

Slowly, Susan turns.

KANE

Did you ever see anybody wiggle both  
his ears at the same time?

It takes a second for Susan to adapt herself to this.

KANE

Watch closely!

(he wiggles his ears)

It took me two solid years at the  
finest boys' school in the world to  
learn that trick. The fellow who  
taught me is President of Venezuela  
now.

He's still wiggling his ears as Susan starts to smile.

KANE

That's it! Smile!

Susan smiles, very broadly.

DISSOLVE:

INT. SUSAN'S ROOM - NIGHT - 1910

Closeup of a duck, camera pulls back showing it to be a  
shadowgraph on the wall, made by Kane, who is now in his  
shirt sleeves. It is about an hour later than preceding  
sequence.

SUSAN

(hesitatingly)

A chicken?

KANE

No. But you're close.

SUSAN

A rooster?

KANE

You're getting farther away all the  
time. It's a duck.

SUSAN

Excuse me, Mr. Kane. I know this takes a lot of nerve, but - who are you? I mean - I'm pretty ignorant, I guess you caught on to that -

KANE

(looks squarely at her)  
You really don't know who I am?

SUSAN

No. That is, I bet it turns out I've heard your name a million times, only you know how it is -

KANE

But you like me, don't you? Even though you don't know who I am?

SUSAN

You've been wonderful! I can't tell you how glad I am you're here, I don't know many people and -  
(she stops)

KANE

And I know too many people.  
Obviously, we're both lonely.  
(he smiles)  
Would you like to know where I was going tonight - when you ran into me and ruined my Sunday clothes?

SUSAN

I didn't run into you and I bet they're not your Sunday clothes. You've probably got a lot of clothes.

KANE

(as if defending himself from a terrible onslaught)  
I was only joking!  
(pauses)

This evening I was on my way to the Western Manhattan Warehouses - in search of my youth.

Susan is bewildered.

KANE

You see, my mother died, too - a long time ago. Her things were put into storage out west because I had no place to put them then. I still haven't. But now I've sent for them just the same. And tonight I'd planned to make a sort of sentimental journey -

(slowly)

- to the scenes of my youth - my childhood, I suppose - to look again at -

(he changes mood slightly)

- and now -

Kane doesn't finish. He looks at Susan. Silence.

KANE

Who am I? Well, let's see. Charles Foster Kane was born in New Salem, Colorado in eighteen six -

(he stops on the word "sixty" - obviously a little embarrassed)

I run a couple of newspapers. How about you?

SUSAN

Oh, me -

KANE

How old did you say you were?

SUSAN

(very bright)

I didn't say.

KANE

I didn't think you did. If you had, I wouldn't have asked you again, because I'd have remembered. How old?

SUSAN

Pretty old. I'll be twenty-two in August.

KANE

(looks at her silently  
for a moment)

That's a ripe old age - What do you do?

SUSAN

I work at Seligman's.

KANE

Is that what you want to do?

SUSAN

I want to be a singer.

(she thinks for a moment)

I mean, I didn't. Mother did for me.

KANE

(sympathetically)

What happened to the singing? You're not in a show, are you?

SUSAN

Oh, no! Nothing like that. Mother always thought - she used to talk about Grand Opera for me. Imagine! An American girl, for one thing - and then my voice isn't really that kind anyway, it's just that Mother - you know what mothers are like.

A sudden look comes over Kane's face.

KANE

Yes -

SUSAN

As a matter of fact, I do sing a little.

KANE  
(points to the piano)  
Would you sing for me?

SUSAN  
(bashful)  
Oh, you wouldn't want to hear me  
sing.

KANE  
Yes, I would. That's why I asked.

SUSAN  
Well, I -

KANE  
Don't tell me your toothache is  
bothering you again?

SUSAN  
Oh, no, that's all gone.

KANE  
Then you have no alibi at all. Please  
sing.

Susan, with a tiny ladylike hesitancy, goes to the piano and sings a polite song. Sweetly, nicely, she sings with a small, untrained voice. Kane listens. He is relaxed, at ease with the world.

DISSOLVE:

INT. "EL RANCHO" CABARET - EARLY DAWN - 1940

Susan tosses down a drink, then goes on with her story.

SUSAN  
I did a lot of singing after that. I  
sang for Charlie - I sang for  
teachers at a hundred bucks an hour -  
the teachers got that, I didn't -

THOMPSON  
What did you get?

SUSAN  
(glares at him balefully)  
What do you mean?

Thompson doesn't answer.

SUSAN  
I didn't get a thing. Just the music lessons. That's all there was to it.

THOMPSON  
He married you, didn't he?

SUSAN  
He was in love with me. But he never told me so until after it all came out in the papers about us - and he lost the election and that Norton woman divorced him.

THOMPSON  
What about that apartment?

