"TEAT VENOM"

Screenplay by
John Michael Hayes

From a short story by
William Irish

* * *

PRODUCER: Alfred Hitchcock
DIRECTOR: Alfred Hitchcock

FINAL WRIT BEFHE
December 1, 1933
"REAR WINDOW"

FINAL WHITE SCRIPT
JOHN MICHAEL HAYES
December 1, 1953

Received from Secretarial Dept.
F. 10331
John Michael Hayes
December 1, 1953

Title. ____________________________

Signed. ____________________________

1342480

PARAMOUNT PICTURES CORPORATION
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 eyeglance 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 82.

THE CAMERA MOVES OFF 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, 82... Friends - is your life worth one dollar?

11-30-53 (Continued)
1. (Cont'd)

The man shaving quickly puts down his razor, hurries to the window, and changes the situation, 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 grows 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 lastly 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 fist was. 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 a 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, neck, 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, as a fire engine moves through the intersection spraying water out behind it to cool the pavement and keep the dust down. These 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.

11-30-53

(Continued)
1. (Cont'd)

THE CAMERA NOW PULLS BACK SLOWLY and retreats through the open window back into Jeffries' 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. JEFFRIES. 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 shod in a platter of Paris spica from his waistline to the base of his toes. Along the white cast someone has written "Here lie the bones of L. B. Jeffries."

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

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 sliding toward the camera, out of control, spearing 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 demi-second when a heavy artillery shell arched into a front-line Korean battlefield outpost. Men and equipment erupt into the air suspended in a solution of blasted rock, dust and screaming shrapnel. That the photographer was not a casualty is evident, but surprising 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. Jeffries."

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

11-30-53
(continued)
1. (Cont'd)

The CAMERA PANS TO another framed picture, this one a beautiful and awesome shot of an atomic explosion at Frenchman's Flat, Nevada. In the background, some spectators. The picture taken in 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. In the PANS 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:

2.

INT. GUNNISON'S OFFICE - (DAY) - CLOSE UP

The screen is filled with the top of a desk. In addition to the usual telephone, 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 IVAN 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 telegram in his hand. Bryce has a cigarette in his mouth. He scratches a match, and it 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.

11-30-53

(Continued)
REAR WINDOW

2. (Cont'd)

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. Jeffries.

BRYCE
(Fuddled)
Jeffries?

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 call.
(To phone)

3. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT — DAY — SEMI CLOSED?

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
Jeffries.
3. (Cont'd)

GUINISON
(On filter)
Congratulations, Jeff.

JEFF
For what?

GUINISON
For getting rid of that coat.

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.

4.

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 terry-cloth 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-suit bodies. It's 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.

5.

EXT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (DAY) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

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

GUINISON
(With logical proof)
This is Wednesday.

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

GUINISON
Wrong day?

11-30-53

(Continues)
5. (Cont'd)

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 wasting this cast another whole week.

6. 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.

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

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.

8. 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

12-1-53

(Continued)
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 extracts a cold chicken leg. She slams 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 Gunnie, which has gone on through all the scene with the ballet dancer.

JEFF

(Insistent)

Where?

GUNNISON

(Filler)

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

12-1-53 (Continued)
JEFF
(Pleased; excited)
Didn’t I tell you? Didn’t I tell you it was the best place to watch?

GUNNISON
You did.

JEFF
(On filter)
Okay. When do I leave? A 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...
11. (Cont'd)

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 sound.

JEFF
It's worse than the Chinese water
torture.

12. 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 notebook 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-catchingly. 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.

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

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

11-30-53 (Continued)
13. (Cont'd)

GUNNISON

Like what?

JEFF

(On toilet)

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 - rusting 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:

14. EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - SEMI-LONG SHOT

We see a three-storied, flat-roofed apartment house. The brick is weathered 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.

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

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

11-30-53 (Continued)
15. (Cont’d)

JEFF

Yeah! Maybe in the high rent districts they disgrace - but in my neighborhood, they still RAG.

GUBNICK

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.

16. 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.

17. INT. JEFF’S APARTMENT - DAY - CLOSEUP

Jeff shifts his look more to the right.

18. 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 impediments 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 wearied patience, then irritation, then anger. He shouts back at her, flares 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.

19. INT. JEFF’S APARTMENT - DAY - MEDIUM SHOT

Jeff’s attention is suddenly diverted to himself. His leg, under the cast, begins itching. He scratches, tries

12-1-53 (Continued)
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 window sill. 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 window sill, his attention is drawn back to the scene outside the window.

20. EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - SEMI-LONG SHOT

We see the man who left his apartment in anger come out of a doorway into the backyard. He is easy to identify through the color of his garden 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 daisies. 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.

21. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - SEMI-CLOSED?

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

22. 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 wears 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, startled and a little shocked.

11-10-53
23.

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 McCAFFREY comes in. She is husky, unattractive, dark-haired woman who is dressed like a district nurse, with dark coat, dark felt hat, with 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

(Off)

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 and 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 big-bid 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.

11-30-53

(Continued)
STELLA (Cont'd)
     (She looks up at him)
What do you think of that for home spun 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 him.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT
Jeff starts to protest.

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

STELLA
See if 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 should have 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-CLOSET

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)
Ovary production. 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) - CLOSET

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) - CLOSET

Stella goes on with her work.

STELLA
I can smell trouble right in this apartment. You broke your leg.
You look out the window. Youации 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 pleasant. I love my neighbors like a father." — The Judge answers, "Congratulations. You just gave birth to three years in Danemore."

11-30-53 (Continued)
27.

(CONT'D)

The CAMERA PANS 4AR 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 silly sub-worshippersyou
watch haven't raised your temperature
one degree in four weeks.

She shakes 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 ther-

ometer 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.

28.

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 lookslarge and powerful-
looking.

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

Stella takes a handful of the 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.

12-1-53

(Continued)
STELLA (Cont'd)
(Begins massaging his back)
What kind of trouble?

JEFF

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?

12-1-53
(Continued)
28. **(Cont'd)**

**JEFF**

**STELLA**

It's happened before, you know! Some of the world's happiest marriages 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.

**STELLA**

You're never going to marry?

[Continued]
28. (Cont'd)

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 with.

THE CAMERA MOVES IN as she helps him into the wheel-
chair, listening to him with exaggerated attention.
He stops as he notices 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 sways him around' in front of the window. He
starts to look out.

STELLA

Look, Mr. Jeffries. I'm not edu-
cated. 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 -
then like two taxis on Broadway. Not
sit around studying each other like
specimen in a bottle.

JEFF

There's an intelligent way to approach
marriage.

STELLA

(Scorning)

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

Jeff sways his chair back to look at her.

JEFF

We've progressed emotionally in --

STELLA

(Interrupting)

Baloney! Once it was sex somebody,
get excited, get married! -- Now.

(Continued)
DEAR ALEX

28. (Cont'd)

STELLA (Cont'd)
it's read books, fance with four
syllable words, psychoanalyse each
other until you can't tell a petting
party from a Civil Service exam.

JEFF
People have different emotional levele
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 re-
 fused to marry her. Next? - Because she
only scored sixty-one on a Look Magazine
marriage quiz?

Jeff can't help smiling.

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

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

She relaxes.

STELLA
Okay--but I'm going to spread some
common sense on the bread. Lisa Fresmont'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.

29.

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.

30.

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.

12.1-51
31. EXT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - CLOSEUP

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

32. EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - SEMI-LONG SHOT

She is sitting near the window looking into an upright mirror. Deviantly, and methodically, she is brushing her long copper-colored hair.

33. EXT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - CLOSEUP

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

34. 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 cossage 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 places it over to a nearby chair. Quickly they are in each other's arms, kissing passionately, crushing the girl's cossage 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 toward the window and pulls down the shade, as she is reaching upward with both hands to unpin her hat.

35. EXT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DAY - SEMI-CLOSEUP

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

11-30-53

(Continued)
35. (Cont'd)  

STELLA  
(Quietly)  
Window shopper.  

He freezes, turns slowly to look up at her.  
FADE OUT.  
FADE IN:  

36.  

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.  

37.  

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 the bottom of the screen,  
and just the eyes remain to fill the screen.  

38.  

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  
Mmm - hurts a little.  

LISA  
And your stomach?  

JEFF  
Empty as a football.  

LISA  
And your love life?  

11-30-53  
(Continued)
JEFF
Not too active.

LISA
Anything else bothering you?

JEFF
Un-huh. (sniffle) (p. f.)

She gives a low, wan 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 PULLS 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.

Carol --

The CAMERA PANS HER over to a third lamp which she turns on. She is now in full figure, beautifully groomed and flawless. Her dress is high-style fashion and dramatic evening wear.

LISA
Fremond.

39. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - SUNSET - SEMI-CLOSEUP
Jeff looks across the room at her.

JEFF
The Lisa Fremond who never wears the same dress twice?

40. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - SUNSET - SEMI-LONG SHOT
LISA
Only because it's expected of her.

11-30-53
(Continued)
40. (Cont'd)

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

LISA

Right off the Paris plane. Think it will sell?

41. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (SUNSET) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff replies:

JEFF

Depends on the quote. Let's see -- that's the plane ticket 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?

42. 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 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.

(Continued)
42. (Cont'd)

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.

43. 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, drop-
ping 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 "Zi"?

44. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (SUNSET) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

JEFF
You have, perhaps, an ambulance outside?

45. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (SUNSET) - SEMI-LONG SHOT
She reaches for the doorknob, turns it;

(Continued)
(Cont'd)

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. Jeffries.

