, then leans with a display of exhaustion against the kitchen sink.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

Jeff lowers the glasses. His look is sober. Lisa stands

behind

him, one hand on the back of the wheelchair. She, too, is serious. THE CAMERA MOVES IN until Lisa's head fills the screen. She says, slowly:

LISA

Let's start from the beginning again,
Jeff. Tell me everything you saw --
and what you think it means.

She is still staring out the window, as the scene

FADES OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

Jeff is seated in the dark, his face lit by the faint glow from the distant street. He is looking out of the window tensely, as THE CAMERA MOVES IN, until he is in big profile.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - LONG SHOT

From Jeff's viewpoint, all the windows are dark. The couple are sleeping on the fire escape. The salesman's apartment is

dark as well. Suddenly a match flares, and we see the

salesman

light a cigar. The flame of the match illuminates his face for a moment. When it dies out, we see just the glow of the cigar burning.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

The CAMERA is now facing Jeff. We see that his left hand rests on the telephone receiver which is close to him. The phone starts to RING, but makes only the slightest sound, as

he instantly picks it up. As he talks, in a low voice, he keeps his eyes on the salesman's apartment.

JEFF

Yeah?

INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

We get an impression of Sixth Avenue behind Lisa at the

phone.

Lisa also talks in a low, quiet voice.

LISA

The name on the second floor rear mailbox reads Mr. And Mrs. Lars, that's L-A-R-S, Lars Thorwald.

JEFF

(Filter)

What's the apartment house number?

LISA

125 West Ninth Street.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

Jeff, still looks toward the salesman's apartment.

JEFF

Thanks, Lisa.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

Lisa smilingly says:

LISA

Okay, chief. What's my next assignment.

JEFF

To get on home.

LISA

All right -- but what's he doing now?

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

Jeff is still looking toward the salesman's apartment.

JEFF

Just sitting in the living room. In the dark. And he hasn't gone near the bedroom. Now get some sleep. Goodnight.

He puts the receiver down, and resumes his vigil.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - LONG SHOT

All we can see is the glow of the salesman's cigar.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - MEDIUM SHOT

Jeff is seated by the window in his wheelchair. He is

talking

on the telephone while his eyes are still on the

neighborhood.

There is a touch of urgency in his voice.

JEFF

Look, Doyle -- it's just one of those things I can't tell you on the phone. You have to be here, and see the whole set-up.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK slightly as Stella emerges from the kitchen. She is carrying a tray with breakfast on it. Eggs, bacon, toast and coffee.

JEFF

It's probably nothing important -- just a little neighborhood murder, that's all. As a matter of fact, I did say "murder".

Stella squeezes past the right side of Jeff, and places the food tray on a windowseat in front of him. She peers out cautiously toward Thorwald's apartment for a moment. Then she squeezes back, moving to the sideboard against which leans a small table on an adjustable stand.

JEFF

My only thought was to throw a little business your way. A good detective, I reasoned, would jump at the chance to detect.

Stella returns with the table, and sets it up so that it is across Jeff's lap. She gets the tray of food pausing to look

toward Thorwald's apartment. Then she places the breakfast on the tray table in front of Jeff. He has moved back a

little

to avoid getting the phone cable tangled in the food and dishes.

JEFF

Well, I usually took my best pictures on my day off.

(nods)

Okay, Doyle -- soon as you can.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - SEMI-CLOSEUP

He hangs up. Stella takes the phone and puts it down for him. He looks at the breakfast, reaches for a knife and

fork.

JEFF

Stella, I -- I can't tell you what a welcome sight this is. No wonder your husband's still in love with you.

STELLA

Police?

JEFF

(Pauses in cutting
food)

Huh?

STELLA

You called the police?

JEFF

Oh. Well, yes and no. It wasn't an
official call. He's just a friend.

(Almost to himself)

An old, ornery friend.

He begins eating, appreciatively. She moves behind his
chair,
pausing to look toward Thorwald's apartment again. Jeff is
just lifting a piece of bacon to his lips when Stella
speaks.

STELLA

(Half to herself)

Now just where do you suppose he cut
her up?

The hand carrying the bacon to Jeff's mouth hesitates for a
moment.

STELLA

(Answering herself)

Oh -- of course! In the bathtub.
That's the only place he could wash
away the blood.

The hand holding the bacon moves back to the plate.
Jeff just stares ahead. Stella turns and walks into the
kitchen. Jeff pushes the food away, and picks up the coffee
cup instead.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - CLOSEUP

Jeff's eyes, over the coffee cup, are staring intently at
the backyard.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Thorwald's apartment. The shades up. No one moving.

The rope-tied trunk still sits in the bedroom.

To the left we see the basket lowering with the dog in it.

We HEAR the woman WHISTLING an aria.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - CLOSEUP

His eyes stray in an upward direction as he puts down the
coffee cup.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - SEMI-LONG SHOT

The CAMERA PANS UP past the woman lowering the dog, up to the roof where one of the sunbathers can be seen sitting up, rubbing her body with sun tan oil.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - CLOSEUP

Jeff's eyes moves down again. Abstractedly his hand strays toward the piece of bacon. He picks it up.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Thorwald's apartment. We are now aware that the salesman is now in his living room, lying out of sight on the sofa, because the smoke from a newly lighted cigar is starting to ascend toward the ceiling of his room.

Stella's voice is heard calling out from the kitchen:

STELLA'S VOICE

He'd better get that trunk out of there before it starts to leak.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Again the bacon stops before it reaches Jeff's mouth. He puts it down on the plate again, as his eyes move

slightly

toward the left.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Miss Torso, in ballet outfit, is hanging up a small wash on a clothes line. It consists mostly of lingerie. She is doing her inevitable leg practice at the same time.

THE CAMERA PANS OVER SUDDENLY TO Thorwald's apartment, and except for the smoke rising from the unseen sofa, there is no activity.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - CLOSEUP

Jeff seems to be getting a bit listless, or bored, by constantly watching Thorwald's apartment. His eyes sort of stray around the neighborhood, and end up looking toward:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - MEDIUM SHOT

The newlywed's apartment. Shade down, business as usual.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - CLOSEUP

Jeff smiles affectionately, and starts to turn his eyes

away;

but something startles him, and he looks quickly back.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - MEDIUM SHOT

The shade suddenly going up in the newlywed's apartment. The young husband leans his hands on the windowsill, and looks out. He is wearing only his pajama bottoms, because of

the heat, and we see that he is a well-muscled, attractive young man. He looks around with some satisfaction. He turns at the sound of a woman's voice behind him.

GIRL'S VOICE

H-a-a-r-r-e-e...

He turns his head, is thoughtful for a brief moment, then he pulls down the shade.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - SEMI-CLOSEUP

His smile almost becomes a private chuckle. Stella's abrupt voice breaks in urgently:

STELLA'S VOICE

Look! Look -- Mr. Jefferies!

Jeff's head snaps toward the center of his window. Stella has appeared behind his wheelchair.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Two men wearing tan coveralls are standing outside

Thorwald's

door. One of them carries a clipboard.

sofa.

Suddenly Thorwald is seen sitting up on the living room

His hair is disheveled and he is unshaved. He stands up, and

moves toward the door.

admits

He opens it, and after a short exchange of dialogue, he

the two men, leaving the door open behind them.

He leads the two man across the living room to the bedroom.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Stella and Jeff watching intently. He is feeling down alongside his wheelchair for his binoculars.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - BINOCULAR SHOT

A close view shows the two man carrying the trunk across the

living room toward the corridor.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff lowers the binoculars quickly.

JEFF

(Agitated)

I thought Doyle would get here before the trunk went -- or I'd have called the police.

(To Stella)

Now we're going to lose it.
Stella moves toward the door quickly. Jeff turns quickly over his shoulder to watch her. She is already going up the steps.

JEFF

Stella, don't do anything reckless!
As Stella goes out the door, she calls back:

STELLA

I'm just going to get the name of
their truck!

JEFF

(Up)

I'll watch the alleyway -- in case
it goes that way.

We hear nothing from Stella, but the sound of her heavy

tread

down the hallway stairs. Jeff returns to Thorwald. He eases himself back into the shadows a bit and then raises his binoculars.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - BINOCULAR SHOT

Jeff concentrates his attention on the alley-way that leads to the street. Just normal traffic. The binoculars swing to Thorwald apartment. The salesman is now at the telephone. He

has picked up the receiver, and proceeds to dial 221.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - CLOSEUP

The binoculars still up to Jeff's face. Under them his mouth moves, as if he's talking to himself.

JEFF

Long Distance.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - BINOCULAR SHOT

The salesman speaks some words to the operator. Placing the call. As he does this, he reaches with his other hand for a nearly bottle, and working the cork out with one hand, he pours a stiff drink into a tumbler. He drinks it as soon as he finishes talking with the operator.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff lowers the binoculars a little, and takes a normal eye sight on the alleyway.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - LONG SHOT

Pulling across to the far side of the street we see the hood and cab of a freight truck.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff quickly puts the glasses up.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - BINOCULAR SHOT

By the time the binoculars are up, another truck has crossed

from the left. In momentarily blocks out the side of our freight truck. By the time the two trucks part, we can only see the back half of the freight truck before it pulls out of sight. Jeff is only able to read the words "FREIGHT

LINES".

The binoculars are held for a moment until we see a puffing and blowing Stella arrive at the opening of the alleyway. She looks toward the front of Thorwald's apartment house. And by her attitude we can see that there is no truck

outside.

She looks about her for a moment.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - CLOSEUP

Jeff lowers the binoculars, discouraged.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - LONG SHOT

The figure of Stella is seen, looking up toward Jeff's apartment, and arms outspread in a helpless gesture.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - SEMI-LONG SHOT

SHOOTING TOWARDS the big window, with the neighborhood

beyond,

Jeff is as usual seated in his wheelchair on the left of the

window, but now turned toward a newcomer.

The second man is standing near the divan looking out the window with the binoculars. This newcomer is POLICE

DETECTIVE

LIEUTENANT THOMAS J. DOYLE, the man Jeff phoned earlier in the day. He is an intelligent-appearing, well-dressed modern

detective. He has a sense of humor. He lowers the glasses, and turns to Jeff.

DOYLE

You didn't see the killing, or the body? How do you know there was a murder?

JEFF

Because everything that man's done has been suspicious. Trips at night in the rain, saws, knives, trunks

with rope, and a wife that isn't there any more.

DOYLE

I'll admit it all has a mysterious sound -- but it could mean a number of different things. Murder is the least likely.

JEFF

Go ahead, Doyle -- tell me he's an unemployed magician -- amusing the neighborhood with sleight-of-hand.

Doyle paces a little.

DOYLE

It's too stupid and obvious a way to murder -- in full view of fifty windows -- and then sit over there --

(He points)

-- smoking a cigar -- waiting for the police to pick him up.

JEFF

Well, officer -- do your duty.

DOYLE

You've got a lot to learn about homicide, Jeff. Morons have committed murder so shrewdly that it took a hundred trained police minds to catch them. That salesman wouldn't just knock off his wife after dinner, toss her in a trunk and put her in storage.

JEFF

I'll bet it's been done.

DOYLE

Almost everything's been done -- under panic. But this is a thousand to one shot. That man's still sitting around his apartment; he isn't panicked.

JEFF

(A pause)

You think I made all this up?

DOYLE

I think you saw something -- that probably has a very simple

explanation.

JEFF

For instance?

DOYLE

(Shrugs)

His wife took a trip.

JEFF

She -- was -- an -- invalid!

DOYLE

You told me.

(Looks at watch)

I've got to run, Jeff.

JEFF

All right -- you don't believe me.

Doyle saunters toward steps, picking up his hat on the way.
Stops.

DOYLE

I -- uh -- won't report it to the
Department. Let me poke into a little
on my own. No point in you getting
any ridiculous publicity.

JEFF

(Coldly)

Thanks.

DOYLE

We know the wife is gone. I'll see
if I can find out where.

JEFF

Do that.

He goes up the steps to the door, putting on his hat.
He pauses his hand on the door knob.

DOYLE

You have any headaches lately?

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff answers, showing only the slightest irritation.

JEFF

Not 'til you showed up.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Doyle, still at the door:

DOYLE

Uh-huh. Well, it'll wear off in time --
along with the hallucinations. See
you around.

He starts to go out the door, and closes it behind him.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - SEMI-LONG SHOT

From Doyle's viewpoint. Jeff lifts his hand in a feeble parting gesture.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Before the door has completely closed, Doyle opens it again, and looks in.

DOYLE

By the way what happened to your leg?

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - SEMI-CLOSEUP

JEFF

I was jaywalking.

DOYLE'S VOICE (O.S.)

Where?

JEFF

(With nonchalance)

The Indianapolis Speedway.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - SEMI-CLOSEUP

The door starts to close again, as if Doyle considered

Jeff's

answer quite reasonable. Then the door pops open and Doyle's head comes in, a surprised expression across his face.

DOYLE

During the race?