SUSAN  
He wanted me to be comfortable - Oh, why should I bother? You don't believe me, but it's true. It just happens to be true. He was really interested in my voice.  
(sharply)  
What are you smiling for? What do you think he built that opera house for? I didn't want it. I didn't want to sing. It was his idea - everything was his idea - except my leaving him.

DISSOLVE:

INT. LIVING ROOM OF KANE'S HOUSE IN NEW YORK - DAY - 1913

Susan is singing. Matisti, her voice teacher, is playing the piano. Kane is seated nearby. Matisti stops.

MATISTI  
Impossible! Impossible!

KANE

Your job isn't to give Mrs. Kane your opinion of her talents. You're supposed to train her voice. Nothing more.

MATISTI

(sweating)

But, it is impossible. I will be the laughingstock of the musical world! People will say -

KANE

If you're interested in what people say, Signor Matisti, I may be able to enlighten you a bit. The newspapers, for instance. I'm an authority on what the papers will say, Signor Matisti, because I own eight of them between here and San Francisco... It's all right, dear. Signor Matisti is going to listen to reason. Aren't you, maestro?

(he looks him square in the eyes)

MATISTI

Mr. Kane, how can I persuade you -

KANE

You can't.

There is a silence. Matisti rises.

KANE

I knew you'd see it my way.

DISSOLVE:

INT. CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT - 1914

It is the same opening night - it is the same moment as before - except that the camera is now upstage angling toward the audience. The curtain is down. We see the same tableau as before - the terrified and trembling Susan,

the apprehensive principals, the maids and singing teachers, the stage hands. As the dissolve commences, there is the sound of applause (exactly as before) and now as the dissolve completes itself, the orchestra breaks frighteningly into opening chords of the music - the stage is cleared - Susan is left alone, terribly alone. The curtain rises. The glare of the footlights jump into the image. The curtain is now out of the picture and Susan starts to sing. Beyond her, we see the prompter's box, containing the anxious face of the prompter. Beyond that, out in the darkness - an apprehensive conductor struggles with his task of coordinating an orchestra and an incompetent singer. Beyond that - dimly white shirt fronts and glistening bosoms for a couple of rows, and then deep and terrible darkness.

CLOSEUP of Kane's face - seated in the audience - listening.

A sudden but perfectly correct lull in the music reveals a voice from the audience - a few words from a sentence - the kind of thing that often happens in a theatre -

THE VOICE  
- really pathetic.

Music crashes in and drowns out the rest of the sentence, but hundreds of people around the voice have heard it (as well as Kane) and there are titters which grow in volume.

CLOSEUP of Susan's face - singing.

CLOSEUP of Kane's face - listening.

There is the ghastly sound of three thousand people applauding as little as possible. Kane still looks. Then, near the camera, there is the sound of about a dozen people applauding very, very loudly. Camera moves back, revealing Bernstein and Reilly and other Kane stooges, seated around him, beating their palms together. The curtain is falling - as we can see by the light which shutters down off their faces.

The stage from Kane's angle.



The curtain is down - the lights glowing on it. Still, the polite applause dying fast. Nobody comes out for a bow.

CLOSEUP of Kane - breathing heavily. Suddenly he starts to applaud furiously.

The stage from the audience again.

Susan appears for her bow. She can hardly walk. There is a little polite crescendo of applause, but it is sickly.

CLOSEUP of Kane - still applauding very, very hard, his eyes on Susan.

The stage again.

Susan, finishing her bow, goes out through the curtains. The light on the curtain goes out and the houselights go on.

CLOSEUP of Kane - still applauding very, very hard.

DISSOLVE:

INT. STUDY - KANE'S NEW YORK HOME - DAY - 1914

Some weeks later. Susan, in a negligee, is at the window. There are the remains of her breakfast tray on a little table.

SUSAN

You don't propose to have yourself made ridiculous? What about me? I'm the one that has to do the singing. I'm the one that gets the razzberries.

(pauses)

Last week, when I was shopping, one of the salesgirls did an imitation of me for another girl. She thought I didn't see her, but - Charlie, you might as well make up your mind to it. This is one thing you're not going to have your own way about. I

can't sing and you know it - Why  
can't you just -

Kane rises and walks toward her. There is cold menace in his walk. Susan shrinks a little as he draws closer to her.

KANE

My reasons satisfy me, Susan. You seem unable to understand them. I will not tell them to you again.

(he is very close to her)

You will continue with your singing.

His eyes are relentlessly upon her. She sees something in them that frightens her. She nods her head slowly, indicating surrender.

DISSOLVE OUT:

DISSOLVE IN:

FRONT PAGE OF THE "SAN FRANCISCO ENQUIRER"

Containing a large portrait of Susan as Thais (as before). It is announced that Susan will open an independent season in San Francisco in "Thais." The picture remains constant but the names of the papers change from New York to St. Louis, to Los Angeles to Cleveland, to Denver to Philadelphia - all "Enquirers."

During all this, on the soundtrack, Susan's voice is heard singing her aria very faintly and far away, her voice cracking a little.