JEFF

Bello.

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.

11-30-53  (Continued)
JEFF (Appreciatively)
A big glassful.

She moves to a small bar set in the wall cabinet. Produces two glasses, holds 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 when he sees Lisa struggling with the corkscrew.

CARL
Let me, madam.

She does. He takes out his own professional corkscrew, quickly inserts it and levers the cork out. He deftly wraps the napkin 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 warming oven.

CARL

Have a pleasant dinner, Mr. Jefferson.

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 two 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 where 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. (Sort of, looking up to him) Then I had to dash back and change.

JEFF

(Mocking 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: [Continued]
And to think, I planted three nice items about you in the columns today.

Jeff's opinion of that is a short shrug.

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.

12-1-53
LISA

(Offered)

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.
50. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSE UP

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

51. EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - (NIGHT) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

A nearer view shows 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.

52. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT) - CLOSE UP

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

53. EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - (NIGHT) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

THE CAMRA 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 kisses him and takes his hat, and places the hat on a chair. Then she shows him to a seat at the table. He 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.

54. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT) - CLOSE UP

Jeff gives a faint, sympathetic smile, and subconsciously raises his glass in response. In the background, Lisa, having just placed a pair of candelabras on the table, is returning to the kitchen.

11-30-53
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 - (RIGHT) - 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 known as "manless melancholia".

**JEFF**

(Nods agreement)

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

**LISA**

Oh? You can see my apartment — all the way up on 83rd 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 Torres.

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

**EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - (RIGHT) - SEMI-LONG SHOT**

The kitchen-living 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 affairs, and lamp light softens the surroundings. Miss Torres 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 gray in his hair, a Long Island socialite - a young,
rather handsome, actor in gray flannel suit - and last,
bright, pleasant, young man who might possibly be
from Wall Street, wearing a blue-pin-striped suit.
The letter two are engaged in an animated conversation.
The young man in the gray suit is showing the other
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 turns, gives him a light kiss on his cheek; as if
she turns, gives him a light kiss on his cheek: as if
she turns, gives him a light kiss on his cheek, as if
she turns, gives him a light kiss on his cheek. She turns
and says, "I'm going to be patient. Instead of pacify-
ing 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 rejoice 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 a semi-closeup, alone.
He puffs away on his last remark, then changes his
look to another direction.

11-30-53
59. EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

The newlyweds' apartment has the shades still drawn, although there's a slight burning inside.

60. EXT. 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 sobered at what he sees.

61. 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 living 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 contents 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 living room, listens a moment. The wife is grudgingly beginning to eat the dinner. The husband quickly lifts a phone from the cradle, and dials a number.

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

Jeff becomes completely absorbed with what he sees. He leans forward a little.

63. EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

We get a better view of the salesman waiting while his connection is being made. Wherever he has called answers. And instantly there is a marked change in his attitude. He relaxes, smiles, is calm. 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. She will hear her from our viewpoint.

12-1-53 (continued)
Then suddenly, she apparently opens the door, because in the living room, we see her arm suddenly appear, pointing at the man and the telephone. His face is flushed and angry as he goes toward the bedroom. In the bedroom his wife appears walking back on 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 salesmen’s apartment to the source of the piano music. He turns his eyes in the direction of the composer’s apartment.

INT. NEIGHBORHOOD - (NIGHT) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Through the studio window of the songwriter’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 before 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 on 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

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

LISA
(Merging from Kitchen)
Where’s that music coming from?

THE CAMERA QUICKLY PULLS 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.

11-30-53
(continued)
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.

67. 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.

68. 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.

69. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT) - CLOSEUP

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

70. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM SHOT

Lisa slowly helping Jeff to lobster from the main dish.

LAF DISSOLVE TO:

11-30-53
SHOOTING OVER JEFF'S SHOULDER WE SEE BEYOND HIM THE \nDIVAN-BED UPON WHICH LISA IS STRETCHED OUT. THERE IS \none LIGHT BURNING, BEHIND LISA'S HEAD. A FIERCE DIS-\nCUSSION IS IN PROGRESS. LISA GESTICULATES WITH HER \nhANDS, BODY AND LEGS.

LISA

There can't be that much difference \nbetween people and the way they live! \nWe all eat, talk, drink, laugh, sleep, \nwear clothes --

JEFF

Well now, look --

LISA DRAWS BACK ONE LEG, AND POINTS A FINGER CHALLENG-\ningly.

LISA

If you're saying all this just because \nyou don't want to tell me the truth, \nbecause you're hiding something from \nme, 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 \nso different about it here from over \nthere, or any place you go, that one \nperson couldn't live in both places \njust as easily?

JEFF

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

LISA

(ignores him)

What is it but travelling from one \nplace to another, taking pictures? \nIt's just like being a tourist on \nan andilese vacation.

JEFF

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

LISA

It's ridiculous for you to say that \nit can only be done by a special. \n
11-30-53 \n
(Continued)
71. (Cont'd) LISA (Cont'd)

private little group of uncinted people.

72. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff begins 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!

73. 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.

74. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

After a moment of silence, Jeff says earnestly:

JEFF

Did you ever eat fish heads and rice?

12-1-53 (Continued)
74. (Cont'd)

LISA
Of course not.

JEFF
You might have to, if you went with me. -- Ever try to keep warm in a C-55, at fifteen thousand feet, at twenty below zero?

75. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (RIGHT) - 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 nylon and six-cent 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.

76. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (RIGHT) - 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:

(Continued)
76. (Cont'd)

JEFF

Buh! 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 name is the available
transportation. You sleep rarely, bathe even less, and sometimes the
food you eat is made from things you

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

77.

OMITTED

78.

79. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT) - CLOSEUP

Lisa realizes she is getting nowhere.

LISA

You're too stubborn to argue with.

80.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT) - CLOSEUP

Jean, getting angry.

JEFF

I'm not stubborn! I'm truthful!

81.

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.

12-1-53
84. **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.

83. **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.

82. **INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT) - CLOSEUP**

Jeff looks across at her with some concern.

**JEFF**

It would be the wrong thing.

85. **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 coat. 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.

86. **INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT) - SEMI-CLOSEUP**

Jeff starts to say something, then thinks better of it, and remains silent.
87. **INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (RIGHT) - MEDIUM SHOT**

Lisa pauses in the act of gathering her things together.

LISA
And it's deploring 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.

88. **INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (RIGHT) - 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 SOUNDS of the door opening.

JEFF
Lisa!

89. **INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (RIGHT) - 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?

90. **INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (RIGHT) - SEMI LONG SHOT**

Jeff tries to be pleasant, and offhand.

JEFF
91. 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 closes the door softly behind her.

92. 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.

GUINISON
(Pilter)
Hello.

JEFF
Guinison?

GUINISON
Yeah. Is that you, Jeff?

JEFF
It's me.

GUINISON
Something wrong?

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

GUINISON
(Unfortunately)
Jeff --

JEFF
(Won't give him time
to argue)
I don't care where it goes - just
as long as I'm on it.

GUINISON
(Nearly, after pause)
Okay. Indo-China. Tuesday. We'll
pick you up.

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

GUINISON
Yeah.

(Continued)
(Cont’d)

92. Jeff hangs up, looks up to the door through which Lise left. He’s not particularly happy.

93. 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.

94. 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.

95. INT. JEFF’S APARTMENT - (NIGHT) - CLOSEUP

Jeff smiles a little, but as the howl continues, his expression sober. 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:

96. 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, at a slight sound of rain starts.

97. EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - (NIGHT) - LONG SHOT

From his viewpoint we see the first few drops of rain starting to fall. It is a soft, gentle rain, not a downpour. There are still some windows lit in the neighborhood. The apartment house corridors all have small night lights burning.

98. INT. JEFF’S APARTMENT - (NIGHT) - CLOSEUP

Jeff wakes a little more fully as his attention is...
INT. NEIGHBORHOOD - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM SHOT

The couple who sleep on the fire escape. The increasing rain causes 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 and it falls to the garden below. The camera pans swiftly down with it. When the clock hits the ground, the alarm goes off, sending a shrill sound through the neighborhood.

100. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT) - CLOSEUP

Jeff smiles at the incident, and then lowers his eyes slightly as something else catches his attention.

101. INT. 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 soft light burns dimly behind them. The salesman carries a large aluminum suitcase - the same one they 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.

102. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT) - CLOSEUP

Jeff is puzzled. He looks down a moment in thought. Then he lifts his eyes and swings them toward the left. He looks steadily toward the distant street corner.

103. INT. 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.

104. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

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

105. INSERT

Jeff's watch reads 1:55.

QUICK FADE OUT:

12-1-53
QUICK FADE IN:

106. INSERT

The watch now reads 2:35.

107. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (RIGHT) - CLOSEUP

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

108. 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.

109. 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.

110. 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 sits down. 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 notes away 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.

111. 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 sideboard. Awkwardly, with his left hand, he reaches up for a bottle of whiskey. He cradles the bottle in his left hand, fills up a glass, starts to drink, but something happens beyond his window startles him and he stops in mid-drink, his eyes a little wider than usual.
112.  EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT
The salesman is again leaving his apartment with his aluminum suitcase.

113.  INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP
Jeff's eyes travel down to the street.

114.  EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT
A brief moment of two. Then the salesman, carrying his aluminum case, crosses the street.

115.  INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP
Jeff's face is expressionless. He just stares.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

116.  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.

117.  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.

