

It was Leland and Mr. Kane, and you
couldn't call it a quarrel exactly.
Better we should forget such things -
(turning to City Editor)

Leland is writing it up from the
dramatic angle?

CITY EDITOR

Yes. I thought it was a good idea.
We've covered it from the news end,
of course.

BERNSTEIN

And the social. How about the music
notice? You got that in?

CITY EDITOR

Oh, yes, it's already made up. Our
Mr. Mervin wrote a small review.

BERNSTEIN

Enthusiastic?

CITY EDITOR

Yes, very!
(quietly)
Naturally.

BERNSTEIN

Well, well - isn't that nice?

KANE'S VOICE

Mr. Bernstein -

Bernstein turns.

Medium long shot of Kane, now forty-nine, already quite
stout. He is in white tie, wearing his overcoat and
carrying a folded opera hat.

BERNSTEIN

Hello, Mr. Kane.

The Hirelings rush, with Bernstein, to Kane's side.
Widespread, half-suppressed sensation.

CITY EDITOR

Mr. Kane, this is a surprise!

KANE

We've got a nice plant here.

Everybody falls silent. There isn't anything to say.

KANE

Was the show covered by every department?

CITY EDITOR

Exactly according to your instructions, Mr. Kane. We've got two spreads of pictures.

KANE

(very, very casually)

And the notice?

CITY EDITOR

Yes - Mr. Kane.

KANE

(quietly)

Is it good?

CITY EDITOR

Yes, Mr. Kane.

Kane looks at him for a minute.

CITY EDITOR

But there's another one still to come - the dramatic notice.

KANE

(sharply)

It isn't finished?

CITY EDITOR

No, Mr. Kane.

KANE

That's Leland, isn't it?

CITY EDITOR

Yes, Mr. Kane.

KANE
Has he said when he'll finish?

CITY EDITOR
We haven't heard from him.

KANE
He used to work fast - didn't he, Mr. Bernstein?

BERNSTEIN
He sure did, Mr. Kane.

KANE
Where is he?

ANOTHER HIRELING
Right in there, Mr. Kane.

The Hireling indicates the closed glass door of a little office at the other end of the City Room. Kane takes it in.

BERNSTEIN
(helpless, but very concerned)
Mr. Kane -

KANE
That's all right, Mr. Bernstein.

Kane crosses the length of the long City Room to the glass door indicated before by the Hireling. The City Editor looks at Bernstein. Kane opens the door and goes into the office, closing the door behind him.

BERNSTEIN
Leland and Mr. Kane - they haven't spoke together for ten years.
(long pause; finally)
Excuse me.
(starts toward the door)

INT. LELAND'S OFFICE - CHICAGO ENQUIRER - NIGHT - 1914

Bernstein comes in. An empty bottle is standing on Leland's desk. He has fallen over his typewriter, his face on the keys. A sheet of paper is in the machine. A paragraph has been typed. Kane is standing at the other side of the desk looking down on him. This is the first time we see murder in Kane's face. Bernstein looks at Kane, then crosses to Leland. He shakes him.

BERNSTEIN

Hey, Brad! Brad!

(he straightens, looks at
Kane; pause)

He ain't been drinking before, Mr.
Kane. Never. We would have heard.

KANE

(finally; after a pause)
What does it say there?

Bernstein stares at him.

KANE

What's he written?

Bernstein looks over nearsightedly, painfully reading the paragraph written on the page.

BERNSTEIN

(reading)

"Miss Susan Alexander, a pretty but
hopelessly incompetent amateur -

(he waits for a minute to
catch his breath; he
doesn't like it)

- last night opened the new Chicago
Opera House in a performance of - of
-"

(looks up miserably)

I can't pronounce that name, Mr.
Kane.

KANE

This.

Bernstein looks at Kane for a moment, then looks back,
tortured.

BERNSTEIN

(reading again)

"Her singing, happily, is no concern of this department. Of her acting, it is absolutely impossible to..."

(he continues to stare at the page)

KANE

(after a short silence)

Go on!

BERNSTEIN

(without looking up)

That's all there is.

Kane snatches the paper from the roller and reads it for himself. Slowly, a queer look comes over his face. Then he speaks, very quietly.

KANE

Of her acting, it is absolutely impossible to say anything except that it represents a new low...

(then sharply)

Have you got that, Mr. Bernstein? In the opinion of this reviewer -

BERNSTEIN

(miserably)

I didn't see that.

KANE

It isn't here, Mr. Bernstein. I'm dictating it.

BERNSTEIN

(looks at him)

I can't take shorthand.

KANE

Get me a typewriter. I'll finish the notice.

Bernstein retreats from the room.

QUICK DISSOLVE
OUT:

QUICK DISSOLVE
IN:

INT. LELAND'S OFFICE - CHICAGO ENQUIRER - NIGHT - 1914

Long shot of Kane in his shirt sleeves, illuminated by a desk light, typing furiously. As the camera starts to pull even farther away from this, and as Bernstein - as narrator - begins to speak -

QUICK
DISSOLVE:

INT. BERNSTEIN'S OFFICE - DAY - 1940

Bernstein speaking to Thompson.

BERNSTEIN

He finished it. He wrote the worst notice I ever read about the girl he loved. We ran it in every paper.

THOMPSON

(after a pause)

I guess Mr. Kane didn't think so well of Susie's art anyway.

BERNSTEIN

(looks at him very
soberly)

He thought she was great, Mr. Thompson. He really believed that. He put all his ambition on that girl. After she came along, he never really cared for himself like he used to. Oh, I don't blame Susie -

THOMPSON

Well, then, how could he write that roast? The notices in the Kane papers were always very kind to her.

BERNSTEIN

Oh, yes. He saw to that. I tell you, Mr. Thompson, he was a hard man to figure out. He had that funny sense of humor. And then, too, maybe he thought by finishing that piece he could show Leland he was an honest man. You see, Leland didn't think so. I guess he showed him all right. He's a nice fellow, but he's a dreamer. They were always together in those early days when we just started the Enquirer.

On these last words, we...

DISSOLVE:

INT. CITY ROOM - ENQUIRER BUILDING - DAY - 1891

The front half of the second floor constitutes one large City Room. Despite the brilliant sunshine outside, very little of it is actually getting into the room because the windows are small and narrow. There are about a dozen tables and desks, of the old-fashioned type, not flat, available for reporters. Two tables, on a raised platform at the end of the room, obviously serve the city room executives. To the left of the platform is an open door which leads into the Sanctum.

As Kane and Leland enter the room, an elderly, stout gent on the raised platform, strikes a bell and the other eight occupants of the room - all men - rise and face the new arrivals. Carter, the elderly gent, in formal clothes, rises and starts toward them.