At the conclusion of this above, Susan has finished her song, and there is the same mild applause as before - over the sound of this, one man loudly applauding. This fades out as we -

DISSOLVE:

INT. SUSAN'S BEDROOM - KANE'S NEW YORK HOME - LATE NIGHT  
- 1916

The camera angles across the bed and Susan's form towards the door, from the other side of which voices can be heard.

KANE'S VOICE

Let's have your keys, Raymond.

RAYMOND'S VOICE

Yes, sir.

KANE'S VOICE

The key must be in the other side.

(pause)

We'll knock the door down, Raymond.

RAYMOND'S VOICE

(calling)

Mrs. Kane -

KANE'S VOICE

Do what I say.

The door crashes open, light floods in the room, revealing Susan, fully dressed, stretched out on the bed, one arm dangling over the side. Kane rushes to her.

KANE

Get Dr. Corey.

RAYMOND

Yes, sir.

He rushes out. Susan is breathing, but heavily. Kane loosens the lace collar at her throat.

DISSOLVE:

INT. SUSAN'S ROOM - LATE NIGHT - 1916

A little later. All the lights are lit. Susan, in a nightgown, is in bed, asleep. Raymond and a nurse are just leaving the room, Raymond closing the door quietly behind him. Dr. Corey rises.

DR. COREY

She'll be perfectly all right in a day or two, Mr. Kane.

Kane nods. He has a small bottle in his hand.

DR. COREY

The nurse has complete instructions, but if you care to talk to me at any time, I should be only too glad - I shall be here in the morning.

KANE

Thank you. I can't imagine how Mrs. Kane came to make such a silly mistake. The sedative Dr. Wagner gave her is in a somewhat larger bottle - I suppose the strain of preparing for her trip has excited and confused her.

DR. COREY

I'm sure that's it.  
(he starts out)

KANE

There are no objections to my staying here with her, are there?

DR. COREY

Not at all. I'd like the nurse to be here, too.

KANE

Of course.

Dr. Corey leaves. Kane settles himself in a chair next to the bed, looking at Susan. In a moment, the nurse enters, goes to a chair in the corner of the room, and sits down.

DISSOLVE:

INT. SUSAN'S ROOM - DAY - 1916

Susan, utterly spent, is lying flat on her back in her bed. Kane is in the chair beside her. The nurse is out of the room.

SUSAN

(in a voice that comes  
from far away)

I couldn't make you see how I felt,  
Charlie. I just couldn't - I couldn't  
go threw with singing again. You  
don't know what it means to feel - to  
know that people - that an audience  
don't want you. That if you haven't  
got what they want - a real voice -  
they just don't care about you. Even  
when they're polite - and they don't  
laugh or get restless or - you  
know... They don't want you. They  
just -

KANE

(angrily)

That's when you've got to fight them.  
That's when you've got to make them.  
That's -

Susan's head turns and she looks at him silently with  
pathetic eyes.

KANE

I'm sorry.

(he leans over to pat her  
hand)

You won't have to fight them anymore.

(he smiles a little)

It's their loss.

Gratefully, Susan, with difficulty, brings her other hand  
over to cover his.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT OF XANADU - HALF BUILT

INT. THE GRAND HALL IN XANADU - 1925

CLOSEUP of an enormous jigsaw puzzle. A hand is putting  
in the last piece. Camera moves back to reveal jigsaw  
puzzle spread out on the floor.

Susan is on the floor before her jigsaw puzzle. Kane is in an easy chair. Behind them towers the massive Renaissance fireplace. It is night and Baroque candelabra illuminates the scene.

SUSAN  
(with a sigh)  
What time is it?

There is no answer.

SUSAN  
Charlie! I said, what time is it?

KANE  
(looks up - consults his  
watch)  
Half past eleven.

SUSAN  
I mean in New York.

KANE  
Half past eleven.

SUSAN  
At night?

KANE  
Yes. The bulldog's just gone to  
press.

SUSAN  
(sarcastically)  
Hurray for the bulldog!  
(sighs)  
Half past eleven! The shows have just  
let out. People are going to night  
clubs and restaurants. Of course,  
we're different. We live in a palace  
- at the end of the world.

KANE  
You always said you wanted to live in  
a palace.

SUSAN  
Can't we go back, Charlie?

Kane looks at her smilingly and turns back to his work.

SUSAN  
Charlie -

There is no answer.

SUSAN  
If I promise to be a good girl! Not  
to drink - and to entertain all the  
governors and the senators with  
dignity -  
(she puts a slur into the  
word)  
Charlie -

There is still no answer.

DISSOLVE OUT:

DISSOLVE IN:

ANOTHER PICTURE PUZZLE

Susan's hands fitting in a missing piece.

DISSOLVE:

ANOTHER PICTURE PUZZLE

Susan's hands fitting in a missing piece.

