

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - THE PRESIDENT'S EXECUTIVE OFFICE -
DAY - 1900

This scene is shot so as never to show the President - or at least never his face. There is present the President's Secretary, sitting on one side of the desk, intently taking notes. Kane is on his feet, in front of the desk, tense and glaring.

THE PRESIDENT

It is the unanimous opinion of my Cabinet - in which I concur - that the proposed leases are in the best interests of the Government and the people.

(pauses)

You are not, I hope, suggesting that these interests are not identical?

KANE

I'm not suggesting anything, Mr. President! I've come here to tell you that, unless some action is taken promptly - and you are the only one who can take it - the oil that is the property of the people of this country will be turned over for a song to a gang of high-pressure crooks!

THE PRESIDENT

(calmly)

I must refuse to allow you to continue in this vein, Mr. Kane.

KANE

(screaming)

It's the only vein I know. I tell the facts the way I see them. And any man that knows that facts -

THE PRESIDENT

I know the facts, Mr. Kane. And I happen to have the incredible insolence to differ with you as to what they mean.

(pause)

You're a man of great talents, Mr. Kane.

KANE

Thanks.

THE PRESIDENT

I understand that you have political ambitions. Unfortunately, you seem incapable of allowing any other opinion but your own -

KANE

(building to a frenzy)

I'm much obliged, Mr. President, for your concern about me. However, I happen to be concerned at this moment with the matter of extensive oil lands belonging to the people of the United States, and I say that if this lease goes through, the property of the people of the United States goes into the hands of -

THE PRESIDENT

(interrupting)

You've made your point perfectly clear, Mr. Kane. Good day.

The Secretary rises. Kane, with every bit of will power remotely at his disposal to control what might become an hysterical outburst, manages to bow.

KANE

Mr. President.

He starts out of the office.

DISSOLVE:

INT. COMPOSING ROOM - ENQUIRER - NIGHT - 1902

Kane, Reilly, Leland and a composing room Foreman, in working clothes, bending over a table with several forms of type. They are looking, at this moment, at a made-up

headline - but Kane's back is in the way ... so we can't read it.

FOREMAN

How about it, Mr. Kane?

Reilly glances at his wrist watch and makes a face. Kane smiles as he notices this.

KANE

All right. Let her slide!

He turns away, and we can now read the headline.

Insert of the headline, which reads:

"OIL THEFT BECOMES LAW AS
PRESIDENT WITHOLDS VETO"

DISSOLVE:

A QUICK MONTAGE (PRESENTLY TO BE WORKED OUT)

Of no more than four or five images in which the President, by means of cartoons, editorials, headlines (all faithfully reproduced from period yellow journalism) is violently attacked. The montage ends on the word "TREASON". The music cuts.

A hand reaches in a side pocket which contains a newspaper - recognizably the "Enquirer." The hand removes a gun. The gun is shot. Many arms seize the hand which is pulled up - gun still firing. As the arm is raised in the air, we see that the other arms holding the arm and struggling with it are uniformed, and we see the White House beyond.

DISSOLVE:

NEWS TICKER WHICH IS SPELLING OUT THE WORDS:

"ASSASSINATED 7:45 P.M."

NOTE: Under the following - a down shot, below the "Enquirer," shows a crowd forming, looking angrily up

toward the camera. Crowd noises on the soundtrack under music.

A hand snatches the ticker tape away and as the image of the crowd dissolves out, we pull back to show:

INT. OF KANE'S OFFICE - NIGHT - 1902

The ticker tape is in Reilly's hand. Reilly has a phone to his ear.

REILLY

Looks bad for us, Mr. Kane. How shall we handle it?

DISSOLVE OUT:

DISSOLVE IN:

INT. GEORGIE'S PLACE - 1902

Kane in shirtsleeves at phone.

KANE

It's a news story! Get it on the street!

DISSOLVE:

HEADLINE UNDER "ENQUIRER" MASTHEAD WHICH READS:

"PRESIDENT ASSASSINATED"

A newsboy is crying the headline at the same time. We pull back to show him and -

DISSOLVE:

INT. THEATRE - NIGHT

The camera is in tight on a box which contains Emily and distinguished elderly ladies and gentlemen, obviously family and friends. On the soundtrack, very limpid opera

music. Another elderly gent, in white tie but still wearing an overcoat, comes into the box and whispers to Emily. He has a copy of the "Enquirer" in his hand. Emily rises. He shows the paper to her.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE ENQUIRER BUILDING - NIGHT - 1902

An angry crowd seen from the window of Kane's office. They make a deep threatening sound which is audible during the following scene. Across the heads of the crowd are two great squares of light from the windows above them. One of these disappears as the blind is pulled. As the dissolve completes itself, the second square of light commences to reduce in size, and then the entire street is cut off by a blind which Leland pulls down, covering the entire frame.

INT. KANE'S OFFICE - ENQUIRER - NIGHT - 1902

The staff standing around, worried to death, in their shirtsleeves.

KANE

(to Reilly)

Take dictation - Front page editorial
- "This afternoon a great man was
assassinated. He was the President of
the United States -"

LELAND

Charlie -

KANE

Yes?

LELAND

Do you think you're the one who
should call him a great man?

KANE

Why not?

LELAND

Why not? Well - nobody's a great man
in your estimation until he's dead.

REILLY

(quickly)

Maybe we'd better wait for more word
on the President's condition.

KANE

(still looking at Leland)

What do you mean by that?

LELAND

(quietly)

Competition.

REILLY

He may recover -

KANE

(still holding on Leland)

What do you mean by that?

LELAND

(steadily)

Yesterday morning you called the
President a traitor. What do you
think that crowd is doing down there?
They think you murdered him.

KANE

Because the crackpot who did it had a
copy of the "Enquirer" in his pocket?

LELAND

- and that copy of the "Enquirer"
said the President should be killed.