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff answers with a straight face.

JEFF

Yup. It sure stopped traffic.

We don't see Doyle again, but only HEAR the sharp slam of the DOOR off. Jeff chuckles. Then he turns back to the

window.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - CLOSEUP

Jeff's attention is drawn to something in the yard below.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - SEMI-LONG SHOT

The little dog is busily scratching away at Thorwald's pet flower bed.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - CLOSEUP

Jeff smiles mischievously. Suddenly his face changes as he sees:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Thorwald coming out of his basement door, carrying a

watering

can. He fills it from a nearby faucet. He does not notice the little dog's destructive activities.

When the watering can is filled, he straightens up, turns toward the flower bed. He stops for the briefest moment, when he sees the dog. He walks to the dog, gently lifts him out of the garden, and giving him a friendly little pat, sends him off. He proceeds to patiently brush back the disturbed earth, and then begins his watering.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff is frankly puzzled by the salesman's friendly attitude toward the dog. He looks off in another direction, as he catches of:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - LONG SHOT

Doyle, who has appeared, at the street opening. The

detective

is surveying the front of the apartment building where Thorwald lives. A paper seller behind him offers to sell him

a paper. Doyle isn't interested.

As Doyle saunters forward toward the salesman house, the scene:

LAP DISSOLVES TO:

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - MEDIUM SHOT

Doyle is nonchalantly leaning up against the side board, with a highball in one hand. Jeff has turned his chair

around

from the window to face him.

DOYLE

He has a six months lease, and has used up a little over five and a half months of it.

(Takes a sip of drink)

Quiet. Drinks, but not to drunkenness. Pays his bill promptly, with money earned as a consume jewelry salesman -- wholesale. Keeps to himself, and none of the neighbors got close to him, or his wife.

JEFF

I think they missed their chance with her.

DOYLE

(Studies drink)

She never left the apartment --

JEFF

(Interrupting)

Then where is she -- in the ice box?

DOYLE

(Continues)

-- until yesterday morning.

JEFF

(Alert)

What time?

DOYLE

Six ayem.

Jeff looks thoughtful a moment, and then says, with a touch of discouragement:

JEFF

I think that's about the time I fell asleep.

DOYLE

Too bad. The Thorwalds were just leaving the apartment house at that time.

He puts down his drink, and strolls toward the window,

looking

out. THE CAMERA MOVES IN slightly to tighten the shot.

DOYLE

Feel a little foolish?

JEFF

Not yet.

Doyle becomes interested in watching something out the

window.

Unconsciously he smooths out his coat and tie.

He even smiles somewhat secretly to himself at what he sees.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Miss Torso, in ballet costume, practicing her dance on the outside balcony. She is exciting and desirable.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - TIGHT TWO SHOT

Jeff notices Doyle's interest.

JEFF

How's your wife?

Startled at being observed, Doyle moves quickly away from the window, affecting nonchalance. THE CAMERA MOVES BACK as Doyle returns to his drink. Jeff smiles at catching Doyle enjoying Miss Torso.

DOYLE

Oh -- oh, she's fine.

(Not too convincing)

Just fine.

He tosses off the rest of the drink, and his movement is almost a comment. Jeff's face grows serious.

JEFF

Who said they left then?

DOYLE

Who left -- where?

JEFF

The Thorwalds -- at six in the morning?

Doyle quickly collects his thoughts, and gets back to the case at hand.

DOYLE

The building superintendent, and two tenants. Flat statements -- no hesitation. And they all jibed to the letter. The Thorwalds were leaving for the railroad station.

JEFF

Now how could anybody guess that? They had, perhaps, signs on their luggage, "Grand Central Or Bust!"?

DOYLE

(Sighs)

The superintendent met Thorwald coming back. He said Thorwald told him he had just put his wife on the train for the country.

JEFF

A very convenient guy -- this superintendent. Have you checked his bank deposits lately?

DOYLE

Jeff -- huh?

JEFF

(Sharply)

Well -- what good is his information?!! It's a second-hand version of an unsupported statement by the murderer himself -- Thorwald! Anybody actually see the wife get on the train?

DOYLE

I hate to remind you -- but this all started because you said she was murdered. Now did anyone, including you, actually see her murdered?

JEFF

Doyle -- are you interested in solving a case, or making me look foolish?

DOYLE

If possible -- both.

JEFF

Well then do a good job of it! Get over there, and search Thorwald's apartment! It must be knee-deep in evidence.

DOYLE

I can't do that.

JEFF

I mean when he goes out for a paper, or a drink, or something. What he doesn't know won't hurt him.

DOYLE

I can't do it even if he's gone.

JEFF

(With sarcasm)

What's the matter? Does he have a courtesy card from the police department?

DOYLE

Now don't get me mad! Even a detective can't walk in anybody's apartment and search it. If I were ever caught in there, I'd lose my badge inside of ten minutes!

JEFF

Just make sure you're not caught. If you find something, you've got a murderer and nobody will care about a couple of house rules. If you find nothing -- he's clear.

DOYLE

At the risk of sounding stuffy, Jeff -- I'll remind you of the Constitution, and the phrase "search warrant" issued by a judge who knows the Bill of

Rights verbatim. He must ask for evidence.

JEFF

Give him evidence.

DOYLE

I can hear myself starting out. "Your Honor -- I have a friend who's an amateur sleuth, an one night, after a heavy supper --"

(He shakes his head
"no")

He'd throw the New York State Penal Code right in my face. -- And it's six volumes.

JEFF

By morning there might not be anything left to find in his apartment.

DOYLE

(Looking out window)
A detective's nightmare.

JEFF

What do you need before you can search -- bloody footsteps leading up to the door?

DOYLE

(Looking out window)
One thing I don't need is heckling! You called and asked me for help -- and now you're acting like a taxpayer!

DOYLE

(Turns and look at
Jeff)

How did we ever stand each other in that same plane for three years?

JEFF

You know, every day for three years I asked myself that same question?

DOYLE

Ever get an answer?

JEFF

Yeah -- frequently -- it ran something like this: "Your request for transfer turned down --"

He can't help smiling, and neither can Doyle.

DOYLE

Sorry I had to turn it down.

(He checks his watch)

I'm going over to the railroad station
and check Thorwald's story.

He moves to the sideboard, picks up a felt hat.

JEFF

Forget the story -- find the trunk.
Mrs. Thorwald's in it!

DOYLE

Oh -- I almost forgot!

He pulls a slip of paper out of his pocket. Jeff watches him
intently.

DOYLE

(Looking at Jeff)

There was a postcard in Thorwald's
mailbox.

(Refers to paper)

Mailed yesterday afternoon, three-
thirty P.M. from Merritsville --

(Looks up, speaks
pleasantly)

-- That's eighty miles north of here.

(Back to paper)

The message read "Arrived O.K. Already
feeling better. Love, Anna."

He looks at Jeff with some smugness.

JEFF

(Slowly)

Is -- is Anna -- who I think it is?

DOYLE

(Nods "yes")

Mrs. Thorwald.

He puts on his hat, and goes toward the door.

DOYLE

(Maliciously)

Anything you need?

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - CLOSEUP

Jeff is sober.

JEFF

Yeah. A good detective.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DUSK - CLOSEUP

The sun has just set. THE CAMERA is concentrating on the long-focus lens camera which fills the screen. Just beyond, there is a plate on which a solitary sandwich.

sandwich
Jeff's hand comes in, picks it up. We PAN US with the

light
until Jeff's head fills the screen. (Except for a small

in the kitchen, Jeff's apartment is in darkness.) As he munches, he keeps his attention on the neighborhood.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DUSK - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Lonely
Thorwald's apartment is darkness. THE CAMERA PANS slightly to the left, as we see the dog being lowered in its basket. We follow the basket down to the yard which brings Miss

Heart's apartment into view. She is wearing a Kelly Green suit, and is seated at her dressing table. She seems to be putting on the final touches of her make-up, prior to going out.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DUSK - CLOSEUP

Jeff looks down, he smiles to himself. He turns, and we see him raise the long-focus camera to his eye.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DUSK - CAMERA SHOT

enlarged
The long-focus lens brings Miss Lonely Hearts into an

noticed.
picture which reveals details we have not previously

A pair of ill-fitting, horn-rimmed reading glasses rest half way down her nose, and she has to tilt her head back

slightly
as she applies lip-stick, with their aid.

Satisfied, she takes off the glasses, and examines her face as a whole, through squinting eyes. She has faded good

looks,
has fairly nice clothes, but is badly in need of advice on hair dressing. Her hair-do makes her seem middle-aged. She reaches for a tall glass of liquor next to her, and takes a long drink. Putting the glass down, she squints to see if she has disturbed the lipstick. Unable to see clearly, she puts on the glasses again, looks, and touches up her lips slightly.

She puts her glasses in a handbag, then stands to put out the lights. She walks into the living room, finishing the drink. The long-focus lens moves with her. She goes straight

for a bottle of liquor, and pours out a final neat slug, and tosses it off. Then she leaves the apartment, with a show of determination.

She turns out the lights behind her.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DUSK - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff lowers the long-focus lens, and turns his head to the right as he hears the first notes of the songwriter's melody

which we have heard him trying to complete.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DUSK - MEDIUM SHOT

The songwriter is at the piano, poking out his melody,

slowly,

note by note. He is in black tie, and from the looks of the apartment he is preparing for guests. An attractive girl is setting out trays of canapés, glasses, ice and liquor. She pauses as she crosses the room carrying a tray of food. She listens a moment to the songwriter's melody. Her expression shows that it pleases her, and moves her romantically. She comments on it to the songwriter, who starts from the beginning again, playing it more fully.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DUSK - SEMI-CLOSEUP

A new source of music comes in to interfere with the piano playing. It is orchestral ballet music, in a modern style. Jeff's head turns in this new direction.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DUSK - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Miss Torso, and a male partner whom we have not seen before,

are practicing a pas a deux. He is a tall flowing-haired young man, lithe and graceful beyond normal masculine capacity.

They stop, at one point, to listen to a word of comment from

a woman who is watching. By her gestures, she is obviously a

professional choreographer.

THE CAMERA PANS from this to the street beyond.

Standing there, on the sidewalk, looking up and down the street is a Kelly Green clad figure.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DUSK - CLOSEUP

He quickly raises his long-focus camera to his eye.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DUSK - CAMERA SHOT

adjustment

We are now given a waist-high shot as the focus is by Jeff. The figure is that of Miss Lonely Hearts. She seems to be trying to figure out what to do, or where to go. She nervously looks at a couple of men passers by. Getting no reaction, she crosses the street, and seats herself at an empty table in front of the cafe. She orders a drink. She is suddenly blotted out by a figure of a man who enters the picture from the left side. He is much nearer the lens, because he is on this side of the street. He is, therefore, slightly out of focus. The lens suddenly sharpens. It is Thorwald, carrying a light-weight cardboard box under his arm. THE CAMERA PANS him over to the right until he is lost behind the building.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DUSK - SEMI-CLOSEUP

sharpening

He lowers the lens, and we see Jeff's eyes travel across the screen, as he imagines Thorwald's progression. Then

himself

his look, he picks up the long-focus lens, and easing

back cautiously, begins watching Thorwald.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DUSK - CAMERA SHOT

Thorwald comes up the corridor, and stands unlocking his door. As he hesitates, we are able to see the cardboard box he is carrying has the name of a laundry on it. He enters the apartment turns on the living room lights.

He proceeds to the bedroom, and the lights go on there.

A number of suits and top coats are lying on an orderly pile

on the bed. He takes the laundry out of the box and puts in on the bed next to the suits. Then he goes to the dresser, and instead of putting the laundry away, he proceeds to take out the contents of the drawers -- pajamas, shirts, sox, etc. He piles these on the beds.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DUSK - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff lowers the camera quickly. He picks up the phone and dials a number, still keeping his eyes on Thorwald. The phone buzzes on filter, then is picked up and answered by a woman:

MRS. DOYLE

(Filter)

Hello.

JEFF

Mrs. Doyle?

MRS. DOYLE

Yes.

JEFF

Jeff again.

(A note of urgency)

Has Tom come in yet?

MRS. DOYLE

Not yet, Jeff.

JEFF

You haven't even heard from him?

MRS. DOYLE

Not a word.

For a moment, Jeff looks desperate. He doesn't know what to say.

MRS. DOYLE

It is something really important, Jeff?

JEFF

I'm afraid it is, Tess.

MRS. DOYLE

I'll have him call the moment I hear from him.

JEFF

Tell him not to waste time calling. To get over here soon as he can. I think Thorwald's pulling out tonight.

MRS. DOYLE

Who's Thorwald?

JEFF

He knows.

(As an after-thought)

Don't worry, Tess. It's a man.

MRS. DOYLE

(She laughs)

Goodnight, you idiot.

JEFF

(A slight smile)

Goodnight, Mrs Doyle.