DISSOLVE:

INT. XANADU - LIVING ROOM - DAY - 1928

Another picture puzzle.

Camera pulls back to show Kane and Susan in much the same positions as before, except that they are older.

KANE

One thing I've never been able to understand, Susan. How do you know you haven't done them before?

Susan shoots him an angry glance. She isn't amused.

SUSAN

It makes a whole lot more sense than collecting Venuses.

KANE

You may be right - I sometimes wonder - but you get into the habit -

SUSAN

(snapping)

It's not a habit. I do it because I like it.

KANE

I was referring to myself.

(pauses)

I thought we might have a picnic tomorrow - it might be a nice change after the Wild West party tonight. Invite everybody to go to the Everglades -

SUSAN

(throws down a piece of the jigsaw puzzle and rises)

Invite everybody! Order everybody, you mean, and make them sleep in tents! Who wants to sleep in tents when they have a nice room of their own - with their own bath, where they know where everything is?

Kane has looked at her steadily, not hostilely.

KANE

I thought we might invite everybody to go on a picnic tomorrow. Stay at Everglades overnight.



(he pats her lightly on  
the shoulder)  
Please see that the arrangements are  
made, Susan.

Kane turns away - to Bernstein.

KANE  
You remember my son, Mr. Bernstein.

On the soundtrack we hear the following lines of  
dialogue:

BERNSTEIN'S VOICE  
(embarrassed)  
Oh, yes. How do you do, Mr. Kane?

CHARLIE JR.'S VOICE  
Hello.

During this, camera holds on closeup of Susan's face. She  
is very angry.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. THE EVERGLADES CAMP - NIGHT - 1928

Long shot - of a number of classy tents.

DISSOLVE OUT:

DISSOLVE IN:

INT. LARGE TENT - EVERGLADES CAMP - NIGHT - 1928

Two real beds have been set up on each side of the tent.  
A rather classy dressing table is in the rear, at which  
Susan is preparing for bed. Kane, in his shirt-sleeves,  
is in an easy chair, reading. Susan is very sullen.

SUSAN  
I'm not going to put up with it.

Kane turns to look at her.

SUSAN

I mean it.

(she catches a slight  
flicker on Kane's face)

Oh, I know I always say I mean it,  
and then I don't - or you get me so I  
don't do what I say I'm going to -  
but -

KANE

(interrupting)

You're in a tent, darling. You're not  
at home. And I can hear you very well  
if you just talk in a normal tone of  
voice.

SUSAN

I'm not going to have my guests  
insulted, just because you think -

(in a rage)

- if people want to bring a drink or  
two along on a picnic, that's their  
business. You've got no right -

KANE

(quickly)

I've got more than a right as far as  
you're concerned, Susan.

SUSAN

Oh, I'm sick and tired of you telling  
me what I must and what I musn't do!

KANE

(gently)

You're my wife, Susan, and -

SUSAN

I'm not just your wife, I'm a person  
all by myself - or I ought to be. I  
was once. Sometimes you get me to  
believing I never was.

KANE

We can discuss all this some other  
time, Susan. Right now -

SUSAN

I'll discuss what's on my mind when I want to. You're not going to keep on running my life the way you want it.

KANE

As far as you're concerned, Susan, I've never wanted anything - I don't want anything now - except what you want.

SUSAN

What you want me to want, you mean. What you've decided I ought to have - what you'd want if you were me. But you've never given me anything that -

KANE

Susan, I really think -

SUSAN

Oh, I don't mean the things you've given me - that don't mean anything to you. What's the difference between giving me a bracelet or giving somebody else a hundred thousand dollars for a statue you're going to keep crated up and never look at? It's only money. It doesn't mean anything. You're not really giving anything that belongs to you, that you care about.

KANE

(he has risen)

Susan, I want you to stop this. And right now!

SUSAN

Well, I'm not going to stop it. I'm going to say exactly what I think.

(she screams)

You've never given me anything. You've tried to buy me into giving you something. You're -

(a sudden notion)

- it's like you were bribing me!  
That's what it's been from the first  
moment I met you. No matter how much  
it cost you - your time, your money -  
that's what you've done with  
everybody you've ever known. Tried to  
bribe them!

KANE

Susan!

She looks at him, with no lessening of her passion.

KANE

You're talking an incredible amount  
of nonsense, Susan.

(quietly)

Whatever I do - I do - because I love  
you.

SUSAN

Love! You don't love anybody! Me or  
anybody else! You want to be loved -  
that's all you want! I'm Charles  
Foster Kane. Whatever you want - just  
name it and it's yours! Only love me!  
Don't expect me to love you -

Without a word, Kane slaps her across the face. They look  
at each other.

SUSAN

You - you hit me.

Kane continues to look at her.

SUSAN

You'll never have another chance to  
hit me again.

(pauses)

I never knew till this minute -

KANE

Susan, it seems to me -

SUSAN

Don't tell me you're sorry.