CARTER

Welcome, Mr. Kane, to the "Enquirer."
I am Herbert Carter.

KANE

Thank you, Mr Carter. This is Mr.
Leland.

CARTER

(bowing)

How do you do, Mr. Leland?

KANE
(pointing to the standing
reporters)
Are they standing for me?

CARTER
I thought it would be a nice gesture
- the new publisher -

KANE
(grinning)
Ask them to sit down.

CARTER
You may resume your work, gentlemen.
(to Kane)
I didn't know your plans and so I was
unable to make any preparations.

KANE
I don't my plans myself.

They are following Carter to his raised platform.

KANE
As a matter of fact, I haven't got
any. Except to get out a newspaper.

There is a terrific crash at the doorway. They all turn to see Bernstein sprawled at the entrance. A roll of bedding, a suitcase, and two framed pictures were too much for him.

KANE
Oh, Mr. Bernstein!

Bernstein looks up.

KANE
If you would come here a moment,
please, Mr. Bernstein?

Bernstein rises and comes over, tidying himself as he comes.

KANE

Mr. Carter, this is Mr. Bernstein.
Mr. Bernstein is my general manager.

CARTER

(frigidly)

How do you do, Mr. Bernstein?

KANE

You've got a private office here,
haven't you?

The delivery wagon driver has now appeared in the entrance with parts of the bedstead and other furniture. He is looking about, a bit bewildered.

CARTER

(indicating open door to
left of platform)

My little sanctum is at your disposal. But I don't think I understand -

KANE

I'm going to live right here.
(reflectively)
As long as I have to.

CARTER

But a morning newspaper, Mr. Kane.
After all, we're practically closed twelve hours a day - except for the business offices -

KANE

That's one of the things I think must be changed, Mr. Carter. The news goes on for twenty-four hours a day.

DISSOLVE:

INT. KANE'S OFFICE - LATE DAY - 1891

Kane, in his shirt sleeves, at a roll-top desk in the Sanctum, is working feverishly on copy and eating a very sizeable meal at the same time. Carter, still formally

coated, is seated alongside him. Leland, seated in a corner, is looking on, detached, amused. The furniture has been pushed around and Kane's effects are somewhat in place. On a corner of the desk, Bernstein is writing down figures. No one pays any attention to him.

KANE

I'm not criticizing, Mr. Carter, but here's what I mean. There's a front page story in the "Chronicle,"

(points to it)

and a picture - of a woman in Brooklyn who is missing. Probably murdered.

(looks to make sure of the name)

A Mrs. Harry Silverstone. Why didn't the "Enquirer" have that this morning?

CARTER

(stiffly)

Because we're running a newspaper, Mr. Kane, not a scandal sheet.

Kane has finished eating. He pushes away his plates.

KANE

I'm still hungry, Brad. Let's go to Rector's and get something decent.

(pointing to the "Chronicle" before him)

The "Chronicle" has a two-column headline, Mr. Carter. Why haven't we?

CARTER

There is no news big enough.

KANE

If the headline is big enough, it makes the new big enough. The murder of Mrs. Harry Silverstone -

CARTER

(hotly)

As a matter of fact, we sent a man to the Silverstone home yesterday afternoon.

(triumphantly)

Our man even arrived before the "Chronicle" reporter. And there's no proof that the woman was murdered - or even that she's dead.

KANE

(smiling a bit)

The "Chronicle" doesn't say she's murdered, Mr. Carter. It says the neighbors are getting suspicious.

CARTER

(stiffly)

It's not our function to report the gossip of housewives. If we were interested in that kind of thing, Mr. Kane, we could fill the paper twice over daily -

KANE

(gently)

That's the kind of thing we are going to be interested in from now on, Mr. Carter. Right now, I wish you'd send your best man up to see Mr. Silverstone. Have him tell Mr. Silverstone if he doesn't produce his wife at once, the "Enquirer" will have him arrested.

(he gets an idea)

Have him tell Mr. Silverstone he's a detective from the Central Office. If Mr. Silverstone asks to see his badge, your man is to get indignant and call Mr. Silverstone an anarchist. Loudly, so that the neighbors can hear.

CARTER

Really, Mr. Kane, I can't see the function of a respectable newspaper -

Kane isn't listening to him.

KANE

Oh, Mr. Bernstein!

Bernstein looks up from his figures.

KANE

I've just made a shocking discovery.
The "Enquirer" is without a
telephone. Have two installed at
once!

BERNSTEIN

I ordered six already this morning!
Got a discount!

Kane looks at Leland with a fond nod of his head at
Bernstein. Leland grins back. Mr. Carter, meantime, has
risen stiffly.

CARTER

But, Mr. Kane -

KANE

That'll be all today, Mr. Carter.
You've been most understanding. Good
day, Mr. Carter!

Carter, with a look that runs just short of apoplexy,
leaves the room, closing the door behind him.

LELAND

Poor Mr. Carter!

KANE

(shakes his head)

What makes those fellows think that a
newspaper is something rigid,
something inflexible, that people are
supposed to pay two cents for -

BERNSTEIN

(without looking up)

Three cents.

KANE

(calmly)

Two cents.

Bernstein lifts his head and looks at Kane. Kane gazes back at him.

BERNSTEIN

(tapping on the paper)

This is all figured at three cents a copy.

KANE

Re-figure it, Mr. Bernstein, at two cents.

BERNSTEIN

(sighs and puts papers in his pocket)

All right, but I'll keep these figures, too, just in case.

KANE

Ready for dinner, Brad?

BERNSTEIN

Mr. Leland, if Mr. Kane, he should decide to drop the price to one cent, or maybe even he should make up his mind to give the paper away with a half-pound of tea - you'll just hold him until I get back, won't you?

LELAND

I'm not guaranteeing a thing, Mr. Bernstein. You people work too fast for me! Talk about new brooms!

BERNSTEIN

Who said anything about brooms?

KANE

It's a saying, Mr. Bernstein. A new broom sweeps clean.

BERNSTEIN

Oh!

DISSOLVE:

INT. PRIMITIVE COMPOSING AND PRESSROOM - NEW YORK
ENQUIRER - NIGHT - 1891

The ground floor with the windows on the street - of the "Enquirer." It is almost midnight by an old-fashioned clock on the wall. Grouped around a large table, on which are several locked forms of type, very old-fashioned of course, but true to the period - are Kane and Leland in elegant evening clothes, Bernstein, unchanged from the afternoon, and Smathers, the composing room foreman, nervous and harassed.

SMATHERS

But it's impossible, Mr. Kane. We can't remake these pages.

KANE

These pages aren't made up as I want them, Mr. Smathers. We go to press in five minutes.