He hangs up. Then, his brows knit a little, as if he's

puzzled

about something he sees across the neighborhood. He lifts up the long-focus lens.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - CAMERA SHOT

Early night. In the dresser Thorwald finds an alligator handbag. He holds it up thoughtfully. We have previously seen this handbag hanging from the bedpost when Mrs.

Thorwald

was in bed. Thorwald takes the bag into the living room, where he picks up the phone and dials.

JEFF

Long distance again.

Thorwald reaches his party. As he talks, thoughtfully, he takes some jewelry from the handbag -- a couple of rings, diamond wristwatch, brooch, pearls, etc. He discusses each piece, apparently trying to make some decision. Then, seemingly satisfied, he replaces them in the bag and hangs up.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff lowers his camera lens and edges his chair forward in an effort to hear what Thorwald is saying. But a sudden rise in the SOUND coming from the song-writer's apartment, causes

him to turn his head toward the studio with exasperation.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

The first four of the song-writer's guests come through the door, admitted by the song-writer's girl friend. There is a squeal from the woman who greet each other, and hearty "helloes" from the men. The song-writer dashes off a LOUD VAMP of greeting on the piano, then gets up to offer drinks.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff turns his attention back to Thorwald, but gives up any attempt at listening. He lift the long-focus lens up to his eyes again.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - CAMERA SHOT

Having completed his call, Thorwald returns to the bedroom carrying the handbag. He goes to a pile of coats lying on the bed. He lifts the top two coats slightly, and slides the handbag under them and out of sight.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

There is the SOUND of footsteps coming down the corridor to Jeff's apartment. He lowers the camera lens, and turns his attention to his door.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

The door opens, and Lisa stands silhouetted in the entrance, black-lighted by the corridor lights. It's an attractive picture.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff's head is turned toward her, his back more toward the neighborhood.

JEFF

Quick. Take a look. Thorwald's getting ready to pull out for good!

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff abruptly turns back to the window, as Lisa dashes into the picture behind him, and looks out. Jeff's expression changes a little, as they see:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

The lights are out in Thorwald's bedroom, and Thorwald is in the act of pouring himself out a drink in the living room. He comes to the window, glass in hand, and looks down into the garden, nonchalantly. Over this, we HEAR Lisa's voice, questioningly:

LISA

It doesn't seem to be in any hurry.

JEFF

(Stares out the window, exasperated)

He was just laying all his things out on one of the beds! Coats, suits, shirts, sox, even his wife's --

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

He stops, turns to her quickly.

JEFF

That alligator bag his wife had on the bedpost --

LISA

What about it?

JEFF

He had it hidden in the dresser! Well, at least it was in there. He took it out, went to the phone and called somebody long distance. -- His wife's jewelry was in the handbag. And something about it worried him. He was asking somebody advice over

the phone.

LISA

Someone not his wife?

JEFF

I never saw him ask her for advise
before.

(Smiles)

But she volunteered plenty.

Jeff turns back to the window.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Thorwald is standing at the window with his drink in his hand. Then he turns, puts his unfinished drink down on a table, and goes to the door. He puts the light out in the living room and goes out the door. He walks briskly down the corridor.

LISA

I wonder where he's going now?

JEFF

I don't know.

LISA

Suppose he doesn't come back again?

JEFF

He will. All his things are still
piled on the bed.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

Lisa moves toward a nearby lamp.

LISA

Well, I guess it's safe to put on
some lights now.

JEFF

(Looking to left)

Not yet!

He picks up the long-focus lens and trains it on the street intersection, as Lisa moves back to him.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - CAMERA SHOT - NIGHT

The street intersection. Some traffic, mostly pedestrian. Miss Lonely Hearts still sitting at the cafe table, alone. Drinking. There is no sign of Thorwald.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

He lowers the lens.

JEFF

He must have gone somewhere to the
right.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK as Lisa starts around the apartment turning on the lights. As she light increases, we see that she is wearing another extravagantly beautiful dress. She seems quite animated, moving gracefully, her skirt and hair swinging with her movement. Jeff turns around to face the room.

LISA

All day long I've tried to keep my mind on work.

JEFF

Thinking about Thorwald?

LISA

(Nods yes)

And you, and you friend Doyle --

(Stops, to Jeff)

Did you hear from him again -- since he left?

JEFF

Not a word. He was going to check on the railroad station, and the trunk. He must be still on it.

As he talks, she seems to be thinking something over to herself. He starts pacing, trying to distill her thoughts. We see that she has brought an oversized handbag with her, which lies prominently on the table.

Jeff watches her.

JEFF

Something on your mind, Lisa?

LISA

It doesn't make sense to me.

JEFF

What doesn't?

LISA

Women aren't that unpredictable.

JEFF

(Losing a little patience)

Lisa -- I can't guess what you're thinking.

THE CAMERA CLOSES IN, Lisa stops, faces him. Her eyes sparkle,
and her body is tense with concentration.

LISA

A woman has a favorite handbag -- it

always hangs on her bedpost where she can get at it. Then she takes a trip and leaves it behind. Why?

JEFF

Because she didn't know she was going on a trip -- and where she was going she wouldn't need a handbag.

THE CAMERA eases back.

LISA

But only her husband would know that.

(Starts to pace again)

And the jewelry! Women don't keep all their jewelry in a purse, all tangled, getting scratched and twisted up.

JEFF

Do they hide it in their husband's clothes?

LISA

They do not! And they don't leave it behind them. A woman going anywhere but the hospital would always take makeup, perfume and jewelry.

JEFF

Inside stuff?

LISA

Basic equipment. You don't leave it behind in your husband's drawer in your favorite handbag.

JEFF

I'm with you, sweetie, but Detective Thomas J. Doyle has a pat answer for that.

LISA

That Mrs. Thorwald left at six ayem yesterday with her husband?

JEFF

That's what the witnesses told him.

LISA

Well, I have a pat rebuttal for Mr. Doyle -- that couldn't be Mrs. Thorwald -- or I don't know women.

JEFF

Still -- those witnesses.

LISA

We'll agree they saw a woman -- but she wasn't Mrs. Thorwald. -- That is, yet.

She comes over to Jeff. He reaches up, takes her hand.

JEFF

Come here.

He pulls her into his lap. She puts her arms around him. She is very happy, and kisses Jeff's cheek.

LISA

I'd like to see your friend's face when we tell him. He doesn't sound like much of a detective.

JEFF

Don't be too hard on him. He's a steady worker. I wish he'd get there, though.

LISA

(Nuzzling Jeff)

Don't rush me. We have all night.

There's a pause. Then Jeff moves back a little to look her straight in the eye.

JEFF

We have all -- what?

LISA

Night. I'm going to stay with you.

JEFF

You'll have to clear that through my landlord --

She cuts him off with a kiss. When she pulls back

LISA

I have the whole weekend off.

JEFF

Well that's fine, but I only have one bed, and --

Lisa smothers him with another kiss. She lets up.

LISA

Say anything else, and I'll stay tomorrow night too.

JEFF

Lisa, I won't be able to give you any --

She smothers him with still another kiss. Then moves back.

JEFF

-- pajamas.

She laughs, gets up. Goes to the large handbag on the table.

Is is a Mark Cross ladies 'attache' case.

LISA

You said I'd have to live out of one
suitcase

(Picks up case)

I'll bet yours isn't this small?

JEFF

That's a suitcase?

LISA

(Starting to open it)

A Mark Cross overnight case, anyway.

Compact, but ample enough.

She has opened it, and surprisingly enough, it is a compact
outfit of pajamas, slippers, toothbrush, toothpaste, and all

the general necessities for a comfortable overnight stay.

She comes to Jeff, sits in his lap again, displaying the
inside of the case

LISA

I'll trade you -- my feminine
intuition for a bed for the night.

JEFF

(Gives in smiling)

I'd be no better than Thorwald, to
refuse.

The SOUND from the party in the song-writer's apartment
becomes more noticeable as his party grows. And at this

point

he begins playing the song he has been composing for the
past few days.

LISA

There's that song again.

She gets up from Jeff's lap, and puts the overnight case on
the table. Open. She goes to the window, and looks toward
the song-writers' apartment. Jeff turns with her.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

The party at the song-writer's has grow considerably larger.

An assortment of well-dressed people have now crowded into
the studio. They are drinking, eating, etc. At the moment, a

number of them are crowded around the piano, listening to the composer's newest song -- which isn't quite completed. However, the melody has become more beautiful than ever. During the following scene, we HEAR the melody being played a number of different ways on the piano.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

Lisa stands, listening, entranced.

LISA

Where does a man get the inspiration
for a song like that?

Jeff watches her.

JEFF

From his landlord -- once a month.

LISA

It's utterly beautiful.

(Turns to Jeff)

I wish I could be creative.

JEFF

You are. You have a talent for
creating difficult situations.

LISA

(Happily)

I do?

JEFF

Staying the night here, uninvited.

She sits down on the edge of the divan near Jeff. She leans toward him.

LISA

Surprise -- is the most important
element of attack.

(She smiles)

And beside, you're not up on your
private eye literature. When they're
in trouble, it's always their Girl
Friday who gets them out of it.

JEFF

The same girl who keeps him out of
the clutches of seductive show girls,
and over-passionate daughters of the
rich.

LISA

The same.

JEFF

But he never ends up marrying her.
Strange.

LISA

(Stands up; deadpan)

Weird.

(She does a complete
spin, then,
ingenuously)

Why don't I slip into something
comfortable?

JEFF

You mean -- like the kitchen? And
make us some coffee?

LISA

Exactly what I had in mind -- along
with some brandy.

She goes to the kitchen, humming with the song-writer's

melody

which we can HEAR off. Jeff turns back to the window, looks
out.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

The shade is going up in the newlyweds apartment. The young
husband throws up the window and lights a cigarette. He takes

a deep and satisfying drag on the cigarette, glancing toward

the song-writer's party.

Just as he starts to exhale the smoke, we HEAR his young
wife's voice off:

GIRL'S VOICE

H-a-a-r-r-e-e-!

He chokes on the smoke, sputtering and coughing. When he
recovers, he throws the cigarette down to the back-yard with

a show of irritation. Then slowly he pulls the shade down.

Behind us is SOUND of a door shutting

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Over Jeff's shoulder we see Doyle coming down the steps
slowly, and seemingly preoccupied. Jeff swings the chair
around so that his back is to us.

SEMI-CLOSEUP

Without looking at Jeff, Doyle comes into the apartment

takes

off his hat and places it on the table. He runs a hand over

the side of his head and down the back of his neck, which seems to indicate some fatigue.

SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff. Looking expectantly at Doyle.

SEMI CLOSEUP

Doyle reaches for a cigarette on the table, and puts it to his lips. While searching his pockets for a match, he HEARS Lisa humming. His eyes turn upward.

MEDIUM SHOT

Over the cabinet which divides the living room from the kitchen, we can see a glimpse of Lisa's shadow on the ceiling.

SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff, has followed Doyle's look.

SEMI CLOSEUP

Doyle picks up cigarette lighter from table, and lights his cigarette. As he is placing the lighter back on the table, he sees:

CLOSEUP

From his viewpoint, Lisa's bag containing her lingerie and overnight effects.

CLOSEUP

Jeff. His eyes turn from the lingerie up to Doyle.

CLOSEUP

Doyle's look is completely noncommittal. His eyes turn at the sound of the song-writer's party. He moves forward to get a better view, as the CAMERA RETREATS in front of him. He stops to glance out of the window.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

The party is now full progress. The room is overcrowded. And some people are now sitting on the floor with their backs to

the window. Others are outside. A crowd hides the piano player, but music can be heard competing with the babble.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

Doyle turns his head away, and looks straight out. His expression hardens a little, as he sees:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

The window of Thorwald's apartment, completely dark.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

He also is looking toward Thorwald's apartment. He turns his eyes anxiously back to Doyle. He seems to be trying to

penetrate Doyle's mind.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

Doyle turns his head from the window, and looks down at
Jeff.

He asks, quietly:

DOYLE

What else do you have on this man
Thorwald?

Jeff's tension eases off a little, by he is eager to talk.

JEFF

Enough to scare me that you wouldn't
get here in time, and we'd lose him.

DOYLE

(Soberly)

You think he's getting out of here?

JEFF

Everything he owns is laid out on
the bedroom, ready for packing.

Doyle looks back toward Thorwald's bedroom. We see the dark
apartment beyond him. Doyle nods thoughtfully. He turns his
head suddenly at the sound of Lisa coming out of the

kitchen.

She holds two large brandy snifters containing some brandy.
They are cupped in her hand, the stem between her fingers.
She is rotating them gently toward the body to warm the
brandy. She is quite beautiful.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

Doyle reacts to her appreciatively.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

She continues rotating the brandy.

LISA

I'm just warming some brandy.

She comes forward hands one snifter to Jeff. She offers the
second to Doyle. (NOTE: In the following set of scenes,
whenever anyone holds a brandy snifter, it is being rotated-
regardless of their attitudes.)

LISA

Mr. Doyle? -- I presume.