KANE

I'm not sorry.

SUSAN

I'm going to leave you.

KANE

No, you're not.

SUSAN

(nods)

Yes.

They look at each other, fixedly, but she doesn't give way. In fact, the camera on Kane's face shows the beginning of a startled look, as of one who sees something unfamiliar and unbelievable.

DISSOLVE:

INT. KANE'S STUDY - XANADU - DAY - 1929

Kane is at the window looking out. He turns as he hears Raymond enter.

RAYMOND

Mrs. Kane would like to see you, Mr. Kane.

KANE

All right.

Raymond waits as Kane hesitates.

KANE

Is Mrs. Kane -  
(he can't finish)

RAYMOND

Marie has been packing since morning,  
Mr. Kane.

Kane impetuously walks past him out of the room.

INT. SUSAN'S ROOM - XANADU - DAY - 1929

Packed suitcases are on the floor, Susan is completely dressed for travelling. Kane bursts into the room.

SUSAN

Tell Arnold I'm ready, Marie. He can get the bags.

MARIE

Yes, Mrs. Kane.

She leaves. Kane closes the door behind her.

KANE

Have you gone completely crazy?

Susan looks at him.

KANE

Don't you realize that everybody here is going to know about this? That you've packed your bags and ordered the car and -

SUSAN

- And left? Of course they'll hear. I'm not saying goodbye - except to you - but I never imagined that people wouldn't know.

Kane is standing against the door as if physically barring her way.

KANE

I won't let you go.

SUSAN

You can't stop me.

Kane keeps looking at her. Susan reaches out her hand.

SUSAN

Goodbye, Charlie.

KANE

(suddenly)

Don't go, Susan.

SUSAN

Let's not start all over again,  
Charlie. We've said everything that  
can be said.

KANE

Susan, don't go! Susan, please!

He has lost all pride. Susan stops. She is affected by  
this.

KANE

You mustn't go, Susan. Everything'll  
be exactly the way you want it. Not  
the way I think you want it - by your  
way. Please, Susan - Susan!

She is staring at him. She might weaken.

KANE

Don't go, Susan! You mustn't go!  
(almost blubbering)  
You - you can't do this to me, Susan  
-

It's as if he had thrown ice water into her face. She  
freezes.

SUSAN

I see - it's you that this is being  
done to! It's not me at all. Not how  
I feel. Not what  
it means to me.  
(she laughs)  
I can't do this to you!  
(she looks at him)  
Oh, yes I can.

She walks out, past Kane, who turns to watch her go, like  
a very tired old man.

DISSOLVE OUT:

DISSOLVE IN:

INT. "EL RANCHO" CABARET - NIGHT - 1940

Susan and Thompson at a table. There is silence between them for a moment.

SUSAN

In case you've never heard of how I lost all my money - and it was plenty, believe me -

THOMPSON

The last ten years have been tough on a lot of people.

SUSAN

They haven't been tough on me. I just lost my money. But when I compare these last ten years with the twenty I spent with him -

THOMPSON

I feel kind of sorry for him, all the same -

SUSAN

(harshly)

Don't you think I do?

(pause)

You say you're going down to Xanadu?

THOMPSON

Monday, with some of the boys from the office. Mr. Rawlston wants the whole place photographed carefully - all that art stuff. We run a picture magazine, you know -

SUSAN

I know. If you're smart, you'll talk to Raymond. That's the butler. You can learn a lot from him. He knows where the bodies are buried.

She shivers. The dawn light from the skylight above has grown brighter, making the artificial light in the night



club look particularly ghastly, revealing mercilessly every year of Susan's age.

SUSAN

Well, what do you know? It's morning already.

(looks at him)

You must come around and tell me the story of your life sometime.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. GREAT HALL - XANADU - NIGHT - 1940

An open door shows the pantry, which is dark. Thompson and Raymond are at a table. There is a pitcher of beer and a plate of sandwiches before them. Raymond drinks a glass of beer and settles back.

RAYMOND

Yes, sir - yes, sir, I knew how to handle the old man. He was kind of queer, but I knew how to handle him.

THOMPSON

Queer?

RAYMOND

Yeah. I guess he wasn't very happy those last years - he didn't have much reason to be -

DISSOLVE:

INT. CORRIDOR AND TELEGRAPH OFFICE - XANADU - NIGHT - 1929

Raymond walking rapidly along corridor. He pushes open a door. At a desk in a fairly elaborate telegraph office sits a wireless operator named Fred. Near him at a telephone switchboard sits a female operator named Katherine (not that it matters).

RAYMOND  
(reading)

Mr. Charles Foster Kane announced today that Mrs. Charles Foster Kane has left Xanadu, his Florida home, under the terms of a peaceful and friendly agreement with the intention of filing suit for divorce at an early date. Mrs. Kane said that she does not intend to return to the operatic career which she gave up a few years after her marriage, at Mr. Kane's request. Signed, Charles Foster Kane.