118.  INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP
Jeff's eyes turn sharply in the direction of the street.

119.  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

11-30-53 (Continued)
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 off her coat and drapes it over a 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 hero 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 the bathroom so that we see her long hair hanging down her bare back.

120. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP
Jeff's eyes suddenly switch to the street.

121. EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - MEDIUM 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.

122. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP
Jeff sits in his wheelchair, looking quietly cut at the neighborhood, sleep beginning to take hold on him again.

123. EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - LONG SHOT
The camera pans slightly over the whole of the neighborhood. The lights in Miss Fiske's apartment snap out. Only the light remains, it turns behind the drawn shades of the salesman's apartment.

PAGE OUT:
Fade in:

Ext. Jeff's Apartment - Day - 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 zooms 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 pass him. Her back is to the camera and we do not see her face. They move away, down the corridor. The camera pans back onto Jeff's sleeping face.

Fade out:

Fade in:

Ext. Neighborhood - Day - Long shot

It is now mid-morning. The sun is shining. Miss Terso is practicing her dance to the sound of ballet music. We can hear the songwriter 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 pulls back, and we see 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 pulls 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 worse.

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

JEFF

That's a stiff one.

Fade in:

Int. Jeff's Apartment - Day - Medium shot

A low camera has Jeff's head in 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?

(Continued)
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 on 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 a real eat, drink and be
merry girl.

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

JEFF
Speaking of misery, Miss Lonely
Hearts cracks 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)
W. and his wife splitting up?
JEFF
It's hard to figure. He went out
several times last night, in the rain,
carrying his sample case.

STELLA
(Shrugs)
Isn't he a salesman?

JEFF
How what could he sell at three
in the morning?

STELLA
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 powder
away)
What about this morning? Any
developments?

JEFF
No. The shades are still drawn -
in their apartment.
126. (Cont'd)

STELLA

(Stops)
In this heat?
(Turns, looks over his shoulder)
They're up now.

127.

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

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

128.

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.

129.

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.

11-30-53

(Continued)
129. (Cont’d)

JEFF
(Sharply)
Get back there! We’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.

130. 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.

131. 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.

132. 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.

133. INT. JEFF’S APARTMENT - DAY - CLOSEUP

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

11-30-53
134. EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - SEMI-LONG SHOT - (DAY)
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.

135. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - CLOSEUP - (DAY)
Jeff is amused at the dog incident. Behind him, Stella moves to the center of the room, saying:

STELLA
Goodbye, Mr. Jeffries. 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 attention drains from his face. He leans forward a little, tensely.

136. EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - SEMI-LONG SHOT - (DAY)
The salesman has his aluminum case on the table near the center of the room. He is carefully wiping out the interior with a dust cloth.

137. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - SEMI-CLOSEUP - (DAY)
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.

11-30-53 (Continued)
137. (Cont’d)

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

STELLA


Jeff swings halfway 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 of the case. She climbs 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 case, 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.

138.  EXT. NEIGHBOURHOOD - SEMI-LONG SHOT - (DAY)

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.

139.  EXT. JEFF’S APARTMENT - CLOSEUP - (DAY)

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

140.  EXT. NEIGHBOURHOOD - 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

11-30-53 (Continued)
140. (Cont'd)

is seen through a side window. The man starts to busy himself in the kitchen with his back to us, but the image is very unsatisfactory.

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

Jeff lowers the binoculars and there is an expression of resignation 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 Kodak camera. He quickly takes off the existing lens and puts on the telephoto lens in its place. He wheel's himself back to the window and raises the camera to his eye.

142. EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - CLOSE SHOT

Through the view-finder of the camera, we are now brought into close proximity with the salesmen in the little kitchen. His back is still to us. He half-turns and takes a used newspaper. He spreads it open, along the draining-board. 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 rooms from the living room. He does not reappear for a moment.

143. 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.

144. EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - CLOSE SHOT

Half of a man's body is now seen in the living 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.

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

Jeff lowers the camera. He watches the living room for a moment. Then his eyes travel briefly back to the kitchen; then return to the living room. His brow knits a little as we:
146. EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - (RIGHT) - CLOSET

The thermometer outside of Jeff's window, registering 63 degrees. The camera pans off to the left until it comes to rest on the sculptor'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, burls 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, peroxided, 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 on the floor of the courtyard. Having been a one-time siffleuse, her call to the dog is clarion and melodious.

147. EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - (RIGHT) - SEMI-LOSO 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 Torre. 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.

11-30-53 (Continued)
147. (Cont'd)

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 through Jeff's window, and comes to rest on the two big 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".

148.

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

The salaman's apartment, just as we saw it a moment ago. The shades drawn and lights out in the bedroom, the shades up and lights on in the living room and kitchen. Still no one in sight.

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

149.

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' windows. 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?

11-30-53 (Continued)
LISA
(Murder, Missing him)
I have one now.

JEFF
So do I.

LISA
(Kissing)
Tell me about it.

JEFF
(Slight pause)
Why would a man leave his apart-
ment 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 PULLS 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 observations about the salesman's life.

JEFF
(Looks to 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.

150. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM SHOT
Lisa stretches herself out on the divan. Her head rests on the cushion at the far end, and she instinctively falls into an attractive pose. However, her expression is disturbed as she watches Jeff.

151. 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.

152. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT) - SEMI-CLOSEUP
Lisa weighs this information, trying to make some sense out of it.

153. 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 catch sight of something. He leans forward slightly.

154. EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - (NIGHT) - SEMI-LOEW 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...
154. (Cont'd)

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.

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

He looks away from Miss Torso, thoughtfully.

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

156. 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.

157. 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?

158. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

Lisa sits bolt upright on the divan. She reaches back quickly and pulls on the overhead light. At that moment, the song writer returns to his composing. We can see him over Lisa's shoulder. He is beginning his song again, and it has taken on new fullness and melody. Although it is not complete, it is further 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.

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

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

17-30-51 (Continued)
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. NEIGHBOURHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

It last the salesman is seen coming along the corridor. He does not wear a 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-CLOSEST

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

EXT. NEIGHBOURHOOD - 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 drawn 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, moves over to Jeff. THE CAMERA GOES WITH HER. In a sudden surprise move, she swings his chair completely around so that his back is to the window. She drops the binoculars into his lap in surprise. THE CAMERA NOTES IF as Lisa leans over Jeff, gripping both sides of his chair.

Lisa
(Sharply)
Jeff - if you could only see yourself.

Jeff

Run away
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 disastrous!

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?

JEFF
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 undertaker?

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! How 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 what 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 wouldn't keep his shades down and hide behind them?

JEFF
That's where he's being clever. Acting mucilagous.
163. (Cont’d)

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.

164.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT
The drawn shades of the newlyweds' apartment. A dim light burning behind them.

165.

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 has looked 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.

166.

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 ends of the beds. The salesmen, sweating heavily, stand over a large, square trunk

11-50-53

(Continued)
in the center of the room. It is stoutly bound by
the heavy rope we previously saw him bring into the
apartment. He wipes his forehead across his brow, and
then heads for the kitchen. In the kitchen, he pro-
duces a bottle, pours himself two or three straight
drinks, then leans with a display of exhaustion
against the kitchen sink.

167. 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 wheel-
chair. She, too, is serious. The CAMERA NOTES 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

11-30-53
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.

INT. 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

(P interceptor)

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.

12-1-53
173. INT. PHONES OFFICE - (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?

174. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT) - CLOSEUP

Jeff is still looking toward the seaman'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.

175. EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - (NIGHT) - LONG SHOT

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

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

176. 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, Cynne -- 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 windowsill 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 stands 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 to move 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.

(Shakes)

Okay, Cupie -- soon as you can.

177. 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)

Ruh!

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,onyer friend.

12-1-53

(Continued)
177. (Cont'd)

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

(Self to herself)

Now just where do you suppose he put 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.

178.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (DAY) - CLOSEUP

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

179.

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.

180.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (DAY) - CLOSEUP

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

181.

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.

12-1-53
182. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (DAY) - CLOSEUP
Jeff's eyes move down again. Abstractedly his hand streys toward the piece of bacon. He picks it up.

183. INT. NEIGHBORHOOD - (DAY) - SEMI-LONG SHOT
Thorwald's apartment. We are now aware that the salesmen 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 tray out of there before it starts to leak.

184. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (DAY) - SEMI-CLOSEUP
Again the bacon stops just before it reaches Jeff's mouth. He puts it down on the plate again, as his eyes move slightly toward the left.

185. INT. NEIGHBORHOOD - (DAY) - SEMI-LONG SHOT
Miss Tesco, 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.

186. 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;

187. INT. NEIGHBORHOOD - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT
The newlywed's apartment. Shade down, business as usual.

188. 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.

12-1-53
189. 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

E-a-a-r-r-o-o-o-

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

190. 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. Jeffries!

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

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

Two men wearing tan coveralls are standing outside Thorwald's door. One of them carries a clipboard. Suddenly Thorwald is seen sitting up on the living room sofa. His hair is disheveled and he is unshaven. He stands up, and moves toward the door. He opens it, and after a short exchange of dialogue, he admits the two men, leaving the door open behind them. He leads the two men across the living room to the bedroom.

192. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (DAY) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

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

193. EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - (DAY) - BINOCULAR SHOT

A close view shows the two men carrying the trunk across the living room toward the corridor.

194. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (DAY) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff locates the binoculars quickly.

11-1-53
JEFF

(Agitated)
I thought Gome 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 off 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.

195.
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's
apartment. The salesman is now at the telephone.
He has picked up the receiver, and proceeds to
dial 221.