Doyle sort of smiles, and takes the snifter awkwardly.

JEFF

Tom, this is Miss Lisa Fremont.

Doyle bows his head slightly, but his eyes remain on her in
a fixed stare.

DOYLE

How do you do?

Lisa smiles in return.

LISA

We think Thorwald's guilty.

She turns around, and goes right back into the kitchen.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Doyle stares after her, ignoring her remark, still not recovered from the first sight of her attractiveness.

Then quickly, his eyes move down and to the left.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

The open overnight case with its displayed lingerie.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT SEMI-CLOSEUP

Slowly Doyle's eyes travel back to Jeff.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

Quickly guessing what's on Doyle's mind

JEFF

(Cautiously)

Careful, Tom.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Doyle's eyes travel past Jeff to look out the window.

He still holds the brandy snifter in one hand, and a

cigarette

in the other. Absentmindedly he still rotates the brandy.

The SOUND of the phone ringing is heard.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

Jeff picks up the phone.

JEFF

Hallo?

He listens, and then looks up to Doyle.

JEFF

Just a minute, please.

Doyle crosses and stands behind Jeff, as Jeff hands him the Phone. He juggles the cigarette, the brandy snifter and the phone all at once. This is all done deadpan.

DOYLE

Doyle speaking.

(He listens)

Uh-huh. -- Yeah. Mummmmm -- Mmm. Hmm --

Okay. Thank you, and goodbye.

He hands the receiver back to Jeff, who hangs up. Lisa comes

back in with her own brandy snifter, rotating it.

LISA

The coffee will be ready soon.

(Urgent)

Jeff, aren't you going to tell him
about the jewelry?

Doyle looks suddenly interested. He asks tersely:

DOYLE

Jewelry?

JEFF

He has his wife's jewelry hidden in
among his clothes over there.

DOYLE

You sure it belongs to his wife?

He turns his head to Lisa, who answers.

LISA

It was in her favorite handbag --
And, Mr. Doyle, that can lead to
only one conclusion.

DOYLE

Namely?

His head snaps back to Jeff, who answers:

JEFF

That wasn't Mrs. Thorwald who left
with him yesterday morning?

DOYLE

You figured that out, huh?

His head moves back to Lisa as she answers with a touch of
pride in her voice.

LISA

It's just that women don't leave
jewelry behind when they go on a
trip.

Before Doyle can comment, Jeff asks impatiently:

JEFF

Come on, Tom -- you don't really
need any of this information, do
you?

Doyle smiles at Jeff, and then strolls over to the table
where he puts out his cigarette and puts down the brandy
snifter.

DOYLE

As a matter of fact, I don't.

Doyle goes to the window and looks out, as they watch him,
expectantly. He speaks without looking at them.
His voice is flat and to the point.

DOYLE

Lars Thorwald is no more a murderer
than I am.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff and Lisa stare at him in astonishment. Then Jeff
recovers, and answers with some anger:

JEFF

You mean you can explain everything
that went on over there -- and is
still going on?

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

He spins around, and his face has lost all its friendliness.

DOYLE

No!

He starts to place the room.

DOYLE

And neither can you.

(Points out window)

That's a secret and private world
you're looking into out there. People
do a lot at things in private that
they couldn't explain in public.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Lisa and Jeff. She replies with some sarcasm.

LISA

Like disposing of their wives?

DOYLE

(Off)

Get that idea out of your mind. It
will only lead you in the wrong
direction.

JEFF

But Tom -- the saw, the knives --

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Doyle breaks in, takes a step forward.

DOYLE

Did you ever own a saw?

JEFF

(Off)

Well, in the garage, back home, we --

DOYLE

(Interrupts)

And how many people did you cut up
with the couple of with it? Or hundred

knives you've probably owned in your
lifetime?

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff, reasoning:

JEFF

But I'm not a killer!

DOYLE

(Off)

Your logic is backward.

Lisa cuts in spiritedly.

LISA

You can't ignore the wife
disappearing! And the trunk -- and
the jewelry -- !

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Doyle starts to pace up and down, throwing out a hand in
careful explanation.

DOYLE

I checked the railroad station. He
bought a ticket. He put her on the
train ten minutes later. Destination:
Merritsville. Witnesses. This deep.

(He holds his hand a
few feet off the
floor)

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff and Lisa.

LISA

It might have been a woman -- but it
couldn't have been Mrs. Thorwald.
That jewelry --

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Doyle comes up to the CAMERA, looking at Lisa.

DOYLE

Look, Miss Fremont. That feminine
intuition sells magazines -- but in
real life, it's still a fairy tale.
I don't know how many wasted years
I've spent running down leads based
on women's intuitions.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff is resentful of Doyle's comments to Lisa.

JEFF

I take it you didn't find the trunk --

And this is just an old speech you
once gave at the Policeman's Ball.
INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP
Doyle has turned away into the center of the room. He swings
around.

DOYLE

I found the trunk -- a half hour
after I left here.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP
Lisa speaks again with continuing sarcasm:

LISA

Of course, it's normal for a man to
tie his trunk up with a heavy rope.

DOYLE

(Off)

When the lock is broken -- yes.

JEFF

What was in the trunk? A surly note
to me?

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP
Doyle comes toward the CAMERA again.

DOYLE

(Carefully)

Mrs. -- Thorwald's -- clothes. --
Clean -- carefully packed -- not too
stylish -- but presentable.

LISA

(Off)

Didn't you take it to the crime lab?
Doyle gives her a scathing look.

DOYLE

I sent it on its merry and legal
way.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP
Jeff challenges Doyle:

JEFF

Why -- when a woman only goes on a
simple trip, does she take everything
she owns?

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP
Doyle, with a studied, gracious gesture, to Lisa.

DOYLE

Let the female psychology department

handle that one.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Lisa answers, but very coldly:

LISA

I would say that is looked as if she
wasn't coming back.

DOYLE

(Off)

That's what they call a family
problem.

JEFF

(Persisting)

If his wife wasn't coming back --
why didn't he tell his landlord? --
I'll answer it for you -- because he
had something to hide.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

Doyle hesitates a moment, and lets his eyes wander, to:

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

The overnight case, with Lisa's lingerie.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

His eyes going back to Jeff.

DOYLE

(Blandly)

Do -- uh -- you tell your landlord
everything?

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff replies, pointedly:

JEFF

I told you to be careful.

Lisa looks down at Jeff, not comprehending.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Doyle points to one of the photographs on the wall.

DOYLE

If I'd been careful piloting that
reconnaissance plane, you wouldn't
have taken the kind of pictures that
got you a medal, a big job, fame,
money --

JEFF

(Expressionless)

All the things I hate.

Doyle has a complete change of manner. He relaxes and
smiles.

DOYLE

Now -- what do you say we sit down
to a quiet, friendly drink or two --
forget all about this, and tell lies
about the old days in the war? Hmmm?
He looks from one to the other.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Neither Jeff or Lisa display even the slightest
friendliness.

Their faces are cold and set. Then Lisa speaks, icily:

LISA

You're through with the case?

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Doyle is relaxed.

DOYLE

There isn't any "case" to be through
with, Miss Fremont. Now let's get
down to that friendly drink.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff and Lisa remain unmoved.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

A little self-conscious, Doyle checks his watch, and says
with a pleasant laugh:

DOYLE

Maybe you're right. I guess I'd better
get home and get some sleep.

He waits. No response comes across. His face sobers a
little,

he reaches for his unfinished drink of brandy.
He tries to toss it off like a straight shot of liquor.
Part of it shoots out of the brandy snifter, down each side
of his face, and into his suit. He sputters a little, and
puts the glass down.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff and Lisa deadpan.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Doyle is wiping his coat lapels with a handkerchief. He
looks
at them pleasantly.

DOYLE

I'm not much of a snifter.

He starts away toward the door.

DOYLE

If you need any more help, Jeff --

consult the yellow pages of your
telephone directory.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP
Lisa, still burning:

LISA

I hate funny exit lines.

JEFF

Who was the trunk addressed to?

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT
Doyle picks up his hat.

DOYLE

Mrs. Anna Thorwald.

He starts up the steps to the door.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP
Jeff points out a challenging finger.

JEFF

Let's wait and see who picks it up.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT
Doyle poises on the step. He snaps his fingers.

DOYLE

Oh -- that phone call!

(To Jeff)

I gave them your number -- hope you
don't mind.

JEFF

(Off)

That depends on who "they" were.

DOYLE

(Pleasantly)

The police Department at Merrittsville.
They called to report. The trunk was
just picked up -- by Mrs. Anna
Thorwald.

He puts on his hat, smiles, and says.

DOYLE

Don't stay up too late.

He quietly closes the door behind him.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Lisa and Jeff. Jeff turns his chair around, and looks out to

the neighborhood. Lisa stands glumly behind him.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

The song-writer's party is now in full swing, and fairly
crowded. It is a happy, gay affair.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

None of the gaiety is reflected in Lisa and Jeff. Some new music is heard coming across the courtyard and Jeff turns toward it with some irritation.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Miss Torso's apartment has the door closed, and all that we can see of her, as she is lying on the divan, is her legs swinging in arcs as she exercise to record music.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Lisa is not looking in the same direction as Jeff. All

during

this, she has been staring out at Thorwald's apartment. Now her eyes are looking at the apartment underneath. She

murmurs

to Jeff:

LISA

Look.

Jeff turns his eyes in the same direction as hers.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

A light has gone on in Miss Lonely Hearts' apartment.

They look. Surprise of surprises, she has returned with a lover hooked. He is much younger than she, and a little more

keyed up to the promise of an adventure still fresh to him. Her actions are coy, and over-feminine.

She slips away from his hasty embraces and exploratory

kisses

with the proper flush of confusion and nervous giggle that seems to say, "It's quite a surprise you find me so

desirable,

but me mustn't do anything improper, you know. After all, we're practically strangers -- and what would you think of me?"

She pours a drink for each of them with gestures

over-genteel.

As she sips her drink and look at him over the rim of the glass, he tosses his off with nervous dispatch.

He moves toward her, this time more cautiously. An embrace, a long kiss. She puts her drink down on the edge of the

chair.

It spills over onto the rug. He begins kissing her cheek, her ear, her neck.

Suddenly and fiercely she pushes him away. Slaps him across the face. He moves back with shock as she loudly and

emphatically orders him out, out, out. He flushes with anger

and embarrassment, and his mouth twists into unpleasant

shapes

as he slaps degrading words back at her, telling her what she is. She screams at him to get out. He leaves, slamming the door behind him.

She goes back dumbly to the spilled liquor, makes a futile effort to clean it up, and she collapses onto the rug

sobbing

hard enough to shake her whole body.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

Lisa turns away from Jeff's chair to get a cigarette from the table. She lights it, as Jeff turns his chair back to the room.

JEFF

As much as I hate to give Thomas J. Doyle too much credit, he might have gotten a hold of something when he said this was pretty private stuff going on out there.

He indicates the outside neighborhood with a movement of his

head. She doesn't answer, but studies the photographs on the

wall of his room.

JEFF

Do you suppose it's ethical to watch a man with binoculars, and a long-focus lens -- until you can see the freckles on the back of his neck, and almost read his mail -- do you suppose it's ethical even if you prove he didn't commit a crime?

LISA

I'm not much on rear window ethics.

JEFF

Of course, they have the same chance. They can look at me like a bug under glass, if they want to.

LISA

(Turns to him)

Jeff -- if anybody walked in here, I don't think they'd believe what they

see.

JEFF

Huh?

LISA

You and me with long faces -- plunged into despair -- because we find out that a man didn't kill his wife. We're two of the most frightening ghouls I've ever known.

Jeff starts to smile at the realization.

LISA

You'd think we could be a little bit happy that the poor woman is alive and well.

Jeff smile is broad, and he starts to chuckle. She relaxes and joins him. She sits on his lap, her arms around his shoulders.

LISA

Whatever happened to that old saying "Love Thy Neighbor."

JEFF

I think I'll start reviving it tomorrow, with say -- Miss Torso for a start?

She gets up, goes to the blinds, and proceeds to lower them one by one.

LISA

(As she get up)

Not if I have to move into an apartment across the courtyard and do the dance of the seven veils once an hour.

(As she lowers the blinds)

Show's over for tonight.

He smiles. She goes to the table, picks up he overnight case.

LISA

Preview -- of the coming attractions. She goes to the kitchen entrance, pauses.

LISA

Did Mr. Doyle think I stole this case.

JEFF

(Mock seriousness)

No, Lisa -- I don't think he did.

She shrugs, goes into the kitchen, the CAMERA PANNING her.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff is sitting on the wheelchair near the bar, a drink in his hand. He starts to take a sip from the glass, when Lisa comes out of the kitchen. She is an ethereal beauty, in

sheer

peach nightgown, covered by a gossamer matching kimono. She turns gracefully in front of Jeff.

He lowers his drink.

LISA

(Softly)

What do you think?