Fred finishes typing and then looks up.

RAYMOND  
Exclusive for immediate transmission.  
Urgent priority all Kane papers.

FRED  
Okay.

There is the sound of the buzzer on the switchboard.  
Katherine puts in a plug and answers the call.

KATHERINE  
Yes ... yes... Mrs. Tinsdall - Very well.  
(turns to Raymond)  
It's the housekeeper.

RAYMOND  
Yes?

KATHERINE  
She says there's some sort of disturbance up in Mrs. Alexander's room. She's afraid to go in.

DISSOLVE:

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE SUSAN'S BEDROOM - XANADU - NIGHT -  
1929

The housekeeper, Mrs. Tinsdall, and a couple of maids are near the door but are too afraid to be in front of it. From inside can be heard a terrible banging and crashing. Raymond hurries into scene, opens the door and goes in.

INT. SUSAN'S BEDROOM - XANADU - 1929

Kane, in a truly terrible and absolutely silent rage, is literally breaking up the room - yanking pictures, hooks and all off the wall, smashing them to bits - ugly, gaudy pictures - Susie's pictures in Susie's bad taste. Off of occasional tables, bureaus, he sweeps Susie's whorish accumulation of bric-a-brac.

Raymond stands in the doorway watching him. Kane says nothing. He continues with tremendous speed and surprising strength, still wordlessly, tearing the room to bits. The curtains (too frilly - overly pretty) are pulled off the windows in a single gesture, and from the bookshelves he pulls down double armloads of cheap novels - discovers a half-empty bottle of liquor and dashes it across the room. Finally he stops. Susie's cozy little chamber is an incredible shambles all around him.

He stands for a minute breathing heavily, and his eye lights on a hanging what-not in a corner which had escaped his notice. Prominent on its center shelf is the little glass ball with the snowstorm in it. He yanks it down. Something made of china breaks, but not the glass ball. It bounces on the carpet and rolls to his feet, the snow in a flurry. His eye follows it. He stoops to pick it up - can't make it. Raymond picks it up for him; hands it to him. Kane takes it sheepishly - looks at it - moves painfully out of the room into the corridor.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE SUSAN'S BEDROOM - XANADU - 1929

Kane comes out of the door. Mrs. Tinsdall has been joined now by a fairly sizable turnout of servants. They move back away from Kane, staring at him. Raymond is in the doorway behind Kane. Kane looks at the glass ball.

KANE

(without turning)

Close the door, Raymond.

RAYMOND

Yes, sir.  
(he closes it)

KANE

Lock it - and keep it locked.

Raymond locks the door and comes to his side. There is a long pause - servants staring in silence. Kane gives the glass ball a gentle shake and starts another snowstorm.

KANE

Raymond -  
(he is almost in a  
trance)

RAYMOND

Yes, sir -

One of the younger servants giggles and is hushed up. Kane shakes the ball again. Another flurry of snow. He watches the flakes settle - then looks up. Finally, taking in the pack of servants and something of the situations, he puts the glass ball in his coat pocket. He speaks very quietly to Raymond, so quietly it only seems he's talking to himself.

KANE

Keep it locked.

He slowly walks off down the corridor, the servants giving way to let him pass, and watching him as he goes. He is an old, old man!

DISSOLVE:

INT. KANE'S CHAPEL - XANADU - LATE AFTERNOON - 1939

As the dissolve completes itself, camera is travelling across the floor of the chapel past the crypts of Kane's father and mother - (marked: James Kane - 18- TO 19-; Mary Kane - 18- TO 19-;) - past a blank crypt, and then holding on the burial of Kane's son. A group of ordinary workmen in ordinary clothes are lowering a very expensive-looking coffin into its crypt. Kane stands

nearby with Raymond, looking on. The men strain and grunt as the coffin bangs on the stone floor. The men now place over it a long marble slab on which is cut the words:

"CHARLES FOSTER KANE II.  
1907 - 1938"

ONE OF THE WORKMEN

Sorry, Mr. Kane, we won't be able to  
cement it till tommorrow. We -

Kane looks right through him. Raymond cuts him short.

RAYMOND

Okay.

The men tip their hats and shuffle out of the chapel. Kane raises his head, looks at the inscription on the wall. It is a little to one side of Junior's grave, directly over the blank place which will be occupied by Kane himself.

KANE

Do you like poetry, Raymond?

RAYMOND

Can't say, sir.

KANE

Mrs. Kane liked poetry -

Raymond is now convinced that the old master is very far gone indeed - not to say off his trolley.

RAYMOND

Yes, Mr. Kane.

KANE

Not my wife - not either of them.

He looks at the grave next to his son's - the grave marked "MARY KANE."

RAYMOND

(catching on)

Oh, yes, sir.

KANE

(looking back up at the  
wall)

Do you know what that is?

RAYMOND

(more his keeper than his  
butler now)

It's a wall you bought in China, Mr.  
Kane.