196.
EXT. 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.

12-1-53
197. 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 nearby 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.

198. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (DAY) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

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

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

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

200. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (DAY) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff quickly puts the glasses up.

201. EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - (DAY) - BINOCULAR SHOT

By the time the binoculars are up, another truck has crossed from the left. It momentarily blocks 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 "FRIGHT LINES". The binoculars are held for a moment until we see a puffing and blowing Stella arrive at the opening of the alleyway. She is looking 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.

202. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (DAY) - CLOSEUP

Jeff lowers the binoculars, discouraged.

203. 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:

12-1-53
INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (DAY) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

SHOOTING TOWARDS the big window, with the neighbor-
hood beyond. Jeff is as usual seated in his wheel-
chair on the left of the window, but now turned
toward a newcomer. The second man is standing near
the dian looking out the window with the binoculars.
This newcomer is POLICE DETECTIVE LIEUTENANT THOMAS J.
COyne, the man Jeff phoned earlier in the day. He
is an intelligent-looking, well-dressed modern
detective. He has a sense of humor. He lowers the
glasses, and turns to Jeff.

COYNE
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.

COYNE
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, Coyne -- tell me he's
an unemployed magician -- amusing
the neighborhood with a slight-
Of-hands.

Coyne paces a little.

COYNE
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.

COYNE
You've got a lot to learn about
homicide, Jeff. Murders have committed
murder so shrewdly that it took a

12-1-53 (Continued)
204. (Cont'd)

COYNE
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.

COYNE
You have any headaches lately?

205. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (DAY) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff answers, showing only the slightest irritation.

JEFF
Not 'til you showed up.

206. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (DAY) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

coyne, still at the door:

COYNE
Un-lmh. 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.

207. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (DAY) - SEMI- LONG SHOT

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

208. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (DAY) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

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

COYNE
By the way - what happened to your leg?

209. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (DAY) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

JEFF
I was jaywalking.

12-1-53 (Continued)
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.

COTNE
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?

COTNE
I think you saw something — that
probably has a very simple explanation.

JEFF
For instance?

COTNE
(Shrugs)
His wife took a trip.

JEFF
She — was — an — invalid?

COTNE
You told me!
(Looks at watch)
I’ve got to run, Jeff.

JEFF
All right — you don’t believe me.
Cotne saunters toward steps, picking up his hat on
the way. Steps.

COTNE
I — uh — won’t report it to the
Department. Let me poke into it a
little on my own. No point in
your getting any ridiculous
publicity.

JEFF
(Coldly)
Thanks.

22-1-53 (Continued)
209. (Cont’d)

COYNE’S VOICE

(O.s.)

Where?

JEFF

(With uneven balance)

The Indianapolis Speedway.

210. INT. JEFF’S APARTMENT – (DAY) – SEMI-CLOSEUP

The door starts to close again, as if Coyne considered Jeff’s answer quits reasonable. Then the door pops open and Coyne's head comes in, a surprised expression across his face.

COYNE

During the race?

211. INT. JEFF’S APARTMENT – (DAY) – SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff answers with a straight face.

JEFF

Yup. It sure stopped traffic.

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

212. INT. JEFF’S APARTMENT – (DAY) – CLOSEUP

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

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

The little dog is busily scratching away at Thorwald’s pet flowerbed.

214. INT. JEFF’S APARTMENT – (DAY) – CLOSEUP

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

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

Thorwald coming out of his basement door, carrying a watering can. He still it from a nearby faucet. He does not notice the little dog’s destructive activities.

12-1-53

(Continued)
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-CLOSER

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

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD — (DAY) — LONG SHOT

Goyne, 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. Goyne isn't interested. As Goyne stalks forward toward the apartment house, the scene:

LAP DISOLVE TO:

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT — (DAY) — MEDIUM SHOT

Goyne 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.

Goyne

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 bills promptly, with money earned as a costume jewelry salesman — wholesale. Kept to himself, and none of the neighbors got close to his, or his wife.

Jeff

I think they missed their chances with her.

Goyne

(Studies drink)

She never left the apartment——
216. (Cont'd)

JEFF

(Interrupting)
Then where is she—in the ice box?

COYNE

(Continues)
--- until yesterday morning.

JEFF

(Alert)
What time?

COYNE

Six a.m.

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

JEFF

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

COYNE

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.

COYNE

Feel a little foolish?

JEFF

Not yet.

Coyne becomes interested in watching something out the
window. Unconsciously he smooths out his coat and tie.
He even smiles somewhat secretively to himself at what he
sees.

219.

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

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

220.

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

Jeff notices Coyne's interest.

JEFF

How's your wife?

12-1-53

(Continued)
280. (Cont'd)

Stunned at being observed, Coyne moves quickly away from the window, assuring nothibes. THE CAMERA MOVES BACK as Coyne returns to his drink. Jeff smiles at catching Coyne enjoying Miss Toro.

COYNE
Oh - oh, she's fine.
(Not too convincing)
Just fine.

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

JEFF
Who said they left then?

COYNE
Who left - where?

JEFF
The Thorwalds - at six in the morning?

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

COYNE
The building superintendent, and two tenants. Flat statements - no hesitation - and they all listed 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!"?

COYNE
(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?

COYNE
Jeff - huh?

(continued)
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?

COYNE

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

JEFF

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

COYNE

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.

COYNE

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.

COYNE

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?

COYNE

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.

COYNE
At the risk of sounding snotty, 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.

COYNE
I can hear myself starting out. "Your Honor - I have a friend who's an amateur sleuth, and 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 Jeff to find in his apartment.

COYNE
(Looking out window)
A detective's nightmare.

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

COYNE (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! (Turns to look at Jeff)
How did we ever stand each other in that same place for three years?

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

COYNE
Ever get an answer?

(Continued)
JEFF
Yeah - frequently - it ran something like this: Your request for transfer turned down -

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

COYNE
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!

COYNE
Oh - I almost forgot!

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

COYNE
(Looking at Jeff)
There was a postcard in Thorwald's mailbox.
(Refers to paper)
Mailed yesterday afternoon, three-thirty P.M. from Herritsville -
(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?

COYNE
(Nods "yes")
Mrs. Thorwald.

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

COYNE
(Maliciously)
Anything you need?
221. INT. JEFF’S APARTMENT - DAY - CLOSEUP

Jeff is sober.

JEFF

Yeah. A good detective.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

222. 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 is a solitary sandwich. Jeff’s hand comes in, picks it up. We PAN US with the sandwich until Jeff’s head fills the screen. (Except for a small light in the kitchen, Jeff’s apartment is in darkness.) As he munches, he keeps his attention on the neighborhood.

223. EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DUSK - MEDIUM-LONG SHOT

Thorwald’s apartment in 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 Lonely Heart’s apartment into view. She is wearing a Keely 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.

224. 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.

225. EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DUSK - CAMERA SHOT

The long-focus lens brings Miss Lonely Hearts into an enlarged picture which reveals details we have not previously noticed. 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 lipstick, 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.

12-1-53 (Continued)
LOCKS, 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 — CLOSET

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

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT — DUSK — SEMI-CLOSE UP

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 Torres, 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 Kelley Green clad figure.

12-1-53
230. INT. JEFF’S APARTMENT - (DUSK) - SEMI-CLOSEUP
He quickly raises his long-focus camera to his eye.

231. EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - (DUSK) - CAMERA SHOT
We are now given a waist-high shot as the focus is adjusted 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 passing by. Getting no reaction, she crosses the street, and sets 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-hand 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.

232. INT. JEFF’S APARTMENT - (DUSK) - SEMI-CLOSEUP
He lowers the lens, and we see Jeff’s eyes travel across the screen, as he imagines Thorwald’s progression. Then sharpening his look, he picks up the long-focus lens, and easily himself back cautiously, begins watching Thorwald.

233. 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 in an orderly pile on the bed. He takes the laundry out of the box and puts it 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—pyjamas, shirts, box, etc. He piles these on the beds.

234. 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.

12-1-53 (Continued)
MRS. COYNE

Hello.

JEFF

Mrs. Coyne?

Yes.

JEFF

Jeff again.

(A note of urgency)

Has Tom come in yet?

MRS. COYNE

Not yet, Jeff.

JEFF

You haven't even heard from him?

MRS. COYNE

Not a word.

For a moment, Jeff looks desperate. He doesn't know what to say.

MRS. COYNE

Is it something really important, Jeff?

JEFF

I'm afraid it is, Tess.

MRS. COYNE

I'll have him call the moment I hear from him.

JEFF

Tell him not to waste time calling.

So get over here soon as he can.

I think Thorwald's pulling out tonight.

MRS. COYNE

Who's Thorwald?

JEFF

He knows.

(As an after-thought)

Don't worry, Tess. It's a man.

12-1-53

(Continued)
MRS. COYNE
(She laughs)
Goodnight, you idiot.

JEFF
(A slight smile)
Goodnight, Mrs. Coyne.

He hangs up. Then, his brows knit a little, as if he were 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. He hasn't 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) - SHAKY-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 women 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.

2-1-53
238. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff turns his attention back to Thorwald, but gives up any attempt at listening. He lifts the long-focus lens up to his eyes again.

239. INT. 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.

240. 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.

241. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

The door opens, and Lisa stands silhouetted in the entrance, back-lighted by the corridor lights. It's an attractive picture.

242. 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!

243. 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

244. INT. 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:

12-1-53

(Continued)
He stops, turns to her quickly.

JEFF

What 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 rob his wife?