CARTER

(about to crack up)

The "Enquirer" has an old and honored tradition, Mr. Kane... The "Enquirer" is not in competition with those other rags.

BERNSTEIN

We should be publishing such rags, that's all I wish. Why, the "Enquirer" - I wouldn't wrap up the liver for the cat in the "Enquirer" -

CARTER

(enraged)

Mr. Kane, I must ask you to see to it that this - this person learns to control his tongue.

Kane looks up.

CARTER

I've been a newspaperman my whole life and I don't intend -

(he starts to sputter)
 - if it's your intention that I
 should continue to be harassed by
 this - this -

(he's really sore)
 I warn you, Mr. Kane, it would go
 against my grain to desert you when
 you need me so badly - but I would
 feel obliged to ask that my
 resignation be accepted.

KANE
 It is accepted, Mr. Carter, with
 assurances of my deepest regard.

CARTER
 But Mr. Kane, I meant -

Kane turns his back on him, speaks again to the composing
 room foreman.

KANE
 (quietly)
 Let's remake these pages, Mr.
 Smathers. We'll have to publish a
 half hour late, that's all.

SMATHERS
 (as though Kane were
 talking Greek)
 We can't remake them, Mr. Kane. We go
 to press in five minutes.

Kane sighs, unperturbed, as he reaches out his hand and
 shoves the forms off the table onto the floor, where they
 scatter into hundreds of bits.

KANE
 You can remake them now, can't you,
 Mr. Smathers?

Smathers' mouth opens wider and wider. Bradford and
 Bernstein are grinning.

KANE
 After the types 've been reset and
 the pages have been remade according

to the way I told you before, Mr. Smathers, kindly have proofs pulled and bring them to me. Then, if I can't find any way to improve them again -

(almost as if
reluctantly)

- I suppose we'll have to go to press.

He starts out of the room, followed by Leland.

BERNSTEIN

(to Smathers)

In case you don't understand, Mr. Smathers - he's a new broom.

DISSOLVE OUT:

DISSOLVE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - VERY EARLY DAWN - 1891

The picture is mainly occupied by a large building, on the roof of which the lights spell out the word "Enquirer" against the sunrise. We do not see the street or the first few stories of this building, the windows of which would be certainly illuminated. What we do see is the floor on which is located the City Room. Over this scene, newsboys are heard selling the Chronicle, their voices growing in volume.

As the dissolve complete itself, camera moves toward the one lighted window - the window of the Sanctrum.

DISSOLVE:

INT. KANE'S OFFICE - VERY EARLY DAWN - 1891

The newsboys are still heard from the street below - fainter but very insistent.

Kane's office is gas-lit, of course, as is the rest of the Enquirer building.

Kane, in his shirt sleeves, stands at the open window looking out. The bed is already made up. On it is seated Bernstein, smoking the end of a cigar. Leland is in a chair.

NEWSBOYS' VOICES
 CHRONICLE! CHRONICLE! H'YA - THE
 CHRONICLE - GET YA! CHRONICLE!

Kane, taking a deep breath of the morning air, closes the window and turns to the others. The voices of the newsboys, naturally, are very much fainter after this.

LELAND
 We'll be on the street soon, Charlie
 - another ten minutes.

BERNSTEIN
 (looking at his watch)
 It's three hours and fifty minutes
 late - but we did it -

Leland rises from the chair, stretching painfully.

KANE
 Tired?

LELAND
 It's been a tough day.

KANE
 A wasted day.

BERNSTEIN
 (looking up)
 Wasted?

LELAND
 (incredulously)
 Charlie?!

BERNSTEIN
 You just made the paper over four
 times today, Mr. Kane. That's all -

KANE

I've changed the front page a little,
Mr. Bernstein. That's not enough -
There's something I've got to get
into this paper besides pictures and
print - I've got to make the "New
York Enquirer" as important to New
York as the gas in that light.

LELAND

(quietly)

What're you going to do, Charlie?

Kane looks at him for a minute with a queer smile of
happy concentration.

KANE

My Declaration of Principles -

(he says it with quotes
around it)

Don't smile, Brad -

(getting the idea)

Take dictation, Mr. Bernstein -

BERNSTEIN

I can't take shorthand, Mr. Kane -

KANE

I'll write it myself.

Kane grabs a piece of rough paper and a grease crayon.
Sitting down on the bed next to Bernstein, he starts to
write.

BERNSTEIN

(looking over his
shoulder)

You don't wanta make any promises,

Mr. Kane, you don't wanta keep.

KANE

(as he writes)

These'll be kept.

(stops for a minute and
reads what he has
written; reading)

I'll provide the people of this city
with a daily paper that will tell all
the news honestly.

(starts to write again;
reading as he writes)
I will also provide them -

LELAND

That's the second sentence you've
started with "I" -

KANE

(looking up)
People are going to know who's
responsible. And they're going to get
the news - the true news - quickly
and simply and entertainingly.
(he speaks with real
conviction)
And no special interests will be
allowed to interfere with the truth
of that news.

He looks at Leland for a minute and goes back to his
writing, reading as he writes.

Bernstein has risen and crossed to one side of Kane. They
both stand looking out. Leland joins him on the other
side. Their three heads are silhouetted against the sky.
Leland's head is seen to turn slightly as he looks into
Kane's face - camera very close on this - Kane turns to
him and we know their eyes have met, although their faces
are almost in silhouette. Bernstein is still smoking a
cigar.

DISSOLVE:

FRONT PAGE OF THE "ENQUIRER"

Shows big boxed editorial with heading:

"MY PRINCIPLES - A DECLARATION
BY CHARLES FOSTER KANE"

Camera continues pulling back and shows newspaper to be
on the top of a pile of newspapers. As we draw further

back, we see four piles, and as camera continues to pull back, we see six piles and go on back until we see a big field of "Enquirers" - piles of "Enquirers" - all 26,000 copies ready for distribution.

A wagon with a huge sign on its side reading

"ENQUIRER - CIRCULATION 26,000"

passes through foreground, and we wipe to:

A pile of "Enquirers" for sale on a broken down wooden box on a street corner, obviously a poor district. A couple of coins fall on the pile.

The stoop of a period door with old-fashioned enamel milk can and a bag of rolls. Across the sidewalk before this, moves the shadow of an old-fashioned bicycle with an enormous front wheel. A copy of the "Enquirer" is tossed on the stoop.

A breakfast table - beautiful linen and beautiful silver - everything very expensive, gleaming in the sunshine. Into a silver newspaper rack there is slipped a copy of the "Enquirer". Here, as before, the boxed editorial reading "MY PRINCIPLES - A DECLARATION BY CHARLES FOSTER KANE", is very prominent on the front page.