KANE

I said treason was a capital offense
punishable by death -

LELAND

You've said a lot of things about the
President in the last few months.

KANE

They're true! Everything I said!
Withholding that veto was treason!

LELAND
(interrupting)
Charlie!

KANE
(riding over him)
Oil belonging to the people of the
United States was leased out for a
song to a gang of high-pressure
crooks - Nobody can blame me because
-

LELAND
Look out that window.

Kane stops - looks at him.

LELAND
There are the people of the United
States, and they are blaming you -
Oh, I know it doesn't make any sense,
but at least you can learn a lesson
from it.

KANE
(snarling)
What lesson? Not to expose fraud when
I see it? Not to fight for the right
of the people to own their own
property?
(he turns to Reilly)
Run it the way I said, Reilly - "This
afternoon a great man was
assassinated -"

LELAND
Charlie! Now you're not making sense.

KANE
(sharply)
I don't have to. I run a newspaper
with half a million readers and
they're getting a martyred president
this morning with their breakfast. I

can't help that. Besides, they all know I'm married to his niece. I've got to think of her.

LELAND

What?

KANE

I've got to think of Emily -

LELAND

(after a silence)

I'd like to talk to you about that.

KANE

Go ahead.

Leland looks back at Kane, is conscious of the boys standing around.

LELAND

Finish your editorial.

Leland walks out in to the City Room. More staff members in shirt sleeves in a state of panic. Leland goes to his desk, takes out a bottle, pours himself a very stiff drink. A door opens. A Policeman enters with Bernstein. Bernstein is badly battered. The boys crowd around.

LELAND

(worried)

What's happened?

BERNSTEIN

(smiling)

I'm all right, Mr. Leland. Only there was some fellows out front that thought they ought to take things up with me. I learned 'em! Didn't I, officer?

THE COP

(grinning)

You sure did - Say, the Commissioner said I was to stand by and protect Mr. Kane until further orders, no

matter how he felt about it. Where is he?

LELAND
(finishing his drink)
In there.

BERNSTEIN
If you hadn't come along and protected me when you did, I'd have killed them fellows.

LELAND
(pouring himself another drink)
Go and get yourself washed up, Mr. Bernstein.
(he looks his face over thoroughly)
There doesn't seem to be an serious injury.

BERNSTEIN
Not to me. But you will let that cop go home with Mr. Kane, won't you?

LELAND
Yes, Mr. Bernstein.

Bernstein leaves the picture with sympathetic attendance. Leland finishes his second drink.

DISSOLVE:

INT. KANE'S OFFICE - NIGHT - 1902

The bottle is finished. The door in the Sanctrum opens. Reilly and the others leave.

REILLY
(as they go)
Goodnight, Mr. Kane.

Kane stands in the door, waiting for Leland. Leland gets up and moves toward the office - goes in, sits down across from Kane at the desk. An uncomfortable pause.

Then Kane smiles ingratiatingly. Leland tries to cope with this.

LELAND

First of all -
(he can't go on)

KANE

(not cruelly - genuinely
kind)
What's wrong, Brad?

LELAND

I'm drunk.

KANE

I'll get you some coffee.

He rises and goes to the door.

LELAND

First of all, I will not write a good review of a play because somebody paid a thousand dollars for an advertisement in the "Enquirer."

KANE

(gently - opening the
door)
That's just a little promotion scheme. Nobody expects you -
(calling)
Mike, will you try and get Mr. Leland some coffee?

MIKE'S VOICE

Sure thing, Mr. Kane.

Kane turns back to Leland. Leland doesn't look up at him.

LELAND

Charlie, it's just no go. We can't agree anymore. I wish you'd let me go to Chicago.

KANE

Why, Brad?

LELAND

I want to be transferred to the new paper. You've been saying yourself you wish you had somebody to -

(he is heartsick,
inarticulate)

That's not what I wanted to talk about.

Kane goes around behind the desk and sits down.

KANE

I'll tell you what I'll do, Brad - I'll get drunk, too - maybe that'll help.

LELAND

No, that won't help. Besides, you never get drunk. I wanted to talk about you and Emily.

Kane looks at Leland sharply before he speaks.

KANE

(quietly)

All right.

LELAND

(without looking at him)

She's going to leave you -

KANE

I don't think so, Brad. We've just had word that the President is out of danger.

(ruefully)

It seems I didn't kill him after all.

LELAND

(takes his eye)

She was going to leave you anyway -

Kane takes this in.

LELAND

Emily's going south next week with the child. As far as anybody's to know, it's a holiday. When they get back -

KANE

(sharply)

Brad, you are drunk.

LELAND

Sure I am. She wants full custody of the child no matter what happens. If you won't agree to that, she'll apply for a divorce regardless of the President's wishes. I can't tell her she's wrong, because she isn't wrong

-

KANE

Why is she leaving me?

LELAND

(it's very hard for him
to say all this)

She hasn't any friends left since you started this oil business, and she never sees you.

KANE

Do you think the "Enquirer" shouldn't have campaigned against the oil leases?

LELAND

(hesitating)

You might have made the whole thing less personal!

No answer from Kane.

LELAND

It isn't just that the President was her uncle - everyone she knows, all the people she's been brought up with, everything she's ever been taught to believe is important -

Still no answer from Kane.

LELAND

There's no reason why this - this
savage personal note -

KANE

The personal note is all there is to
it. It's all there ever is to it.
It's all there every is to anything!
Stupidity in our government,
complacency and self-satisfaction and
unwillingness to believe that
anything done by a certain class of
people can be wrong - you can't fight
those things impersonally. They're
not impersonal crimes against people.
They're being done by actual persons
- with actual names and positions and
- the right of the American people to
own their own country is not an
academic issue, Brad, that you debate
- and then the judges retire to
return a verdict and the winners give
a dinner for the losers.

LELAND

You almost convince me.