JEFF

I never saw him ask help before, (smiles) — but she volunteered plenty.

Jeff turns back to the window.
DO REAR WINDOW

246. EXTERIOR - SEE LONG SHOT - (NIGHT)
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.

247. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - MEDIUM SHOT - (NIGHT)
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.

248. EXTERIOR - 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.

249. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - MEDIUM SHOT - (NIGHT)
He lowers the lens.

JEFF
He must have gone somewhere to the right.

12-1-53 (Continued)
The CAMERA PULLS BACK as Lisa starts around the apartment turning on the lights. As the 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
(Rods yes)
And you, and your friend Coyne --
(Steps 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. It must be still on it.

As he talks, she seems to be thinking something over to herself. She starts pacing, trying to distill her thoughts. We see that she has brought an ovalized 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. Coyne has a pet answer for that.

LISA
That Mrs. Thorwald left at six a.m. yesterday with her husband?
JEF
That's what the witnesses told him.

LISA
Well, I have a pat rebuttal for Mr. Corne - that couldn't have been Mrs. Thorwald - or I don't know who.

JEF
Still -- those witnesses.

LISA
We'll agree, they saw a woman, but she wasn't Mrs. Thorwald. That is.

She comes over to Jeff. He reaches up, takes her hand.

JEF
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.

JEF
Don't be too hard on him. He's a steady worker. I wish he'd get there, though.

LISA
(Muttering Jeff)
Don't rush him. We have all night.

There's a pause. Then Jeff moves back a little to look her straight in the eye.

JEF
We have all - what?

LISA
Night. I'm going to stay with you.

JEF
You'll have to clear that through my landlord--.--.

(Continued)
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 smotheres him with another kiss. She sits up.

**LISA**
Say anything else, and I'll stay tomorrow night too.

**JEFF**
Lisa, I won't be able to give you any --

She smotheres him with still another kiss. Then moves back.

**JEFF**
---pajamas.

She laughs, gets up. Goes to the large handbag on the table. It is a Mark Cross ladies' 'atta-ché' 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 smilingly)*
I'd be no better than Thorwald, to refuse.
249. (Cont'd)

The SOUNDS from the party in the song-writer's apart-
ment 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-writer's apartment. Jeff turns
with her.

250. EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - (NIGHT) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

The party at the song-writer's has grown 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 EARS the melody being played
a number of different ways on the piano.

251. EXT. 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.

(Jeans to Jeff)

I wish I could be creative.

JEFF

You are. You have a talent for
creating difficult situations.

LISA

(Happily)

I do?

12-1-53 (Continued)
252. (Cont'd)
  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
  E-a-a-r-r-r-e-e-e

  He chokes on the smoke, sputtering and coughing. When 
  he recovers, he throws the cigarettes down to the back-
  yard with a show of irritation. Then slowly he pulls 
  the shade down. Behind us is the SOUND of a door shutting.

253. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

  Over Jeff's shoulder we see Boyne coming down the steps 
  slowly, and seemingly preoccupied. Jeff swings his chair 
  around so that his back is to us.

254. SEMI-CLOSEUP

  Without looking at Jeff, Boyne 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.

255. SEMI-CLOSEUP

  Jeff, looking expectantly at Boyne.

256. SEMI-CLOSEUP

  Boyne reaches for a cigarette on the table, and puts it 
  to his lips. While searching his pockets for a match, 
  he HEARS Lisa barking. His eyes turn upward.

257. 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.

258. SEMI-CLOSEUP

  Jeff, has followed Boyne's look.

12-1-53.
259. SEMI CLOSEUP
Coyne picks up cigarette lighter from table, and lights his cigarette. As he is placing the lighter back on the table, he sees:

260. CLOSEUP
From his viewpoint, Lisa's bag containing her lingerie and overnight effects.

261. CLOSEUP
Jeff. His eyes turn from the lingerie up to Coyne.

262. CLOSEUP
Coyne'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.

263. EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT
The party is now in 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.

264. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP
Coyne turns his head away, and looks straight out. His expression hardens a little, as he sees:

265. EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI LONG SHOT
The windows of Thorwald's apartment, completely dark.

266. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP
He also is looking toward Thorwald's apartment. He turns his eyes solemnly back to Coyne. He seems to be trying to penetrate Coyne's mind.

12-1-51
INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

COYNE turns his head from the window, and looks down at JEFF. He asks, quietly:

COYNE

What else do you have on this man Thorwald?

JEFF's tension eases off a little, but he is eager to talk.

JEFF

Enough to scare me that you wouldn't get here in time, and we'd lose him.

COYNE

(Soberly)

You think he's getting out of here?

JEFF

Everything he owns is laid out in the bedroom, ready for packing.

COYNE looks back toward Thorwald's bedroom. We see the dark apartment beyond him. Coyne 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 hands, the stem between her fingers. She is rotating them gently toward her body to warm the brandy. She is quite beautiful.

269. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

COYNE reacts to her appreciatively.

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 Coyne. (NOTE: In the following set of scenes, whenever anyone holds a brandy snifter, it is being rotated - regardless of their attitudes.)

LISA

Mr. Coyne - I presume.

COYNE sorts of smiles, and takes the snifter awkwardly.

JEFF

Now, this is Miss Lisa Fremont.

(Continued)
269. (Cont'd)

Coyne bows his head slightly, but his eyes remain on her in a fixed stare.

C O Y N E

How do you do?

Lisa smiles in return.

L I S A

We think Thorwald's guilty.

She turns around, and goes right back into the kitchen.

270. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Coyne 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.

271. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

The open overnight case with its displayed lingerie.

272. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Slowly Coyne's eyes travel back to Jeff.

273. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT) - CLOSEUP

Quickly guessing what's on Coyne's mind.

J E F F

(Cautiously)

Careful, Tom.

274. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Coyne'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. Absent-mindedly he still rotates the brandy. The SOUND of the phone ringing is heard.

275. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM SHOT

Jeff picks up the phone.

18-1-53 (Continued)
(Cont'd)

JEFF

Hello?

He listens, and then looks up to Coyne.

JEFF

Just a minute, please.

Coyne 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.

COYNE

Coyne speaking.

(He listens)


No. - Hm. - Okay. Thank you, and goodbye.

He hands the receiver back to Jeff, who hangs up. Lisa comes back in with her 80th brandy snifter, rotating it.

LISA

The coffee will be ready soon.

(Urgent)

Jeff, aren't you going to tell him about the jewelry?

Coyne looks suddenly interested. He asks tersely:

COYNE

Jewelry?

JEFF

He has his wife's jewelry hidden in among his clothes over there.

COYNE

You sure it belonged to his wife?

He turns his head to Lisa, who answers.

LISA

It was in her favorite handbag.

-- And, Mr. Coyne, that can lead to only one conclusion.

COYNE

Namely?

His head snaps back to Jeff, who answers:

12-1-53

(Continued)
275. (Cont’d)

JEFF
That wasn’t Mrs. Thorwald who left with him yesterday morning?

COYNE
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 Coyne can comment, Jeff asks impatiently:

JEFF
Come on, Tom - you don’t really need any of this information, do you?

Coyne smiles at Jeff, and then strolls over to the table where he puts out his cigarette and puts down the brandy snifter.

COYNE
As a matter of fact, I don’t.

He 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.

COYNE
Lars Thorwald is no more a murderer than I am.

276. 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?

277. INT. JEFF’S APARTMENT - (NIGHT) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

He spins around, and his face has lost all its friendliness.

COYNE

12-1-53 (Continued)
277. (Cont'd)

He starts to pace the room.

COYNE
And neither can you.
(Points out window)
That's a secret and private world
you're looking into out there.
People do a lot of things in
private that they couldn't explain
in public.

278. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP
Lisa and Jeff. She replies with some sarcasm.

LISA
Like disposing of their wives?

COYNE
(Off)
Get that idea out of your mind.
It will only lead you in the
wrong direction.

JEFF
But Tom -- the saw, the knives --

279. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP
Coyne breaks in, takes a step forward.

COYNE
Did you ever own a saw?

JEFF
(Off)
Well, in the garage, back home, we --

COYNE
(Interrupts)
And how many people did you cut up
with it? Or with the couple of
hundred knives you've probably
owned in your lifetime?

280. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP
Jeff, reasoning:

JEFF
But I'm not a killer!

12-1-53 (Continued)
280. (Cont’d)

COYNE

(Off)

Your logic is backward.

Lisa cuts in spiritedly.

LISA

You can’t ignore the wife disappearing.
And the trunk — and the jewelry —

281.

INT. JEFF’S APARTMENT — NIGHT — SEMI-CLOSEUP

Coyne starts to pace up and down, throwing out a hand in careful explanation.

COYNE

I checked the railroad station.
He bought a ticket. He put her on the train ten minutes later.
Destination: Marritsvilla.
Witnesses. This deep.
(He holds his hand a few feet off the floor)

282.

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 —

283.

INT. JEFF’S APARTMENT — NIGHT — SEMI-CLOSEUP

Coyne comes up to the CAMERA, looking at Lisa.

COYNE

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.

284.

INT. JEFF’S APARTMENT — NIGHT — SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff is resentful of Coyne’s comments to Lisa.

12-1-53

(Continued)
284. (Cont'd)

JEFF
I take it you didn't find the trunk.
— And this is just an old speech you
once gave at the Policeman's Hall.

285. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP
Coyne has turned away into the center of the room.
He swings around.

COYNE
I found the trunk -- a half hour
after I left here.

286. 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.