KANE

Persia. It belonged to a king.

RAYMOND

How did you get him to part with it,  
Mr. Kane?

KANE

He was dead... That's a poem. Do you  
know what it means?

RAYMOND

No, I don't, Mr. Kane.

KANE

I didn't used to be afraid of it.

A short pause. His eyes still on the wall, but looking  
through it, Kane quotes the translation.

KANE

The drunkenness of youth has passed  
like a fever,  
And yet I saw many things,  
Seeing my glory in the days of my  
glory,  
I thought my power eternal  
And the days of my life  
Fixed surely in the years  
But a whisper came to me  
From Him who dies not.  
I called my tributary kings together  
And those who were proud rulers under  
me,  
I opened the boxes of my treasure to  
them, saying:

"Take hills of gold, mountains of  
 silver,  
 And give me only one more day upon  
 the earth."  
 But they stood silent,  
 Looking upon the ground;  
 So that I died  
 And Death came to sit upon my throne.

O sons of men  
 You see a stranger upon the road,  
 You call to him and he does not step.  
 He is your life  
 Walking towards time,  
 Hurrying to meet the kings of India  
 and China.

(quoting)

O sons of men  
 You are caught in the web of the  
 world  
 And the spider Nothing waits behind  
 it.  
 Where are the men with towering  
 hopes?  
 They have changed places with owls,  
 Owls who have lived in tombs  
 And now inhabit a palace.

Kane still stares at the wall, through it, and way beyond  
 it. Raymond looks at him.

DISSOLVE OUT:

DISSOLVE IN:

INT. GREAT HALL - XANADU - NIGHT - 1940

Thompson and Raymond. Raymond has finished his beer.

RAYMOND  
 (callously)

That's the whole works, right up to  
 date.

THOMPSON  
 Sentimental fellow, aren't you?

RAYMOND

Yes and no.

THOMPSON

(getting to his feet)

Well, thanks a lot.

RAYMOND

See what I mean? He was a little gone in the head - the last couple of years, anyway - but I knew how to handle him.

(rises)

That "Rosebud" - that don't mean anything. I heard him say it. He just said "Rosebud" and then he dropped that glass ball and it broke on the floor. He didn't say anything about that, so I knew he was dead - He said all kind of things I couldn't make out. But I knew how to take care of him.

Thompson doesn't answer.

RAYMOND

You can go on asking questions if you want to.

THOMPSON

(coldly)

We're leaving tonight. As soon as they're through photographing the stuff -

Thompson has risen. Raymond gets to his feet and goes to the door, opening it for him.

RAYMOND

Allow yourself plenty of time. The train stops at the Junction On signal - but they don't like to wait. Not now. I can remember when they'd wait all day... if Mr. Kane said so.

Raymond ushes Thompson into



INT. THE GREAT HALL - XANADU - NIGHT - 1940

The magnificent tapestries, candelabra, etc., are still there, but now several large packing cases are piled against the walls, some broken open, some shut and a number of objects, great and small, are piled pell mell all over the place. Furniture, statues, paintings, bric-a-brac - things of obviously enormous value are standing beside a kitchen stove, an old rocking chair and other junk, among which is also an old sled, the self-same story. Somewhere in the back, one of the vast Gothic windows of the hall is open and a light wind blows through the scene, rustling the papers.

In the center of the hall, a Photographer and his Assistant are busy photographing the sundry objects. The floor is littered with burnt-out flash bulbs. They continue their work throughout the early part of the scene so that now and then a flash bulb goes off. In addition to the Photographer and his Assistant, there are a Girl and Two Newspapermen - the Second and Third Men of the projection room scene - also Thompson and Raymond.

The Girl and the Second Man, who wears a hat, are dancing somewhere in the back of the hall to the music of a phonograph. A flash bulb goes off. The Photographer has just photographed a picture, obviously of great value, an Italian primitive. The Assistant consults a label on the back of it.

"ASSISTANT NO. 9182"

The Third Newspaperman starts to jot this information down.

ASSISTANT

"Nativity" - attributed to Donatello,  
acquired Florence 1921, cost 45,000  
lira. Got that?

THIRD NEWSPAPERMAN

Yeah.

PHOTOGRAPHER

All right! Next! Better get that statue over there.

ASSISTANT

Okay.

The Photographer and his Assitant start to move off with their equipment towards a large sculpture in another part of the hall.

RAYMOND

What do you think all that is worth, Mr. Thompson?

THOMPSON

Millions - if anybody wants it.

RAYMOND

The banks are out of luck, eh?

THOMPSON

Oh, I don't know. They'll clear all right.

ASSISTANT

"Venus," Fourth Century. Acquired 1911. Cost twenty-three thousand. Got it?

THIRD NEWSPAPERMAN

Okay.

ASSISTANT

(patting the statue on the fanny)

That's a lot of money to pay for a dame without a head.