(rising)

I'm just drunk enough to tell you the
truth. I have to be a little drunk
for that because I'm a coward. You
know that. That's why you keep me
around.

(smiles)

You only associate with your
inferiors, Charlie. I guess that's
why you ran away from Emily. Because
you can't stand the company of your
equals. You don't like to admit they
exist - the other big people in your
world are dead. I told you that.

Kane looks at Leland, but Leland can't be stopped now. He
speaks very quietly - no poison in his voice - no
personal indignation - as though he were explaining the
nature of a disease.

LELAND

You talk about the people of the United States as though they belonged to you. When you find out they don't think they are, you'll lose interest. You talk about giving them their rights as though you could make a present of liberty. Remember the working man? You used to defend him quite a good deal. Well, he's turning into something called organized labor and you don't like that at all. And listen, when your precious underprivileged really get together - that's going to add up to something bigger than - than your privilege and then I don't know what you'll do - sail away to a desert island, probably, and lord it over the monkeys.

KANE

Are you finished?

LELAND

Yes.

(looking down)

Now, will you let me go to Chicago?

KANE

(with a little smile)

You're not going to like it in Chicago. The wind comes howling in from the lake. And there's practically no opera season at all - and the Lord only knows whether they've ever heard of Lobster Newburg -

LELAND

That's all right.

(he won't be charmed out
of his duty)

What are you going to do about Emily?

KANE

(his face hardning a
little)

Nothing - if she dosen't love me -

Leland has risen. He speaks as he turns away, starting
towards the door.

LELAND

You want love on your own terms,
don't you, Charlie -

(he stops - his back
turned to Kane)

Love according to your own rules. And
if anything goes wrong and you're
hurt - then the game stops, and
you've got to be soothed and nursed,
no matter what else is happening -
and no matter who else is hurt!

KANE

It's simpler than that, Brad. A
society girl can't stand the gaff,
that's all. Other things are
important to her - social position,
what they're saying on the front
porches at Southampton, is it going
to be embarrassing to meet somebody
or the other at dinner -

Leland has turned, taking his eye again. Now Kane stops
and smiles.

KANE

She can leave me. As a matter of
fact, I've already left her. Don't
worry, Brad - I'll live.

LELAND

I know you will.

KANE

(with all his charm)

Hey, Brad! I've been analyzed an
awful lot tonight - let's have
another brandy.

Leland shakes his head. Kane lifts his glass.

KANE

To love on my terms. Those are the only terms anybody knows... his own.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. ENQUIRER BUILDING - NIGHT - 1902

Kane, Leland, and a couple of policemen make their way out of the front toward a hansom cab.

A VOICE FROM THE CROWD

You moiderer!

A rock is thrown. It hits Leland on the face. A little blood flows. Kane doesn't see it at first. Then when he's in the hansom cab, he turns and notices it.

KANE

Are you hurt?

Leland has a handkerchief to his face.

LELAND

No. I wish you'd go home to Emily. She'll be pretty upset by all this - She still loves you -

The crowd, pushed by the cops, retreats in the background, but still hard by.

KANE

You still want to be transferred to the other paper?

LELAND

Yes.

KANE

(leaning out of the hansom cab)

Well, you've been getting a pretty low salary here in New York. It seems to me that the new dramatic critic of

our Chicago paper should get what
he's worth.

(almost as a question)

LELAND

(with handkerchief still
attached to his face)

I couldn't possibly live on as little
as that, Charlie. We'll let the
salary stay where it is.

The hansom cab starts up. We hold on Leland's face as we

DISSOLVE OUT:

DISSOLVE IN:

INT. KANE'S NEW YORK HOME - KANE'S BEDROOM - EARLY
MORNING - 1902

Emily is in bed, a damp cloth over her temples. Kane is
standing at the foot of the bed. The baby's bed is in a
corner of the room. The baby's nurse is standing near the
crib, a nurse for Emily is near her. Kane is looking
fixedly on Emily, who is staring tiredly at the ceiling.

KANE

(to the nurse)

Excuse us a moment, please.

The nurse looks at Emily.

KANE

(peremptorily)

I said, excuse us a moment.

The nurse, unwilling, leaves.

KANE

I've been talking to Leland. Emily -
You can't leave me now - not now -

Silence.

KANE

It isn't what it would do to my changes in politics, Emily - That isn't it - They were talking of running me for governor, but now, of course, we'll have to wait - It isn't that, Emily - It's just - the president is your uncle and they're saying I killed him.

Still silence.

KANE

That story about the murderer having a copy of the "Enquirer" in his pocket - the "Chronicle" made that up out of whole cloth - Emily, please - He's going to be all right, you know, he's going to recover -

(bitterly)

If it will make you any happier, we had nine pages of advertising cancelled in the first mail this morning. Bernstein is afraid to open any more letters. He -

He stops. He sees that he's getting no place with Emily.

KANE

(exasperated)

What do you expect me to do? What in the world -

EMILY

(weakly)

Charles.

He waits for her to continue.

EMILY

Do you really think -

(she can't continue)

Those threatening letters, can they really -

She sits up and looks at the crib. She almost continues to look at the crib, with almost unseeing eyes.

KANE

(uncomfortably)

They won't do anything to Junior,
darling.

(contemptuously)

Anonymous letter writers - I've got
guards in front of the house, and I'm
going to arrange -

EMILY

(turning her face toward
him)

Please don't talk any more, Charles.

Kane is about to say something, but bites his lips
instead. Emily keeps staring at him.

EMILY

Have they heard from father yet? Has
he seen -

KANE

I've tried to tell you, Emily. The
President's going to be all right. He
had a comfortable night. There's no
danger of any kind.

Emily nods several times. There is an uncomfortable
silence. Suddenly there is a cry from the crib. Emily
leaps from the bed and rushes to him. She bends over the
crib.

EMILY

(murmuring)

Here I am, darling... Darling!...
Darling, it's all right... Mother's
here.