COYNE
(Off)
When the lock is broken - yes.

JEFF
What was in the trunk? A surly
note to me?

287. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP
Coyne comes toward the CAMERA again.

COYNE
(Carefully)
Mrs. - Thorwald - 's - clothes.
--- Clean - carefully packed - not
too stylish - but presentable.

LISA
(Off)
Didn't you take it to the crime
lab?

Coyne gives her a scathing look.

COYNE
I sent it on its merry and legal
way.

12-1-53
KEES WINDON

286. 
INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jeff challenges Coyne:

JEFF

Why - when a woman only goes on a simple trip, does she take everything she owns?

289. 
INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

Coyne, with a studied, gracious gesture, to Lisa:

COYNE

Let the female psychology department handle that one.

290. 
INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Lisa answers, but very coldly:

LISA

I would say that it looked as if she wasn't coming back.

COYNE

(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.

291. 
INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

Coyne hesitates a moment, and lets his eye wander, to:

292. 
INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

The overnight case, with Lisa's lingerie.

293. 
INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP

His eyes going back to Jeff,

12-1-53

(Continued)
293. (Cont'd)

COYNE
(Bluntly) Do - uh - you tell your landlord everything?

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

Jeff replies, pointedly:

JEFF
I told you to be careful.

Lisa looks down at Jeff, not comprehending.

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

Coyne points to one of the photographs on the wall.

COYNE
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.

Coyne has a complete change of manner. He relaxes, and smiles.

COYNE
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? Hmm?

He looks from one to the other.

296. 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?

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

Coyne is relaxed.

(Continued)
COYNE

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, Coyne checks his watch, and
says with a pleasant laugh:

COYNE

Maybe you're right. I guess
I'd better get home and get
some sleep.

He waits. No response comes across. His face sober-
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 onto his
suit. He sputters a little, and pulls the glass down.

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

Jeff and Lisa deadpan.

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

Coyne is wiping his coat lapels with a handkerchief.
He looks at them pleasantly.

COYNE

I'm not much of a sniffer.

He starts away toward the door.

COYNE

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:

12-1-53  (Continued)
302. (Cont’d)

Lisa
I hate funny exit lines.

Jeff
Who was the trunk addressed to?

303. INT. JEFF’S APARTMENT — (NIGHT) — MEDIUM SHOT

Coyne picks up his hat.

Coyne
Mrs. Anna Thorwald.

She starts up the steps to the door.

304. INT. JEFF’S APARTMENT — (NIGHT) — CLOSEUP

Jeff points out a challenging finger.

Jeff
Let’s wait and see who picks it up.

305. INT. JEFF’S APARTMENT — (NIGHT) — SEMI-LONG SHOT

Coyne poises on the top step. He snaps his fingers.

Coyne
Oh — that phone call!
(To Jeff)
I gave them your number - hope you don’t mind.

Jeff
(Off)
That depends on who “they” were.

Coyne
(Pleasantly)
The Police Department at Merritsville.
They called to report. The trunk was just picked up — by Mrs. Anna Thorwald.

He puts on his hat, smiles, and says:

Coyne
Don’t stay up too late.
He quietly closes the door behind him.

306. 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.
307. EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM SHOT
The song-writer's party is now in full swing, and fairly crowded. It is a happy, gay affair.

308. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT) - SEMI-CLOSEUP
None of the gaiety is reflected in Lisa and Jeff. Some songs is heard coming across the court yard, and Jeff turns toward it with some irritation.

309. EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - (NIGHT) - SEMI-LONG SHOT
Miss Tosey'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 exercises to record music.

310. 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.

311. 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 lusty embraces and exploratory kisses with the proper flush of confusion and nervous giggles that seems to say, 'tis quite a surprise you find me so desirable, but we 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 looks 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.

12-1-53
(Continued)
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 flusters 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 dully to the spilled liquor, makes a futile effort to clean it up, and then 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. Coyne too much credit, he might have gotten hold of something when he said this was pretty private stuff going on out there.

Lisa 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.

(Continued)
312. (Cont'd)

JEFF

Buh?

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 ghosts 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's 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 Forso for a start?

She gets up, goes to the blinds, and proceeds to lower them one by one.

LISA

(As she gets up)

Not if I have to move into an apartment across the courtyard and do the dance of the seven veils once an hour.

JEFF

(As she lowers the blinds)

Show's over for tonight.

He smiles. She goes to the table, picks up her overnight case.

LISA

Preview - of the coming attractions.

She goes to the kitchen entrance, pause.

LISA

'Did Mr. Boyne think I stole this case.

12-1-53
312.  (Cont'd)

JEFF
(MOCK seriousmess)
No, Lisa -- I don't think he did.

She shrugs, goes into the kitchen, the CAMERA PANNING her.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

313-316.

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

Jeff is sitting in 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 pale peach night gown, 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 --
(NOTIONS horizontally)
-- and two less that way --
(NOTIONS vertically)
-- I might give up bachelorhood.

Lisa turns playfully toward the kitchen.

LISA
I'll be right back.
REAR WINDOW

(Cont'd)

311. A 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.

315. EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - LONG SHOT

We get a high comprehensive view of all the apartments. Lights are going on in some windows, shades are lifted in others, people are beginning to lean out looking for the source of the scream and sobbing. The song-writer's party comes to a sudden halt, as his guests crowd to the window.

316. SEMI-LONG SHOT

Lisa and Jeff at the window, looking out, startled.

317. SEMI-LONG SHOT

The landlord, beneath the newlyweds, looks out, tilting his head up toward the center of the yard.

318. SEMI-LONG SHOT

A couple comes out on the high balcony to the right. Look down.

319. MEDIUM SHOT

The newlyweds' blinds come up, and for the first time we see both of them at the window, the girl looking over the boy's shoulder.

320. 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.

321. SEMI-LONG SHOT

The bird woman comes to the window. Her white face looks toward the center of the courtyard.

322. SEMI-LONG SHOT

Miss Torso, pulling a robe around her, comes out onto her porch, and looks to her left.
325. **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!

326. **SEMI-LONG SHOT**

Instead of increasing her sobbing, this new quiet, 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.

**SIPPLEBEESE**

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 - smooch 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 of you being so low that you'd kill a little helpless, friendly dog! The only thing in this whole neighborhood who liked anybody!

12-1-53
327. SEMI-LONG SHOT
The guests at the song-writer's party begin to move silently back to the studio apartment.

328. SEMI-LONG SHOT
The people move off their balcony into the apartment.

329. SEMI-LONG SHOT
The woman almost screams at the people now, as she looks up at the apartments.

SILENCE
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.

330. SEMI-LONG SHOT
Miss Lonely Hearts puts the dog in the basket, and watches as the husband draws it slowly up.

331. SEMI-LONG SHOT
The bathing beauties go inside their apartment.

332. MEDIUM SHOT
The newlyweds draw their shades again.

333. MEDIUM SHOT
The landlord moves away from the window.

334. SEMI-LONG SHOT
The dog moves closer to the fire escape, slowly, the husband pulling the rope in hand over hand.

335. SEMI-LONG SHOT
Miss Forso goes back to her apartment.

12-1-53
In hearing aid turns up the volume of her hearing aid. She looks back to her old man. "Lisa,
what's the matter?"
Lisa, Stella and Lisa are grouped at the minute.

LISA (looking back): The dog peaches the fire escape, and the husband
"Toots" looks out of the basket. He turns to
Larry. "Larry, take the apartment."

Larry

We see the lower part of two kitchen windows, below
to the kitchen. Thorwald is sitting at the window,
watching the two. Larry is at the window, standing in
the room.

"Yes, yes."

Jeff and Lisa are at the window. Jeff holds one of
her hands: "Jeff, I can't hold up without looking up:

JEFF For a minute, Corry almost had
Lisa convinced I was wrong.

LISA But you're right...

JEFF In the whole courtyard, only one
person didn't come to the window.
(He points)

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.
Well, not exactly. A man who

Lisa looks down at Jeff.

Lisa turns away from the window.

Lisa

Lisa, I don't want to kill a
man."

Lisa: "I don't want to kill a
day."

Lisa turns away from the window.

Lisa

Lisa, I don't want to kill a
man -"

Lisa turns away from the window.

Lisa

Lisa, I don't want to kill a
man."

Lisa turns away from the window.

Lisa

Lisa, I don't want to kill a
man."

Lisa turns away from the window.

Lisa
FADE IN:

342. EXT. 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.

343. EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DUSK - CAMERA SHOT

We see the upper part of the bathroom 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.

344. EXT. 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 blurs 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.

12-1-53

(Continued)
INT. JEFF’S APARTMENT - DOOR - CLOSED

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.

(Discovering the right slide)

I think this is the one.

Puts the other slides to one side and puts the selected one into 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 squares 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.

(Continued)
34.5 (Cont'd)

He takes the viewer from his eye, hands it to Lisa.

JEFF
You take a look and tell me what you see.

34.6

EXT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DUSK - CLOSEUP
Lisa raises the viewer to her eye.

34.7

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.

34.8

EXT. 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 flowerbed.

STELLA
You mean the one the dog was sniffing around?

JEFF
(To Stella)
And digging in.
(Points out window)
Look at that flowerbed.

They all lean forward to look.

12-1-53
349. 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.

350. EXT. 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 sobered 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.

351. EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DUSK - NICE LONG SHOT

The garden again with its small indentation of flowers. Over this we hear the ghoulish voice of Stella:

STELLA

Unless, he put her 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.