The wooden floor of a railroad station, flashing light and dark as a train behind the camera rushes by. On the floor, there is tossed a bound bundle of the "New York Enquirer" - the Declaration of Principles still prominent.

Rural Delivery - a copy of the "Enquirer"s being put into bins, showing state distribution.

The railroad platform again. We stay here for four images. On each image, the speed of the train is faster and the piles of the "Enquirer" are larger. On the first image, we move in to hold on the words "CIRCULATION - 31,000." We are this close for the next pile which reads 40,000; the next one which reads 55,000, and the last which is 62,000. In each instance, the bundles of newspapers are thicker and the speed of the moving train behind the camera is increased.

The entire montage above indicated is accompanied by a descriptive complement of sound - the traffic noises of New York in the 1890's; wheels on cobblestones and horses' hooves; bicycle bells; the mooing of cattle and the crowing of roosters (in the RFD shot), and in all cases where the railroad platform is used - the mounting sound of the railroad train.

The last figure "62,000" opposite the word "CIRCULATION" on the "Enquirer" masthead changes to:

EXT. STREET AND CHRONICLE BUILDING - DAY - 1895

Angle up to wall of building - a painter on a cradle is putting the last zero to the figure "62,000" on an enormous sign advertising the "Enquirer." It reads:

"THE ENQUIRER
THE PEOPLE'S NEWSPAPER
CIRCULATION 62,000"

Camera travels down side of building - takes in another building on which there is a sign which reads:

"READ THE ENQUIRER
AMERICA'S FINEST
CIRCULATION 62,000"

Camera continues to travel down to sidewalk in front of the Chronicle office. The Chronicle office has a plateglass window in which is reflected traffic moving up and down the street, also the figures of Kane, Leland and Bernstein, who are munching peanuts.

Inside the window, almost filling it, is a large photograph of the "Chronicle" staff, with Reilly prominently seated in the center. A sign over the photo reads: "EDITORIAL AND EXECUTIVE STAFF OF THE NEW YORK CHRONICLE". A sign beneath it reads: "GREATEST NEWSPAPER STAFF IN THE WORLD". The sign also includes the "Chronicle" circulation figure. There are nine men in the photo.

BERNSTEIN
(looking up at the sign -
happily)

Sixty-two thousand -

LELAND

That looks pretty nice.

KANE

(indicating the Chronicle
Building)

Let's hope they like it there.

BERNSTEIN

From the Chronicle Building that sign
is the biggest thing you can see -
every floor guaranteed - let's hope
it bothers them - it cost us enough.

KANE

(pointing to the sign
over the photograph in
the window)

Look at that.

LELAND

The "Chronicle" is a good newspaper.

KANE

It's a good idea for a newspaper.
(reading the figures)
Four hundred sixty thousand.

BERNSTEIN

Say, with them fellows -
(referring to the photo)
- it's no trick to get circulation.

KANE

You're right, Mr. Bernstein.

BERNSTEIN

(sighs)

You know how long it took the
"Chronicle" to get that staff
together? Twenty years.

KANE

I know.

Kane, smiling, lights a cigarette, at the same time looking into the window. Camera moves in to hold on the photograph of nine men, still holding the reflection of Kane's smiling face.

DISSOLVE:

INT. CITY ROOM - THE ENQUIRER - NIGHT - 1895

Nine men, arrayed as in the photograph, but with Kane beaming in the center of the first row. The men, variously with mustaches, beards, bald heads, etc. are easily identified as being the same men, Reilly prominent amongst them.

As camera pulls back, it is revealed that they are being photographed - by an old-type professional photographer, big box, black hood and all - in a corner of the room. It is 1:30 at night. Desks, etc. have been pushed against the wall. Running down the center of the room is a long banquet table, at which twenty diners have finished their meals. The eleven remaining at their seats - these include Bernstein and Leland - are amusedly watching the photographic ceremonies.

PHOTOGRAPHER

That's all. Thank you.

The photographic subjects rise.

KANE

(a sudden thought)

Make up an extra copy and mail it to the "Chronicle."

Chuckling and beaming, he makes his way to his place at the head of the table. The others have already sat down. Kane gets his guests' attention by rapping on the table with a knife.

KANE

Gentlemen of the "Enquirer"! This has, I think, been a fitting welcome to those distinguished journalists -
(indicates the eight men)

Mr. Reilly in particular - who are the latest additions to our ranks. It will make them happy to learn that the "Enquirer's" circulation this morning passed the two hundred thousand mark.

BERNSTEIN

Two hundred and one thousand, six hundred and forty-seven.

General applause.

KANE

All of you - new and old - You're all getting the best salaries in town. Not one of you has been hired because of his loyalty. It's your talent I'm interested in. That talent that's going to make the "Enquirer" the kind of paper I want - the best newspaper in the world!

Applause.

KANE

However, I think you'll agree we've heard enough about newspapers and the newspaper business for one night. There are other subjects in the world.

He puts his two fingers in his mouth and lets out a shrill whistle. This is a signal. A band strikes up a lively ditty of the period and enters in advance a regiment of very magnificent maidens, as daringly arrayed as possible in the chorus costumes of the day. The rest of this episode will be planned and staged later. Its essence is that Kane is just a healthy and happy young man having a wonderful time.

As some of the girls are detached from the line and made into partners for individual dancing -

DISSOLVE OUT:

DISSOLVE IN:

THE "ENQUIRER" SIGN:

"THE ENQUIRER
AMERICA'S FINEST
CIRCULATION
274,321"

Dissolve just completes itself - the image of Kane dancing with a girl on each arm just disappears as camera pans down off the Temple Bldg. in the same action as the previous street scene. There is a new sign on the side of the building below. It reads:

"READ THE ENQUIRER
GREATEST STAFF IN THE WORLD"

Camera continues panning as we

DISSOLVE:

A MONTAGE OF VARIOUS SCENES, BETWEEN THE YEARS 1891-1900

The scenes indicate the growth of the "Enquirer" under the impulse of Kane's personal drive. Kane is shown, thus, at various activities:

Move down from the sign:

"READ THE ENQUIRER
GREATEST STAFF IN THE WORLD"

... to street in front of saloon with parade passing (boys going off to the Spanish-American War)- A torchlight parade with the torches reflected in the glass window of the saloon - the sound of brass band playing "It's a Hot Time." In the window of the saloon is a large sign or poster

"REMEMBER THE MAINE"

INSERT: Remington drawing of American boys, similar to the parade above, in which "Our Boys" in the expeditionary hats are seen marching off to war.

Back of observation car. Shot of Kane congratulating Teddy Roosevelt (the same shot as in the News Digest - without flickering).