Jeff puts his drink on the bar. He tries to decide how to answer her question. He can't.

LISA

I'll rephrase the question.

JEFF

Thank you.

Lisa holds out the folds of her kimono.

LISA

Do you like it?

JEFF

(Studying it)

Well, -- if there was one less thread this way --

(motions horizontally)

-- and two less that way --

(Motions vertically)

-- I might give up bachelorhood.

Lisa turns playfully toward the kitchen.

LISA

I'll be right back.

Blood-curdling scream from the courtyard outside suddenly cuts through the night.

Startled, both Jeff and Lisa move quickly for the window -- Lisa lifting the blinds up. The long scream subsides into near-hysterical sobbing.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - LONG SHOT

We get a high comprehensive view of all the apartments. Light are going on in some windows, shades are lifted on others, people are beginning to lean out looking for the

source of the cream and sobbing. The song-writer's party comes to a sudden halt, as his guest crowd to the window.

SEMI-LONG SHOT

Lisa and Jeff at the window, looking out, startled.

SEMI-LONG SHOT

The landlord, beneath the newlyweds, looks out. Tilting his head up toward the center of the yard.

SEMI-LONG SHOT

A couple comes out on the high balcony to the right.

Look down.

MEDIUM SHOT

The newlywed's blinds come up, and for the first time we see

both of them at the window, the girl looking over the boy's shoulder.

SEMI-LONG SHOT

Some members of the song-writer's party move out to the

patio-

balcony, to get a better look down in the yard.

SEMI-LONG SHOT

The bird woman comes to the window. Her white face looks forward toward the center of the courtyard.

SEMI-LONG SHOT

Miss Torso, pulling a around her, comes out onto her porch, and looks to her left.

SEMI-LONG SHOT

Miss Hearing aid comes quickly into her backyard.

SEMI-LONG SHOT

The couple who own the dog are standing on their fire

escape.

They are both looking down, but while the husband is quiet, the wife is holding her hands to the side of her head,

sobbing

loudly. We have heard her sobbing since the moment of the scream which she uttered.

SEMI-LONG SHOT

Lying near the sidewalk in the backyard below the couple's fire escape, is the silent body of the little dog they own. Miss Lonely Hearts comes running out of the basement door. She goes directly to the dog, picks it up in her arms. Then she slowly turns and looks up at the sobbing woman above her.

LONELY HEARTS

(Her voice clear)

It's dead! It's been strangled and
the neck is broken!

SEMI-LONG SHOT

Instead of increasing her sobbing, this news quiets,
momentarily, the woman who owned the dog. Her hands go down
to the railing of the fire escape, gripping it fiercely. She

lifts her face to the neighborhood, her lips set and her
eyes burning. Her chest moves convulsively from the crying.

SIFFLEUSE

Which one of you did it?

(Loud)

Which one of you killed my dog?

(No one answers; her
voice is acid)

You don't know the meaning of the
word "neighbor". Neighbors like each
other -- speak to each other -- care
if anybody lives or dies. But none
of you do! You don't talk, you don't
help, you -- you don't ---

(Fighting tears)

Even see. But I couldn't imagine any
Even of you being so low that you'd
kill a little helpless, friendly
dog! The only thing in this whole
neighborhood who liked anybody!

SEMI-LONG SHOT

The guests at the song-writer's party begin to move silently
back to the studio apartment.

SEMI-LONG SHOT

The people move off their balcony into the apartment.

SEMI-LONG SHOT

The woman almost screams at the people now, as she looks up
at the apartment.

SIFFLEUSE

Did you kill him because he liked
you? Just because he liked you?

She breaks out sobbing anew, and returns to her apartment
and out of sight, the crying growing fainter with her

retreat.

The husband leans over the fire-escape, and motions Miss
Lonely Hearts to place the dog in the basket, which is

already

lowered.

SEMI-LONG SHOT

Miss Lonely Hearts puts the dog in the basket, and watches as the husband draws it slowly up.

SEMI-LONG SHOT

The bathing beauties go inside their apartment.

MEDIUM SHOT

The newlyweds draw their shades again.

MEDIUM SHOT

The landlord moves away from the window.

SEMI-LONG SHOT

The dog moves closer to the fire escape, slowly, the husband pulling the rope in hand over hand.

SEMI-LONG SHOT

Miss Torso goes back to her apartment.

SEMI-LONG SHOT

Miss Hearing Aid turns down the volume of her hearing aid and goes back to her apartment.

SEMI-LONG SHOT

The dog reaches the fire escape, and the husband tenderly takes it out of the basket. He turns to carry it's into the apartment.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT MEDIUM SHOT

Jeff and Lisa are at the window. He is holding on of hands. Jeff speaks without looking up.

JEFF

For a minute, Doyle almost had me convinced I was wrong.

LISA

But you're not?

JEFF

In the whole courtyard, only one person didn't come to the window.

(He points)

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Thorwald's apartment. It is dark. The only light that can be seen in it is the glowing end of a cigar in the center of the room, back from the window -- as if Thorwald was sitting quietly on his sofa, smoking.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

Lisa looks down at Jeff.

LISA

Why would Thorwald want to kill a dog?

(Almost a laugh)

Because it knew too much?

He nods solemnly and then turns back to the window, as both he and Lisa look again towards

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Thorwald's apartment. Still dark, and only the unmoving glow of a cigar showing in the center of the apartment.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DUSK - MEDIUM SHOT

Jeff, Stella and Lisa are grouped at the window, looking out. THE CAMERA is behind them. Jeff holds the long-focus lens to his eye.

EXT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DUSK - CAMERA SHOT

We see the upper part of the bedroom window, belonging to Thorwald.

The lower part of the window is covered by a wall. In the bathroom, Thorwald is wiping the enameled wall with a damp cloth. He rubs at particular spots now and then.

Over this we hear:

JEFF

Do you think this was worth waiting all day to see?

LISA

Is he cleaning house?

JEFF

He's washing down the bathroom walls.

STELLA

Must have splattered a lot.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DUSK - MEDIUM SHOT

We now see their faces. Jeff lowers the camera with a long-focus lens. Neither he nor Lisa make any comment.

Finally Stella blurts out:

STELLA

Well, why not? That's what we're all thinking. He killed her in there, and he has to wipe up the stains before he leaves.

Lisa turns away from the window.

LISA

Stella, your choice of words --

Stella also turns, interrupting her

STELLA

Nobody's invented polite words yet
for killing.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DUSK - CLOSEUP

Jeff, who is still staring out the window, has a look of sudden discovery on his face. He calls quickly:

JEFF

Lisa -- Lisa -- on the shelf over
there -- get me the small yellow box --

He turns halfway around, and points. We see Lisa moving

behind

him toward the shelf. He adds:

JEFF

And that little viewer.

He turns back to the window, holding out his right hand to the side, waiting for the box and viewer. The CAMERA PULLS BACK a little as Lisa comes up, and places the box and

viewer

in his hand. He opens the box, which contains color slides, and holds one or two of the slides up to the light. Lisa looks down at him curiously and Stella comes forward from the background.

JEFF

(Half to himself as
he searches slides)

These aren't more than two weeks old --
I hope I didn't take all leg art.

(Discovers the right
slide)

I think this is the one.

Puts the other slides to one side and puts the selected one onto the viewer, with sounds of satisfaction. As he lifts the viewer to his eyes Lisa asks impatiently:

LISA

Jeff -- what are you looking for?

He squints out through the viewer, then looks away a moment without it.

JEFF

Something -- that if I'm right --
might solve a murder.

He looks back through the viewer.

STELLA

Mrs. Thorwald?

JEFF

Uh-uh. The dog. I think I know now
why Thorwald killed it.

He takes the viewer from his eye, hands it to Lisa.

JEFF

You take a look and tell me what you
see.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DUSK - CLOSEUP

Lisa raises the viewer to her eye.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DUSK - CLOSEUP

Through the viewer we see the identical view out of the
window.

JEFF

(Over)

Now take it away.

The viewer moves away, and we are left with the identical
scene, but not quite so still, a slight breeze stirring the
foliage.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DUSK - MEDIUM SHOT

Jeff looks up to a puzzled Lisa.

JEFF

Well?

LISA

It's just a picture of the backyard,
that's all.

JEFF

I know. But there's one important
change. The flowers in Thorwald's
pet flower bed.

STELLA

You mean the one the dog was sniffing
around?

JEFF

(To Stella)

And digging in.

(Points out window)

Look at that flower bed.

They all lean forward to look.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DUSK - MEDIUM SHOT

The flower bed. The flowers have a slight dip in the center.

Jeff speaks off:

JEFF

There's a dip at this end. And since

when do flowers grow shorter in two weeks?

STELLA

There's something buried there.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DUSK - MEDIUM SHOT

All three ease back in awe. Lisa, still looking out, says:

LISA

(Breathing it)

Mrs. Thorwald!

Suddenly Stella begins to chuckle. They look around at her. Her face sobers as she answers their unasked question:

STELLA

You haven't spent much time in cemeteries, have you?

(they don't answer)

Mr. Thorwald could hardly put his wife into a plot of ground scarcely one foot square.

Jeff and Lisa slowly turn their heads to look out at the garden.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DUSK - SEMI-LONG SHOT

The garden again with its small indentation of flowers over this we hear the ghoulish voice of Stella:

STELLA

Unless, he puts in standing on end -- which would be very original and not require the use of either a knife or a saw. My guess is she's scattered all over town. A leg in the East River -- an arm --

LISA

(Cuts in)

Stella, please.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DUSK - MEDIUM SHOT

Jeff looks at Stella.

JEFF

Something's in there. Those flowers have been taken up, and put back again.

LISA

(Has a hard time saying it)

It could be -- the knife, and the saw.

STELLA

(Quickly)

Call Lieutenant Doyle!

LISA

No -- let's wait. Let's wait until
it gets dark. I'll go over and dig
it up!

Halfway through Lisa's speech, Jeff begins speaking.

JEFF

(To Stella)

I'm not going to call Doyle until I
show him the body of Mrs. Thorwald --

(To Lisa)

And you're not going to dig up
anything, and get your neck broken
too.

THE CAMERA EASES BACK to allow Lisa to sit on the divan, and

Jeff turn his chair toward her. Stella still look out the
window, thinking.

JEFF

What we've got to do is find some
way to get in there, and --

Stella's quiet voice brings him to a halt.

STELLA

He's starting to pack.

Jeff whips back to the window; Lisa turns to look.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Thorwald, in the bedroom, methodically folding a suit into a

suitcase. Another suitcase, unopened, is visible.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

Jeff is staring out, gripping his chair tightly. There is a
touch of desperation on his face. He looks down at the
flowers, briefly, then swings around abruptly. He wheels
away from the camera to the wall cabinet. We see him take a
piece of notepaper, a pencil and an envelope.

He puts a name on the envelope, and then proceeds to write
something on the sheet of paper. Stella and Lisa edge up
behind him, and look down at what he is writing.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

THE CAMERA RUSHES DOWN over Jeff's shoulder, just in time to

catch the last word as he finishes writing the message. The

envelope is addressed to "LARS THORWALD."

The message reads, simply, "WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH HER?"

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

Jeff at the window, looking through the long-focus lens.

We get a glimpse of Stella behind him. He is watching:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - CAMERA SHOT

The alleyway and street. Just regular traffic.

Suddenly Lisa comes into the picture from the left. She is carrying a white envelope. She stops, waves her hands at Jeff, smiles, and then hurries on. The lens slowly pans to the right and stops on Miss Torso's apartment. She is

standing

on a small stepladder, nailing curtains above her window. Her legs are bare, though she wears high-heel shoes. We do not see more than half-way up her thighs. The lens takes this in for the briefest split-second of hesitancy then

moves

on to await the arrival of Lisa along Thorwald's corridor. She does not appear yet. The lens moves back to get another glimpse of Miss Torso, who is now descending the ladder. She

is wearing a leotard. Over this, we hear Stella's voice:

STELLA

What are you going back for?

The lens quickly swings back to Thorwald's corridor.

Lisa is seen turning the corner, and approaching Thorwald's door on tiptoe.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff lowers the long-focus lens to get a more comprehensive view of Thorwald's apartment and corridor outside.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Lisa approaches the door of Thorwald's apartment. The

salesman

comes into the living room. He finds a package of

cigarettes,

extracts one, and lights it. Lisa kneels down, and carefully

slides the letter under the door.

At this moment, Thorwald extinguishes the match, tosses it into an ashtray, and turns toward the door. He freezes as he

sees the letter on the floor. This momentary hesitation

allows

Lisa to straighten up, turn, and walk carefully but swiftly, away. Thorwald moves rapidly toward the door. He bends down,

scoops up the letter, and examines it briefly. Lisa is just turning out of sight at the end of the corridor, as Thorwald

throws open the door. He looks and sees no one. He takes a few questioning steps down the corridor, then stops to

examine

the letter again. Slowly he turns and makes his way back to the apartment, tearing open the envelope.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff lifts the long-focus lens to his eyes again. His expression is tense.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - CAMERA SHOT

Thorwald stops in front of his door to read the note. There is some curiosity on his face. As he reads, all

movement

and emotion drain from his body. He stands there, frozen. Jeff's voice is heard over:

JEFF

You did it, Thorwald! You did it!