352. EXT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - DUSK - MEDIUM SHOT

Jeff looks at Stella. (Continued)
352. (Cont'd)

JEFF
Something's in there. Those flowers have been taken up, and put back again.

LISA
(Yes a hard time saying it)
It could be -- the knife, and the saw.

STELLA
(Quickly)
Call Lieutenant Corney

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 Corney 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 to turn his chair toward her. Stella still looks 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.

353. EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - (NIGHT) - SEMI-LONG SHOT
Thorwald, in the bedroom, methodically folding a suit into a suitcase. Another suitcase, unopened, is visible.

354. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT) - CLOSEUP
Jeff is staring out, gripping his chair tightly. There is (Continued)
ds

(Cont'd)
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.

355. 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 "LASS TOWRALD." The message reads, simply, "WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH HER?"

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

356. 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:

357. 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 hand 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 the window. Her legs are bare, though she wears high-heal 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.

358. 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.

12-1-53
359. EXTERIOR - NIGHT - MEDIUM ANGLE 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 hesita-
tion allows Lisa to straighten up, turn, and walk carefully;
bout swiftly, away. Thorwald moves rapidly toward the door.
He bends down, scoops up the letter, and examines it brief-
ly. Lisa is just turning out of sight at the end of the
corridor, as Thorwald throws open the door. He looks,
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, bearing
open the envelope.

360. EXTERIOR - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT
Jeff lifts the long-focus lens to his eyes again. His
expression is tense.

361. EXTERIOR - 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.

362. EXTERIOR - NIGHT - CLOSE UP
Jeff whips the long-focus lens from his eye.

363. EXTERIOR - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT
As Thorwald dashes down the corridor, we hear Jeff's
voice. He cries out instinctively, but almost to him-
self:

JEFF

Lisa! Look out! He's coming!

12-1-53
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. In the corridor above, Thorwald returns, frustrated. He comes 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 television show, off, and there is distant, rhythmic music coming from the café on Thorwald's street.

JEFF

No doubt of it. He's leaving. The question is - when?

12-1-53

(Continued)
368. (Cont'd)
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.

369. 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 tri-iodide capsules.

JEFF
You can tell that from here?

STELLA
I handled enough of those red pills to put everyboby 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.

12-1-53 (Continued)
REAR WINDOW

JEFF
(After a slight pause)
Then I wouldn’t worry too much.
But let’s keep an eye on her.

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.

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.

LISA
She comes down the stairs.

LISA
What was his reaction? I mean when
he looked at the note?

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?

(Continued)
(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.
372. (Cont'd)

Jeff

He takes her hands.

Real professional. Would have made a great layout for the Bazaar. The model pressed back against a brick wall, eyes wild, sense 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.

373. 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.

374. 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—

She stops at the thought, and then slowly and signifi-
cantly turns toward the window to take another look
at Thorwald's garden.

STELLA

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 astounded.

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.

12-1-53

(Continued)
374. (Cont'd)
The two women smile. Jeff picks up the phone and dials Chelsea 2-7099. The woman waits 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.

375. 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 toponotes 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.

(Continued)
375. (Cont'd)

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 heaftly)
I only have a hundred dollars or so.

JEFF

(Over)
That's a start. I'm at the Brevort 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.

376.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

Jeff turns his wheelchair halfway around as Lisa and Stella start quickly for the door. THE CAMERA PANS ACROSS the room. They pause at the sound of Jeff's voice.

377.

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 plods up the long- focus lens and takes a night on the alleyway.

378.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - CAMERA SHOT

Thorwald goes past the alley opening.
379. 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.

380. 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.

381. 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 the Goyne's house.

JEFF
This is L.B. Jeffries, a friend of Tom's. Who am I talking with?

He squints out the window.

382. 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 want to dinner and maybe night-clubbing.

12-1-53 (Continued)
JEEP
Well, if he calls in, tell him to get in touch with L.B. Jeffries right away. I might have quite a surprise for him.

BABY SITTER
Does he have your number, Mr. Jeffries?

JEEP
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 unselfishly 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.

12-1-53
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-LOSO 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 space 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!

12-1-53

(Continued)
393. (Cont'd)

He looks quickly toward the intersection and then right back to Lisa. Apparently no sight of Thorwald.

394. 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.

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

Jeff, tense and wide-eyed, watches Lisa climb the fire escape.

396. 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.

397. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SEMI-CLOSE SHOT

Jeff quickly picks up the long-focus lens and trains it on the salesman's apartment.

398. 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.

399. 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!

12-1-53 (Continued)
399. (Cont'd)

His eyes turn quickly to the alleyway and back again to Lisa.

400.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Lisa has dropped the bag on the bed and is now looking around the bedroom, looking for somewhere to start searching for the jewelry. She moves quickly to the dresser and begins opening the drawers to check them. She finds nothing.

401.

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

As Jeff watches tensely, the door bursts open behind him and Stella bundles 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!

402.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

Miss Lonely Hearts is in the act of propping 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!

12-1-53
We hear the sound of the receiver picked up, and Jeff starting to dial the 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.

EXT. 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

A quick flash of the song-writer’s apartment, and his musical 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 buzz can be heard on filter.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD—NIGHT—MEDIUM SHOT

At the bottom of the picture, Wise 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 Wise 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:

(Continued)
Near Window

L07. (Cont'd)

JEFF

Lisa! Lisa!

At this moment, the phone is picked up on filter, and
a voice speaks:

POLICE

Precinct Six - Sergeant Allgood.

Jeff opens his mouth to speak, but no words come out,
as his attention is focused on:

L08.

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.

L09.

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
the two five west ninth street.
Second floor rear. Make it fast.

POLICE

Your name?

JEFF

L. B. Jeffries.

POLICE

Phone number?

JEFF

(Impatiently)
Chelsea 2-5598.

POLICE

Two minutes.

Phone is down on filter, and Jeff replaces his receiver.
12-1-53

(Continued)
Thorwald crosses the living room, and goes into the bedroom. Suddenly he looks down onto the bed. He picks up the open alligator handbag. He looks down at the bag. He looks up in the direction of the living room. Then suddenly his whole frame stiffens, his head swings 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 toward her, and enters the living room as well. Lisa edges 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 wrist he jerks her to her feet. He is talking viciously to her. We can hear Lisa calling out faintly: "Jeff! Jeff!" Thorwald suddenly scrutinizes us at the neighborhood. He realizes that somebody might be watching him. He araps her across the room, reaches up with one arm, and the lights go off. The light from the bedroom illuminates their struggle, but not clearly.

EXT. 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?

EXT. 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.

12-1-53
112. (Cont'd)

Jeff looks up quickly.

113. EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - SEMI-LONG SHOT - (NIGHT)

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.

114. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - MEDIUM SHOT - (NIGHT)

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
depressed his tension was.

115. EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - SEMI-LONG SHOT - (NIGHT)

After a moment's hesitation, Thorwald goes to the
doors and opens it.

116. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - CLOSEUP - (NIGHT)

Jeff quickly puts a hand out and takes up his long-
focus lens. He looks through the finder.

117. EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - CAMERA SHOT - (NIGHT)

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.

118. EXT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - SEMI-CLOSEUP - (NIGHT)

A quick flash of Jeff and Stella looking. Jeff still
has the long-focus lens to his eye.

12-1-53
EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - long shot - (night)
 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.

420. EXT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - semi-closeup - (night)
 Stella turns away and goes quickly to the table for the binoculars. Jeff still is using the long-focus lane.

421. EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - binocular shot - (night)
 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
does'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.

12-1-53
INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - MEDIUM SHOT - (NIGHT)

Jeff and Stella. He drops the camera into his lap.

JEFF

Stella! The lights! He's seen us!

Stella hurries from the window, turning off lights, as Jeff backs his chair into the room.

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

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 - MEDIUM SHOT - (NIGHT)

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?

(Continued)
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 — as 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.
(Get's an idea, points)
The piggy bank.

(Continued)
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 coat. 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

STELLA
I got twenty or so in my purse. Give me what you've got.

Jeff does, as Stella goes to 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.

EXT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - CLOSEUP - (NIGHT)

JEFF
Jeffries.

COYNE
(Whisper)
This is Coyne, Jeff.

12-1-53 (Continued)
JEFF
(Urgently)
Tom, I've got something real big for you.

COTYE
(Warily)
Look Jeff, don't louse up my night with another mad killer stuffing a grisly trunk that turns out to be --

JEFF
(Interrupting harshly)
Listen to me! Lisa's been arrested.

COTYE
(Slightest pause)
Your Lisa?

JEFF
By Lisa, she went into Thorwald's apartment, and he came back. The only way I could get her out was to call the police.

COTYE
(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.

COTYE
Like what?

JEFF
Like Mrs. Thorwald's wedding ring. If that woman were still alive, she'd be wearing it.

COTYE
(Surdly)
A possibility.

JEFF
(Talking fast)
A fact! Last night he killed a dog for paving in his garden. Why? Because he had something buried in there. Something a dog could sense.

12-1-53 (Continued)
COTTER

Like an old hambone?

JEFF

(Part)

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 suitcases. He wasn’t taking
his possessions, because they’re up in his apartment now.

COTTER

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 Merristville — why
did she need to send him a postcard saying she’d arrived?

COTTER

(After phone; a detective)

Where’d they take Lisa?

JEFF

Precinct six. I sent a friend over with bail money.

COTTER

Maybe you won’t need it. I’ll run
it down, Jeff.

COTTER

Just don’t dally. Thorwald knows
he’s being watched. He won’t hang
around long.