The wooden floor of the railroad platform again - a bundle of "Enquirers" - this time an enormous bundle - is thrown down, and the moving shadows of the train behind the camera indicate that it is going like a bat out of hell. A reproduction of Kane and Teddy shaking hands as above is very prominent in the frame and almost hogs the entire front page. The headline indicates the surrender of Cuba.

INT. ENQUIRER OFFICE

Cartoon, highly dramatic and very involved as to content - lousy with captions, labels, and symbolic figures, the most gruesome and recognizable - "Capitalistic Greed." This cartoon is almost finished and is on a drawing board before which stand Kane and the artist himself. Kane is grinning over some suggestion he has made.

DISSOLVE:

THE CARTOON

Finished and reproduced on the editorial page of the "Enquirer" - in quite close, with an editorial and several faces of caps shown underneath. The entire newspaper is crushed with an angry gesture and thrown down into an expensive-looking wastebasket (which is primarily for ticker tape) tape is pouring.

INT. ENQUIRER OFFICE

Cartoonist and Kane working on comic strip of "Johnny the Monk."

DISSOLVE:

FLOOR OF ROOM

Two kids on floor, with newspaper spread out, looking at the same comic strip.

Kane's photographic gallery with photographers, stooges, and Kane himself in attendance on a very hot-looking item of the period. A sob sister is interviewing this hot number and Kane is arranging her dress to look more seductive.

DISSOLVE OUT:

DISSOLVE IN:

THE HOT NUMBER

Reproduced and prominently displayed and covering almost half a page of the "Enquirer." It is being read in a barber shop and is seen in an over-shoulder shot of the man who is reading it. He is getting a shine, a manicure, and a haircut. The sob-sister caption over the photograph reveals: "I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT I WAS DOING, SAYS DANCER. EVERYTHING WENT RED." An oval photograph of the gun is included in the lay-out of the pretty lady with a headline which says: "DEATH GUN."

STREET - SHOT OF BUCKET BRIGADE

Shot of Kane, in evening clothes, in obvious position of danger, grabbing camera from photographer. Before him rages a terrific tenement fire.

DISSOLVE:

INSERT

Headline about inadequacy of present fire equipment.

DISSOLVE:

FINAL SHOT

Of a new horse-drawn steam engine roaring around a street corner (Stock).

DISSOLVE:

A BLACK PATTERN OF IRON BARS

We are in a prison cell. The door is opened and a condemned man, with priest, warden and the usual attendants, moves into foreground and starts up the hall past a group which includes photographers, Kane's sob-sister, and Kane. The photographers take pictures with a mighty flash of old-fashioned flash powder. The condemned man in the foreground (in silhouette) is startled by this.

DISSOLVE:

A COPY OF THE "ENQUIRER"

Spread out on a table. A big lay-out of the execution story includes the killer as photographed by Kane's photographers, and nearby on the other page there is a large picture of the new steam fire engine (made from the stock shot) with a headline indicating that the "Enquirer" has won its campaign for better equipment. A cup of coffee and a doughnut are on the newspaper, and a servant girl - over whose shoulder we see the paper - is stirring the coffee.

The Beaux Art Ball. A number of elderly swells are jammed into a hallway. Servants suddenly divest them of their furs, overcoats and wraps, revealing them to be in fancy dress costume, pink fleshings, etc., the effect to be very surprising, very lavish and very very ridiculous. We see, among others, Mr. Thatcher himself (as Ben Hur) ribbon around, his bald head and all. At the conclusion of this tableau, the image freezes and we pull back to show it reproduced on the society page of the "New York Enquirer."

Over the "Enquirer"'s pictorial version of the Beaux Art Ball is thrown a huge fish - then coffee grounds - altogether a pretty repulsive sight.

The whole thing is bundled up and thrown into a garbage can.

Extreme close-up of the words: "OCCUPATION - JOURNALIST."

Camera pulls back to show passport open to the photograph page which shows Kane, registering birth, race, and nationality. Passport cover is closed, showing it to be an American passport.

EXT. CUNARD DOCKS - GANGPLANK AND DECK OF BOAT - NIGHT - 1900

As camera pulls back over shoulder of official, taking in Kane, Leland, and Bernstein, we see the bustle and noise of departing ocean liner. Behind the principles can be seen an enormous plain sign which reads: "FIRST CLASS." From offstage can be heard the steward's cry, indispensable in any Mercury production, the old familiar cry, "All Ashore That's Going Ashore!" - gongs, also blasts of the great whistle and all the rest of it.

THE OFFICIAL

There you are, Mr. Kane. Everything in order.

KANE

Thank you.

Kane and Leland and Bernstein start up the gangplank.

THE OFFICIAL

(calling)

Have a good rest, Mr. Kane.

KANE

Thanks.

BERNSTEIN

But please, Mr. Kane, don't buy any more paintings. Nine Venuses already we got, twenty-six Virgins - two whole warehouses full of stuff -

KANE

I promise not to bring any more Venuses and not to worry - and not to

try to get in touch with any of the papers -

STEWARD'S VOICE

All ashore!

KANE

- and to forget about the new feature sections - and not to try to think up and ideas for comic sections.

STEWARD'S VOICE

All ashore that's going ashore!

Kane leaves Leland and Bernstein midway up gangplank, as he rushes up to it, calling back with a wave:

KANE

Goodbye, gents!

(at the top of the gangplank, he turns and calls down)

Hey!

KANE

(calling down to them)

You don't expect me to keep any of those promises, do you?

A band on deck strikes up "Auld Lang Syne." Bernstein and Leland turn to each other.

BERNSTEIN

Do you, Mr. Leland?

LELAND

(smiling)

Certainly not.

They start down the gangplank together.

DISSOLVE:

LONG SHOT OF THE ENQUIRER BUILDING - NIGHT

The pattern of telegraph wires, dripping with rain, through which we see the same old building but now rendered fairly remarkable by tremendous outline sign in gold which reads "THE NEW YORK DAILY ENQUIRER." A couple of lights show in the building. We start toward the window where the lights show, as we -

DISSOLVE:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE WINDOW AT BERNSTEIN'S DESK - NIGHT

The light in the window in the former shot was showing behind the letter "E" of the Enquirer sign. Now the letter "E" is even larger than the frame of the camera. Rain drips disconsolately off the middle part of the figure. We see through this and through the drizzle of the window to Bernstein's desk where he sits working under a blue shaded light.

DISSOLVE OUT:

DISSOLVE IN:

SAME SETUP AS BEFORE

Except that it is now late afternoon and late in the winter of the year. The outline "E" is hung with icicles which are melting, dripping despairingly between us and Mr. Bernstein, still seated at his desk - still working.