SECOND ASSISTANT

(reading a label)

No. 483. One desk from the estate of Mary Kane, Little Salem, Colorado. Value \$6.00.

THIRD NEWSPAPERMAN

Okay.

A flashlight bulb goes off.

SECOND ASSISTANT  
We're all set to get everything. The  
junk as well as the art.

Thompson has opened a box and is idly playing with a  
handful of little pieces of cardboard.

THIRD NEWSPAPERMAN  
What's that?

RAYMOND  
It's a jigsaw puzzle.

THIRD NEWSPAPERMAN  
We got a lot of those. There's a  
Burmese Temple and three Spanish  
ceilings down the hall.

Raymond laughs.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
Yeah, all in crates.

THIRD NEWSPAPERMAN  
There's a part of a Scotch castle  
over there, but we haven't bothered  
to unwrap it.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
I wonder how they put all those  
pieces together?

ASSISTANT  
(reading a label)  
Iron stove. Estate of Mary Kane.  
Value \$2.00.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
Put it over by that statue. It'll  
make a good setup.

GIRL  
(calling out)  
Who is she anyway?

SECOND NEWSPAPERMAN

Venus. She always is.

THIRD NEWSPAPERMAN

He sure liked to collect things,  
didn't he?

RAYMOND

He went right on buying - right up to  
the end.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Anything and everything - he was a  
regular crow.

THIRD NEWSPAPERMAN

I wonder - You put all this together  
- the palaces and the paintings and  
the toys and everything - what would  
it spell?

Thompson has turned around. He is facing the camera for  
the first time.

THOMPSON

Charles Foster Kane.

Another flash bulb goes off. The Photographer turns to  
Thompson with a grin.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Or Rosebud? How about it, Jerry?

THIRD NEWSPAPERMAN

(to the dancers)

Turn that thing off, will you? It's  
driving me nuts! What's Rosebud?

PHOTOGRAPHER

Kane's last words, aren't they,  
Jerry?

(to the Third  
Newspaperman)

That was Jerry's angle, wasn't it,  
Jerry? Did you ever find out what it  
means, Jerry?

THOMPSON

No, I didn't.

The music has stopped. The dancers have come over to Thompson.

SECOND NEWSPAPERMAN

Say, what did you find out about him, anyway, Jerry?

THOMPSON

Not much.

SECOND NEWSPAPERMAN

Well, what have you been doing?

THOMPSON

Playing with a jigsaw puzzle - I talked to a lot of people who knew him.

GIRL

What do they say?

THOMPSON

Well - it's become a very clear picture. He was the most honest man who ever lived, with a streak of crookedness a yard wide. He was a liberal and a reactionary; he was tolerant - "Live and Let Live" - that was his motto. But he had no use for anybody who disagreed with him on any point, no matter how small it was. He was a loving husband and a good father - and both his wives left him and his son got himself killed about as shabbily as you can do it. He had a gift for friendship such as few men have - he broke his oldest friend's heart like you'd throw away a cigarette you were through with. Outside of that -

THIRD NEWSPAPERMAN

Okay, okay.

GIRL

What about Rosebud? Don't you think that explains anything?

THOMPSON

No, I don't. Not much anyway. Charles Foster Kane was a man who got everything he wanted, and then lost it. Maybe Rosebud was something he couldn't get or lost. No, I don't think it explains anything. I don't think any word explains a man's life. No - I guess Rosebud is just a piece in a jigsaw puzzle - a missing piece.

He drops the jigsaw pieces back into the box, looking at his watch.

THOMPSON

We'd better get along. We'll miss the train.

He picks up his overcoat - it has been resting on a little sled - the little sled young Charles Foster Kane hit Thatcher with at the opening of the picture. Camera doesn't close in on this. It just registers the sled as the newspaper people, picking up their clothes and equipment, move out of the great hall.

DISSOLVE:

INT. CELLAR - XANADU - NIGHT - 1940

A large furnace, with an open door, dominates the scene. Two laborers, with shovels, are shovelling things into the furnace. Raymond is about ten feet away.

RAYMOND

Throw that junk in, too.

Camera travels to the pile that he has indicated. It is mostly bits of broken packing cases, excelsior, etc. The sled is on top of the pile. As camera comes close, it

shows the faded rosebud and, though the letters are faded, unmistakably the word "ROSEBUD" across it. The laborer drops his shovel, takes the sled in his hand and throws it into the furnace. The flames start to devour it.

EXT. XANADU - NIGHT - 1940

No lights are to be seen. Smoke is coming from a chimney.

Camera reverses the path it took at the beginning of the picture, perhaps omitting some of the stages. It moves finally through the gates, which close behind it. As camera pauses for a moment, the letter "K" is prominent in the moonlight.

Just before we fade out, there comes again into the picture the pattern of barbed wire and cyclone fencing. On the fence is a sign which reads:

"PRIVATE - NO TRESPASSING"

FADE OUT

THE END