Suddenly Thorwald turns and dashes down the corridor.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

Jeff whips the long-focus lens from his eye.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

As Thorwald dashes down the corridor, we hear Jeff's voice. He cries out instinctively, but almost to himself:

JEFF

Lisa! Look out! He's coming!

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Both Stella and Jeff frantic.

STELLA

(Accusingly)

You shouldn't have let her do that!

If he ever --

JEFF

(Interrupting)

Look!

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Lisa suddenly appears at the ground floor door below Thorwald's. She hides, pressing back against the wall

tensely.

comes

In the corridor above, Thorwald returns, frustrated. He

out onto the fire escape directly above Lisa. She is aware of him, and immediately retreats into the doorway. She disappears down the lower corridor, as Thorwald searches his

fire escape.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

There is a sigh of relief from both of them.

STELLA

Thank heaven that's over!

JEFF

I have a feeling we've just begun.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Thorwald is now passing through the living room into the bedroom. He picks up a shirt and puts it on. He then returns

to packing his suitcases, moving unhurriedly.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

Jeff rubs his chin thoughtfully. Stella is scanning the neighborhood. We hear a radio, or a television show, off; and there is distant, rhythmic music coming from the cafe on

Thorwald's street.

JEFF

No doubt of it. He's leaving. The question is -- when?

Stella's brow knits a little as she sees something. She reaches for the long focus lens.

STELLA

Mind if I use the portable keyhole?

Jeff hands it to her.

JEFF

Not as long as you tell me what you're looking at.

She lifts it to her eye.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - CAMERA SHOT

Miss Lonely Hearts' apartment. She has opened a small brown bottle, and taken out four red capsules which she places on the white table cloth of her little table.

There is a candle burning in a holder, and other lamps also light the apartment. She is dressed in sedate street

clothes.

She sits at the table, and by the light of the candle
proceeds

to open a black-covered book, and read it. The print is
fine.

She bends over it a moment, looks up at the capsules, and
returns to the book. She seems quite at peace. Stella and
Jeff are heard over:

STELLA

I wonder.

JEFF

What?

STELLA

Miss Lonely Hearts just laid out
something that looks like sodium
trickonal capsules.

JEFF

You can tell that from here?

STELLA

I handled enough of those red pills
to put everybody in New Jersey asleep
for the winter.

JEFF

Would four of them -- ?

STELLA

(Breaks in)

No -- but it makes the rest easy to
take. And she's reading the Bible.

JEFF

(After a slight pause)

Then I wouldn't worry too much. But
let's keep an eye on her.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT
Stella lowers the long-focus lens.

STELLA

You know? You might not be too bad a
bargain for Lisa after all.

JEFF

You don't say! I might just take
that compliment as an insult.

The door bursts open, and they both turn quickly toward the
entrance.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Lisa comes in, panting and flushed. She stands a second at
the door, catching her breath, but smiling with the pleasure

of sampling danger and escaping unharmed.

LISA

Wasn't that close?

JEFF

(Off)

Too close.

She comes down the stairs.

LISA

What was his reaction? I mean when
he looked at the note?

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

As Lisa comes up to the two of them.

STELLA

Well, it wasn't the kind of expression
that would get him a quick loan at
the bank.

Lisa comes close to Jeff, speaks warmly.

LISA

Jeff -- how did I do?

He takes her hands.

JEFF

Real professional. Would have made a
great layout for the Bazaar. The
model pressed back against a brick
wall, eyes wild, tense. Low cut
bodice, in new suspicious black,
with a --

Some of the pleasure goes out of her face. Stella notices
it.

STELLA

(Interrupts Jeff)

You'd make a good door prize at a
wake.

It relieves the slight friction, as both Jeff and Lisa

laugh.

Lisa happens to look toward the window, and the laugh dies.

LISA

Jeff -- the handbag.

Jeff and Stella turn toward the window. Jeff grabs the long-
focus lens, lifts it up.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - CAMERA SHOT

Thorwald has the new alligator bag belonging to his wife, in

his hand. He moves slowly across the bedroom, out of sight behind the door. He doesn't appear in the living room. In a moment he reappears, moving back to his packing. He puts the

handbag into one of the suitcases -- the one which he has almost completed filling. He goes on with his packing.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

Jeff puts down the long-focus lens, and turns around toward the room. The two women watch him expectantly.

JEFF

Suppose Mrs. Thorwald's wedding ring was among the jewelry he has in the handbag.

(Supporting his proposition)

During that phone conversation he held up three rings -- one with a diamond -- one with a big stone of some kind -- and one plain gold band.

LISA

(Excited)

And the last thing she'd leave behind would be her wedding ring!

(To Stella)

Do you ever leave yours at home?

Stella lifts her left hand, and looks fondly at her ring finger.

STELLA

The only way anybody could get that off would be to chop my finger -- Let's go down and find out what's buried in the garden.

LISA

Why not? I always wanted to meet Mrs. Thorwald.

Jeff looks at them aghast.

JEFF

What are you two talking about?

STELLA

Got a shovel?

JEFF

No.

STELLA

There's probably one in the basement.

JEFF

Now wait a minute --

LISA

Jeff, if you're squeamish, just don't look.

JEFF

Now hold on. I'm not a bit squeamish about what might be under those flowers -- but I don't care to watch two women end up like that dog --

Stella grows a little uneasy. Her eyes drift toward
Thorwald's
apartment.

STELLA

(To Lisa)

You know, Miss Fremont -- he might just have something there.

JEFF

There's no point in taking unnecessary chances.

(He points)

Give me the phone book, Lisa.

Lisa moves for the phone book on the stand near the kitchen.

LISA

What for?

JEFF

Maybe I can get Thorwald out of the apartment.

Lisa hands him the book.

STELLA

We only need a few minutes.

Jeff looks for Thorwald's number in the directory.

JEFF

I'll try to give you at least fifteen minutes.

LISA

How?

JEFF

(Finds the number)

Chelsea 2-7099.

(He looks up, reaches
for the phone)

We scared him once. Maybe we can scare him again.

(Picks up receiver;
pauses)

I'm using that word "we" a little
too freely, I guess. I don't take
any of the chances.

LISA

Shall we vote him in, Stella?

STELLA

Unanimously.

The two women smile. Jeff picks up the phone and dials

Chelsea

2-7099. The women watch him tensely. He holds the receiver
away from his ear a little, and the buzzer is heard sounding

on filter. Lisa looks toward Thorwald's apartment; then
Stella; then Jeff.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Thorwald's apartment. He comes out of the bedroom toward the

phone. He wears a light summer coat and tie, despite the
heat. In the bedroom, everything is packed with the

exception

of one open suitcase. We see another suitcase, his sample
case, and a couple of topcoats across the bed. He approaches

the phone hesitantly, undecided whether or not to answer it.

JEFF

(Off, half-aloud)

Go ahead, Thorwald -- pick it up.
You're curious. You wonder if it's
your girl friend calling. The one
you killed for. Pick it up, Thorwald!

Quickly Thorwald does pick it up.

THORWALD

(Cautiously, on filter)

Hello.

JEFF

(Off)

Did you get my note?

There is a pause as Thorwald gropes for an answer. We can
almost hear his breathing.

JEFF

Well -- did you get it, Thorwald?

THORWALD

Who are you?

JEFF

I'll give you a chance to find out.
Meet me in the bar at the Brevoort --
and do it right away.

THORWALD

Why should I?

JEFF

For a little business meeting -- to
settle the estate of your late wife.

THORWALD

(After a pause)

I don't know what you mean.

JEFF

(Firmly)

Now stop wasting time, Thorwald, or
I'll hang up and call the police.

THORWALD

(Breathing heavily)

I only have a hundred dollars or so.

JEFF

That's a start. I'm at the Brevoort
now. I'll be looking for you.

He hangs up before Thorwald can reply. Thorwald looks at the

receiver a moment, then he slowly hangs up. He stands at the

phone thinking. He doesn't suspect he is being watched

through

the window. Then he makes up his mind and starts for the
door. After he goes out he tests the door to make certain it

is locked.

LISA

(Over)

Let's go, Stella.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

Jeff turns his wheelchair halfway around as Lisa and Stella
start quickly for the door, THE CAMERA PANNING THEM across
the room. They pause at the sound of Jeff's voice.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff calls after them:

JEFF

One of you watch this window. If I

see him coming back, I'll signal
with a flashbulb.

The door slams off and we hear the footsteps of the women
dying down the corridor as Jeff picks up the long-focus lens

and takes a sight on the alleyway.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - CAMERA SHOT

Thorwald goes past the alley opening.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

Jeff puts down the lens and wheels quickly to the wall
cabinet. He finds a box of flash bulbs and a reflector.
He puts them in his lap and returns to the window, putting
the chair sideways. He leans out a little and looks down.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

Lisa is in the courtyard directly below Jeff's window.
She has reached the stairway leading up and to the right.
She looks, waves at Jeff as Stella comes up to her carrying
a shovel. The two women hurry up the stairs toward the iron
ladder they will use to climb the wall between Jeff's yard
and that of Thorwald's.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSE SHOT

Jeff picks up the phone and quickly dials. The buzzer sounds

on filter, then the phone is lifted. A woman's voice is

heard

and Jeff seems a little puzzled at the sound of it.

BABY SITTER

This is Doyle's house.

JEFF

This is L. B. Jefferies, a friend of
Tom's. Who am I talking with?

He squints out the window.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Lisa has climbed over the wall and is helping Stella down
into Thorwald's yard. The shovel is lying on the ground

beside

Lisa. Jeff's conversation continues over the action of the
two women.

BABY SITTER

This is the baby sitter.

JEFF

Oh. When are they expected home?

BABY SITTER

I'm hired 'til one. They went to

dinner and maybe night-clubbing.

JEFF

Well, if he calls in, tell him to get in touch with L. B. Jefferies right away. I might have quite a surprise for him.

BABY SITTER

Does he have your number, Mr. Jefferies?

JEFF

He has it. Thank you.

BABY SITTER

Goodnight.

Jeff hangs up. Stella is now beginning to dig, carefully lifting the flowers off the center of the bed where they had

dipped down. She places the flower plants on the sidewalk. Lisa stands facing Jeff's window and occasionally glances over her shoulder uneasily at Stella's work.

At this moment, the sounds of musical instruments begin to be heard from the songwriter's apartment.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSE SHOT

A little annoyed at the interruption, Jeff turns to look at the studio apartment.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

In the songwriter's apartment, several of his musician

friends

have gathered. One plays a guitar, another a clarinet, and so on. One by one they try out the theme of the songwriter's

new melody, running through it in turn to become familiar with the notes. We, therefore, hear the melody played informally in different ways with different instruments.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

Jeff shifts his eyes from the songwriter's apartment back to the courtyard.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Stella is busy, expertly handling the shovel. Lisa has her back to the nurse, but looks apprehensively over her

shoulder.

She then looks up toward Jeff's apartment.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff gives her an encouraging little gesture with his hand.

Then his eyes lift a little as he looks up.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Miss Lonely Hearts is sitting on the sofa, writing a note with a pad on her knee. Next to her, on the table, the pills

are still in evidence.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff picks up the long-focus lens and trains it on the alleyway.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - CAMERA SHOT

The alleyway and street intersection, with normal night traffic, but no sign of Thorwald. THE CAMERA LENS PANS

across

and down to the hole being dug by Stella. We get an

impression

of Lisa's legs as we go by. The spade comes out of the hole and rests on the side. THE CAMERA LENS PANS up just in time to catch Stella turning up to Jeff. She throws out a

helpless

hand and shakes her head. "Nothing."

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff lowers the lens and looks down at the two women with evident disappointment.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Lisa glances up to Thorwald's apartment. She turns and gestures some instructions to Stella. Then she looks up at Jeff and gestures her intention to enter Thorwald's

apartment.

She turns and dashes toward Thorwald's fire escape as Stella

makes a fruitless grab to restrain her.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

Jeff, shocked and alarmed, calls out:

JEFF

Lisa -- no!

He looks quickly toward the intersection and then right back

to Lisa. Apparently no sight of Thorwald.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

While Lisa starts up the fire escape, we see Stella running toward the wall in the foreground to climb over it. Stella has abandoned the shovel and left the flowers and dirt

strewn

over the walk.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

Jeff, tense and wide-eyed, watches Lisa climb the fire escape.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Lisa climbs the fire escape to the second floor and the outside of Thorwald's apartment.