DISSOLVE:

SAME SETUP AS BEFORE

Except that it is spring. Instead of the sad sounds of dripping rain or dripping icicles, we hear the melancholy cry of a hurdy-gurdy in the street below. It is spring and through the letter "E" we can see Bernstein working at his desk. Pigeons are gathering on the "E" and on the sill. Bernstein looks up and sees them. He takes some crumbs from his little homemade lunch which is spread out on the desk before him, carries them to the windows and feeds the pigeons, looking moodily out on the prospect of

spring on Park Row. The birds eat the crumbs - the hurdy-gurdy continues to play.

DISSOLVE:

THE SAME SETUP AGAIN

It is now summer. The window was half-open before .. now it's open all the way and Bernstein has gone so far as to take off his coat. His shirt and his celluloid collar are wringing wet. Camera moves toward the window to tighten on Bernstein and to take in the City Room behind him, which is absolutely deserted. It is clear that there is almost nothing more for Bernstein to do. The hurdy-gurdy in the street is playing as before, but a new tune.

DISSOLVE:

A BEACH ON CONEY ISLAND

Bernstein in a rented period bathing suit sits alone in the sand, reading a copy of the "Enquirer."

DISSOLVE OUT:

DISSOLVE IN:

INT. CITY ROOM - ENQUIRER BUILDING - DAY - 1900

The whole floor is now a City Room. It is twice its former size, yet not too large for all the desks and the people using them. The windows have been enlarged, providing a good deal more light and air. A wall calendar says September 9th.

Kane and Bernstein enter and stand in the entrance a moment. Kane, who really did look a bit peaked before, is now clear-eyed and tanned. He is wearing new English clothes. As they come into the room, Bernstein practically walking sideways, is doing nothing but beaming and admiring Kane, quelling like a mother at the Carnegie Hall debut of her son. Seeing and recognizing Kane, the entire staff rises to its feet.

KANE

(referring to the staff;
with a smile)

Ask them to sit down, Mr. Bernstein.

BERNSTEIN

Sit down, everybody - for heaven's
sake!

The order is immediately obeyed, everybody going into
business of feverish activity.

BERNSTEIN

So then, tonight, we go over
everything thoroughly, eh? Especially
the new papers -

KANE

We certainly do. Vacation's over -
starting right after dinner. But
right now - that lady over there -
(he indicates a woman at
the desk)
- that's the new society editor, I
take it? You think I could interrupt
her a moment, Mr. Bernstein?

BERNSTEIN

Huh? Oh, I forgot - you've been away
so long I forgot about your joking -

He trails after Kane as he approaches the Society
Editor's desk. The Society Editor, a middle-aged
spinster, sees him approaching and starts to quake all
over, but tries to pretend she isn't aware of him. An
envelope in her hand shakes violently. Kane and Bernstein
stop at her desk.

BERNSTEIN

Miss Townsend -

Miss Townsend looks up and is so surprised to see
Bernstein with a stranger.

MISS TOWNSEND

Good afternoon, Mr. Bernstein.

BERNSTEIN

This is Mr. Kane, Miss Townsend.

Miss Townsend can't stick to her plan. She starts to rise, but her legs are none too good under her. She knocks over a tray of copy paper as she rises, and bends to pick it up.

KANE

(very hesitatingly and
very softly)

Miss Townsend -

At the sound of his voice, she straightens up. She is very close to death from excitement.

KANE

I've been away for several months,
and I don't know exactly how these
things are handled now. But one thing
I wanted to be sure of is that you
won't treat this little announcement
any differently than you would any
other similar announcement.

He hands her an envelope. She has difficulty in holding on to it.

KANE

(gently)

Read it, Miss Townsend. And remember
- just the regular treatment! See you
at nine o'clock, Mr. Bernstein!

Kane leaves. Bernstein looks after him, then at the paper. Miss Townsend finally manages to open the envelope. A piece of flimsy paper, with a few written lines, is her reward.

MISS TOWNSEND

(reading)

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Moore Norton
announce the engagement of their
daughter, Emily Monroe Norton, to Mr.
Charles Foster Kane.

BERNSTEIN

(starts to read it)
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Moore Norton
announce -

MISS TOWNSEND
(fluttering - on top of
him)
She's - she's the niece of - of the
President of the United States -

BERNSTEIN
(nodding proudly)
I know. Come on, Miss Townsend - From
the window, maybe we can get a look.

He takes her by the hand and leads her off.

Angle toward open window. Bernstein and Miss Townsend,
backs to camera, rushing to the window.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE ENQUIRER BUILDING - DAY - 1900

High angle downward - what Bernstein and Miss Townsend
see from the window.

Kane is just stepping into an elegant barouch, drawn up
at the curb, in which sits Miss Emily Norton. He kisses
her full on the lips before he sits down. She acts a bit
taken aback, because of the public nature of the scene,
but she isn't really annoyed. As the barouche starts off,
she is looking at him adoringly. He, however, has turned
his head and is looking adoringly at the "Enquirer." He
apparently sees Bernstein and Miss Townsed and waves his
hand.

INT. CITY ROOM - ENQUIRER - DAY - 1900

Bernstein and Miss Townsend at window.

BERNSTEIN
A girl like that, believe me, she's
lucky! Presiden't niece, huh! Say,
before he's through, she'll be a
Presiden't wife.

Miss Townsend is now dewey-eyed. She looks at Bernstein, who has turned away, gazing down at the departing couple.

DISSOLVE:

FRONT PAGE OF THE "ENQUIRER"

Large picture of the young couple - Kane and Emily - occupying four columns - very happy.

DISSOLVE:

INT. BERNSTEIN'S OFFICE - ENQUIRER - DAY - 1940

Bernstein and Thompson. As the dissolve comes, Bernstein's voice is heard.

BERNSTEIN

The way things turned out, I don't need to tell you - Miss Emily Norton was no rosebud!

THOMPSON

It didn't end very well, did it?

BERNSTEIN

(shaking his head)
It ended -
(a slight pause)
Then there was Susie - that ended, too.
(shrugs, a pause; then looking up into Thompson's eyes)
I guess he didn't make her very happy -
(a pause)
You know, I was thinking - that Rosebud you're trying to find out about -

THOMPSON

Yes -

BERNSTEIN

Maybe that was something he lost. Mr. Kane was a man that lost - almost everything he had -

(a pause)

You ought to talk to Bradford Leland. He could tell you a lot. I wish I could tell you where Leland is, but I don't know myself. He may be out of town somewhere - he may be dead.

THOMPSON

In case you'd like to know, Mr. Bernstein, he's at the Huntington Memorial Hospital on 180th Street.