KANE

Emily - you musn't leave me now - you
can't do that to me.

EMILY

They won't hurt you, darling.
Mother's with you! Mother's looking
after you!

Kane, unwanted, ignored, looks on. Tightening his lips, he walks out.

DISSOLVE OUT:

DISSOLVE IN:

INT. KANE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

By the desk light, Kane is seen working with his usual intensity, Reilly standing beside him at the desk.

KANE

We'll withdraw support completely.
Anything else?

REILLY

Mr. Leland sent back that check.

KANE

What check?

REILLY

You made it out to him last week
after he left for Chicago.

KANE

Oh, yes, the bonus.

REILLY

It was for twenty-five thousand
dollars.

Kane is perplexed and worried, but we can see in a moment his mind will be on something else.

REILLY

He sent it back torn up - all torn up
into little bits, and he enclosed
something else - I can't make it out.

Kane doesn't answer. Reilly goes on. He has brought out a piece of paper and is reading it.

REILLY

It says here, "A Declaration of Principles" -

(he still reads)

"I will provide the people of this city with a daily paper that will tell all the news honestly" -

Kane has looked up sharply. Reilly, sensing his look, stops reading and meets his eye. Slowly, Kane reaches out his hand. Reilly hands him the piece of paper. Without reading it, Kane tears it up, throws it into the wastebasket at his side.

DISSOLVE:

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT - 1910

The evening of the final great rally. These shots remind us of and are identical with and supplementary to the "News Digest" scenes earlier. The vast auditorium with a huge picture of Kane, cheering crowds, etc. Emily and Junior are to be seen in the front of a box. Emily is tired and wears a forced smile on her face. Junior, now aged nine and a half, is eager, bright-eyed and excited. Kane is just finishing his speech.

KANE

It is no secret that I entered upon this campaign with no thought that I could be elected Governor of this state! It is now no secret that every straw vote, every independent pole, shows that I will be elected. And I repeat to you - my first official act as Governor will be to appoint a special District Attorney to arrange for the indictment, prosecution and conviction of Boss Edward G. Rogers!

Terrific screaming and cheering from the audience.

DISSOLVE OUT:

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT - 1910

The Speaker's Platform. Numerous officials and civic leaders are crowding around Kane. Cameramen take flash photographs with old-fashioned flash powder.

FIRST CIVIC LEADER

Great speech, Mr. Kane.

SECOND LEADER

(pompous)

One of the most notable public utterances ever made by a candidate in this state -

KANE

Thank you, gentlemen. Thank you.

He looks up and notices that the box in which Emily and the boy were sitting is now empty. He starts toward the rear of the platform, through the press of people, Reilly approaches him.

REILLY

A wonderful speech, Mr. Kane.

Kane pats him on the shoulder as he walks along.

REILLY

I just got word from Buffalo, Mr. Kane. They're going to throw you the organization vote - and take a chance maybe you'll give them a break -

This is said almost inquiringly, as if he were hoping that Kane would give him some assurance that McDonald is not making a mistake. There is no answer from Kane.

REILLY

On an independent ticket there's never been anything like it! If the election were held today, you'd be elected by a hundred thousand votes - and every day between now and November 7th is just going to add to your majority.

Kane is very pleased. He continues with Reilly slowly through the crowd - a band playing off. Bernstein joins him.

KANE

It does seem too good to be true,
doesn't it, Mr. Bernstein?

REILLY

Rogers isn't even pretending. He
isn't just scared anymore. He's sick.
Frank Norris told me last night he
hasn't known Rogers to be that
worried in twenty-five years.

KANE

I think it's beginning to dawn on Mr.
Rogers that I mean what I say. With
Mr. Rogers out of the way, Reilly, I
think we may really begin to hope for
a good government in this state.

(stopping)

Well, Mr. Bernstein?

BERNSTEIN

(clearly not meaning it)

It's wonderful, Mr. Kane. Wonderful.
Wonderful.

KANE

You don't really think so?

BERNSTEIN

I do. I do. I mean, since you're
running for Governor - and you want
to be elected - I think it's
wonderful you're going to be elected.
Only -

(interrupts himself)

- Can I say something?

KANE

Please, Mr. Bernstein.

BERNSTEIN

Well, the way I look at it -
(comes out with it)

- You want to know what I really think would be wonderful?

Kane indicates he is to proceed.

BERNSTEIN

Well, you're running for Governor and going to be elected - my idea is how wonderful it would be if you don't run at all and don't get elected.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. ONE OF THE EXITS - MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT - 1910

Emily and Junior are standing, waiting for Kane.

JUNIOR

Is Pop Governor yet, Mom?

Just then, Kane appears, with Reilly and several other men. Kane rushes toward Emily and Junior, as the men politely greet Emily.

KANE

Hello, Butch! Did you like your old man's speech?

JUNIOR

Hello, Pop! I was in a box. I could hear every word.

KANE

I saw you!
(he has his arm around
Junior's shoulder)
Good night, gentlemen.

There are good nights. Kane's car is at the curb and he starts to walk toward it with Junior and Emily.

EMILY

I'm sending Junior home in the car,
Charles - with Oliver -

KANE

But I'd arranged to go home with you myself.

EMILY

There's a call I want you to make with me, Charles.

KANE

It can wait.

EMILY

No, it can't.
(she bends down and
kisses Junior)
Good night, darling.

JUNIOR

Good night, Mom.

The driver is holding the rear door open as Emily guides Junior in.

KANE

(as car starts to drive
off)
What's this all about, Emily? I've
had a very tiring day and -

EMILY

It may not be about anything at all.

A cab has pulled up.

THE DRIVER

Cab?

Emily nods to him.

EMILY

I intend to find out.

KANE

I insist on being told exactly what you have in mind.

EMILY

I'm going to -
 (she looks at a slip of
 paper in her hand)
- 185 West 74th Street.