She tries, unsuccessfully, to get through the window which opens into the kitchen from the fire escape. And then, with some difficulty, stretches and succeeds in getting in

through

the living room window, which is open. She goes directly to the bedroom and we see her bending over one of the

suitcases.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSE SHOT

Jeff quickly picks up the long-focus lens and trains it on the salesman's apartment.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - CAMERA SHOT

Lisa turns from the suitcase with the alligator handbag in her hand. There is an expression of triumph on her face. She

opens it and her expression changes to dismay. She looks toward Jeff's apartment and, to communicate her dismay, she turns the handbag upside down. Nothing falls out. Empty.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

He lowers the long-focus lens and he is sweating with anxiety.

He mutters, almost to himself:

JEFF

Come on. Come on! Get out of there!

His eyes turn quickly to the alleyway and back again to

Lisa.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Lisa has dropped the bag on the bed and is now looking

around

the bedroom, looking for some place to start searching for the jewelry. She moves quickly to the dresser and begins opening the drawers to check them.

She finds nothing.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

As Jeff watches tensely, the door bursts open behind him and

Stella hurries into the apartment.

STELLA

Ring Thorwald's phone the second you

see him on the way back!
Jeff swings toward Stella. He reaches for the phone.

JEFF

I'm going to ring him now!
As he picks up the receiver, Stella pushes his hand down again.

STELLA

Give her another minute -- She's
doing this for you.
Stella looks out the window and her face registers shock.
Jeff turns quickly to the window again, forgetting the phone
for the moment.

STELLA

Miss Lonely Hearts!

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

Miss Lonely Hearts is in the act of popping an envelope up
against the table lamp on the table next to the sofa.
From the same table, she takes a pill bottle and empties the
contents into her left hand. Replacing the bottle, she picks
up a glass of water.

STELLA

(Off)

Call the police!

We hear the sound of the receiver picked up, and Jeff
starting
to dial New York Police. At this moment, from the song-
writer's apartment which has been quiet for a while, comes a
new burst of melody. It is the melody which the song-writer
has been composing during the past few days. Now it is rich,
and full, and completed, as the musical group plays it. Miss
Lonely Hearts lifts her head to listen, and slowly lowers
the pills and glass of water into her lap, her whole purpose
arrested by the beauty of what she hears.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

Jeff and Stella turn for a quick glimpse of the
song-writer's
apartment.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

musical
A quick flash of the song-writer's apartment, and his
group gathered around the piano.

STELLA

Maybe that music will delay her taking
the pills.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff and Stella look back to Thorwald's apartment. Jeff has
the receiver to his ear, and the buzzer can be heard on
filter.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

At the bottom of the picture, Miss Lonely Hearts is still
listening to the music, while in the apartment above Lisa
appears into the living room from behind the doorway that
leads to the bedroom. She looks across to the source of the
music. She is as arrested by the melody as Miss Lonely
Hearts.

Then looking across to Jeff, she holds up her hands
triumphantly to show him the jewelry she has discovered. At
this point, Thorwald appears coming along the corridor of
his apartment house! Lisa is completely unaware of his
approach.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

Stella is so shocked, she can only gasp for breath.
Jeff, in near panic, shouts in anguish!

JEFF

Lisa! Lisa!

voice
At this moment, the phone is picked up on filter, and a
speaks:

POLICE

Precinct Six -- Sergeant Allgood.

Jeff opens his mouth to speak, but no words come out, as his
attention is focused on:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Thorwald at the door, unlocking it with his key. We see that
Lisa has heard the sound, and looks toward the door, all but
frozen with alarm. The Policeman on the phone repeats with
studied irritation:

POLICE

Precinct Six -- Sergeant Allgood.

Lisa dashes back into the bedroom just in time to avoid

being

seen by Thorwald as he opens the door and enters the apartment.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff, urgently into phone, with a serious and rapid voice:

JEFF

A man is assaulting a woman at one two five west ninth street. Second floor rear. Make it fast.

POLICE

Your name?

JEFF

L. B. Jefferies.

POLICE

Phone number?

JEFF

(Impatiently)

Chelsea 2-5598.

POLICE

Two minutes.

Phone is down on filter, and Jeff replaces his receiver.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Thorwald crosses the living room, and goes into the bedroom.

Suddenly he looks onto the bed. He picks up the open

alligator

handbag. He turns, facing the window, looking down at the bag. He looks up in the direction of the living room. Then suddenly his whole frame stiffens, his head turns a little further around to his right. He is looking directly at Lisa who is out of our sight in the corner of the bedroom. He holds out the bag, and without moving, starts to question the unseen Lisa. He takes a little step forward, and his head begins to turn slightly to the left as Lisa begins to emerge into the living room, backing away slowly. By her gestures, and nervous laughter, she appears to be offering a

lame excuse for being found in his apartment.

He comes towards her, and enters the living room as well.

Lisa edging toward the door, points to it as she apparently argues with him as to the way she came in.

He points to the window. She makes one more step toward the

door, but Thorwald reaches out quickly and grabs her by the wrist. He twists it brutally, and flings her sideways into the sofa beneath the window. Her head snaps back against the

head rest. With his right hand he throws the handbag across the room in anger, and with his left open-palmed he demands something from Lisa.

Slowly her right hand comes up and opens.

He takes the jewelry from her, looks at it for a surprised moment, puts it into his coat pocket. He reaches down with both hands, and by the wrists jerks her to her feet. He is talking viciously to her. We can hear Lisa calling out faintly: "Jeff! Jeff!"

Thorwald suddenly looks out at the neighborhood. He realizes

that somebody might be watching him. He drags her across the

room, reaches up with one arm, and the lights go off. The faint light from the bedroom illuminates their struggle, but

not clearly.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

An angry Jeff is staring, and trying to penetrate the semi-darkness of Thorwald's room. Then he bends his head forward in despair, and after a brief moment speaks:

JEFF

(With deep sincerity)

Stella -- what can we do?

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

Stella staring out, tense, frightened. Then her expression changes sharply as she looks slightly to the left.

STELLA

There they are.

Jeff looks up quickly.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Two policemen move quickly and professionally up the

corridor

toward Thorwald's apartment. They stop at the door, listen a

moment, and then push the buzzer insistently. Inside the apartment, lights go on, and Thorwald is in the center of the room looking toward the door. Lisa staggers away from him, trying to rearrange her clothes and her hair. She is as

surprised at the interruption as Thorwald. He listens, looks back questioningly toward Lisa, then goes to the door. He passes into the kitchen.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

Jeff and Stella visibly relax. Jeff doesn't say anything, but a gesture of rubbing his eyes with the back of his hand gives an indication of how deep his tension was.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

After a moment's hesitation, Thorwald goes to the door and opens it.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

Jeff quickly puts a hand out and takes up his long-focus lens. He looks through the finder.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - CAMERA SHOT

Thorwald's head and shoulders fill the screen. For a moment Thorwald is genuinely frightened by the sight of the police.

We see him listening to the policeman out of the picture. Thorwald turns slowly and we see him lose much of his fright

and regain some control of his face. He completes his turn and is looking at the girl a little puzzled. He then swings back toward the police.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

A quick flash of Jeff and Stella looking. Jeff still has the long-focus lens to his eye.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Thorwald is displaying indignation and complaint to the police

as he nods his head vigorously toward Lisa. At this the police

start to advance into the apartment, going directly for Lisa.

She flashes a quick look toward Jeff's window. She turns back as the first policeman reaches her. He starts to

question

her.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Stella turns away and goes quickly to the table for the binoculars. Jeff still is using the long-focus lens.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - BINOCULAR SHOT

We see Lisa start to excuse her presence in the same manner

she used with Thorwald previously, as if to say she came into the apartment by mistake. Thorwald, listening, comes quickly forward to contradict her, vigorously. He holds out the jewelry in his hand, and then picks up and shows the empty handbag. The policeman, impressed, looks back to Lisa for an explanation. She has none. Over this we hear Stella frantically asking:

STELLA

What's she trying to do? Why doesn't she turn him in?

JEFF

Smart girl.

STELLA

Smart? She'll be arrested!

JEFF

That'll get her out of there, won't it?

The first policeman indicates that Lisa is to come along with him. He pauses momentarily to tell the second policeman

to take a statement from Thorwald about the attempted burglary. The second policeman reaches for the jewelry in Thorwald's hand, and takes it for examination. In the brief pause while the two policemen speak to each other, Lisa

starts

to wave her left hand behind her back.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

Jeff looking through his camera.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - CAMERA SHOT

We get a closer view of the waving hand. She stops waving and holds her fingers spread out. With her other hand she points to the wedding ring on her left hand.

STELLA

Mrs. Thorwald's ring!

THE LENS PANS UPWARD AND ACROSS until it brings Thorwald's profile into the picture. He is looking down directly at Lisa's hands. His head slowly turns, and he looks right up

--

directly into the lens. Suddenly he becomes aware that Lisa is signaling to someone who is watching him.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

Jeff and Stella. He drops the camera into his lap.

JEFF

Stella! The lights! He'd seen us!

Stella hurries from the window, turning off lights, as Jeff backs his chair into the room.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

As Thorwald's attention is drawn back to the second

policeman

to answer further questions, the first policeman takes Lisa by the arm and leads her out of the apartment. He goes down the corridor pushing the curious people away from the door.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

The last light out, Stella stops to catch her breath, and turns to Jeff.

STELLA

When you took your first snapshot --
did you ever think it would bring
you to this?

JEFF

(Urgently)

Stella -- how long do you think he'll
stay there?

STELLA

(Squinting out window)

Unless he's dumber than I think, he
won't wait 'til his lease is up.

Jeff points to a drawer in the wall cabinets.

JEFF

My billfold! In the right hand drawer.

Stella moves to get it.

STELLA

What do you need money for?

JEFF

To bail Lisa out of jail.

She finds a billfold, hands it to Jeff. He takes it,

extracts

some bills and begins counting them. As he counts, Stella comments:

STELLA

You know -- you could just leave her
there until after next Tuesday -- so
you could sneak away safely -- as
planned.

He looks up sharply at her, and then without comment goes back to counting the money.

JEFF

(With obvious

disappointment)

One hundred and twenty-seven.

STELLA

How much do you think you'll need?

JEFF

First offense burglary --

(He shrugs)

-- probably two-fifty.

(Gets an idea, points)

The piggy bank.

Stella, following his pointing finger, gets a piggy bank down from a shelf on the sideboard. He takes it, cracks it on the knee of his cast. It splits open, and some money

comes

out. Mostly bills, a few silver halves.

What he doesn't get, Stella picks up.

STELLA

Ten here.

JEFF

Thirty-three here. Totals one-ninety.

Not enough.

STELLA

I got twenty or so in my purse. Give me what you've got.

Jeff does, as Stella gets her purse.

JEFF

What about the rest?

STELLA

When those cops get a look at Miss Fremont -- they'll even contribute.

Stella goes up to the door. The phone RINGS. Jeff grabs it, picks it up. Stella pauses.

JEFF

(To phone)

Just a minute.

(To Stella)

I'll tell you who it is when you get back.

Stella goes quickly out the door. He returns to the phone call, glancing at the same time toward the courtyard.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

JEFF

Jefferies.

DOYLE

(Filter)

This is Doyle, Jeff.

JEFF

(Urgently)

Tom, I've got something real big for you.

DOYLE

(Wearily)

Look Jeff, don't louse up my night with another man killer stuffing a grisly trunk that turns out to be --

JEFF

(Interrupting harshly)

Listen to me! Lisa's been arrested.

DOYLE

(Slightest pause)

Your Lisa?

JEFF

My Lisa. She went into Thorwald's apartment, and he came back. The only way I could get her out was to call the police.

DOYLE

(Angry)

I told you that --

JEFF

(Interrupting)

I know what you told me! She went in to get evidence, and she came out with it.

DOYLE

Like what?

JEFF

Like Mrs. Thorwald's wedding ring. If that woman were still alive, she'd be wearing it.

DOYLE

(Grudgingly)

A possibility.

JEFF

(Talking fast)

A fact! Last night he killed a dog for pawing in his garden. Why? Because he had something buried in there.

Something a dog could scent.

DOYLE

Like an old hambone?

JEFF

(Fast)

I don't know what pet name Thorwald had for his wife. And that night he went out half a dozen times with the metal suitcase. He wasn't taking his possessions, because they're up in his apartment now!

DOYLE

You think perhaps it was "old hambone?"

JEFF

In sections! And one other thing, doubting Tom -- it just occurred to me that all the calls Thorwald made were long distance! If he called his wife the day she left -- after she arrived in Merritsville -- why did she need to send him a postcard saying she'd arrived?

DOYLE

(After pause; a detective)

Where'd they take Lisa?

JEFF

Precinct Six. I sent a friend over with bail money.

DOYLE

Maybe you won't need it. I'll run it down, Jeff.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - LONG SHOT

We see Thorwald leave his apartment and proceed down the corridor.

JEFF

Just don't dally. Thorwald knows he's being watched. He won't hang around long.

DOYLE

If that ring checks out, we'll give him an escort. So long.

He hangs up, and just as he does, Jeff looks toward

Thorwald's

apartment. He rolls forward to the window.