BERNSTEIN

You don't say! Why I had no idea -

THOMPSON

Nothing particular the matter with him, they tell me. Just -
(controls himself)

BERNSTEIN

Just old age.

(smiles sadly)

It's the only disease, Mr. Thompson, you don't look forward to being cured of.

(pauses)

You ought to see Mr. Leland. There's a whole lot of things he could tell you - if he wanted to.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. HOSPITAL ROOF - DAY - 1940

Close shot - Thompson. He is tilted back in a chair which seems to be, and is, leaning against a chimney. Leland's voice is heard for a few moments before Leland is seen.

LELAND'S VOICE

When you get to my age, young man, you don't miss anything. Unless maybe it's a good drink of bourbon. Even that doesn't make much difference, if you remember there hasn't been any good bourbon in this country for twenty years.

Camera has pulled back, during above speech, revealing that Leland, wrapped in a blanket, is in a wheel chair, talking to Thompson. They are on the flat roof of a hospital. Other people in wheel chairs can be seen in the background, along with a nurse or two. They are all sunning themselves.

THOMPSON

Mr. Leland, you were -

LELAND

You don't happen to have a cigar, do you? I've got a young physician - must remember to ask to see his license - the odds are a hundred to one he hasn't got one - who thinks I'm going to stop smoking... I changed the subject, didn't I? Dear, dear! What a disagreeable old man I've become. You want to know what I think of Charlie Kane? Well - I suppose he has some private sort of greatness. But he kept it to himself.
(grinning)

He never - gave himself away - He never gave anything away. He just - left you a tip. He had a generous mind. I don't suppose anybody ever had so many opinions. That was because he had the power to express them, and Charlie lived on power and the excitement of using it - But he didn't believe in anything except Charlie Kane. He never had a conviction in his life. I guess he died without one - That must have been pretty unpleasant. Of course, a lot of us check out with no special conviction about death. But we do

know what we're leaving... we believe
in something.

(looks sharply at
Thompson)

You're absolutely sure you haven't
got a cigar?

THOMPSON

Sorry, Mr. Leland.

LELAND

Never mind - Bernstein told you about
the first days at the office, didn't
he? Well, Charlie was a bad newspaper
man even then. He entertained his
readers, but he never told them the
truth.

THOMPSON

Maybe you could remember something
that -

LELAND

I can remember everything. That's my
curse, young man. It's the greatest
curse that's ever been inflicted on
the human race. Memory - I was his
oldest friend.

(slowly)

As far as I was concerned, he behaved
like swine. Maybe I wasn't his
friend. If I wasn't, he never had
one. Maybe I was what nowadays you
call a stooge -

DISSOLVE OUT:

DISSOLVE IN:

INT. CITY ROOM - THE ENQUIRER - NIGHT - 1895

The party (previously shown in the Bernstein sequence).

We start this sequence toward the end of the former one,
but from a fresh angle, holding on Leland, who is at the
end of the table. Kane is heard off, making a speech.

KANE'S VOICE

Not one of you has been hired because of his loyalty. It's your talent I'm interested in. That talent that's going to make the "Enquirer" the kind of paper I want - the best newspaper in the world!

Applause. During above, Bernstein has come to Leland's side.

BERNSTEIN

Isn't it wonderful? Such a party!

LELAND

Yes.

His tone causes Bernstein to look at him.

KANE'S VOICE

However, I think you'll agree we've heard enough about newspapers and the newspaper business for one night.

The above speeches are heard under the following dialogue.

BERNSTEIN

(to Leland)

What's the matter?

LELAND

Mr. Bernstein, these men who are now with the "Enquirer" - who were with the "Chronicle" until yesterday - weren't they just as devoted to the "Chronicle" kind of paper as they are now to - our kind of paper?

BERNSTEIN

Sure. They're like anybody else. They got work to do. They do it.

(proudly)

Only they happen to be the best men in the business.

KANE

(finishing his speech)

There are other subjects in the world

-

Kane whistles. The band and the chorus girls enter and hell breaks loose all around Leland and Bernstein.

LELAND

(after a minute)

Do we stand for the same things that the "Chronicle" stands for, Mr. Bernstein?

BERNSTEIN

(indignantlly)

Certainly not. So what's that got to do with it? Mr. Kane, he'll have them changed to his kind of newspapermen in a week.

LELAND

Probably. There's always a chance, of course, that they'll change Mr. Kane - without his knowing it.

Kane has come up to Leland and Bernstein. He sits down next to them, lighting a cigarette.

KANE

Well, gentlemen, are we going to war?

LELAND

Our readers are, anyway, I don't know about the rest of the country.

KANE

(enthusiastically)

It'll be our first foreign war in fifty years, Brad. We'll cover it the way the "Hickville Gazette" covers the church social! The names of everybody there; what they wore; what they ate; who won the prizes; who gave the prizes -

(gets excited)

I tell you, Brad, I envy you.

(quoting)
 By Bradford Leland, the "Enquirer's"
 Special Correspondent at the Front.
 I'm almost tempted -

LELAND
 But there is no Front, Charlie.
 There's a very doubtful civil war.
 Besides, I don't want the job.

KANE
 All right, Brad, all right - you
 don't have to be a war correspondent
 unless you want to - I'd want to.
 (looking up)
 Hello, Georgie.

Georgie, a very handsome madam has walked into the
 picture, stands behind him. She leans over and speaks
 quietly in his ear.

GEORGIE
 Is everything the way you want it,
 dear?

KANE
 (looking around)
 If everybody's having fun, that's the
 way I want it.

GEORGIE
 I've got some other little girls
 coming over -

LELAND
 (interrupting)
 Charles, I tell you there is no war!
 There's a condition that should be
 remedied - but between that and a -

KANE
 (seriously)
 How would the "Enquirer" look with no
 news about this non-existent war -
 with Benton, Pulitzer and Heart
 devoting twenty columns a day to it?

LELAND

They do it only because you do!

KANE

(grins)

And I do it because they do it, and they do it - it's a vicious circle, isn't it?

(rises)

I'm going over to Georgie's, Brad - you know, Georgie, don't you?

Leland nods.

GEORGIE

(over Kane's next lines)

Glad to meet you, Brad.

Leland shudders.

KANE

I told you about Brad, Georgie. He needs to relax.

Brad doesn't answer.

KANE

Some ships with wonderful wines have managed to slip through the enemy fleet that's blockading New York harbor -

(grins)

Georgie knows a young lady whom I'm sure you'd adore - wouldn't he, Georgie? Why only the other evening I said to myself, if Brad were only here to adore this young lady - this

-

(snaps his fingers)

What's her name again?