Kane's reaction indicates that the address definitely means something to him.

 EMILY
If you wish, you can come with me...

Kane nods.

 KANE
I'll go with you.

He opens the door and she enters the cab. He follows her.

DISSOLVE:

INT. CAB - NIGHT - 1910

Kane and Emily. He looks at her, in search of some kind of enlightenment. Her face is set and impassive.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. AND INT. APARTMENT HOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT - 1910

Kane and Emily, in front of an apartment door. Emily is pressing the bell.

 KANE
I had no idea you had this flair for melodrama,
Emily.

Emily does not answer. The door is opened by a maid, who recognizes Kane.

 THE MAID
Come in, Mr. Kane, come in.

They enter, Emily first.

INT. SUSAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - 1910

There is first a tiny reception room, through which an open door shows the living room. Kane and Emily enter from the hallway and cross to the living room. As they enter, Susan rises from a chair. The other person in the room - a big, heavysset man, a little past middle age - stays where he is, leaning back in his chair, regarding Kane intently.

SUSAN

It wasn't my fault, Charlie. He made me send your wife a note. He said I'd - oh, he's been saying the most terrible things, I didn't know what to do... I -

(she catches sight of
Emily)

ROGERS

Good evening, Mr. Kane.

(he rises)

I don't suppose anybody would introduce us. Mrs. Kane, I am Edward Rogers.

EMILY

How do you do?

(pauses)

I came here - and I made Mr. Kane come with me...

(she consults the note in her hand without reading it again)

because I recieved this note -

ROGERS

I made Miss - Miss Alexander send you the note. She was a little unwilling at first -

(he smiles grimly)

but she did it.

SUSAN

I can't tell you the things he said, Charlie. You haven't got any idea -

KANE

(turning on Rogers)
 Rogers, I don't think I will postpone
 doing something about you until I'm
 elected.

(he starts toward him)
 To start with, I'll break your neck.

ROGERS
 (not giving way an inch)
 Maybe you can do it and maybe you
 can't, Mr. Kane.

EMILY
 Charles!
 (he stops to look at her)
 Your - your breaking this man's neck
 -
 (she is clearly
 disgusted)
 would scarcely explain this note -
 (glancing at the note)
 Serious consequences for Mr. Kane -
 (slowly)
 for myself, and for my son. What does
 this note mean, Miss -

SUSAN
 (stiffly)
 I'm Susan Alexander.
 (pauses)
 I know what you think, Mrs. Kane, but
 -

EMILY
 (ignoring this)
 What does this note mean, Miss
 Alexander?

ROGERS
 She doesn't know, Mrs. Kane. She just
 sent it - because I made her see it
 wouldn't be smart for her not to send
 it.

KANE
 In case you don't know, Emily, this -
 this gentleman -

(he puts a world of scorn
into the word)

- is -

ROGERS

I'm not a gentleman, Mrs. Kane, and
your husband is just trying to be
funny calling me one. I don't even
know what a gentleman is.

(tensely, with all the
hatred and venom in the
world)

You see, my idea of a gentleman, Mrs.
Kane - well, if I owned a newspaper
and if I didn't like the way somebody
else was doing things - some
politican, say - I'd fight them with
everything I had. Only I wouldn't
show him in a convict suit, with
stripes - so his children could see
the picture in the paper. Or his
mother.

(he has to control
himself from hurling
himself at Kane)

It's pretty clear - I'm not a
gentleman.

EMILY

Oh!!

KANE

You're a cheap, crooked grafter - and
your concern for your children and
your mother -

ROGERS

Anything you say, Mr. Kane. Only
we're talking now about what you are.
That's what the note is about, Mrs.
Kane. Now I'm going to lay all my
cards on the table. I'm fighting for
my life. Not just my political life.
My life. If your husband is elected
governor -

KANE

I'm going to be elected governor. And the first thing I'm going to do -

EMILY

Let him finish, Charles.

ROGERS

I'm protecting myself every way I know how, Mrs. Kane. This last week, I finally found out how I can stop your husband from being elected. If the people of this state learn what I found out this week, he wouldn't have a chance to - he couldn't be elected Dog Catcher. Well, what I'm interested in is seeing that he's not elected. I don't care whether they know what I know about him. Let him keep right on being the Great, Noble, Moral -

(he stresses the world)

Champeen of the people. Just as long as -

EMILY

I think I understand, Mr. Rogers, but I wonder if -

(she leaves her sentence unfinished)

KANE

You can't blackmail me, Rogers, you can't -

SUSAN

(excitedly)

Charlie, he said, unless you withdrew your name -

ROGERS

That's the chance I'm willing to give you, Mr. Kane. More of a chance than you'd give me. Unless you make up your mind by tomorrow that you're so sick that you've got to go away for a year or two - Monday morning every

paper in this State will carry the story I'm going to give them.

Kane starts to stare at him intently.

EMILY

What story, Mr. Rogers?

ROGERS

The story about him and Miss Alexander, Mrs. Kane.

Emily looks at Kane.

SUSAN

There is no story. It's all lies. Mr. Kane is just -

ROGERS

(to Susan)

Shut up!

(to Kane)

I've had a dozen men doing nothing but run this thing down - we've got evidence enough to - well, the evidence would stand up in any court of law. You want me to give you the evidence, Mr. Kane?

KANE

You do anything you want to do. The people of this state can decide which one of us to trust. If you want to know, they've already decided. The election Tuesday'll be only -

ROGERS

Mrs. Kane, I'm not asking you to believe me. I'd like to show you -

EMILY

You don't have to show me anything, Mr. Rogers. I believe you.

ROGERS

I'd rather Mr. Kane withdrew without having to get the story published.

Not that I care about him. But I'd be better off that way -

(he pauses)

- and so would you, Mrs. Kane.

SUSAN

What about me?