He seems a little puzzled by what he sees.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Thorwald's apartment. Completely dark. No movement, or glow of a cigar. The corridor outside lighted, but empty.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSE SHOT

Jeff scratches the side of his chin, studies Thorwald's apartment as if he might see some small clue as to where the

salesman is. He looks toward the intersection to his left.

Apparently he sees nothing. He turns to look down into the garden.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Miss Lonely Hearts is standing in the yard outside her apartment, looking up to the porch of Miss Torso. The ballet

dancer is in high heels and a fresh summer dress.

MISS TORSO

(Faintly heard)

Have you heard that song he's been writing?

She indicates the song-writer's apartment. Miss Lonely

Hearts

turns, looks up at the studio apartment a moment, then looks

up at Miss Torso.

MISS LONELY HEARTS

(Nods yes)

I'm glad I was here when he played it.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSE SHOT

He sits quietly a moment, thinking. Suddenly he jumps a

little

as the phone rings. He reaches for it, picks up the

receiver.

JEFF

(Still looks out window)

Hello.

(No answer)

Hello, Doyle? Tom? Tom, I think Thorwald's left. I don't see anything of --

(He looks at receiver,

then:)

Hello.

Slowly he looks up toward Thorwald's apartment. Then, back to the receiver. On filter, a receiver can be heard

carefully

being replaced. Jeff slowly lowers the phone into the

cradle.

He looks once more toward Thorwald's apartment. Then he

turns

his chair around quickly and looks toward the door to his apartment.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

The door. Quiet in the apartment, and in the corridor.

Light showing beneath the door from the hall light.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSE SHOT

Jeff watching, waiting, nervous at first. He reaches for the

phone, changes his mind. He looks around for some kind of a weapon, finds none to suit him. He hears the slightest

squeak

of a floorboard, and looks quickly toward the door again.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

The door. Another squeak of a floorboard, so light and

quickly

passing that at any other time it would have no

significance,

even if it could be heard. Then the light beneath the door disappears. Black.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSE SHOT

Jeff squints at the door, blinks, squints again.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

The door. No doubt about it, black.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSE SHOT

He looks again for a weapon, and almost by instinct he snatches up his flash holder and the small packet of bulbs he had taken out to signal Lisa earlier. He tries to move his wheelchair farther into the shadows. His eyes are glued to the door of his apartment, and his senses are sharp as a hunting dog's. He scarcely breathes.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

Only the slightest sound is heard as the doorknob turns.

The door slowly and carefully swings open, but the corridor is too dark to tell at first who is entering.

The door closes just as quietly. From the shadowed recess

comes a heavy voice. A threatening voice.

THORWALD

What do you want from me?

Jeff doesn't answer. Thorwald steps to the top of the stairs,

and is now somewhat visible. He looks tall and huge and explosive.

THORWALD

Your friend -- the girl -- could
have turned me in. Why didn't she?

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

Jeff doesn't answer. His eyes watch Thorwald. He licks his lip with nervous tension and grips the flash holder.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

Thorwald comes down the two steps, pauses at the bottom.

THORWALD

What is it you want? A lot of money?
I don't have any money.

Jeff doesn't answer.

THORWALD

Say something!

He moves forward a couple of steps.

THORWALD

(Sudden loud anger)

Say something! Tell me what you want!

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

Jeff still doesn't speak. He grips the flash holder a little more tightly, lifts it just the fraction of an inch as if he is prepared to use it.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Thorwald has advanced to the middle of the room, his eyes on Jeff and his hands clenching with the effort to control his anger.

THORWALD

Can you get me that ring back?

JEFF

(Quietly)

No.

THORWALD

(Loud)

Tell her to bring it back!

He advances a step.

JEFF

I can't. The police have it by now.

THORWALD

Then if the police get me -- you
won't be around to laugh!

Thorwald starts to move threateningly for Jeff.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

From a three-quarter angle toward Thorwald. Jeff lifts the flash holder to face level and closes his eyes. He explodes the flash.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

Thorwald's face fills the screen registering shock,
confusion.

He throws up his hands for protection and recoils, making an
involuntary sound of surprise.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A vision of Jeff and the apartment as seen by Thorwald.
It is distorted and out of focus, filled with large twisting
balls of bright yellow color.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

Thorwald blinking, trying to regain his sight.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff ejects the used bulb and quickly inserts another.
He works furiously, sweating. He gets the bulb in the flash
holder just in time to meet Thorwald coming at him. Jeff
closes his eyes and another bulb explodes in Thorwald's
face.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

Thorwald's face, full screen again, as he recoils from the
flash.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The apartment as seen by Thorwald again. Big, twisting balls
of blinding yellow.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

Thorwald stumbles back against the side table, knocking
objects off onto the floor, struggling for balance and
sight.

Jeff works rapidly to put a fresh bulb in the holder.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSE SHOT

Thorwald regains his equilibrium and some of his sight.

Orienting himself, he starts for Jeff again. This time, when the flash holder goes off, we see it from Jeff's angle. Thorwald is lighted almost white, shockingly outlining every detail of his face, clothes, hands. His rage and frustration are fixed for a brief but terrifying moment. He stumbles backward again, trying to brush the light away from his face almost as if it were a solid enveloping substance.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSE SHOT

holder. Jeff ejects a bulb, puts his last bulb into the flash

He tries to move the wheelchair a little further away from Thorwald. Then he raises the flash holder again.

In b.g. we see: Doyle, Lisa, Stella and the detectives come to Thorwald's door, try it. Locked.

One of the men steps forward with a flat steel jimmy and snaps the lock open. They move quickly into the darkened apartment. Doyle hits the lights inside the kitchen. The group goes into the living room. The lights go on. No sign of Thorwald. Doyle, Lisa and Stella instinctively turn and look toward Jeff's apartment.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

sudden From Thorwald's apartment shooting at Jeff's window. A

bright flash is seen as the last flash bulb goes off. And it

lights the scene of Jeff in the wheelchair and Thorwald

diving

through the air at him. Darkness rushes in, blacker than before.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

Thorwald has finally reached Jeff, knocking the flash equipment out of his hands and coming to grips with him. It is apparent that he is trying to pull Jeff out of the wheelchair. Jeff fights him off.

The wheelchair crashes over, spilling Jeff to the floor. Thorwald is on top of him, lifting, dragging him to the window. Jeff grabs everything he can to keep himself away from the window, but Thorwald is far too powerful for him. He strains to raise Jeff to the windowsill.

THORWALD

I'll give you a good look out the window.

Slowly, inexorably, he raises Jeff to the windowsill. Jeff frantically grabs for the upright window frame,

wrapping

his arms around it. Thorwald shoves the rest of his body over the windowsill.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

Doyle, Lisa, Stella and the two detectives, crossing Thorwald's yard, see Jeff going out the window. Lisa is panicked.

LISA

Jeff! Jeff!

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - MEDIUM LONG SHOT

From Doyle's viewpoint, Jeff hanging out the window and Thorwald hammering at his hands and arms with bare fists. Doyle pushes Lisa to one side and starts to scale the wall, preceded by the two detectives.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

Thorwald fights to dislodge Jeff's grip.

EXT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSE SHOT

Looking down on Jeff's face, showing his strain and the pain

of Thorwald's attack. The brick floor of the patio seems a hundred feet below.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

Thorwald and Jeff struggling.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSE SHOT

Doyle pulling himself to the top of the wall. Lisa, Stella and the two men below, looking up. Lisa is white-faced and frightened.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

Thorwald smashes at Jeff's arms and hands. Jeff's grip

begins

to slip.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSE SHOT

Doyle reaches the top of the wall, looks up at Jeff.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - MEDIUM LONG SHOT

Jeff, as seen from Doyle's angle, hanging, somehow

weathering

Thorwald's insane attack.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSE SHOT

Doyle reaches for his service revolver. He doesn't have it! He looks down, and calls one of the detectives back.

DOYLE

Creel! Your Thirty-eight!

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSE SHOT

Looking down at the two detectives from Doyle's point of view. Creel grabs for his gun expertly. The holster breaks away. It is in his hand and with a deft movement he tosses it upward.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSE SHOT

Doyle catches it, turns up to Jeff's apartment.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

Thorwald still trying to loosen Jeff's grip. The salesman, in a complete, wild, sweating rage, is beyond all reason. His glasses hang from one ear, his coat is torn, his tie pulled to one side.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - MEDIUM LONG SHOT

Shooting over Doyle's shoulder as he steadies himself

against

the wall, lifting the service revolver up for a shot at Thorwald. His aim is careful, slow, painfully deliberate. Jeff seems about to fall.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

The two detectives ahead of Doyle are moving up below the window. Lisa stand looking up, her hands at the sides of her

head, frozen with panic.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Two detectives appear behind Thorwald and grab him. The startled Thorwald stops his attack on Jeff as he looks

wildly

around to find the source of his new attack.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

Jeff, hanging from the window frame. He claws desperately for a hold.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - COMPREHENSIVE SHOT

People rush to their windows, looking out at the excitement.

Some people on the ground floor come out into the yard.

Doyle

and the two detectives come into the patio beneath Jeff. Doyle directs them to improvise something to break Jeff's fall -- leaves, greenery, their coats, cushions from the patio furniture -- anything they can find. The four

uniformed

policemen rush into the backyard. Lisa and Stella come over

the wall into the patio beneath Jeff. They look up at Jeff, encouraging him to hold on.

A detective goes into Jeff's cellar door, trying to reach his apartment before Jeff loses his grip.

The siffleuse and her husband are standing on the fire

escape

in plain, almost somber clothes. They watch

expressionlessly.

Beneath them the empty basket which once held their dog

swings

silently in the night air.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

Jeff, hanging from his windowsill. He loses his grip and plunges down into the patio below. Two detectives throw themselves beneath him. They are knocked to the ground as Jeff's fall tumbles both of them. After Jeff hits, he lies still, twisted over to one side.

Doyle and Lisa rush over to Jeff. There is an audible SOUND of shock in the neighborhood as Jeff has fallen -- various oh's, ah's, and possibly a stifled scream or two.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSE SHOT

Lisa kneels down, cradles Jeff's head in her lap. There are tears in her eyes. Her clothes are disheveled and her dress torn. Her hair is disarranged. But withal, her face is as beautiful as ever, with love.

LISA

Jeff -- Jeff darling!

He opens his eyes. Winces with pain.

LISA

(To the detectives)

Get an ambulance.

(Down to Jeff)

Don't move. Try to lie still.

JEFF

Lisa -- I -- I -- can't tell you how scared I was that you -- you might --

LISA

(Affectionately)

Shut up. I'm all right.

JEFF

(To Doyle)

Think you've got enough for a search warrant now?

DOYLE

Oh sure. Sure. I can make it.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

At that moment, a man appears leaning out of Jeff's window. He looks down to the patio.

DETECTIVE

Lieutenant Doyle?

DOYLE (OFF)

(Looking up)

Yeah?

DETECTIVE

Thorwald's ready to take us on a tour of the East River.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Stella tugs at Doyle's arm and stands on tiptoe to whisper something into his ear. Doyle then looks up to the

detective.

DOYLE

Did he say what was buried in the flower bed?

DETECTIVE

Yeah. It's over in his apartment. In a hat box. Wanna look?

Doyle turns quizzically at Stella.

STELLA

Oh, no thanks -- I don't want any of part of her

(She pauses, then does a surprised take back to Doyle)

What did I say?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - PAN SHOT

Beginning on Jeff's window thermometer, the CAMERA PANS FROM

RIGHT TO LEFT around the neighborhood.

In the songwriter's apartment we see the songwriter with a guest -- Miss Lonely Hearts. Both in dress and manner she seems quite happy and adjusted to life. The songwriter is placing the first recording of his new song on a record

player

for her to hear. It is a full symphonic arrangement which is

heard over.

CONTINUE TO PAN

Thorwald's apartment is empty, stripped of its furnishings. Two painters are repainting the walls. The siffleuse and her husband are on their fire escape, training a new white dog to ride in their basket. Miss Torso is practicing her ballet again. She wears a white

leotard. The sound of someone at the door interrupts her. She goes to the door, opens it an inch or two cautiously. When she sees who is outside, she throws open the door. An innocuous, unhandsome and somewhat shy army private enters with a barracks bag slung over one shoulder. She kisses him fondly after closing the door. He puts down the barracks bag, tosses his hat into a chair and, with the attitude of a man who belongs there, goes to the icebox to see what's to eat.

The newlyweds are arguing.

The CAMERA PANS past Jeff who is asleep in his wheelchair facing away from the window. CAMERA MOVES DOWN to the lower part of his body and we see that both his legs are now in casts. The CAMERA LIFTS SLIGHTLY to show Lisa sitting on the

sofa nearby. She wears Levis and a plaid cotton shirt. She is reading a book on travel. She looks up briefly at Jeff. When she realizes he is asleep, she puts down the travel book and reaches for the latest copy of Harper's Bazaar. She

settles down to study it as we

FADE OUT:

THE END