JEFF

If that ring shakes 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.
INT. NEIGHBOURHOOD - SEMI-LONG SHOT - (NIGHT)

Thorwald's apartment. Completely dark. No movement, or glow of a cigarette. The corridor outside lighted, but empty.

430.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - SEMI-CLOSE SHOT - (NIGHT)

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.

431.

EXT. NEIGHBOURHOOD - SEMI-LONG SHOT - (NIGHT)

Miss Lonely Hearts is standing in the yard outside her apartment, looking up to the porch of Miss Torsø. The ballet dancer is in high heels and a fresh summer dress.

MISS TORSØ

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 to Miss Torsø.

MISS LONELY HEARTS

No. Yes

I'm glad I was here when he played it.

432.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - CLOSE SHOT - (NIGHT)

He sits quietly a moment, thinking. Suddenly he jumps a little as the phone rings. He reaches for it, picks up the receiver.

JEFF

Hello.

(No answer)

Hello, Goyne? Tom? Too. I think Thorwald's left. I don't see anything of...

(He looks at receiver, then:)

Hello.

12-2-31

(Continued)
431. (Cont'd)

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.

432. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - MEDIUM SHOT - (NIGHT)

The door. Quiet in the apartment, and in the corridor. Light showing beneath the door from the hall light.

433. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - CLOSE SHOT - (NIGHT)

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.

434. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - MEDIUM SHOT - (NIGHT)

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.

435. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - CLOSE SHOT - (NIGHT)

Jeff squints at the door, blinks, squints again.

436. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - MEDIUM SHOT - (NIGHT)

The door. No doubt about it. Black.

437. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - SEMI-CLOSE SHOT - (NIGHT)

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.

12-2-53
INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - MEDIUM SHOT - (NIGHT)

Only the slightest sound is heard as the door knob 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 corner 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 - CLOSEUP - (NIGHT)

Jeff doesn't answer. His eyes watch Thorwald. He licks his lips with nervous tension and grips the flash holder.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - MEDIUM SHOT - (NIGHT)

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!
441. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - CLOSEUP - (RIGHT)
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.

442. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - SEMI-CLOSEUP - (RIGHT)
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
No. (Quietly)

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.

443. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - SEMI-CLOSEUP - (RIGHT)
From a three-quarter angle toward Thorwald. Jeff lifts the flash holder to face level and closes his eyes. He explodes the flash.

444. INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - CLOSEUP - (RIGHT)
Thorwald's face fills the screen registering shock, confusion. He throws up his hands for protection and recoils, making an involuntary sound of surprise.

12-2-53
EXT. 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.

EXT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - CLOSER - (NIGHT)

Thorwald blinking, trying to regain his sight.

EXT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - MEDIUM - (NIGHT)

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.

EXT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - CLOSER - (NIGHT)

Thorwald's face, full screen again, as he recoils from the flash.

EXT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT)

The apartment as seen by Thorwald again. Big, twisting balls of blinding yellow.

EXT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - MEDIUM SHOT - (NIGHT)

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.

EXT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - MEDIUM SHOT - (NIGHT)

Thorwald regains his equilibrium and focuses 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 lit up almost white, shockingly outlining every detail of his face, clothes, hands. His rage and frustration are fixed for a brief
but terrifying moment. He stumbled backward again, trying to break the light away from his face almost as if it were a solid enveloping substance.

**ACT II**

Jeff's Apartment - EXTERIOR - (Night)

454. Jeff ejects a bulb, puts his last bullet into the flash holder. He tries to move the wheelchair a little farther away from Thorwald. Then he raises the flash holder again.

In big, we see: Doyle, Lisa, Stella and the detectives come to Tharovald'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.

455. Jeff's Apartment - INTERIOR - (Night)

From Thorwald's apartment, shooting at Jeff's window. A sudden bright flash is seen as the last flashbulb 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.

456. OMITTED.

457. Jeff's Apartment - INTERIOR - (Night)

459. Thorwald has finally reached Jeff, knocking Jeff out of his hands and coming to grip 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 strives to raise Jeff.

THORVALD

Will you give you a good look out the window.

(Continued)
1st Change

(Cont'd)

SLOWLY, incommunicably, he raises Jeff to the window sill, east and all. Jeff frantically grabs for the upright window frame, wrapping his arms around it. Thorwald 'shoves' the rest of his body over the window sill.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - MEDIUM SHOT - (RIGHT)

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 - MEDIUM LONG SHOT - (RIGHT)

From Doyle's viewpoint, Jeff hanging out the window and Thorwald hammering at his hams 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 - MEDIUM SHOT - (RIGHT)

Thorwald fights to dislodge Jeff's grip.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - CLOSE SHOT - (RIGHT)

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 - MEDIUM SHOT - (RIGHT)

Thorwald and Jeff struggling.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - SEMI-CLOSE SHOT - (RIGHT)

Doyle pulling himself to the top of the wall. Lisa, Stella and the two men below, looking up. Lisa is white-faced and frightened.
466. EXT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - MEDIUM SHOT - (RIGHT)
Thorwald smashes at Jeff's arms and hands. Jeff's grip begins to slip.

467. EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - WIDE SHOT - (RIGHT)
Doyle reaches the top of the wall, looks up at Jeff.

468. EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - MEDIUM LONG SHOT - (RIGHT)
Jeff, as seen from Doyle's angle, hanging, somehow weathering Thorwald's insane attack.

469. EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - SEMI-CLOSE SHOT - (RIGHT)
Doyle reaches for his service revolver. He doesn't have it! He looks down, and calls one of the detectives back.

DOYLE
Crawl Your Thirty-eighth!

470. EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - SEMI-CLOSE SHOT - (RIGHT)
Looking down at the two detectives from Doyle's point of view. Crawl grasp for his gun expertly, the holster breaks away. It's in his hand and with a deft movement he tosses it upward.

471. EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - SEMI-CLOSE SHOT - (RIGHT)
Doyle catches it, turns up to Jeff's apartment.

472. EXT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - MEDIUM SHOT - (RIGHT)
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.

473. EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - MEDIUM LONG SHOT - (RIGHT)
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 - MEDIUM SHOT - (IGHT)

The two detectives ahead of Doyle are moving up below the window. Lisa stands looking up, her hands at the sides of her head, frozen with panic.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - MEDIUM SHOT - (IGHT)

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 - MEDIUM SHOT - (IGHT)

Jeff, hanging from the window frame. He claws desperately for a hold.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - COMPREHENSIVE SHOT - (IGHT)

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, grass, 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 stilleuses 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 - MEDIUM SHOT - (IGHT)

Jeff, hanging from his window sill. He loses his grip and plunges down into the patio below. The 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.

(Continued)
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 - HAND HELD SHOT - (RIGHT)

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 within, her face is as beautiful as ever, with love.

LISA

Jeff - Jeff darling!

He opens his eyes. Wincing with pain.

LISA

(To the detectives)

Get an ambulance.

(Down to Jeff)

Don't move. Try to lie still.

JEF

Lisa - I - I -- can't tell you how scared I was that you -- you might --

LISA

(Affectionately)

Shut up. I'm all right.

JEF

(To Doyle)

Think you've got enough for a search warrant now?

DOYLE

Oh sure. Sure. I can make it.

INT. NEIGHBORHOOD - BEHIND LONG SHOT - (RIGHT)

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]
DET. DOYLE

DETECTIVE

DET. NEIGHBORHOOD - SHAKY CLOSEUP - (RIGHT)

Stella taps 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 part of her.

(Ash pauses, then does a surprised take back to Doyle)

What did I say?

DISSOLVE TO:

DETECTIVE NEIGHBORHOOD - PAN SHOT - (DAY)

Beginning on Jeff's window thermometer, which reads 85° temperature, 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 grave 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 orchestral arrangement which she heard over. They continue to pan.

Thorwald's apartment is empty, stripped of its furnishings. Two painters are repainting the walls.

The stiffsense and her husband are on their fire escape, training a new white dog to ride in their basket.

(Continued)
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 immaculate, unhandsome and somewhat shy army private enters with a barrack's bag slung over one shoulder. She kisses him fondly after closing the door. He puts down the barrack's bag, tosses his hat into a chair and, with the attitude of a man who belongs there, goes to the locker 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 jeans 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.
193. **EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - SEMI-LONG SHOT - (NIGHT)**
The aﬄuence and her husband are standing on the
tire 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.

194. **EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - MEDIUM SHOT - (NIGHT)**
Miss Torso, behind the wall of her yard, has been
unable to see much of anything. Frustrated, she
looks up toward the composer's apartment.

MISS TORSO
What happened?

195. **EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - MEDIUM SHOT - (NIGHT)**
The song-writer, at the edge of his roof, answers:

SONG-WRITER
Somebody shot the photographer -
and he fell out his window. Some-
thing like that.

196. **EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - MEDIUM SHOT - (NIGHT)**
Torso impulsively says:

MISS TORSO
That music you wrote. It's the
most beautiful thing I ever heard.

197. **EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - MEDIUM SHOT - (NIGHT)**
The song-writer beams:

SONG-WRITER
Come on up.

198. **EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - MEDIUM SHOT - (NIGHT)**
Coyne turns back to Jeff and Lisa.

CONEY
How's your stomach?

12-2-53

(Continued)
You were right. There was something in that garden. I just got a signal -- it’s in Thorwald’s icebox now.

Lies looks away. Jeff smiles at her discomfort.

That reminds me -- two heads are better than one.

FADE OUT.

THE END