(to Kane)

He said my name'd be dragged through the mud. He said everywhere I'd go from now on -

EMILY

There seems to be only one decision you can make, Charles. I'd say that it has been made for you.

(pauses)

I suppose the details can be arranged tomorrow, Mr. Rogers. About the statements by the doctors -

KANE

Have you gone completely mad, Emily?

Emily looks at him.

KANE

You don't think I'm going to let this blackmailer intimidate me, do you?

EMILY

I don't see what else you can do, Charles. If he's right - and the papers publish this story he has -

KANE

Oh, they'll publish it all right. But that's not going to stop me -

EMILY

Charles, this - this story - doesn't concern only you. I'll be in it, too, won't I?

(quickly)

And Junior?

KANE

(squirming a bit)
I suppose so, but - I'm not afraid of
the story. You can't tell me that the
voters of this state -

EMILY
I'm not interested in the voters of
this state right now. I am interested
in - well, Junior, for one thing.

SUSAN
Charlie! If they publish this story -

EMILY
They won't. Goodnight, Mr. Rogers.
(she starts out)
There's nothing more to be said,
Charles.

KANE
Oh yes, there is.

EMILY
I don't think so. Are you coming,
Charles?

KANE
No.

She looks at him. He starts to work himself into a rage.

KANE
There's only one person in the world
to decide what I'm going to do - and
that's me. And if you think - if any
of you think -

EMILY
You decided what you were going to
do, Charles - some time ago.
(she looks at Susan)
You can't always have it your own
way, regardless of anything else that
may have happened.
(she sighs)
Come on, Charles.

KANE

Go on! Get out! I can fight this thing all alone!

ROGERS

You're making a bigger fool of yourself than I thought you would, Mr. Kane. You're licked. Why don't you -

KANE

(turning on him)

Get out! I've got nothing to talk to you about. If you want to see me, have the Warden write me a letter.

ROGERS

I see!

(he starts toward the door)

SUSAN

(starting to cry)

Charlie, you're just excited. You don't realize -

KANE

I know exactly what I'm doing.

(he is screaming)

Get out!

EMILY

(quietly)

Charles, if you don't listen to reason, it may be too late -

KANE

Too late for what? Too late for you and this -

(he can't find the adjective)

this public thief to take the love of the people of this state away from me? Well, you won't do it, I tell you. You won't do it!

SUSAN

Charlie, there are other things to think of.

(a sly look comes into her eyes)

Your son - you don't want him to read in the papers -

EMILY

It is too late now, Charles.

KANE

(rushes to the door and opens it)

Get out, both of you!

SUSAN

(rushes to him)

Charlie, please don't -

KANE

What are you waiting here for? Why don't you go?

EMILY

Goodnight, Charles.

She walks out. Rogers stops as he gets directly in front of Kane.

ROGERS

You're the greatest fool I've ever known, Kane. If it was anybody else, I'd say what's going to happen to you would be a lesson to you. Only you're going to need more than one lesson. And you're going to get more than one lesson.

(he walks past Kane)

KANE

Don't you worry about me. I'm Charles Foster Kane. I'm no cheap, crooked politician, trying to save himself from the consequences of his crimes -

INT. APARTMENT HOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT - 1910

Camera angling toward Kane from other end of the hall.
Rogers and Emily are already down the hall, moving toward
foreground. Kane in apartment doorway background.

KANE
(screams louder)
I'm going to send you to Sing Sing,
Rogers. Sing Sing!

Kane is trembling with rage as he shakes his fist at
Rogers's back. Susan, quieter now, has snuggled into the
hollow of his shoulder as they stand in the doorway.

DISSOLVE:

THE "CHRONICLE" FRONT PAGE

With photograph (as in the "News Digest") revealing
Kane's relations with Susan.

DISSOLVE OUT:

DISSOLVE IN:

FRONT PAGE OF "CHRONICLE"

Headline which reads:

"ROGERS ELECTED"

DISSOLVE:

FRONT PAGE OF "ENQUIRER"

Headline which reads:

"FRAUD AT POLLS"

DISSOLVE:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - 1910

Emily is opening the door for Leland.

EMILY
Hello, Brad -

LELAND
Emily -

He pauses. Leland comes in. Emily closes the door.

EMILY
I'm sorry I sent for you, Brad - I
didn't -

LELAND
Chicago is pretty close to New York
nowadays - only twenty hours -

She doesn't have anything to say.

LELAND
I'm glad to see you.

She smiles at him and we know that there isn't anybody else in the world for her to smile at. She's too grateful to talk.

EMILY
Are all the returns in?

Leland puts his hat unconsciously on his coat by the newspaper.

EMILY
Let me see it.

Leland takes the newspaper out of his pocket and hands it to her. She takes it. We see the headline, not an insert, but it registers. It reads: "Fraud at Polls." Emily is looking at the paper with unseeing eyes, and a little smile.

LELAND
(after a pause)
Almost two to one -

EMILY

I'm surprised he got the votes he did.

LELAND

Emily!

EMILY

Why should anyone vote for him? He's made it quite clear to the people what he thinks of them. Children - to be told one thing one day, something else the next, as the whim seizes him. And they're supposed to be grateful and love and adore him - because he sees to it that they get cheap ice and only pay a nickel in the street cars.

LELAND

Emily, you're being - a little unfair - You know what I think of Charles' behavior - about your personal lives -

EMILY

There aren't any personal lives for people like us. He made that very clear to me nine years ago - If I'd thought of my life with Charles as a personal life, I'd have left him then -

LELAND

I know that, Emily -

EMILY

(on top of Leland)

Maybe I should have - the first time he showed me what a mad dog he really was.

LELAND

(on the cue "dog")

Emily, you -

EMILY

Brad, I'm - I'm not an old woman yet
-

LELAND
It's - all over -

He stops himself.

EMILY
(after a pause)
I know it is, Brad -

LELAND
He's paying for it, Emily. Those
returns tonight - he's finished.
Politically -
(he thinks)
- socially, everywhere, I guess. I
don't know about the papers, but -

EMILY
If you're asking me to sympathize
with him, Brad, you're wasting your
time.
(pauses)
There's only one person I'm sorry
for, as a matter of fact. That - that
shabby little girl. I'm really sorry
for her, Brad.

DISSOLVE:

FRONT PAGE CHICAGO "ENQUIRER"

With photograph proclaiming that Susan Alexander opens at
new Chicago Opera House in "Thais," as in "News Digest."

On soundtrack during above we hear the big, expectant
murmur of an opening night audience and the noodling of
the orchestra.

DISSOLVE:

INT. CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT - SET FOR "THAIS" - 1914

The camera is just inside the curtain, angling upstage. We see the set for "Thais" - the principals in place - stage managers, stage hands, etc., and in the center of all this, in an elaborate costume, looking very small and very lost, is Susan. She is almost hysterical with fright. Maids, singing teacher, and the rest are in attendance. Her throat is sprayed. Applause is heard at the opening of the shot, and now the orchestra starts thunderously. The curtain starts to rise - the camera with it - the blinding glare of the foots moves up Susan's body and hits her face. She squints and starts to sing. Camera continues on up with the curtain, up past Susan, up the full height of the proscenium arch and then on up into the gridiron into a world of ropes, brick walls and hanging canvas - Susan's voice still heard - but faintly. The camera stops at the top of the gridiron as the curtain stops. Two typical stage hands fill the frame. They are looking down on the stage below. Some of the reflected light gleams on their faces. They look at each other. One of them puts his hand to his nose.

DISSOLVE OUT:

DISSOLVE IN:

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

Leland, as in the same scene in the Bernstein sequence, is sprawled across his typewriter, his head on the keys. The paper is gone from the roller. Leland stirs and looks up drunkenly, his eyes encountering Bernstein, who stands beside him (also as in the previous scene).

BERNSTEIN

Hello, Mr. Leland.

LELAND

Hello, Bernstein.

Leland makes a terrific effort to pull himself together. He straightens and reaches for the keys - then sees the paper is gone from the machine.

LELAND

Where is it - where's my notice? I've got to finish it!

BERNSTEIN

(quietly)

Mr. Kane is finishing it.

LELAND

Kane? Charlie?

(painfully, he rises to
his feet)

Where is he?

During all this, the sound of a typewriter has been heard off - a busy typewriter. Leland's eyes follow the sound. Slowly he registers Kane in the City Room beyond. This is almost the same shot as in the previous Bernstein story.

INT. CITY ROOM - CHICAGO ENQUIRER - NIGHT - 1914

Kane, in white tie and shirt sleeves, is typing away at a machine, his fingers working briskly and efficiently, his face, seen by the desk light before him, set in a strange half-smile.

Leland stands in the door of his office, staring across at him.

LELAND

I suppose he's fixing it up - I know
I'd never get that through.

BERNSTEIN

(moving to his side)

Mr. Kane is finishing your piece the
way you started it.

Leland turns incredulously to Bernstein.

BERNSTEIN

He's writing a roast like you wanted
it to be -

(then suddenly - with a
kind of quiet passion
rather than a triumph)

- I guess that'll show you.

Leland picks his way across the City Room to Kane's side. Kane goes on typing, without looking up. After a pause, Kane speaks.

KANE

Hello, Brad.

LELAND

Hello, Charlie -

(another pause)

I didn't know we were speaking.

Kane stops typing, but doesn't turn.

KANE

Sure, we're speaking, Brad - you're fired.

He starts typing again, the expression on his face doesn't change.

DISSOLVE OUT:

DISSOLVE IN:

EXT. HOSPITAL ROOF - DAY - 1940

Thompson and Leland on the roof, which is now deserted. It is getting late. The sun has just about gone down.

LELAND

Well, that's about all there is - and I'm getting chills. Hey, nurse!

(pause)

Five years ago, he wrote from that place of his down South -

(as if trying to think)

- you know. Shangri-la? El Dorado?

(pauses)

Sloppy Joe's? What's the name of that place? You know... All right. Xanadu. I knew what it was all the time. You caught on, didn't you?

THOMPSON

Yes.

LELAND

I guess maybe I'm not as hard to see through as I think. Anyway, I never even answered his letter. Maybe I should have. I guess he was pretty lonely down there those last years. He hadn't finished it when she left him - he never finished it - he never finished anything. Of course, he built it for her -

THOMPSON

That must have been love.

LELAND

I don't know. He was disappointed in the world. So he built one of his own - An absolute monarchy - It was something bigger than an opera house anyway -

(calls)

Nurse!

(lowers his voice)

Say, I'll tell you one thing you can do for me, young fellow.

THOMPSON

Sure.

LELAND

On your way out, stop at a cigar store, will you, and send me up a couple of cigars?

THOMPSON

Sure, Mr. Leland. I'll be glad to.

LELAND

Hey, Nurse!

A Nurse appears.

NURSE

Hello, Mr. Leland.

LELAND

I'm ready to go in now. You know when I was a young man, there was an impression around that nurses were pretty. It was no truer then than it is now.

NURSE

Here, let me take your arm, Mr. Leland.

LELAND

(testily)

All right, all right.

(he has begun to move forward on the Nurse's arm; turning to Thompson)

You won't forget, will you, about the cigars? And tell them to wrap them up to look like toothpaste, or something, or they'll stop them at the desk. That young doctor I was telling you about, he's got an idea he wants to keep me alive.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. "EL RANCHO" CABARET IN ATLANTIC CITY - EARLY DAWN - 1940

Neon sign on the roof:

" 'EL RANCHO'
FLOOR SHOW
SUSAN ALEXANDER KANE
TWICE NIGHTLY"

glows on the dark screen as in the previous sequence earlier in the script. Behind the lights and through them, we see a nasty early morning. Camera as before, moves through the lights of the sign and down on the skylight, through which is seen Susan at her regular table, Thompson seated across from her.

Very faintly during this, idle piano music playing.

DISSOLVE:

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

Susan and Thompson are facing each other. The place is almost deserted. Susan is sober. On the other side of the room, somebody is playing a piano.

SUSAN

How do you want to handle the whole thing - ask questions?

THOMPSON

I'd rather you just talked. Anything that comes into your mind - about yourself and Mr. Kane.

SUSAN

You wouldn't want to hear a lot of what comes into my mind about myself and Mr. Charlie Kane.

Susan is thinking.

THOMPSON

How did you meet him?

SUSAN

I had a toothache.

Thompson looks at her.

SUSAN

That was thirty years ago - and I still remember that toothache. Boy! That toothache was just driving me crazy...

DISSOLVE OUT:

DISSOLVE IN:

EXT. CORNER DRUG STORE AND STREET ON THE WEST SIDE OF NEW YORK - NIGHT - 1909

Susan, aged twenty, neatly but cheaply dressed in the style of the period, is leaving the drug store. It's about 8 o'clock at night. With a large, man-sized handkerchief pressed to her cheek, she is in considerable pain. The street is wet - after a recent rain.

She walks a few steps towards the middle of the block, and can stand it no longer. She stops, opens a bottle of Oil of Cloves that she has in her hand, applies some to her finger, and rubs her gums.

She walks on, the pain only a bit better. Four or five houses farther along, she comes to what is clearly her own doorway - a shabby, old four-story apartment house. She turns toward the doorway, which is up a tiny stoop, about three steps.

As she does so, Kane, coming from the opposite direction, almost bumps into her and turns to his left to avoid her. His shoulder bumps hers and she turns. As she does so, Kane, forced to change his course, steps on the loose end of a plank which covers a puddle in the bad sidewalk. The plank rises up and cracks him on the knee, also covering him with mud.

KANE
(hopping up and down and
rubbing his knee)

Ow!

Susan, taking her handkerchief from her jaw, roars with laughter.

KANE
It's not funny.

He bites his lip and rubs his knee again. Susan tries to control her laughter, but not very successfully. Kane glares at her.

SUSAN
I'm sorry, mister - but you do look
awful funny.

Suddenly, the pain returns and she claps her hand to her jaw.

SUSAN

Ow!

KANE

What's the matter with you?

SUSAN

Toothache.

KANE

Hmm!

He has been rubbing his clothes with his handkerchief.

SUSAN

You've got some on your face.

KANE

If these sidewalks were kept in condition - instead of the money going to some cheap grafter -

Susan starts to laugh again.

KANE

What's funny now?

SUSAN

You are. You look like you've been making mud pies.

In the middle of her smile, the pain returns.

SUSAN

Oh!

KANE

You're no Venus de Milo.

SUSAN

(points to the downstairs window)

If you want to come in and wash your face - I can get you some hot water to get that dirt off your trousers -

KANE

Thanks.

Susan starts, with Kane following her.

DISSOLVE:

INT. SUSAN'S ROOM - NIGHT - 1909

It's in moderate disorder. The Mansbach gas lights are on. It's not really a classy room, but it's exactly what you're entitled to in 1910, for \$5.00 a week including breakfast.

There is a bed, a couple of chairs, a chiffonier, and a few personal belongings on the chiffonier. These include a photograph of a gent and lady, obviously Susan's parents, and a few objets d'art. One, "At the Japanese Rolling Ball Game at Coney Island," and - perhaps this is part of the Japanese loot - the glass globe with the snow scene Kane was holding in his hand in the first sequence.

Susan comes into the room, carrying a basin, with towels over her arm. Kane is waiting for her. She doesn't close the door.

SUSAN

(by way of explanation)

My landlady prefers me to keep this door open when I have a gentleman caller.

(starts to put the basin down)

She's a very decent woman.

(making a face)

Ow!

Kane rushes to take the basin from her, putting it on the chiffonier. To do this, he has to shove the photograph to one side of the basin. Susan grabs the photograph as it is about to fall over.

SUSAN

Hey, you should be more careful.

That's my ma and pa.

KANE

I'm sorry. They live here, too?

SUSAN
No. They've passed on.

Again she puts her hand to her jaw.

KANE
Where's the soap?

SUSAN
In the water.

Kane fishes the soap out of the water. It is slippery, however, and slips out of his hand, hitting him in the chest before it falls to the floor. Susan laughs as he bends over.

KANE
(starting to wash his
hands)
You're very easily amused.

SUSAN
I always like to see the funny side
of things. No sense crying when you
don't have to. And you're so funny.
Looking at you, I forget all about my
toothache.

Her face distorts in pain again.

SUSAN
Oh!

KANE
I can't stay here all night chasing
your pain away.

SUSAN
(laughs)
I know... But you do look so silly.

Kane, with soaped hands, has rubbed his face and now cannot open his eyes, for fear of getting soap in them.

KANE

Where's the towel?

SUSAN
On the chiffonier. Here.

KANE
(rubs his face dry)
Thanks.

SUSAN
(on her way to closet)
I've got a brush in the closet. As soon as the mud on your trousers is all dry - you just brush it off.

KANE
I'll get these streets fixed, if it's the last thing I do.

Susan comes out of the closet. She holds out the brush with her left hand, her right hand to her jaw in real distress.

KANE
(takes the brush)
You are in pain, aren't you, you poor kid?

Susan can't stand it anymore and sits down in a chair, bent over, whimpering a bit.

KANE
(brushing himself)
I wish there was something I could -

He stops and thinks. Susan, her face averted, is still trying hard not to cry.

KANE
I've got an idea, young lady.
(there is no response)
Turn around and look at me.
(there is still no response)
I said, turn around and look at me, young lady.