DISSOLVE OUT:

DISSOLVE IN:

INT. GEORGIE'S PLACE - NIGHT - 1895

Georgie is introducing a young lady to Branford Leland.
On sound track we hear piano music.

GEORGIE

(right on cue from
preceding scene)

Ethel - this gentlemen has been very
anxious to meet you - This is Ethel.

ETHEL

Hello, Mr. Leland.

Camera pans to include Kane, seated at piano, with girls
gathered around him.

ONE OF THE GIRLS

Charlie! Play the song about you.

ANOTHER GIRL

Is there a song about Charlie?

Kane has broken into "Oh, Mr. Kane!" and Charlie and the
girls start to sing. Ethel leads the unhappy Leland over
to the group. Kane, seeing Leland and taking his eye,
motions to the professor who has been standing next to
him to take over. The professor does so. The singing
continues. Kane rises and crosses to Leland.

KANE

Say, Brad.
(draws him slightly
aside)
I've got an idea.

LELAND

Yes?

KANE

I mean I've got a job for you.

LELAND

Good.

KANE

You don't want to be a war correspondent - how about being a dramatic critic?

LELAND
 (sincerely, but not gushing; seriously)
 I'd like that.

Kane starts quietly to dance in time to the music. Leland smiles at him.

KANE
 You start tomorrow night. Richard Carl in "The Spring Chicken."
 (or supply show)
 I'll get us some girls. You get tickets. A drama critic gets them free, you know.
 (grins)
 Rector's at seven?

LELAND
 Charlie -

KANE
 Yes?

LELAND
 (still smiling)
 It doesn't make any difference about me, but one of these days you're going to find out that all this charm of yours won't be enough -

KANE
 (has stopped dancing)
 You're wrong. It does make a difference to you - Rector's, Brad?
 (starts to dance again)
 Come to think of it, I don't blame you for not wanting to be a war correspondent. You won't miss anything. It isn't much of a war. Besides, they tell me there isn't a decent restaurant on the whole island.

DISSOLVE OUT:

DISSOLVE IN:

INT. RECTOR'S - NIGHT - 1898

Leland, Kane, two young ladies at Rector's. Popular music is heard over the soundtrack. Everybody is laughing very, very hard at something Kane has said. The girls are hysterical. Kane can hardly breathe. As Leland's laughter becomes more and more hearty, it only increases the laughter of the others.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. CUNARD LOCKS - GANGPLANK AND DECK OF BOAT - NIGHT - 1900

As told by Bernstein. Kane is calling down to Leland and Bernstein (as before).

KANE

You don't expect me to keep any of those promises, do you?

A band on deck strikes up "Auld Lang Syne" and further ship-to-shore conversation is rendered unfeasible.

Bernstein and Leland on deck.

BERNSTEIN

(turns to Leland)

Do you, Mr. Leland?

LELAND

(smiling)

Certainly not.

Slight pause. They continue on their way.

BERNSTEIN

Mr. Leland, why didn't you go to Europe with him? He wanted you to. He said to me just yesterday -

LELAND

I wanted him to have fun - and with me along -

This stops Bernstein. Bernstein looks at him.

LELAND

Mr. Bernstein, I wish you'd let me ask you a few questions, and answer me truthfully.

BERNSTEIN

Don't I always? Most of the time?

LELAND

Mr. Bernstein, am I a stuffed shirt? Am I a horse-faced hypocrite? Am I a New England school-marm?

BERNSTEIN

Yes.

Leland is surprised.

BERNSTEIN

If you thought I'd answer different from what Mr. Kane tells you - well, I wouldn't.

LELAND

(good naturedly)

You're in a conspiracy against me, you two. You always have been.

BERNSTEIN

Against me there should be such a conspiracy some time!

He pauses. "Auld Lang Syne" can still be heard from the deck of the department steamer.

BERNSTEIN

(with a hopeful look in his eyes)

Well, he'll be coming back in September. The Majestic. I got the

reservations. It gets in on the ninth.

LELAND
September the ninth?

Leland puts his hand in his pocket, pulls out a pencil and small engagement book, opens the book and starts to write.

Leland's pencil writing on a page in the engagement book open to September 9: "Rector's - 8:30 p.m."

DISSOLVE:

FRONT PAGE "ENQUIRER"

Large picture of the young couple - Kane and Emily - occupying four columns - very happy.

EXT. HOSPITAL ROOF - DAY - 1940

Leland and Thompson. Leland is speaking as we dissolve.

LELAND
I used to go to dancing school with her.

Thompson had handed Leland a paper.

LELAND
What's this?

THOMPSON
It's a letter from her lawyers.

LELAND
(reading aloud from the letter)
David, Grobleski & Davis - My dear Rawlston -
(looks up)

THOMPSON
Rawlston is my boss.

LELAND

Oh, yes. I know about Mr. Rawlston.

THOMPSON

He knows the first Mrs. Kane socially
- That's the answer we got.

LELAND

(reading)

I am in receipt of your favor of
yesterday. I beg you to do me the
courtesy of accepting my assurance
that Mrs. Whitehall cannot be induced
to contribute any more information on
the career of Charles Foster Kane.
She has authorized me to state on
previous occasions that she regards
their brief marriage as a distateful
episode in her life that she prefers
to forget. With assurances of the
highest esteem -

Leland hands the paper back to Thompson.

LELAND

Brief marriage! Ten years!
(sighs)

THOMPSON

Was he in love?

LELAND

He married for love -
(a little laugh)
That's why he did everything. That's
why he went into politics. It seems
we weren't enough. He wanted all the
voters to love him, too. All he
really wanted out of life was love.
That's Charlie's story - it's the
story of how he lost it. You see, he
just didn't have any to give. He
loved Charlie Kane, of course, very
dearly - and his mother, I guess he
always loved her. As for Emily -
well, all I can tell you is Emily's

story as she told it to me, which probably isn't fair - there's supposed to be two sides to every story - and I guess there are. I guess there's more than two sides -

DISSOLVE OUT:

DISSOLVE IN:

NEWSPAPER

Kane's marriage to Emily with still of group on White House lawn, same setup as early newsreel in News Digest.

DISSOLVE:

SCREAMING HEADLINE:

"OIL SCANDAL!"

DISSOLVE:

HEADLINE READING:

"KANE TO SEE PRESIDENT"

DISSOLVE:

BIG HEADLINE ON "ENQUIRER" FRONT PAGE WHICH READS:

"KANE TO SEE PRESIDENT"

Under this, one of those big box signed editorials, typical of Kane, illustrated, on subject of the power of the president, expressed in about nine different cases of type, and illustrated by a cartoon of the White House, on which camera tightens, as we -

DISSOLVE OUT:

DISSOLVE IN: